This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

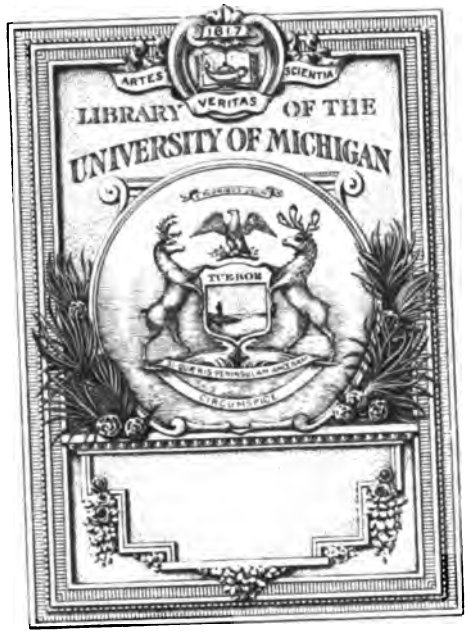
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 973,687


ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR

AP
2
E92

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

(NEW SERIES.)

VOL. I.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1872.

BOSTON:
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY.
1872.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872,

By JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Boston:
Stereotyped and Printed by Rand, Avery, & Co.

CONTENTS.

		Page.
A.		
Arnold, Matthew	*The Illustrated Review*	351
Artist, The	*The Pall Mall Gazette*	157
Anecdotes of the "Iron Duke"	*Cassell's Magazine*	365
Au Café	*The Pall Mall Gazette*	202
American Traits	*Fraser's Magazine*	600
Affair of Honor, An	*The Pall Mall Gazette*	309
Anxiety, Sweet	*The Saturday Review*	572
Alcoholic Drinks	*All the Year Round*	711
B.		
Bedlam, A Day in	*Cassell's Magazine*	118
Buried Hearts	*All the Year Round*	132
Brevia. By ARTHUR HELPS	*Good Words*	164
Bodleian Library, A Morning in the	*The Dark Blue*	204
Ballad of Judas Iscariot, The	*The Saint Paul's*	279
Bal Masqué at Mi-Carême, The	*London Society*	374
Busby, Thomas, Mus. Doc.	*All the Year Round*	434
Beattie, George	*The Cornhill Magazine*	574
Beetles	*Chambers's Journal*	575
Blessing, A	*The Saint Paul's*	616
Body and the Character, The. By MATTHEW BROWNE	*The Saint Paul's*	620
Browning, Robert. By ROBERT BUCHANAN	*The Saint Paul's*	644
Buried Self	*The Cornhill Magazine*	700
Bar One	*Chambers's Journal*	719
C.		
Critical Spirit. By CHAS. KINGSLEY	*Pleasure*	12
Christmas Rose, The	*Chambers's Journal*	28
Central Africa, Heroes of	*Dublin University Magazine*	29
Colonel Clive's Wife	*Tinsley's Magazine*	62
Chinchilla, Little	*The Dark Blue*	84
Crimes without Signs	*The Spectator*	110
Cats, About	*London Society*	127
Clipt Wings	*The Saint Paul's*	129
Cloud Confines, The. By D. G. ROSSETTI	*The Fortnightly Review*	139
Carnival, Curiosities of the	*The Cornhill Magazine*	197
Conversation, A. By ARTHUR HELPS	*Macmillan's Magazine*	227
Chemistry in the Kitchen	*Chambers's Journal*	314
Carpenter, The. By GEORGE MACDONALD	*Good Words*	336
Castilian Days	*The Spectator*	346
Calvary of St Sebastian, The	*Temple Bar*	378
Coming Comet, The	*The Saturday Review*	384
Claimant, A French	*Chambers's Journal*	441
Coal in the Fire, The. By CHARLES KINGSLEY	*Good Words*	492
Candor	*The Saturday Review*	543
"Cinque Maggio," The	*The Cornhill Magazine*	587
Captured by Confeds	*London Society*	621
"Chiffonniers"	*The Pall Mall Gazette*	648
Crossing the War-Track	*Colburn's New Monthly*	662
Childishness	*The Saturday Review*	668
D.		
Dickens, Charles, The Boyhood of	*The Pall Mall Gazette*	60
Doctor Fauvel	*Revue des Deux Mondes*	142
De Persigny, The Duc	*The Pall Mall Gazette*	220
Dickens in Relation to Criticism. By G. H. LEWES	*The Fortnightly Review*	246
Drawing-Room Epiphytes	*The Saturday Review*	502
De Quesnoy's Last Banquet	*Chambers's Journal*	570
Dessert-Plate's Autobiography, A	*Good Words*	661
Damascus. By CAPT. RICHARD F. BURTON	*Cassell's Magazine*	705
E.		
Eton Life, A Reminiscence of	*The Cornhill Magazine*	65
Episode in the Life of Charles Mordaunt, An. By HENRY KINGSLEY	*London Society*	103
Ensign Rollynge's Guard in the Jungle	*London Society*	113
Eliot, George, The Wit and Wisdom of	*The Spectator*	176
Editing	*The Pall Mall Gazette*	308
Explorers, Lost	*All the Year Round*	401
English Essayists	*The Gentleman's Magazine*	536
Eve, The Grave of	*Cassell's Magazine*	651
F.		
Foreign Notes	*Our Exchanges* . 26, 54 81, 111, 136, 165, 196, 221, 251, 277, 305, 335, 363, 391, 418, 447, 474, 503, 530, 559, 585, 615, 642, 670, 698 723.	
French Sketches from Life, Two	*The Pall Mall Gazette*	134
Fixing the Day	*The Dark Blue*	140
Father of Special Correspondents, The	*Cassell's Magazine*	300
Fight for a Locomotive, A	*London Society*	344
G.		
Gerty's Glove. By FREDERICK LOCKER	*The Graphic*	168
Gaming-Tables of the Continent, The	*The Daily News*	310
Glass-Blowers, A Night with	*Good Words for the Young*	385
Göttingen, The Mummy of	*Colburn's New Monthly*	406
Good Manners	*The Pall Mall Gazette*	518
Goethe's House	*Chambers's Journal*	532
Gulliver, The New	*The Spectator*	544
Gardening at Lille	*All the Year Round*	582
Gambling Superstitions	*The Cornhill Magazine*	676
Gay, Delphine	*London Society*	685
H.		
Hawthorne's French and Italian Note-Books	*The Saint Paul's*	39
Hudson, George, Recollections of the late	*The Daily News*	74
Helps, Mr., As an Essayist	*Macmillan's Magazine*	87
Holland, Sir Henry, Recollections of	*The Athenæum*	163
High Calling, A	*Chambers's Journal*	206
Home Life, French	*Blackwood's Magazine*	262
Hypochondriac, A Muscular	*Chambers's Journal*	432
Hugo's, M., Apologia	*The Athenæum*	473
Homishness	*The Saturday Review*	526
Hindoo Prince, A	*The Spectator*	528
Hugo's, Victor, "L'Année Terrible"	*The Athenæum*	581
Hallucinations	*Chambers's Journal*	631
How a Fort-Ditch was Plumbed	*Good Words*	638
Horace Walpole	*The Cornhill Magazine*	713
I.		
Iron Cage, The	*All the Year Round*	8
Important Discovery during the late Eclipse	*The Spectator*	283
J.		
Japan, Wanderings in	*The Cornhill Magazine*	213, 367
Jesters, Two Russian	*All the Year Round*	505
June, In	*London Society*	700
K.		
Kwei-Chow, Quaint Customs in	*The Cornhill Magazine*	79
L.		
London, Old Fashionable	*Temple Bar*	62
La Marquise De Pompadour	*Temple Bar*	98
Lake, The Idle	*All the Year Round*	189
Lions and Lion-Taming	*The Daily News*	178
Love-Letters of Eminent Persons	*London Society*	225
Longevity	*The Saturday Review*	231
Lydia Languish, To	*The Saint Paul's*	252
Literariness of Literature, The	*The Pall Mall Gazette*	276
Lamb, Charles, The Boyhood of	*Dublin University Magazine*	292
La Belle Turque	*London Society*	348
London Dinners	*Macmillan's Magazine*	355
Le Ministre Malgré Lui	*The Cornhill Magazine*	421
Lightning, Danger from	*Chambers's Journal*	445

Little Polly Pilkerton . . . *London Society* . . . 457
Lorely, The . . . . . *Macmillan's Magazine* . 568
Lime in the Mortar, The. By CHAS. KINGSLEY . . . . . *Good Words* . . . 611
Lincoln, Abraham . . . . . *The Saint Paul's* . . 616
Love in Heaven. By MATTHEW BROWNE . . . . . *The Saint Paul's* . . 665

M.

Matrimonial Curiosities . . *Chambers's Journal* . . 33
Miller, Joaquin, Mr. and Mrs. . *The Saturday Review* . 116
Marriage and Married Women, English . . . . . *Le Temps* 169
Maimaison. By HENRY KINGSLEY *Tinsley's Magazine* . . 180
Mendelssohn, Felix, and his Friends, Recollections of . . . *Temple Bar* 253
Musset, Alfred de . . . . *Macmillan's Magazine* . 341
Making Both Ends Meet. By F. P. COBB . . . . . *Cassell's Magazine* . . 350
Mythology, How I Came to Study By KARL BLIND . . . *Cassell's Magazine* . . 387
Mitford, Mary Russell . . . *The Athenæum* . . . 406
Metz Revisited . . . . *The Daily News* . . . 415
Mazzini . . . . . *The Spectator* . . . 417
Manners, French . . . . *Blackwood's Magazine* . 462
Mazzini, A Memoir of. By DAVID MASSON . . . . . *Macmillan's Magazine* . 487
Monks of La Trappe . . . *Fraser's Magazine* . . 496
My Neighbor . . . . . *Chambers's Journal* . . 521
Maurice, Professor . . . *The Illustrated Review* . 554
Military Organization, Advance of Science in . . . . . *Macmillan's Magazine* . 578
Men in the Iron Masks, The. . *Temple Bar* . . . 592
"Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada." Clarence King's . . *The Athenæum* . . . 642
Mummies . . . . . *The Saturday Review* . 666

N.

New Pass, The . . . . . *Pleasure* 35
Not All Tinsel . . . . *Belgravia* 90
Nafoosa . . . . . *The Cornhill Magazine* . 337
"No Living Voice" . . . . *Temple Bar* . . . 470
Names, Playing Upon . . . *All the Year Round* . . 649
Name, My . . . . . *Temple Bar* . . . 653

O.

Oezbegs, City Life in the Capital of the . . . . . *Good Words* . . . 57
October Days, A Few. By "THE COUNTRY PARSON" . . *Fraser's Magazine* . . 148
Organist of St. Peter's, The . *Temple Bar* . . . 241
Old Colonel on Fashionable Poetry, An . . . . . *The Spectator* . . . 308
Out at Interest . . . . *All the Year Round* . . 332
On Some Clubs and their Ends . *Temple Bar* . . . 410
Olrig Grange . . . . . *The Spectator* . . . 573

P.

Passion Play, A Persian. By MATTHEW ARNOLD . . . *The Cornhill Magazine* . 1
Pocket-Handkerchief, The . . *London Society* . . . 73
Personal Reminiscences of a War-Correspondent . . . . *The Dark Blue* . . . 93
Paris and the Lessons of Adversity *The Saturday Review* . 161
Poetry, English Rural . . . *The Cornhill Magazine* . 235
Peddlers, French . . . . *The Pall Mall Gazette* . 239
Pebbles in the Street, The. By CHAS. KINGSLEY . . . . . *Good Words* . . . 269
Political Enfranchisement of English Women . . . . . *The Fortnightly Review* . 289
Page of Future History, A . . *The Pall Mall Gazette* . 382
Primrose and Violet . . . *Chambers's Journal* . . 420
Prince of Tarente's Love-Story, The *The Cornhill Magazine* . 437
Prize-Fighters at Home, The . *The Daily News* . . . 450
Portuguese in Africa . . . *The Cornhill Magazine* . 452
Poussin, Nicolas . . . . *The Fortnightly Review* . 469
Portrait-Painting by Antipathy . *The Pall Mall Gazette* . 529
Punch and the Puppets . . . *All the Year Round* . . 548
Parental Sagacity of the Swallow *Chambers's Journal* . . 553
Poor James Wymper . . . *Belgravia* 596
Peeps at Spirits . . . . *The Saturday Review* . 629
Pan . . . . . *The Saint Paul's* . . . 724

R.

Rehearsals, Theatrical . . . *The Pall Mall Gazette* . 179
Religion as a Fine Art . . . *Fraser's Magazine* . . 284
Renan, M., Matthew Arnold on . *The Academy* . . . 326
Reminiscences of a Queen's Thanksgiving . . . . . *The Daily News* . . . 361
Revolt in English Kitchens . . *The Saturday Review* . 377
Ring of Rings, The . . . *Chambers's Journal* . . 494

S.

Signor, John, The . . . . *All the Year Round* . . 17
Soda . . . . . *Chambers's Journal* . . 15
Shall We ever Meet Again? . . *Good Words* . . . 86
Story of Henrietta Rhenee, The . *Tinsley's Magazine* . . 120
Spurgeon, Mr., in Rome . . *The Daily News* . . 141
Stage-Banquets . . . . *All the Year Round* . . 153
Servants, Modern, By F. P. COBB *Cassell's Magazine* . . 177
Serpent-Charming in Cairo . . *Blackwood's Magazine* . 231
Sleeping Preacher, A . . . *Chambers's Journal* . . 305
Snobbery as a National Characteristic *The Saint Paul's* . . 312
Solomon's Temple, The Site of . *Dublin University Magazine* 328
Song of March, A . . . . *Chamber's Journal* . . 364
Street, The Wind in the . . *Chambers's Journal* . . 448
Seraphina Snow . . . . *The Saint Paul's* . . 475
"Super." The . . . . *All the Year Round* . . 477
Schlegel, Caroline . . . . *The Fortnightly Review*, 480, 606, 624.
Spring's Messengers . . . *Chambers's Journal* . . 560
Sonnet, The English . . . *The Cornhill Magazine* . 563
Sultan's City, A Trip to the . . *The Gentleman's Magazine* 603
Social New York . . . . *Macmillan's Magazine* . 676
Sworn on the Crucifix . . . *Temple Bar* . . . 706

T.

Trombones, The Two . . . *London Society* . . . 13
Talking Animal, The . . . *Temple Bar.* 86
Tyndall, Professor, and the Boys and Girls . . . . . *The Daily News* . . . 125
Taine's Notes on England . . *Le Temps* 155
Town, An Old Himalayan . . *Chambers's Journal* . . 172
Thrice. By IVAN TOURGANEFF *Translation* . . . 206
Typographical Errors with Especial Reference to the Text of Shakspeare . . . . . *The Athenæum* . . . 222
Travel, The Influence of. By HENRY KINGSLEY . . . . . *Tinsley's Magazine* . . 255
"Till Death us do Part," . . *Belgravia* 289
Trois Frères Provençaux, The . *The Pall Mall Gazette* . 298
Tom Provis . . . . . *The Gentleman's Magazine* 339
Tichborne Case, The Story of the *The Saturday Review* . 394
Torpedoes, A Paper of . . . *Fraser's Magazine* . . 504
Tennyson and "The Quarterly Review" . . . . . *The Gentleman's Magazine* 519
Tailors . . . . . *Chambers's Journal* . . 551
Ta'abbet Shurran and his Companions . . . . . *Macmillan's Magazine* . 689
Thackeray in America . . . *The News* 704

U.

Under Ground . . . . *The Silver Shaft* . . 23
Unseen . . . . . *The Spectator* . . . 644

V.

Vituperation . . . . . *The Saturday Review* . 274
Voyage to the Sun, A . . . *The Cornhill Magazine* . 306
Vesuvius . . . . . *The Saturday Review* . 614

W.

White Witch of Combe Andrew, The *All the Year Round* . . 76
What I did with a Shilling. By WILLIAM GILBERT . . . *Good Words* . . . 124
Warburton. By LESLIE STEPHEN *The Fortnightly Review* . 319
Won and Lost . . . . *Tinsley's Magazine* . . 328
Wonderment, The Theory of . *Good Words* . . . 388
Weddings and Wedding Presents, English . . . . . *The Saturday Review* . 449
Wierts, Antoine . . . . *Fraser's Magazine* . . 633
Watching . . . . . *Chambers's Journal* . . 672

Y.

Yellow Flag, The. By EDMUND YATES . . . . . *All the Year Round*, 533, 561, 589, 617, 645, 673, 701.
Yesterdays with Authors . . *The London Civilian* . 6

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1872. [No. 1.

A PERSIAN PASSION PLAY.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

EVERYBODY has this last autumn been either seeing the Ammergau Passion Play or hearing about it; and to find any one who has seen it and not been deeply interested and moved by it, is very rare. The peasants of the neighboring country, the great and fashionable world, the ordinary tourist, were all at Ammergau, and were all delighted; but what is said to have been especially remarkable was the affluence there of ministers of religion of all kinds. That Catholic peasants, whose religion has accustomed them to show and spectacle, should be attracted by an admirable scenic representation of the great moments in the history of their religion, was natural; that tourists and the fashionable world should be attracted by what was at once the fashion and a new sensation of a powerful sort, was natural; that many of the ecclesiastics there present should be attracted there, was natural too. Roman Catholic priests mustered strong, of course. The Protestantism of a great number of the Anglican clergy is supposed to be but languid, and Anglican ministers at Ammergau were sympathizers to be expected. But Protestant ministers of the most unimpeachable sort, Protestant dissenting ministers, were there, too, and showing favor and sympathy; and this, to any one who remembers the almost universal feeling of Protestant dissenters in this country, not many years a ago, towards Rome and her religion, — the sheer abhorrence of papists and all their practices, — could not but be striking. It agrees with what is seen also in literature, in the writings of dissenters of the younger and more progressive sort, who show a disposition for regarding the Church of Rome historically rather than polemically, a wish to do justice to the undoubted grandeur of certain institutions and men produced by that Church, quite novel, and quite alien to the simple belief of earlier times, that between Protestants and Rome there was a measureless gulf fixed. Something of this may, no doubt, be due to that keen eye for nonconformis business in which our great bodies of Protestant dissenters, to do them justice, are never wanting; to a perception that the case against the Church of England may be yet further improved by contrasting her with the genuine article in her own ecclesiastical line, by pointing out that she is neither one thing nor the other to much purpose, by dilating on the magnitude, reach, and impressiveness, on the great place in history, of her rival as compared with any thing she can herself pretend to, something of this there is, no doubt, in some of the modern Protestant sympathy for things Catholic; but in general that sympathy springs, in churchmen and dissenters alike, from another and a better cause, — from the spread of larger conceptions of religion, of man and of history, than were current formerly. We have seen lately in the newspapers, that a clergyman, who in a popular lecture gave an account of the Passion Play at Ammergau, and enlarged on its impressiveness, was admonished by certain remonstrants, who told him it was his business, instead of occupying himself with these sensuous shows, to learn to walk by faith, not by sight, and to teach his fellow-men to do the same. But this severity seems to have excited wonder rather than praise; so far had those wider notions about religion and about the range of our interest in religion, of which I have just spoken, conducted us. To this interest I propose to appeal in what I am going to relate. For the Passion Play at Ammergau, with its immense audiences, the seriousness of its actors, the passionate emotion of its spectators, brought to my mind something of which I had read an account lately; something produced, not in Bavaria nor in Christendom at all, but far away in that wonderful East, from which, whatever airs of superiority Europe may justly give itself, all our religion has come, and where religion, of some sort or other, has still an empire over men's feelings such as it has nowhere else. This product of the remote East I wish to exhibit while the remembrance of what has been seen at Ammergau is still fresh; and we will see whether that bringing together of strangers and enemies who once seemed to be as far as the poles asunder, which Ammergau in such a remarkable way effected, does not hold good and find a parallel even in Persia.

Count Gobineau, formerly Minister of France at Teheran and at Athens, published a few years ago an interesting book on the present state of religion and philosophy in central Asia. He is favorably known also by his studies in ethnology. His accomplishments and intelligence deserve all respect, and in his book on religion and philosophy in central Asia he has the great advantage of writing about things which he has followed with his own observation and inquiry in the countries where they happened. The chief purpose of his book is to give a history of the career of Mirza Ali Mahommed, a Persian religious reformer, the original *Bâb*, and the founder of *Bâbism*, of which most people in England have at least heard the name. Bâb means *gate*, the door or gate of life; and in the ferment which now works in the Mahometan East, Mirza Ali Mahommed — who seems to have been made acquainted by Protestant missionaries with our Scriptures and by the Jews of Shiraz with Jewish traditions, to have studied, besides, the religion of the Ghebers, the old national religion of Persia, and to have made a sort of amalgam of the whole with Mahometanism — presented himself, about five-and-twenty years ago, as *the door*, the gate of life; found disciples, sent forth writings, and finally became the cause of disturbances which led to his being executed, on the 19th of July, 1849, in the citadel of Tabriz. The Bâb and his doctrines are a theme on which much might be said; but I pass them by, except for one incident in the Bâb's life, which I will notice. Like all religious Mahometans, he made the pilgrimage to Mecca; and his meditations at that centre of his religion first suggested his mission to him. But soon after his return to Bagdad he made another pilgrimage; and it was in this pilgrimage that his mission became clear to him, and that his life was fixed. "He desired" — I will give an abridgement of Count Gobineau's own words — "to complete his impressions by going to Kufa, that he might visit the ruined mosque where Ali was assassinated, and where the place of his murder is still shown. He passed several days there in meditation. The place appears to have made a great impression on him; he was entering on a course which might and must lead to some such catastrophe as had happened on the very spot where he stood, and where his mind's eye showed him the Imam Ali lying at his feet, with his body pierced and bleeding. His followers say that he then passed through a sort of moral agony which put an end to all the hesitations of the natural man within him. It is certain that when he arrived at Shiraz, on his return, he was a changed man. No doubts troubled him any more; he was penetrated and persuaded; his part was taken."

This Ali also, at whose tomb the Bâb went through the spiritual crisis here recorded, is a familiar name to most of us. In general, our knowledge of the East goes but a very little way; yet almost every one has at least heard of the name of Ali, the Lion of God, Mahomet's young cousin, and the first who, after his wife, believed in him, and who was declared by Mahomet in his gratitude, his brother, delegate, and vicar. Ali was one of Mahomet's best and most successful captains; he married Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet; his sons, Hassan and Hussein, were, as children, favorites with Mahomet, who had no son of his own to succeed him, and was expected to name Ali as his successor. He named no successor. At his death Ali was passed over, and the first caliph, or *vicar* and *lieutenant* of Mahomet in the government of the State was Abu-Bekr: only the spiritual inheritance of Mahomet, the dignity of Imam, or *Primate*, devolved by right on Ali and his children. Ali, Lion of God as in war he was, held aloof from politics and political intrigue, loved retirement and prayer, was the most pious and disinterested of men. At Abu-Bekr's death he was again passed over in favor of Omar. Omar was succeeded by Othman; and still Ali remained tranquil. Othman was assassinated, and then Ali, chiefly to prevent disturbance and bloodshed, accepted the caliphate. Meanwhile, the Mahometan armies had conquered Persia, Syria, and Egypt; the governor of Syria, Moawiyah, an able and ambitious man, set himself up as caliph, his title was recognized by Amrou, the governor of Egypt, and a bloody and indecisive battle was fought in Mesopotamia between Ali's army and Moawiyah's. Gibbon shall tell the rest:—"In the temple of Mecca three Charegites or enthusiasts discoursed of the disorders of the Church and State; they soon agreed that the deaths of Ali, Moawiyah, and of his friend Amrou, the Viceroy of Egypt, would restore the peace and unity of religion. Each of the assassins chose his victim, poisoned his dagger, devoted his life, and secretly repaired to the scene of action. Their resolution was equally desperate; but the first mistook the person of Amrou, and stabbed the deputy who occupied his seat; the prince of Damascus was dangerously hurt by the second; Ali, the lawful caliph, in the mosque of Kufa, received a mortal wound from the hand of the third."

The events through which we have thus rapidly run ought to be kept in mind, for they are the elements of Mahometan history: any right understanding of the state of the Mahometan world is impossible without them. For that world is divided into the two great sects of Shiahs and Sunis; the Shiahs are those who reject the first three caliphs as usurpers, and begin with Ali as the first lawful successor of Mahomet; the Sunis recognize Abu-Bekr, Omar, and Othman, as well as Ali, and regard the Shiahs as impious heretics. The Persians are Shiahs, and the Arabs and Turks are Sunis. Hussein, one of Ali's two sons, married a Persian princess, the daughter of Yezdejerd the last of the Sassanian kings, the king whom the Mahometan conquest of Persia expelled; and Persia, through this marriage, became specially connected with the house of Ali. "In the fourth age of the Hegira," says Gibbon, "a tomb, a temple, a city, arose near the ruins of Kufa. Many thousands of the Shiahs repose in holy ground at the feet of the vicar of God; and the desert is vivified by the numerous and annual visits of the Persians, who esteem their devotion not less meritorious than the pilgrimage of Mecca."

But, to comprehend what I am going to relate from Count Gobineau, we must push our researches into Mahometan history a little futher than the assassination of Ali. Moawiyah died in the year 680 of our era, nearly fifty years after the death of Mahomet. His son Yezid succeeded him on the throne of the caliphs at Damascus. During the reign of Moawiyah, Ali's two sons, the Imams Hassan and Hussein lived with their families in religious retirement at Medina, where their grandfather Mahomet was buried. In them the character of abstention and renouncement, which we have noticed in Ali himself, was marked yet more strongly; but, when Moawiyah died, the people of Kufa, the city on the lower Euphrates where Ali had been assassinated, sent offers to make Hussein caliph if he would come among them, and to support him against the Syrian troops of Yezid. Hussein seems to have thought himself bound to accept the proposal. He left Medina, and, with his family and relations, to the number of about eighty persons, set out on his way to Kufa. Then ensued the tragedy so familiar to every Mahometan, and to us so little known, the tragedy of Kerbela. "O death," cries the bandit-minstrel of Persia, Kurroglou, in his last song before his execution, "O death, whom didst thou spare? Were even Hassan and Hussein, those footstools of the throne of God on the seventh heaven, spared by thee? *No! thou madest them martyrs at Kerbela.*"

We cannot do better than again have recourse to Gibbon's history for an account of this famous tragedy. "Hussein traversed the desert of Arabia with a timorous retinue of women and children; but, as he approached the confines of Irak, he was alarmed by the solitary or hostile face of the country, and suspected either the defection or the ruin of his party. His fears were just; Obeidallah, the governor of Kufa, had extinguished the first sparks of an insurrection; and Hussein, in the plain of Kerbela, was encompassed by a body of five thousand horse, who intercepted his communication with the city and the river. In a conference with the chief of the enemy he proposed the option of three conditions:—that he should be allowed to return to Medina, or be stationed in a frontier garrison against the Turks, or safely conducted to the presence of Yezid. But the commands of the caliph or his lieutenant were stern and absolute, and Hussein was informed that he must either submit as a captive and a criminal to the Commander of the Faithful, or expect the consequences of his rebellion. 'Do you think,' replied he, 'to terrify me with death?' And during the short respite of a night he prepared, with calm and solemn resignation, to encounter his fate. He checked the lamentations of his sister Fatima, who deplored the impending ruin of his house. 'Our trust,' said Hussein, 'is in God alone. All things, both in heaven and earth, must perish and return to their Creator. My brother, my father, my mother, were better than I, and every Mussulman has an example in the Prophet.' He pressed his friends to consult their safety by a timely flight; they unanimously refused to desert or survive their beloved master, and their courage was fortified by a fervent prayer and the assurance of paradise. On the morning of the fatal day he mounted on horseback, with his sword in one hand and the Koran in the other; the flanks and rear of his party were secured by the tent-ropes and by a deep trench, which they had filled with lighted fagots, according to the practice of the Arabs. The enemy advanced with reluctance; and one of their chiefs deserted, with thirty followers, to claim the partnership of inevitable death. In every close onset or single combat the despair of the Fatimites was invincible; but the surrounding multitudes galled them from a distance with a cloud of arrows, and the horses and men were successively slain. A truce was allowed on both sides for the hour of prayer; and the battle at length expired by the death of the last of the companions of Hussein."

The details of Hussein's own death will come better presently; suffice it at this moment to say he was slain, and that the women and children of his family were taken in chains to the caliph Yezid at Damascus. Gibbon concludes the story thus: "In a distant age and climate, the tragic scene of the death of Hussein will awaken the sympathy of the coldest reader. On the annual festival of his martyrdom, in the devout pilgrimage to his sepulchre, his Persian votaries abandon their souls to the religious phrenzy of sorrow and indignation."

Thus the tombs of Ali and of his son, the Meshed Ali and the Meshed Hussein, standing some thirty miles apart from one another in the plain of the Euphrates, had, when Gibbon wrote, their yearly pilgrims and their tribute of enthusiastic mourning. But Count Gobineau relates, in his book of which I have spoken, a development of these solemnities which was unknown to Gibbon. Within the present century there has arisen, on the basis of this story of the martyrs of Kerbela, a drama, a Persian national drama, which Count Gobineau, who has seen and heard it, is bold enough to rank with the Greek drama as a great and serious affair,

engaging the heart and life of the people who have given birth to it; while the Latin, English, French, and German drama is, he says, in comparison, a mere pastime or amusement, more or less intellectual and elegant. To me it seems that the Persian *tazyas* — for so these pieces are called — find a better parallel in the Ammergau Passion Play than in the Greek drama. They turn entirely on one subject — the sufferings of the *Family of the Tent*, as the Imam Hussein and the company of persons gathered around him at Kerbela are called. The subject is sometimes introduced by a prologue, which may perhaps one day, as the need of variety is more felt, become a piece by itself; but at present the prologue leads invariably to the martyrs. For instance, the Emperor Tamerlane, in his conquering progress through the world, arrives at Damascus; the keys of the city are brought to him by the governor; but the governor is a descendant of one of the murderers of the Imam Hussein; Tamerlane is informed of it, loads him with reproaches, and drives him from his presence. The emperor presently sees the governor's daughter, splendidly dressed, thinks of the sufferings of the holy women of the Family of the Tent, and upbraids and drives her away as he did her father. But after this he is haunted by the great tragedy which has been thus brought to his mind, and he cannot sleep and cannot be comforted; he calls his vizier, and his vizier tells him that the only way to soothe his troubled spirit is to see a *tazya*. And so the *tazya* commences. Or, again (and this will show how strangely, in the religious world which is now occupying us, what is most familiar to us is blended with that of which we know nothing): Joseph and his brethren appear on the stage, and the old Bible story is transacted. Joseph is thrown into the pit and sold to the merchants, and his blood-stained coat is carried by his brothers to Jacob; Jacob is then left alone, weeping and bewailing himself; the angel Gabriel enters, and reproves him for his want of faith and constancy, telling him that what he suffers is not a hundredth part of what Ali, Hussein, and the children of Hussein will one day suffer. Jacob seems to doubt it; Gabriel, to convince him, orders the angels to perform a *tazya* of what will one day happen at Kerbela. And so the *tazya* commences.

These pieces are given in the first ten days of the month of Moharrem, the anniversary of the martyrdom at Kerbela. They are so popular that they now invade other seasons of the year also; but this is the season when the world is given up to them. King and people, every one is in mourning; and at night, and while the *tazyas* are not going on, processions keep passing, the air resounds with the beating of breasts and with litanies of "O Hassan! Hussein!" while the Seyids, — a kind of popular friars, claiming to be descendants of Mahomet, and in whose incessant popularizing and amplifying of the legend of Kerbela in their homilies during pilgrimages and at the tombs of the martyrs, the *tazyas*, no doubt, had their origin, — keep up by their sermons and hymns the enthusiasm which the drama of the day has excited. It seems as if no one went to bed; and certainly no one who went to bed could sleep. Confraternities go in procession with a black flag and torches, every man with his shirt torn open, and beating himself with the right hand on the left shoulder in a kind of measured cadence to accompany a canticle in honor of the martyrs. These processions come and take post in the theatres where the Seyids are preaching. Still more noisy are the companies of dancers, striking a kind of wooden castanets together, at one time in front of their breasts, at another time behind their heads, and marking time with music and dance to a dirge set up by the bystanders, in which the names of the Imams perpetually recur as a burden. Noisiest of all are the Berbers, men of a darker skin and another race, their feet and the upper part of their body naked, who carry, some of them, tambourines and cymbals, others iron chains and long needles. One of their race is said to have formerly derided the Imams in their affliction, and the Berbers now appear in expiation of that crime. At first their music and their march proceed slowly together, but presently the music quickens, the chain and needle-bearing Berbers move violently round, and begin to beat themselves with their chains, and to prick their arms and cheeks with the needles, first gently, then with more vehemence; till suddenly the music ceases, and all stops. So we are carried back, on this old Asiatic soil, where beliefs and usages are heaped layer upon layer and ruin upon ruin, far past the martyred Imams, past Mahometanism, past Christianity, to the priests of Baal, gashing themselves with knives, and to the worship of Adonis.

The *tekyas*, or theatres for the drama which calls forth these celebrations, are constantly multiplying. The king, the great functionaries, the towns, wealthy citizens like the king's gold-smith, or any private person who has the means and the desire, provide them. Every one sends contributions; it is a religious act to furnish a box or to give decorations for a *tekya;* and as religious offerings, all gifts down to the very smallest are accepted. There are tekyas for not more than three or four hundred spectators, and there are tekyas for three or four thousand. At Ispahan there are representations which bring together more than twenty thousand people. At Teheran, the Persian capital, each quarter of the town has its tekyas; every square and open place is turned to account for establishing them, and spaces have been expressly cleared, besides, for fresh tekyas. Count Gobineau describes particularly one of these theatres — a tekya of the best class, to hold an audience of about four thousand — at Teheran. The arrangements are very simple; the tekya is a walled parallelogram, with a brick platform, *sakou*, in the centre of it; this *sakou* is surrounded with black poles at some distance from each other, the poles are joined at the top by horizontal rods of the same color, and from these rods hang colored lamps, which are lighted for the praying and preaching at night when the representation is over. The *sakou*, or central platform, makes the stage; in connection with it, at one of the opposite extremities of the parallelogram lengthwise, is a reserved box, *tâgnumâ*, higher than the *sakou;* this box is splendidly decorated, and is used for peculiarly interesting and magnificent tableaux, — the court of the Caliph, for example, — which occur in the course of the piece. A passage of a few feet wide is left free between the stage and this box; all the rest of the space is for the spectators, of whom the foremost rows are sitting on their heels close up to this passage, so that they help the actors to mount and descend the high steps of the *tâgnumâ* when they have to pass between that and the *sakou*. On each side of the *tâgnumâ* are boxes, and along one wall of the enclosure are other boxes with fronts of elaborate woodwork, which are left to stand as a permanent part of the construction; facing these, with the floor and stage between, rise tiers of seats, as in an amphitheatre. All places are free; the great people have generally provided and furnished the boxes, and take care to fill them; but if a box is not occupied when the performance begins, any ragged street-urchin or beggar may walk in and seat himself there. A row of gigantic masts runs across the middle of the space, one or two of them being fixed in the *sakou* itself; and from these masts is stretched an immense awning which protects the whole audience. Up to a certain height these masts are hung with tiger and panther skins, to indicate the violent character of the scenes to be represented. Shields of steel and of hippopotamus skin, and flags and naked swords, are also attached to these masts. A sea of color and splendor meets the eye all round. Woodwork and brickwork disappear under cushions, rich carpets, silk hangings, India muslin embroidered with silver and gold, shawls from Kerman and Cashmere; there are lamps, lustres of colored crystal, mirrors, Bohemian and Venetian glass, porcelain vases of all degrees of magnitude from China and from Europe, paintings and engravings, displayed in profusion everywhere; the taste may not always be soberly correct, but the whole spectacle has just the effect of prodigality, color, and sumptuousness which we are accustomed to associate with the splendors of the Arabian Nights.

In marked contrast with this display is the poverty of scenic contrivance and stage illusions. The subject is far too interesting and too solemn to need them; the actors are visible on all sides, and the exits, entrances, and

stage-play of our theatres are impossible; the imagination of the spectator fills up all gaps and meets all requirements. On the Ammergau arrangements one feels that the archæologists and artists of Munich have laid their correct finger; at Teheran there has been no schooling of this sort. A copper basin of water represents the Euphrates; a heap of chopped straw in a corner is the sand of the desert of Kerbela, and the actor goes and takes up a handful of it, when his part is about to require him to throw, in Oriental fashion, dust upon his head. There is no attempt at proper costume; all that is sought is, to do honor to the personages of chief interest by dresses and jewels which would pass for rich and handsome things to wear in modern Persian life. The power of the actors is in their genuine sense of the seriousness of the business they are engaged in. They are, like the public around them, penetrated with this, and so the actor throws his whole soul into what he is about, the public meets the actor half-way, and effects of extraordinary impressiveness are the result. "The actor is under a charm," says Count Gobineau; "he is under it so strongly and completely that almost always one sees Yezid himself (the usurping caliph), the wretched Ibn-Said (Yezid's general), the infamous Shemer (Ibn-Said's lieutenant), at the moment they vent the cruelest insults against the Imams whom they are going to massacre, or against the women of the Imam's family whom they are ill-using, burst into tears and repeat their part with sobs. The public is neither surprised nor displeased at this; on the contrary, it beats its breast at the sight, throws up its arms towards heaven with invocations of God, and redoubles its groans. So it often happens that the actor identifies himself with the personage he represents to such a degree that, when the situation carries him away, he cannot be said to act, he *is*, with such truth, such complete enthusiasm, such utter self-forgetfulness, what he represents, that he reaches a reality at one time sublime, at another terrible, and produces impressions on his audience which it would be simply absurd to look for from our more artificial performances. There is nothing stilted, nothing false, nothing conventional; nature, and the facts represented, themselves speak."

The actors are men and boys, the parts of angels and women being filled by boys; but the children who appear in the piece are often the children of the principal families of Teheran; their appearance in this religious solemnity (for such it is thought) being supposed to bring a blessing upon them and their parents. "Nothing is more touching," says Count Gobineau, "than to see these little things of three or four years old, dressed in black gauze frocks with large sleeves, and having on their heads small, round black caps embroidered with silver and gold, kneeling beside the body of the actor who represents the martyr of the day, embracing him, and with their little hands covering themselves with chopped straw for sand, in sign of grief. These children evidently," he continues, "do not consider themselves to be acting; they are full of the feeling that what they are about is something of deep seriousness and importance; and though they are too young to comprehend fully the story, they know, in general, that it is a matter sad and solemn. They are not distracted by the audience, and they are not shy, but go through their prescribed part with the utmost attention and seriousness, always crossing their arms respectfully to receive the blessing of the Imam Hussein; the public beholds them with emotions of the liveliest satisfaction and sympathy."

The dramatic pieces themselves are without any author's name. They are in popular language, such as the commonest and most ignorant of the Persian people can understand, free from learned Arabic words, — free, comparatively speaking, from Oriental fantasticality and hyperbole. The Seyids, or popular friars, already spoken of, have probably had a hand in the composition of many of them. The Moollahs, or regular ecclesiastical authorities, condemn the whole thing. It is an innovation which they disapprove and think dangerous; it is addressed to the eye, and their religion forbids to represent religious things to the eye; it departs from the limits of what is revealed and appointed to be taught as the truth, and brings in novelties and heresies; — for these dramas keep growing under the pressure of the actor's imagination and emotion, and of the imagination and emotion of the public, and receive new developments every day. The learned, again, say that these pieces are a heap of lies, the production of ignorant people, and have no words strong enough to express their contempt for them. Still, so irresistible is the vogue of these sacred dramas that, from the king on the throne to the beggar in the street, every one, except perhaps the Moollahs, attends them, and is carried away by them. The Imams and their family speak always in a kind of lyrical chant, said to have rhythmical effects, often of great pathos and beauty; their persecutors, the villains of the piece, speak always in prose.

The stage is under the direction of a choragus, called *oostad*, or "master," who is a sacred personage by reason of the functions which he performs. Sometimes he addresses to the audience a commentary on what is passing before them, and asks their compassion and tears for the martyrs; sometimes, in default of a Seyid, he prays and preaches. He is always listened to with veneration, for it is he who arranges the whole sacred spectacle which so deeply moves everybody. With no attempt of concealment, with the book of the piece in his hand, he remains constantly on the stage, gives the actors their cue, puts the children and any inexperienced actor in their right places, dresses the martyr in his winding-sheet when he is going to his death, holds the stirrup for him to mount his horse, and inserts a supply of chopped straw into the hands of those who are about to want it. Let us now see him at work.

The theatre is filled, and the heat is great; young men of rank, the king's pages, officers of the army, smart functionaries of State, move through the crowd with water-skins slung on their backs, dealing out water all round, in memory of the thirst which on these solemn days the Imams suffered in the sands of Kerbela. Wild chants and litanies, such as we have already described, are from time to time set up by a dervish, a soldier, a workman in the crowd. These chants are taken up, more or less, by the audience; sometimes they flag and die away for want of support, sometimes they are continued till they reach a paroxysm, and then abruptly stop. Presently a strange, insignificant figure in a green cotton garment, looking like a petty tradesman of one of the Teheran bazaars, mounts upon the *sakou*. He beckons with his hand to the audience, who are silent directly, and he addresses them in a tone of lecture and expostulation, thus: —

"Well, you seem happy enough, Mussulmans, sitting there at your ease under the awning; and you imagine paradise already wide open to you. Do you know what paradise is? It is a garden, doubtless, but such a garden as you have no idea of. You will say to me: 'Friend, tell us what it is like.' I have never been there, certainly; but plenty of prophets have described it, and angels have brought news of it. However, all I will tell you is, that there is room for all good people there, for it is three hundred and thirty thousand cubits long. If you do not believe, inquire. As for getting to be one of the good people, let me tell you it is not enough to read the Koran of the Prophet (the salvation and blessing of God be upon him!); it is not enough to do every thing which this divine book enjoins; it is not enough to come and weep at the *tazyas*, as you do every day, you sons of dogs you, who know nothing which is of any use; it behooves, besides, that your good works (if you ever do any, which I greatly doubt) should be done in the name and for the love of Hussein. It is Hussein, Mussulmans, who is the door to paradise; it is Hussein, Mussulmans, who upholds the world; it is Hussein, Mussulmans, by whom comes salvation! Cry, Hassan! Hussein!"

And all the multitude cry: "O Hassan! O Hussein!

"That is well; and now cry again." And again all cry: "O Hassan! O Hussein!" 'And now," the strange speaker goes on, "pray to God to keep you continually in the love of Hussein. Come, make your cry to God." Then the multitude, as one man, throw up their arms into the air, and with a deep and long-drawn cry exclaim: "*Ya Allah!* O God!"

Fifes, drums, and trumpets break out; the *kernas*, great copper trumpets five or six feet long, give notice that the actors are ready, and that the *tazya* is to commence. The preacher descends from the *sakou*, and the actors occupy it.

To give a clear notion of the cycle which these dramas fill, we should begin, as on the first day of the Moharrem the actors begin, with some piece relating to the childhood of the Imams, such as, for instance, the piece called *The Children Digging*. Ali and Fatima are living at Medina with their little sons Hassan and Hussein; the simple home and occupations of the pious family are exhibited; it is morning; Fatima is seated with the little Hussein on her lap, dressing him. She combs his hair, talking caressingly to him all the while. A hair comes out with the comb; the child starts. Fatima is in distress at having given the child even this momentary uneasiness, and stops to gaze upon him tenderly. She falls into an anxious reverie, thinking of her fondness for the child and of the unknown future in store for him. While she muses, the angel Gabriel stands before her. He reproves her weakness: "A hair falls from the child's head," he says, "and you weep: what would you do if you knew the destiny that awaits him, the countless wounds with which that body shall one day be pierced, the agony that shall rend thine own soul!" Fatima, in despair, is comforted by her husband Ali, and they go together into the town to hear Mahomet preach. The boys and some of their little friends begin to play; every one makes a great deal of Hussein; he is at once the most spirited and the most amiable child of them all. The party amuse themselves with digging, with making holes in the ground, and building mounds. Ali returns from the sermon and asks what they are about; and Hussein is made to reply in ambiguous and prophetic answers, which convey that by these holes and mounds in the earth are prefigured interments and tombs. Ali departs again; there rush in a number of big and fierce boys and begin to pelt the little Imams with stones. A companion shields Hussein with his own body, but he is struck down with a stone, and with another stone Hussein, too, is stretched on the ground senseless. Who are these boy-tyrants and persecutors? They are Ibn-Said, and Shemer, and others, the future murderers at Kerbela. The audience perceive it with a shudder; the hateful assailants go off in triumph; Ali reenters, picks up the stunned and wounded children, brings them round, and takes Hussein back to his mother Fatima.

But let us now come at once to the days of martyrdom and to Kerbela. One of the most famous pieces of the cycle is a piece called the *Marriage of Kassem*, which brings us into the very middle of these crowning days. Count Gobineau has given a translation of it, and from this translation we will take a few extracts. Kassem is the son of Hussein's elder brother, the Imam Hassan, who had been poisoned by Yezid's instigation at Medina. Kassem and his mother are with the Imam Hussein at Kerbela; there, too, are the women and children of the holy family, Omm-Leyla, Hussein's wife, the Persian princess, the last child of Yezdejerd, the last of the Sassanides; Zeyneb, Hussein's sister, the offspring, like himself, of Ali and Fatima, and the granddaughter of Mahomet; his nephew Abdallah, still a little child; finally, his beautiful daughter Zobeyda. When the piece begins, the Imam's camp in the desert has already been cut off from the Euphrates and besieged several days by the Syrian troops under Ibn-Said and Shemer, and by the treacherous men of Kufa. The Family of the Tent were suffering torments of thirst; one of the children had brought an empty water-bottle, and thrown it, as silent token of distress, before the feet of Abbas, the uncle of Hussein; Abbas had sallied out to cut his way to the river, and had been slain. Afterwards Ali-Akber, Hussein's eldest son, had made the same attempt and met with the same fate. Two younger brothers of Ali-Akber followed his example, and were likewise slain. The Imam Hussein had rushed amidst the enemy, beaten them from the body of Ali-Akber, and brought the body back to his tent: but the river was still inaccessible. At this point the action of the *Marriage of Kassem* begins. Kassem, a youth of sixteen, is burning to go out and avenge his cousin. At one end of the *sakou* is the Imam Hussein, seated on his throne; in the middle are grouped all the members of his family; at the other end lies the body of Ali-Akber, with his mother Omm-Leyla, clothed and veiled in black, bending over it. The *kernas* sound, and Kassem, after a solemn appeal from Hussein and his sister Zeyneb to God and to the founders of their house to look upon their great distress, rises and speaks to himself: —

Kassem. — "Separate thyself from the women of the harem, Kassem. Consider within thyself for a little; here thou sittest, and presently thou wilt see the body of Hussein, that body like a flower, torn by arrows and lances like thorns, Kassem.

"Thou sawest Ali-Akber's head severed from his body on the field of battle, and yet thou livedst!

"Arise, obey that which is written of thee by thy father; to be slain, that is thy lot, Kassem!

"Go, get leave from the son of Fatima, most honorable among women, and submit thyself to thy fate, Kassem."

Hussein sees him approach. "Alas," he says, "it is the orphan nightingale of the garden of Hassan, my brother!" Then Kassem speaks: —

Kassem. — "O God, what shall I do beneath this load of affliction? My eyes are wet with tears; my lips are dried up with thirst. To live is worse than to die. What shall I do, seeing what hath befallen Ali-Akber? If Hussein sufereth me not to go out, oh, misery! For then what shall I do, O God, in the day of the resurrection, when I see my father Hassan? When I see my mother in the day of the resurrection, what shall I do, O God, in my sorrow and shame before her? All my kinsmen are gone to appear before the Prophet: shall not I also one day stand before the Prophet? and what shall I do, O God, in that day!"

Then he addresses the Imam: —

"Hail, threshold of the honor and majesty on high, threshold of heaven, threshold of God! In the roll of martyrs thou art the chief; in the book of creation thy story will live forever. An orphan, a fatherless child, downcast and weeping, comes to prefer a request to thee."

Hussein bids him tell it, and he answers: —

"O light of the eyes of Mahomet the mighty, O lieutenant of Ali the lion, Abbas has perished; Ali-Akber has suffered martyrdom; O my uncle! thou hast no warriors left, and no standard-bearer. The roses are gone and gone are their buds; the jessamine is gone, the poppies are gone. I alone, I am still left in the garden of the Faith, a thorn, and miserable. If thou hast any kindness for the orphan, suffer me to go forth and fight."

Hussein refuses. "My child," he says, "thou wast the light of the eyes of the Imam Hassan; thou art my beloved remembrance of him; ask me not this; urge me not, entreat me not; to have lost Ali-Akber is enough."

Kassem answers: — "That Kassem should live and Ali-Akber be martyred — sooner let the earth cover me! O king, be generous to the beggar at thy gate. See how my eyes run with tears and my lips are dried up with thirst. Cast thine eyes toward the waters of the heavenly Euphrates! I die of thirst; grant me, O thou marked of God! a full pitcher of the water of life; it flows in the paradise which awaits me."

Hussein still refuses; Kassem breaks forth in complaints and lamentations; his mother comes to him and learns the reason. She then says: —

"Complain not against the Imam, light of my eyes; only by his order can the commission of martyrdom be given. In that commission are sealed two-and-seventy witnesses, all righteous, and among the two-and-seventy is thy name. Know that thy destiny of death is commanded in the writing which thou wearest on thine arm."

This writing is the testament of his father Hassan. He bears it in triumph to the Imam Hussein, who finds written there that he should, on the death-plain of Kerbela, suffer Kassem to have his will, but that he should marry him first to his daughter Zobeyda. Kassem consents, though in astonishment. "Consider," he says; "there lies Ali-Akber, mangled by the enemies' hands! Under this sky of ebon

blackness, how can joy show her face? Nevertheless, if thou commandest it, what have I to do but obey? Thy commandment is that of the Prophet, and his voice is that of God." But Hussein has also to overcome the reluctance of the intended bride and of all the women of his family.

"Heir of the vicar of God," says Kassem's mother to the Imam, "bid me die, but speak not to me of a bridal. If Zobeyda is to be a bride and Kassem a bridegroom, where is the henna to tinge their hands? where is the bridal chamber?" "Mother of Kassem," answers the Imam, solemnly, "yet a few moments, and in this field of anguish the tomb shall be for marriage-bed, and the winding-sheet for bridal garment!" All give way to the will of their sacred Head. The women and children surround Kassem, sprinkle him with rose-water, hang bracelets and necklaces on him, and scatter bon-bons around; and then the marriage procession is formed. Suddenly drums and trumpets are heard, and the Syrian troops appear. Ibn-Said and Shemer are at their head. "The Prince of the Faith celebrates a marriage in the desert," they exclaim tauntingly; "we will soon change his festivity into mourning." They pass by, and Kassem takes leave of his bride. "God keep thee, my bride," he says, embracing her, "for I must forsake thee!" "One moment," she says, "remain in thy place one moment! thy countenance is as the lamp which giveth us light; suffer me to turn around thee as the butterfly turneth, gently, gently!" And making a turn around him, she performs the ancient Eastern rite of respect from a new-married wife to her husband. Troubled, he rises to go; "The reins of my will are slipping away from me!" he murmurs. She lays hold of his robe; "Take off thy hand," he cries, "we belong not to ourselves!"

Then he asks the Imam to array him in his winding-sheet. "O nightingale of the divine orchard of martyrdom," says Hussein, as he complies with his wish, "I clothe thee with thy winding-sheet, I kiss thy face; there is no fear, and no hope, but of God!" Kassem commits his little brother Abdallah to the Imam's care; Omm-Leyla looks up from her son's corpse, and says to Kassem: "When thou enterest the garden of Paradise, kiss for me the head of Ali-Akber!"

The Syrian troops again appear; Kassem rushes upon them and they all go off fighting. The Family of the Tent, at Hussein's command, put the Koran on their heads and pray, covering themselves with sand. Kassem re-appears victorious; he has slain Azrek, a chief captain of the Syrians, but his thirst is intolerable. "Uncle," he says to the Imam, who asks him what reward he wishes for his valor, "my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth; the reward I wish is *water*." "Thou coverest me with shame, Kassem," his uncle answers; "what can I do? Thou askest water; there is no water!"

Kassem.—"If I might but wet my mouth, I could presently make an end of the men of Kufa."

Hussein.—"As I live, I have not one drop of water!"

Kassem.—"Were it but lawful, I would wet my mouth with my own blood."

Hussein.—"Beloved child, what the Prophet forbids, that cannot I make lawful."

Kassem.—"I beseech thee, let my lips be but once moistened, and I will vanquish thine enemies!"

Hussein presses his own lips to those of Kassem, who, refreshed, again rushes forth, and returns bleeding and stuck with darts, to die at the Imam's feet in the tent. So ends the marriage of Kassem.

But the great day is the tenth day of the Moharrem, when comes the death of the Imam himself. The narrative of Gibbon well sums up the events of this great tenth day. "The battle at length expired by the death of the last of the companions of Hussein. Alone, weary, and wounded, he seated himself at the door of his tent. He was pierced in the mouth with a dart. He lifted his hands to heaven—they were full of blood—and he uttered a funeral prayer for the living and the dead. In a transport of despair, his sister issued from the tent, and adjured the general of the Kufians that he would not suffer Hussein to be murdered before his eyes. A tear trickled down the soldier's venerable beard; and the boldest of his men fell back on every side as the dying Imam threw himself among them. The remorseless Shemer—a name detested by the faithful—reproached their cowardice; and the grandson of Mahomet was slain with three-and-thirty strokes of lances and swords. After they had trampled on his body, they carried his head to the castle of Kufa, and the inhuman Obeidallah (the governor) struck him on the mouth with a cane. 'Alas!' exclaimed an aged Mussulman, 'on those lips have I seen the lips of the Apostle of God!'"

For this catastrophe no one *tazya* suffices; all the companies of actors unite in a vast open space; booths and tents are pitched round the out-side circle for the spectators; in the centre is the Imam's camp, and the day ends with its conflagration.

Nor are there wanting pieces which carry on the story beyond the death of Hussein. One which produces an extraordinary effect is *The Christian Damsel*. The carnage is over, the enemy are gone; to the awe-struck beholders, the scene shows the silent plain of Kerbela and the tombs of the martyrs. Their bodies, full of wounds, and with weapons sticking in them still, are exposed to view; but around them all are crowns of burning candles, circles of light, to show that they have entered into glory. At one end of the *sakou* is a high tomb by itself; it is the tomb of the Imam Hussein, and his pierced body is seen stretched out upon it. A brilliant caravan enters, with camels, soldiers, servants, and a young lady on horseback, in European costume, or what passes in Persia for European costume. She halts near the tombs, and proposes to encamp. Her servants try to pitch a tent; but wherever they drive a pole into the ground, blood springs up, and a groan of horror bursts from the audience. Then the fair traveller, instead of encamping, mounts into the *tâgnumâ*, lies down to rest there, and falls asleep. Jesus Christ appears to her, and makes known that this is Kerbela, and what has happened here. Meanwhile, an Arab of the desert, a Bedouin who had formerly received Hussein's bounty, comes stealthily, intent on plunder, upon the *sakou*. He finds nothing, and in a paroxysm of brutal fury he begins to ill-treat the corpses. Blood flows. The feeling of Asiatics about their dead is well known, and the horror of the audience rises to its height. Presently the ruffian assails and wounds the corpse of the Imam himself, over whom white doves are hovering; the voice of Hussein, deep and mournful, calls from his tomb: "*There is no God but God!*" The robber flies in terror; the angels, the prophets, Mahomet, Jesus Christ, Moses, the Imams, the holy women, all come upon the *sakou*, press round Hussein, load him with honors. The Christian damsel wakes, and embraces Islam, the Islam of the sect of the Shiahs.

Another piece closes the whole story, by bringing the captive women and children of the Imam's family to Damascus, to the presence of the Caliph Yezid. It is in this piece that there comes the magnificent tableau, of which I have already spoken, of the court of the caliph; the crown jewels are lent for it, and the dresses of the ladies of Yezid's court, represented by boys chosen for their good looks, are said to be worth thousands and thousands of pounds; but the audience see them without favor, for this brilliant court of Yezid is cruel to the captives of Kerbela. The captives are thrust into a wretched dungeon under the palace walls; but the Caliph's wife had formerly been a slave of Mahomet's daughter Fatima, the mother of Hussein and Zeyneb. She goes to see Zeyneb in prison; her heart is touched, she passes into an agony of repentance, returns to her husband, upbraids him with his crimes, and intercedes for the women of the holy family, and for the children, who keep calling for the Imam Hussein. Yezid orders his wife to be put to death, and sends the head of Hussein to the children. Sekyna, the Imam's youngest daughter, a child of four years old, takes the beloved head in her arms, kisses it, and lies down beside it. Then Hussein appears to her as in life; "O my father," she cries, "where wast thou? I was hungry, I was cold, I was beaten—where wast thou?" But now she sees him again, and is happy. In the vision of her happiness she passes away out of life, she

enters into rest, and the piece ends with her mother and her aunts burying her.

These are the martyrs of Kerbela; and these are the sufferings which awaken in an Asiatic audience sympathy so deep and serious, transports so genuine of pity, love, and gratitude, that to match them at all one must take the feelings raised at Ammergau. And now, where are we to look in the subject-matter of the Persian passion play, for the source of all this emotion? Count Gobineau suggests that it is to be found in the feeling of patriotism; and that our Indo-European kinsmen, the Persians, conquered by the Semitic Arabians, find in the sufferings of Hussein a portrait of their own martyrdom. "Hussein," says Count Gobineau, 'is not only the son of Ali, he is the husband of a princess of the blood of the Persian kings; he, his father Ali, the whole body of Imams taken together, represent the nation, represent Persia, invaded, ill-treated, despoiled, stripped of its inhabitants, by the Arabians. The right which is insulted and violated in Hussein, is identified with the right of Persia. The Arabians, the Turks, the Afghans — Persia's implacable and hereditary enemies — recognize Yezid as legitimate caliph; Persia finds therein an excuse for hating them the more, and identifies herself the more with the usurper's victims. It is *patriotism*, therefore, which has taken the form, here, of the drama to express itself." No doubt there is much truth in what Count Gobineau thus says; and it is certain that the division of Shiahs and Sunis has its true cause in a division of races, rather than in a difference of religious belief.

But I confess that if the interest of the Persian passion plays had seemed to me to lie solely in the curious evidence they afford of the working of patriotic feeling in a conquered people, I should hardly have occupied myself with them at all this length. I believe that they point to something much more interesting. What this is I cannot do more than just indicate; but indicate it I will, in conclusion, and then leave the student of human nature to follow it out for himself.

When Mahomet's cousin Jaffer, and others of his first converts, persecuted by the idolaters of Mecca, fled in the year of our era 615, seven years before the Hegira, into Abyssinia, and took refuge with the king of that country, the people of Mecca sent after the fugitives to demand that they should be given up to them. Abyssinia was then already Christian. The king asked Jaffer and his companions what was this new religion for which they had left their country. Jaffer answered: "We were plunged in the darkness of ignorance; we were worshippers of idols. Given over to all our passions, we knew no law but that of the strongest, when God raised up among us a man of our own race, of noble descent, and long held in esteem by us for his virtues. This apostle called us to believe in one God, to worship God only, to reject the superstitions of our fathers, to despise divinities of wood and stone. He commanded us to eschew wickedness, to be truthful in speech, faithful to our engagements, kind and helpful to our relations and neighbors. He bade us respect the chastity of women, and not to rob the orphan. He exhorted us to prayer, almsgiving, and fasting. We believed in his mission, and we accepted the doctrines and the rule of life which he brought to us from God. For this our countrymen have persecuted us; and now they want to make us return to their idolatry." The king of Abyssinia refused to surrender the fugitives, and then, turning again to Jaffer, after a few more explanations, he picked up a straw from the ground, and said to him: "Between your religion and ours there is not the thickness of this straw difference."

That is not quite so; yet thus much we may affirm, that Jaffer's account of the religion of Mahomet is a great deal truer than the accounts of it which are commonly current amongst us. Indeed, for the credit of humanity, as more than a hundred millions of men are said to profess the Mahometan religion, one is glad to think so. To popular religion everywhere, religion is proved by miracles. All religions but a man's own are utterly false and vain; the authors of them are mere impostors; and the wonders which are said to attest them, fictitious. We forget that this is a game which two can play at; although the believer of each religion always imagines the prodigies which attest his own religion to be fenced by a guard granted to them alone. Yet how much more safe is it, as well as more fruitful, to look for the main confirmation of a religion in its intrinsic correspondence with urgent wants of human nature, in its profound necessity! Differing religions will then be found to have much in common; but this will be an additional proof of the value of that religion which does most for that which is thus commonly recognized as salutary and necessary. In Christendom one need not go about to establish that the religion of the Hebrews is a better religion than the religion of the Arabs, or that the Bible is a better book than the Koran. The Bible *grew*, the Koran *was made* there lies the immense difference in depth and truth between them! This very inferiority may make the Koran for certain purposes and for people at a low stage of mental growth, a more powerful instrument than the Bible. From the circumstances of its origin, the Koran has the intensely dogmatic character, it has the perpetual insistance on the motive of future rewards and punishments, the palpable exhibition of paradise and hell, which the Bible has not. Therefore, to get the sort of power which all this gives, popular Christianity is apt to treat the Bible as if it was just like the Koran; and because of this sort of power, among the little known and little advanced races of the great African continent, the Mahometan missionaries are said to be much more successful than ours. Nevertheless even in Africa it will assuredly one day be manifest, that whereas the Bible-people trace themselves to Abraham through Isaac, and the Koran-people trace themselves to Abraham through Ishmael, the difference between the religion of the Bible and the religion of the Koran is almost as the difference between Isaac and Ishmael. I mean that the seriousness about righteousness, which is what the hatred of idolatry really means, and the profound and inexhaustible doctrines that the righteous Eternal loveth righteousness, that there is no peace for the wicked, that the righteous is an everlasting foundation, are exhibited and inculcated in the Old Testament with an authority, majesty and truth which leave the Koran immeasurably behind, and which, the more mankind grows and gains light, the more will be felt to have no fellows. Mahomet was no doubt acquainted with the Jews and their documents, and gained something from this source for his religion; but his religion is not a mere plagiarism from Judea, any more than it is a mere mass of falsehood. No; in the seriousness, elevation, and moral energy of himself and of that Semitic race from which he sprang and to which he spoke, Mahomet mainly found that scorn and hatred of idolatry, that sense of the worth and truth of righteousness, judgment, and justice, which make the real greatness of him and his Koran, and which are thus rather an independent testimony to the essential doctrines of the Old Testament than a plagiarism from them. The world needs righteousness and the Bible is the grand teacher of it; but, for certain times and certain men, Mahomet, too, in his way, was a teacher of righteousness.

But we know how the Old-Testament conception of righteousness ceased, with time, to have the freshness and force of an intuition; became something petrified, narrow, and formal, and needed renewing. We know how Christianity renewed it, carrying into these hard waters of Judaism a sort of warm gulf-stream of tender emotion, due chiefly to qualities which may be summed up as those of inwardness, mildness, and self-renouncement. Mahometanism had no such renewing; It began with a conception of righteousness, lofty indeed, but narrow, and which we may call old Jewish; and there it remained; it is not a *feeling* religion. No one would say that the virtues of gentleness, mildness, and self-sacrifice were its virtues; and the more it went on, the more the faults of its original narrow basis became visible, more and more it became fierce and militant, less and less was it amiable. Now, what are Ali, and Hassan, and Hussein, and the Imams, but an insurrection of noble and pious natures against this hardness and aridity of the religion

round them; an insurrection making its authors seem weak, helpless, and unsuccessful to the world and amidst the struggles of the world, but enabling them to know the joy and peace for which the world thirsts in vain, and inspiring in the heart of mankind an irresistible sympathy. "The twelve Imams," says Gibbon, "Ali, Hassan, Hussein, and the lineal descendants of Hussein to the ninth generation, without arms or treasures or subjects, successively enjoyed the veneration of the people. Their names were often the pretence of sedition and civil war; but these royal saints despised the pomp of the world, submitted to the will of God and the injustice of man, and devoted their innocent lives to the study and practice of religion."

Abnegation and mildness, based on the depth of the inner life, and visited by unmerited misfortune, made the power of the first and famous Imams, Ali, Hassan, Hussein, over the popular imagination. "O brother," said Hassan, as he was dying of poison, to Hussein who sought to find out and punish his murderer, "O brother, let him alone till he and I meet together before God!" So his father Ali had stood back from his rights instead of snatching at them; so of Hussein it was said by his successful rival, the usurping Caliph Yezid: "God loved Hussein, *but he would not suffer him to attain to any thing.*" They might attain to nothing, they were too pure, these great ones of the world as by birth they were; but the people, which itself also can attain to so little, loved them all the better on that account, loved them for their abnegation and mildness, felt that they were dear to God, that God loved them, and that they and their lives filled the void in the severe religion of Mahomet. These saintly self-deniers, these resigned sufferers, who would not strive nor cry, supplied a tender and pathetic side in Islam; the conquered Persians, a more mobile, more impressionable, and gentler race than their concentrated, narrow, and austere Semitic conquerors, felt the need of most, and gave most prominence to the ideals which satisfied the need; but in Arabs and Turks also, and in all the Mahometan world, Ali and his sons excite enthusiasm and affection. Round the central sufferer, Hussein, has come to group itself every thing which is most tender and touching; his person brings to the Mussulman's mind the most human side of Mahomet himself, his fondness for children, — for Mahomet had loved to nurse the little Hussein on his knee, and to show him from the pulpit to his people. The Family of the Tent is full of women and children, and their devotion and sufferings, — blameless and saintly women, lovely and innocent children; —there too, are the beauty and the love of youth; all follow the attraction of the pure and resigned Imam, all die for him; their tender pathos flows into his and enhances it, till there arises for the popular imagination an immense ideal of mildness and self-sacrifice, melting and overpowering the soul.

Even for us, to whom almost all the names are strange, whose interest in the places and persons is faint, who have them before us for a moment to-day, to see them again, probably, no more forever, — even for us, unless I err greatly, the power and pathos of this ideal are recognizable. What must they be for those to whom every name is familiar and calls up the most solemn and cherished associations; who have had their adoring gaze fixed all their lives upon this exemplar of self-denial and gentleness, and who have no other? If it was superfluous to say to English people that the religion of the Koran has not the value of the religion of the Old Testament, still more is it superfluous to say that the religion of the Imams has not the value of Christianity. The character and discourse of Christ possess, I have often elsewhere said, two signal powers: mildness and sweet reasonableness. The latter, the power which so puts before our view duty of every kind as to give it the force of an intuition, as to make it seem, — to make the total sacrifice of our ordinary self seem, — the most simple, natural, winning, necessary thing in the world, has been hitherto applied with but a very limited range; it is destined to an infinitely wider application, and has a fruitfulness which may yet transform the world. Of this the Imams have nothing, except so far as all mildness and self-sacrifice have in them something of sweet reasonableness, and are its indispensable preliminary. This they have, *mildness and self-sacrifice;* and we have seen what an attraction it exercises. Could we ask for a stronger testimony to Christianity? Could we wish for any sign more convincing, that Christ was indeed, what Christians call him, *the Desire of all nations?* So salutary, so necessary is what Christianity contains, that a religion — great, powerful, successful religion — arises without it, and the missing virtue forces its way in! Christianity may say to these Persian Mahometans, with their gaze fondly turned towards the martyred Imams, what in our Bible God says by Isaiah to Cyrus, their great ancestor: —"*I girded thee, though thou hast not known me.*" It is a long way from Kerbela to Calvary; but the sufferers of Kerbela hold aloft to the eyes of millions of our race the lesson so loved by the Sufferer of Calvary. For he said: "Learn of me, that I am *mild* and *lowly of heart;* and ye shall find *rest unto your souls.*"

THE IRON CAGE.

IT was at the time when all sorts of plots and conspiracies were being hatched at Venice, that a certain private individual, Luca Orioli by name, lived in the town, along with his sister Brigida, who kept house for him, and looked after his wants. Brigida was altogether devoted to her brother, and seemed to live but for him, to attend to his comforts, and forward in all things whatever objects he had in view. There are some women like this, who devote themselves to others, and seem to lose sight of themselves altogether. There are not too many of them, but they exist.

Orioli was by calling a missal painter, an illuminator of ancient manuscripts; but the concerns in which at the time I speak of he was entirely absorbed, were neither literary nor artistic. He was altogether occupied with politics, machinations against the existing government, plans for overthrowing it, and setting up in its place a commonwealth, in which equal rights were to be accorded to all, in which the highest noble in Venice was to enjoy no privileges whatever beyond those which were to be accorded to the meanest citizen in the town.

It was a most hazardous plot against the State in which this Orioli was engaged; he, and I know not how many others; some living at Venice, some elsewhere, at Chioggia, at Verona, at Ravenna even, who knows? At all events, they were scattered hither and thither, and had to be communicated with, when any intelligence was to be made known to the fraternity, by letter. Altogether there was a deal of writing to be got through; not letters only, but reports, statements, projects drawn up on paper to be circulated among the different conspirators. And it was in copying such writings out, or taking down the matter of which they were to consist from her brother's lips, that Brigida made herself more useful than in almost any other way. The girl was an excellent writer, and could copy out a document so that it should be as readable as print. This was a rare accomplishment in those days, and Brigida was kept hard at it you may be assured, writing from dictation, copying papers of which duplicates were wanted, and so on, all through the day, and part of the night as well.

But for all she was so hard worked, the young lady found time to do a little writing on her own account. The fact is, that the signorina had a lover, one Filippo, ordinarily called Lippo, Rinaldi, living at Padua, and with this young fellow she would correspond whenever she got a chance of sending a letter. She would write to him of every thing that was going on, both of her brother's doings and her own; and very pretty letters they were, no doubt, and such as any young gentleman, as much in love as Lippo was, would be very glad to get.

This brother and sister lived, as I have heard the story told, in a little piazzetta at the back of the Riva dei Schiavoni, and not far from the church of St. Giorgio de Greci. It was an out-of-the-way kind of place, for it was very important for Orioli that he should live as retired as possible, and be as much as possible unobserved by anybody. Here, then, it was that for the most part all those plots and machina-

tions in which Orioli was so deeply implicated were concocted; and here, sometimes, one or more of the conspirators would come to confabulate with him, at times when there seemed to be the least chance of discovery.

One autumn afternoon the brother and sister were engaged in preparing a document to be sent to Verona by special messenger that night. As often happened, Luca was dictating, and his sister was writing. The light was fast fading, and Brigida had established herself close to the window to take advantage of all that was to be had. Orioli was at the window too, but he was standing, leaning his forehead against one of the cross mullions which enclosed the small panes of glass, and gazing out into the little piazza behind the house, which had, it may be mentioned, two entrances, one giving on the piazzetta, and the other on one of the small canals which intersect the town in all directions. There was little light in the room except just close to the window, and the gathering darkness held undisputed possession of the other end of the apartment.

Orioli stood and looked out on the piazzetta, but his eyes took in, as far as he was conscious, nothing of the scene before him. He was absorbed in the letter which he was dictating to his sister, and which related to a final meeting of the brotherhood to which he belonged, which was to take place in a few days, and the time, place, and object of which he was notifying to his Veronese friend. Now and then he would pause in the work of dictation, to say a few words to his sister on some subject connected with the matter in hand.

"Brigida," he said, on one of these occasions, "I think I was followed last night when I parted from Tito Grimani and his brother Bartolommeo, in the enclosure at the back of the palace. The vile spies and secret officers of the senate are everywhere, and I surely think that I detected one of them dogging my footsteps last night."

Brigida looked quickly up from her writing with anxious, frightened eyes.

"I am always fearing it," she said. "Dear Luca, the thought that this plot will one day be discovered, and that you will be taken and imprisoned, is forever haunting me. How I wish that the old days, before you had become involved in any of these terrible risks, were back again!"

At this moment a slight noise in the room attracted Luca's attention, and turning hastily from the window, and looking into that part of the apartment which was involved in comparative obscurity, he was able to detect the shadowy forms of three men, whom he felt at once were servants of the State.

"We come to arrest you as head conspirator in a plot against the lawful authority of the Venetian senate," said the chief officer, stepping forward out of the obscurity.

The Venetian senate in those days made short work of the trial of political offenders. There were so many of these that the government, in its alarm for its own safety, dealt out severe justice to all such who got within its reach. The evidence against Luca Orioli was irresistibly strong, and it being considered that an opportunity of "making an example" was afforded by his detection, it was determined that a punishment should be resorted to in his instance which was only used very rarely, and principally in cases which were marked by especial atrocity: parricides, persons who were convicted of sacrilege, monks or nuns who had broken their vows, and the like exceptionally gross offenders. The punishment in question consisted in being hung out in an iron cage which was suspended from the top of the great bell-tower or Campanile of Venice, and in which the victim was suffered to perish miserably of starvation and exposure. This was the horrible penalty which was awarded to Luca Orioli.

But what was the saddest part of all — and it was certainly felt to be so by Luca himself — was that his sister, his poor little Brigida, was convicted of complicity with him in this disastrous plot, and was condemned to share his punishment.

It was that skill of hers in penmanship which had ruined her. All sorts of documents of the most compromising character, plans of action to be adopted by the leading conspirators, letters to them from Luca himself on matters connected with the plot, which, though intrusted to careful hands for delivery, had fallen into the clutches of the numerous spies who were always on the look out for such papers, a great mass of such writings had been seized, and proved beyond doubt to be in the young girl's handwriting; proved, indeed, by comparison with the piece of writing on which she was actually engaged at the moment when the officers of justice made their arrest of Luca.

The crushing weight with which this implication of his little sister fell on Luca can hardly be described in words. Brigida — Brida, as he always called her — had been so many years under his care, her parents having died in her childhood, and was so much his junior, that he had got to regard her almost more as a daughter than as a sister, so much did a feeling of care for her, and a sense that she was a creature to be sheltered from all harm, and protected by him at all cost, pervade all the relations between the two. Nay, it is impossible to say whether the physical difference between them — for Luca was a big, powerful man, while Brida was slightly and delicately formed in an uncommon degree — may not have helped to strengthen this feeling on the brother's part, that to keep his little sister out of harm's way was one of the chief occupations of his life.

That this frail creature should be involved through him in so terrible a calamity was to Orioli a thought which was entirely insupportable. Her constitution was delicate as her frame was, and there could be little doubt that the exposure to the cold and damp, for it was now late autumn, must cause her the extremest suffering. Death, of course, was inevitable for both, as they were to hang there in the iron cage till famine did its work, but that she should suffer as well as die — ! It was too terrible, and the earnest and passionate appeal which Luca made to the judges on his sister's behalf — he had made no such appeal for himself — might have touched, one would have thought, even harder hearts than those to which he had to address himself.

"It is my doing, and mine only," he cried, at last. "She did what I told her — miserable that I am. On me let the penalty fall — a double penalty if you choose. Let me be tortured, burnt at a slow fire, anything, only spare her, my little Brigida, a creature incapable of harming any one, and whose love for her brother has been her only fault."

But he spoke to men of stone when he addressed that pitiless assembly in the dimly-lighted council-chamber of the Doge's Palace. The fiat had gone forth, and must be obeyed. She was sentenced, and must suffer.

A damp, cold night at the end of October. An iron cage hung out upon a crane-like arm projecting from the top of the great belfry tower of Venice, and in it were the two malefactors who had incurred the wrath of the Venetian senate. The cage and its occupants had been hung out a little before sunset, and while the light lasted the people in the piazza below had stood about the base of the pillar gazing up at the uncommon sight.

There was not much to see. Little could be made out at that height of the two figures in the cage; the structure itself and its occupants, looking not much bigger than a birdcage with a couple of linnets inside. Still the people knew that human creatures were up there, and they gazed so long as the light lasted, and not till it had quite faded did the last of them go away. The cage would be there the next day, however, "that was one comfort," and after that who could tell how long. There would be a couple of corpses in it one day instead of these living creatures. The spectacle would be more interesting, if possible, then even than now.

Hand in hand, the brother and sister sat crouching on the floor of the cage, quiet, resigned, and waiting for the end. They spoke but seldom, a word or two now and then, an attempt to encourage each other; then there would come a long pause, while they took half unconscious note of the scene around, above, below. Mechanically their eyes dwelt on the near details of the huge column to which their prison was suspended, the ornamentation which looked so smooth

and elaborate from below, but here close by seemed quite rough and unfinished. The stars burnt above them, the twinkling lights came out in the city below, the dark lagoon stretched out as far as they could see; the tower and belfries of the town showed dimly above the other buildings, but none came near in height to the great Campanile from which they hung, and which, when the bells rang out, seemed positively to sway with the vibration of the deafening sound.

They were utterly wearied and exhausted. It was cold, and the damp rose from the canal and the lagoon, and seemed to chill them to the bone. Poor little Brigida shivered involuntarily from time to time. The absence of all hope — all possibility of deliverance — seemed to depress her vital power, and produced a degree of chill which the actual condition of the temperature did not account for.

"My poor Brida," said Luca, tenderly, looking kindly on her in the dim light, "they might have spared you. What a conspirator," he added, smiling bitterly, "what a dangerous subject. Oh!" he cried, his tone changing suddenly, "that something could be done to deliver you from this dreadful fate!"

"Do you wish me away, then, Luca?" She paused a moment, and her thoughts went back to happier times. "Luca," she went on, "how happy we used to be before you were mixed up with these dreadful plots and conspiracies; when you used to work all day at your beautiful missals, and I sat by you making the patterns which you had designed on my embroidery; and Lippo, who used to be with us so often. Poor Lippo! I wonder what he is doing, and if he got the letter which I sent him after you were arrested"—

She stopped abruptly as her brother started up from the crouching position in which he had lain so long, causing the cage to swing violently to and fro by the sudden movement.

"What was that?" he cried. "Something rushed by me in the air; was it a bird? It came quite near my head. Again!" he cried, after a short interval. "Ah! it is not a bird. It is — it is an arrow!"

"An arrow?" echoed Brigida; "what can that mean?" The moon had come out brightly just at this time from behind a cloud, and they both gazed down on the piazza. The sky was covered again presently, and every thing was indistinct, but Brigida thought she had made out something like the figure of a man in the great square near the base of the column. "What can it mean?" said Brigida again.

"It means," replied her brother, "that we are hung up here as a mark to be shot at. But in the dark, why in the dark?"

Brigida shuddered involuntarily, and drew nearer to her brother. "I hope they will kill me first," she said.

The words were hardly out of her mouth when a third arrow came whizzing through the air. This time it struck Luca full on the shoulder.

"They aim well by this dim light," he said. "Strange," he added after a pause; "the arrow hit me full, and yet it has not pierced my skin, nor I think made any wound. But what is this?" he added a moment afterwards. A line had fallen across his arm, and as he drew one end of it to him he found that it was attached to the arrow which had struck him. "The arrow is blunted at the end, and there is a silken line attached to it."

Quick in her woman's wit, quicker still in her love instinct, Brigida saw in an instant what had happened. "It is from Lippo," she cried; "you know what a good marksman he is. I knew he would help us."

"There is something fastened to the line," said Luca, pulling it swiftly into the cage. "It is heavy," he continued, "and gets heavier as I draw it nearer. It is a rope!"

An exclamation of relief burst from brother and sister at once. It was followed, as often happens, by a reaction.

"But the cage!" cried Brigida. "How can we get out?"

"Easily," was the reply. "They have thought that the height from the ground was safeguard enough against any attempt to escape, and have not considered it necessary to place the bars very near together. A little squeezing, dear, and we shall get that small body of yours through between these two bars, which by some accident have got more forced apart than the others."

Brigida shuddered involuntarily, but her brother allowed her no time for reflection. Rapidly, but skilfully, he fastened one end of the rope to the cage, and then tenderly, but very securely, wound the other end about his sister's body.

"How terrible it looks," said the girl, gazing down into the darkness below. "Luca," she cried, as if a sudden thought had struck her, "you will let me down, but who will let you down?"

"I shall descend the rope hand over hand as I have done scores of times for pastime at the gymnasium. It is nothing to me."

"O Luca! are you sure? And the bars. If I can get through them, which seems hardly possible, are you sure you can, dear?"

"I am as slippery as an eel," he answered with a forced laugh, "and shall get through as easily as possible. Come, dear," he added, hurriedly, "there is not a moment to lose. The rope is safely round you, it cannot slip. Now, dear, courage — a little pain in squeezing through and you are safe."

He gave her, in his merciful consideration, no time to think, and very firmly, but with such care as a surgeon uses when subjecting his patient to inevitable pain, he forced her through the opening between the bars, which at the particular part might have been perhaps from seven to seven and a half inches asunder.

"O Luca, Luca!" cried the girl, "take me back, you will never, never be able to follow me. You are so much bigger. Take me back, and let me stay with you to the end."

She struggled and clung to the cage, but Luca would not listen to her. He detached her hands from the bars, only too easily, for she was half fainting, then he leaned over and kissed her head, and then with rapid but cautious action paid out the rope through the bars.

When Brigida reached the termination of her hazardous journey she was insensible, and it was in that state that Lippo received her into his arms. By the time she was released from the rope which was bound about her body, the poor girl had regained possession of her senses. Lippo's first care, after almost suffocating his recovered treasure with caresses, was to provide for Brigida's immediate escape. He had a boat ready in the canal close by, manned by a couple of boatmen whom he could implicitly trust, and he was for hurrying her away at once, lest any of the officers of the night-watch, in making their rounds, should enter the piazza. But Lippo's entreaties, usually so powerful with Brigida, were in this case of no avail. Till Luca was free of the cage, and stood there beside her, nothing would induce her to consult her own safety. She would fly with him or not at all, and the utmost that Lippo's persuasion could effect was to induce her to hide herself, within a recess in the great building which flanked the south side of the square, and came near to the Campanile's base.

The girl was, in truth, in an agony of apprehension lest that escape from the cage, which, even in her case, had been effected with so much difficulty, should for her brother be a thing altogether impracticable. With every moment that passed this terrible apprehension gained increase of strength. As to what Luca himself was about, neither she nor Lippo could do more than form the vaguest conjectures. At that height, and in the darkness, they could see nothing but the general outline of the cage against the sky. They could make out, too, that the rope was violently agitated and shaken, evidently owing to the movement imparted to the cage by the efforts of its occupant to force himself through the bars. But time passed, and there was still no indication of that descending figure for which they were looking with such absorbing eagerness, and Brigida could no longer resist a sickening conviction that her worst fears were realized.

"Oh," she cried, "why did I leave him! It was selfish, it was cruel. I knew he could not get through. Those

large, strong shoulders of his" — and here, so strangely are we constituted, came out a touch of sisterly pride — "would never pass through that small opening. Lippo," she cried, almost angrily, "can you do nothing? Why did you shoot that arrow? Why did you take me away from him? Poor, noble brother; he only cared about me. Lippo," she cried again, petulantly, "there must be something more possible! Quick! the night is passing away, and when daylight comes it will be too late."

Lippo cast one look up towards the cage, and mechanically stretched out his hand to the silken cord which hung down still from the cage by the side of the rope. As he touched it he seemed to conceive a new idea.

"There is hope yet," he said. "Only stay here, keep within the shadow of the wall, and wait, with what patience you can, till I return."

He did not stop for her answer, but dashed off across the piazza at his utmost speed.

What a time was that which followed! Brigida was alone, alone at the foot of the column, at the top of which her well-loved brother was still encaged. She could not communicate with him. She had no one at all to speak to or take counsel with. It was one of those dreadful cases in which the severest part of the trial is the necessity of total inaction. It was almost unbearable. She longed to speak. She longed to call aloud to her brother; to entreat him not to despair. She felt that he had abandoned all thoughts of escape. The rope hung quietly now, showing that no movement was taking place in the cage. Oh that she could know what this quietness meant! Was he waiting, patient, resigned, for the end? Did he think she had abandoned him, and that she had consulted her own safety in flight? No, he could not believe *that*. Or had some dreadful thing happened? Had he got fixed between the bars? — was he strangled, suffocated?

The suspense was horrible, but it must be borne. Brigida was possessed of the priceless gift of good sense. She was wise as well as loving. She must be quiet, she must keep herself concealed, as she had been told to do. Every thing — her brother's fate especially — depended on her not being found. She must keep within the shadow of that piece of masonry behind which Lippo had hidden her, and wait.

Once she stole out to the foot of the Campanile. The rope by which she had descended hung out away from the pillar, and if any one came by the place would attract attention. She got hold of it, and twisted and entwined it among some of the projecting decorations about the base of the column, so that it should be less conspicuous. Then she crept back and hid herself once again.

Even at that hour — it was between two and three in the morning — St. Mark's Place was not entirely deserted. A couple of belated Venetians crossed the square just after she had got back to her hiding-place. They came quite near to where she was concealed, and stood looking up at the column, evidently occupied by the topic of the moment, which, indeed, all Venice was talking about. "It is the girl I pity most," she heard one of the men say, just as they passed out of hearing. She was, indeed, at this moment, perhaps, most to be pitied. After the two men came a party of the watch on their rounds. They came near to the foot of the Campanile, and Brigida's heart almost stood still with terror.

"They seem quiet enough up there," said one of the men.

"Quiet? Yes; I should think so," rejoined another. "I shouldn't wonder if one of them, at any rate, was quiet in death. The girl looked more than half dead before she was put up there."

"I wonder they haven't placed a sentry here by the Campanile," said one of the men, who had not spoken before.

"Why, what would be the use of a sentry?" retorted the first speaker. "How do you think they could get out of the cage? And do you suppose that, even if they did, they could make a hop, skip and a jump of it from the top of the Campanile, which is more than three hundred feet high, to the bottom? A sentry, indeed!"

The sergeant in command of the party interposed at this juncture with the word to march, and the little band passed on. They left poor Brigida with new matter for alarm. What if a sentry should yet be placed there? What if the watch should come round again? What if her brother should be able to get out, and they should appear as he was in the act of descending?

This inaction was terrible. Brigida felt as if she must do something. She would go to the foot of the pillar and call aloud to her brother. She would go and meet Lippo. No; she would do none of these things. She would control herself with all her might, and keep close there in her dark corner till she could do something that would be really useful. She would — Ah! there was Lippo. Now something would be done, at any rate.

"Where have you been? What have you done?" she cried, as soon as he was within hearing of her.

"I have been home to fetch this," he answered, holding up a file. "Luca must file through one of the bars at the top. Then he will be able to bend it aside, and pass through."

"Oh, but is there time?"

"The day will not begin to break for an hour."

Even while he was speaking Lippo was engaged in fastening the little instrument on which so much depended to the silken cord, which still hung down by the side of the column. This done, he gave the line one or two sharp pulls to attract the attention of the occupant of the cage.

"Thank God, he is alive at least," murmured Brigida, as the line with the file attached to it was swiftly drawn up from above.

And now, indeed, there followed a time when the suspense endured by those who waited below amounted to something little short of agony. It was vain for them to strain their eyes into the darkness; they could make out nothing of what was going on above. It was vain to listen for the sound of the file; it was a windy night, and so slight a noise could not be heard at that distance. Then there was the ever-present fear lest some one should, even at that unlikely hour, appear on the piazza. The watch, again on their rounds, passed by once more with lights and their arms glittering, but this time they did not come so close to the column as they did before. Presently afterwards a drunken fellow came by and insisted on talking to Lippo in a disastrously friendly strain. He stayed so long, and was so garrulous on the subject of the cage and its occupants, that Lippo could only get him to leave the place by going with him, returning alone at his utmost speed as soon as he had lured the talkative sot safely out of the square.

Meanwhile, the night, or rather the morning, was wearing on. It was the time of year when the darkness is long in giving place to daylight, and there was as yet no hint even of approaching dawn. Only the striking of the hours from the neighboring clocks told our two watchers of the near approach of dawn, and made them tremble. They almost counted the minutes now, so precious had they become. If once the city began to wake up, and the people to stir abroad, the escape of Luca from his prison would be impossible. There was no indication of any such thing as yet, but the time was nevertheless near at hand when the world would wake up for the day, and the life of Venice begin afresh.

While Lippo and Brigida were waiting at the column's foot, turning these things over and over in their thoughts, they were suddenly startled by the sound of some object falling, with a metallic, clinking sound, on the pavement of the square. Every thing that befell now was of the most prodigious moment, and Lippo rushed to the spot, and falling on his knees on the ground made eager search for the object, whatever it might be, whose fall had produced the sound. An exclamation of dismay brought Brigida to his side. He was holding in his hand the file which so short a time before they had seen drawn up to the top of the column.

"What is it that has happened?" faltered Brigida. Her faculties were in some sort benumbed by long tension, and she could not understand, only felt that something was wrong.

"He has dropped it while at work," replied Lippo. "We

must send it up to him again; but how? The silken cord is drawn up — ah, there is the rope!"

As Lippo spoke, he looked up and saw what seemed to take the very power of speaking away from him. He stretched out his hand, and seizing Brigida by the wrist, pointed upward toward the top of the column.

A dim faint glimmer of approaching dawn was just beginning to make itself felt rather than seen, in the eastern quarter of the sky. It was not dawn yet, only the first hint of the coming morning twilight, enough to give some slight additional distinctness to any object that stood out against the sky, and no more. The true daybreak, which was presently to bathe the whole of the heavens in loveliest pellucid light, was near at hand, but it was not there yet.

When Brigida looked up in the direction indicated by her lover, she could at first see nothing but the mighty pile of masonry at whose feet she was standing, black and enormous against the sky; but, as she continued to gaze, she became presently conscious that high up in the air, suspended between earth and heaven, there hung some object which moved, and swung, and swayed this way and that as it descended, for it *was* descending, towards the still distant earth.

The file had done its work.

Mechanically she fell upon her knees, it was only in that attitude that she could await the end, and with clasped hands gazed upwards at that slowly descending form, which now with every inch of nearer approach became more distinctly and more surely recognizable.

My little story has reached its end. As soon as Luca reached the ground, after safely accomplishing his perilous descent, the three made off, with such speed as belongs to those who fly for life, to the boat which was awaiting them, and, long before their flight had been suspected, or the fact proclaimed that the iron cage was empty, its late occupants were far away from terrible Venice, and safe from their pursuers. And in due time the old days of the missal painting and embroidering were revived, only the scene was in a tranquil Dutch town, and Lippo, now the husband of happy little Brigida, was a permanent part of the establishment.

THE CRITICAL SPIRIT.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"JUDGE nothing before the time." This is a hard saying. Who can bear it? It certainly was never harder to bear and to obey than in England at the present day. We are all tempted to judge, bidden to judge; indeed — as it seems to us — compelled to judge. There was never a country, perhaps, in which the critical spirit was so thoroughly in the ascendant. I simply state the fact, without approving it or disapproving it, when I say that every man now is — or, in the opinion of his fellow-citizens, ought to be — an independent critic, exercising his own private opinion to the utmost in all matters, and judging boldly of creeds, institutions, statesmen, prelates, artists, poets, men of science. He has his word about them each and all; and usually his word of blame as well as his word of praise. To accept fully — or, as it is now called, wholesale; to follow loyally — or, as it is now called, blindly; to admire heartily — or, as it is now called, fanatically, — these are considered signs of weakness or credulity. To believe intensely, to act unhesitatingly, to admire passionately, all this is, as the latest slang phrases it, bad form; a proof that a man is not likely to win in the race of this world, the prize whereof is the greatest possible enjoyment with the least possible work.

The wise man, therefore, we are told, must nowadays judge all things; — men, opinions, plans. He must, for his own safety's sake, take care how he commits himself rashly; and therefore he must be on the watch everywhere for elements of weakness,— for self-seeking, for double-mindedness, for illogicality, for inaccuracy, for all which may endanger success. He must, if he can, judge for himself. If not, he must let the press judge for him, and tell him what and whom to approve or disapprove. By so doing he does not give up his own independence, his own self-opinion, any more than the devotee does when she chooses a spiritual director. She judges her director ere she submits to him; so does the man of the world his periodical; and each, in the act of surrendering reason and judgment to another's keeping, commits thereby an act of the purest self-will and self-opinion.

I am not blaming; I am not even complaining: such a state of mind is inevitable at the present time.

For this is — it is folly to deny it — an essentially revolutionary age. I do not talk of political revolutions. They are but a symptom — and a very unimportant one — of a far deeper and wider fact; of an universal dissatisfaction, an universal spirit of change, in all classes, of all opinions; the spirit of change which is gaining ground day by day in this rising generation, till, in the eyes of the great majority, a man is not considered to be doing his duty as a man unless he has a project for altering something or other.

I do not complain of this. I believe that this, too, is God's doing; that infinite good will come out of it — to the good: to the bad no good can come out of any thing. For knaves and fools it matters not whether they alter for better or for worse, or whether they remain as they are. They will be still on the broad road which (whatever round it may traverse) still leads to destruction.

But meanwhile, while the creeds and institutions of the last fifteen hundred years are seething peacemeal in the Medea's caldron of reform, thoughtful men will, and must, stand by and hold their peace, to see what will come out again reorganized into new life and usefulness. Indeed, the thoughtful man has a right to say, — Critical? And why should not I be critical? If men cannot make up their minds, why should I? Would you have me go out into the wilderness and expose myself to trouble and disappointment, that I may worship that reed shaken with the wind called nowadays public opinion? Or to worship either those clothed in purple and fine linen, who used to be found in the palaces of Eastern despots, but now haunt rather the counting-house and the exchange, preaching — Get money; honestly if you can, but still get money. But am I to go out to find a prophet? Let the prophet first proclaim himself a prophet. Why should I call him one? Why should I call a man infallible when he does not call himself infallible? Why should I believe in a man when he does not believe in himself? Let me rather, with the old Stoics, refrain from giving any opinion, and refuse to commit myself on matters concerning which I do not decide, and cannot decide.

Nay, let me go further; and say to the preacher,— You accuse me and my critical spirit of judging. That is exactly what I am trying not to do. I am trying to obey, in my own way, the very command of the apostle which you quote against me; trying to judge nothing before the time, until some one or something — you with St. Paul say that it will be the Lord — shall come who will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and make manifest the counsels of hearts. And then I will tell you what I think, because I shall know what to believe.

Well and reasonably spoken; if it were not that such men are too apt to omit (as I have just omitted) the last piece of the paragraph, — And then shall every man have praise of God. Possibly, but not at present, praise from man.

For the moderate rule is,— Praise no man, lest he come to shame, and bring you to shame with him. Unless, of course, he is your own delegate, and reflects your own opinion; for then, in praising him, you praise yourself. Praise no man. God, of course, may praise him; for he sees the secrets of the heart. But you who cannot see the secrets of the heart, what can you do in common prudence, but judge every man by yourself? Impute to him the same motives, weaknesses, vices, which you find in yourself. Why should you fancy him a better man, a wiser man than you are? Is not every man as good as his neighbor? I do not trust myself, says the man of the world. Why should I trust any man? I am not certain of my own opinions. Why should I put my faith in those of any man?

Alas, alas! from that tendency to evil which (let philanthropists say what they will) does exist and work in human

nature, it is toward this that the modern critical spirit tends in all save a few pure and noble souls.

Over the greater part of the so-called civilized world is spreading a deep distrust, a deep irreverence of every man toward his neighbor. Cloaked in the guise of virtue and of dignity, detraction simpers as impartiality, base envy struts as noble independence, and a practical unbelief in every man whom you do see atones for itself by a theoretic belief in an ideal human nature which you do not see. The Stoic with his reticence is transformed into the Cynic with his sneer; and instead of proving all things and holding fast that which is good, men prove all things, but hold fast that which is bad. But such a temper of mind, unless it be checked by that which alone can check it, — namely, the grace of God, — must tend toward sheer anarchy. I do not mean political anarchy, though that has been, as a plain fact, the net result of this temper in every country which has given itself up to it. I mean a deeper and uglier anarchy — the anarchy of society and of the family; the anarchy of the head and of the heart; which leaves poor human beings as orphans in the wilderness, to cry in vain, — "What can I know? whom can I love?"

No wonder that from such a temper some seek refuge in Roman Ultramontanism. No wonder that out of their doubt, their confusion, their loneliness, they clutch eagerly at the phantoms of organization, of brotherhood, in one infallible Church. But we who know these phantoms to be phantoms; we who have said in our hearts, — as God grant we all have said, — "Whatever is true, *that* is false; whatever is right, *that* is wrong; we who must judge for ourselves, and, as it seems, in such hasty, babbling days as these, must too often judge whether we will or not, — what canon for judging rightly can we find?

What, save the old one, laid down in a like case by the wisest and most loving lips which ever spoke on earth? "Go and tell John again the things you hear and see, — the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up, and to the poor the gospel is preached."

This I believe more and more is the one rule by which we should judge all human opinions, endeavors, characters. Are they trying to lessen the sum of human misery, of human ignorance? Are they trying, however clumsily, to cure physical suffering, weakness, deformity, disease; and to make human bodies what God would have them? Are they trying, however clumsily, to cure spiritual evil? to raise the dead from the true death of brutality and vice? to preach to the poor a true gospel, and good news of light, and freedom and trust in God; and not a sham gospel, and bad news of darkness, superstition and dread?

If so, let us judge them no further. Let them pass out of the pale of our criticism. Let their creed seem to us defective, their opinions fantastic, their means irrational. God must judge of that, not we. They are trying to do good; then they are children of the light. They are on God's side in the universe, whether they know it or not; and let that be enough for us. They are doing their best to cast out devils; and of them our Lord has said, "Forbid them not." "To their own master they stand or fall; yea, and they shall stand, for God is able to make them stand;" and in them, sooner or later, may be fulfilled that law, "If a man does God's will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." Wisdom is justified of all her children; and it may be that poor well-meaning old Folly may be justified of some of hers likewise; and that in the dread day when the counsels of all hearts shall be made manifest, we — the critics, we the Pharisees, we the fastidious, we dealers in hard words and hasty judgments — shall find that we have been speaking evil of our betters, and terrified to see how near we have been to committing the sin of sins, and saying, "He cast out devils by Beelzebub the prince of the devils," shall begin with shame to take the lowest room, crying, "God forgive me for every cruel word I ever spoke," — thankful if there be room left for us at all in the outermost forecourt of Him who came not to condemn the world, but that the world by Him might be saved.

Yes, if we would keep ourselves unspotted from the world; if we would save our own character from the blight of cynicism and envy; this is our only method: to cultivate what a distinguished thinker has called of late sweetness and light; the charity which comes from knowledge, the knowledge which comes from charity; the temper of which it is written, "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is no occasion of stumbling in him; but he that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because darkness has blinded his eyes." Ah that we could believe that! Ah that we could believe that God is love; and that he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Then we should have no need to be told to cultivate sweetness and light, for they would seem to us the only temper which could make life tolerable in any corner of the universe.

And more: we should not merely cultivate them, we should pray for them. For we should see that they are divine; that they are of the very essence of the all-seeing, all-merciful Christ; that he alone can give them to us; that he, and he alone, must make us partakers of his own spirit of light and love. We should pray to him daily, — O Lord, Love who embracest the universe, Light who lightest every man that comes into the world, take away from me all darkness of soul, all hardness of heart. Fill me with thy light, that I may see all things in light. Fill me with thy love, that I may love all things which thou hast made.

THE TWO TROMBONES.

A THEATRICAL EPISODE.

Mr. Whiffles — the respected parent of our hero, Mr. Adolphus Whiffles — was an opulent Berkshire farmer, who, before retiring from his business and leaving it to his son, fancied that a visit to the great metropolis would have the effect of sharpening the wits of that amiable youth, an operation of which that young gentleman stood greatly in need. The son jumped at the idea, especially when he learned he was to set forth on his travels alone. With the parental blessing, and his purse well filled, Mr. Whiffles, junior, duly arrived in London and installed himself in economical quarters in Savoy Street, Strand.

The theatres, of course, occupied a large share of Mr. Whiffles's attentions during his stay in London, and the neighborhood of stage-doors afforded him a vast amount of satisfaction. The sight of "professionals" in their everyday costume was to him a source of great gratification, and his delight when he made the acquaintance of a prominent member of the orchestra of the Royal Dash Theatre exceeded all bounds. He vowed eternal friendship for him on the spot, and there and then ratified the agreement by entertaining his new acquaintance at a *récherché* supper at the Albion. Our story opens when Mr. Whiffles and his companion — Mr. O'Leary by name — had been almost inseparables for the space of six weeks. With pain Mr. Whiffles had lately observed an expression of settled melancholy upon Mr. O'Leary's expressive countenance, and had resolutely determined to divine the cause.

"You are ill?" said our hero one evening, after they had supped at the hostelry above mentioned, and were quaffing various "whiskeys hot" to promote digestion.

Mr. O'Leary sighed, shook his head sadly, and emptied his glass by way of a reply.

"Your supper has disagreed with you; you have eaten too much," continued Mr. Whiffles, tenderly.

"It isn't the supper that worries me," observed his companion; "it's the substitute."

This mysterious answer puzzled Mr. Whiffles. He thought it over seriously, then gave it up in despair, and demanded an explanation. Mr. O'Leary vigorously puffed at his cigar and proceeded to enlighten Mr. Whiffles.

It appeared from Mr. O'Leary's account that it was customary in the Royal Dash Theatre for the management to allow various members of the orchestra to absent themselves from time to time from their posts in order to attend concerts or other entertainments, on the condition that they provided efficient substitutes to fulfil their ordinary duties.

As a rule, these substitutes were not hard to find; but Mr. O'Leary confessed, with tears in his eyes, that although he had searched high and low, for some unaccountable reason he could find no one able or willing to supply his place at the theatre, while he was absent to fulfil a most profitable engagement he had accepted to play at a fashionable West-End concert, the ensuing evening. Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Whiffles threw himself into the breach and proffered his services.

"Stuff!" replied Mr. O'Leary, rudely, "what do *you* know about music?"

Mr. Whiffles couldn't tell. He was quite certain about what he *didn't* know, but that he refrained from mentioning. There was a painful pause. Mr. O'Leary smoked silently on for some time, now and then darting a searching glance upon the anxious face of Mr. Whiffles, as if he were revolving some great scheme in the innermost recesses of his own mind, but as yet scarcely saw the manner in which it could be carried out. Suddenly,—

"I have it. Thanks, Whiffles, my boy. I accept your generous offer. You *shall* be my substitute," said Mr. O'Leary.

To say that Mr. Whiffles was delighted would but feebly express the state of his mind. He grasped Mr. O'Leary's hand and shook it fervently. He trembled already with excitement. His proudest hopes were about to be realized. He would be admitted behind the scenes of a theatre. Words failed to convey any idea of his feelings, as he lent a willing ear to Mr. O'Leary, who proceeded to give him the necessary instructions.

In the first place, Mr. O'Leary pointed out, there were two trombone-players in the orchestra of the Royal Dash Theatre, he himself being one, and that for the especial guidance of Mr. Whiffles he would summarily state the case as follows, premising that after the rising of the curtain on the first piece a performance upon the two trombones heralded the approach of the villain of the piece.

Further, his (Mr. O'Leary's) experience induced him to believe that in a crowded assembly *one* trombone would probably make as much noise as two; and that all Mr. Whiffles had to do, after announcing himself as Mr. O'Leary's substitute, would be to take his seat leisurely in the orchestra, and, when the curtain rose, carefully watch the proceedings of the other trombone-player and imitate his every movement; so that, in reality, one trombone would make *all* the noise, although apparently, *two* were being played. Lastly, he advised Mr. Whiffles to be careful and to mind what he was about, as the leader was a ——!

Soon afterwards the friends left the Albion and proceeded on their several ways; his friend and companion already more than half repenting his rashness in embarking in the undertaking.

The sombre shades of twilight were enwrapping, as with a shroud, the streets of London, when, carrying Mr. O'Leary's trombone in his hand, Mr. Whiffles might have been observed wofully picking his way through the purlieus of Drury Lane endeavoring to find the stage-entrance of the Royal Dash Theatre. Two or three sallow-faced gentlemen were smoking short pipes in front of the entrance, and occasionally a lady or gentleman passed hurriedly in, evidently under the impression that they were behind their time; but a glance at the clock in the hall appeared to reassure them as they made their way more leisurely towards their respective dressing-rooms. Upon reference to his watch, Mr. Whiffles found that the doors had only just been opened, and he therefore had some leisure to look about him. He loitered at the door for some time, wondering, as the various members of the company made their appearance, who *this* was, and who *that* could possibly be, until a small, but uncommonly sharp, boy plucked him by the sleeve and said,—

"You'd better make haste; they're a goin' to ring in."

Mr. Whiffles then became aware that he was almost alone. Without having the faintest idea of the meaning of "ringing in," he mechanically followed the small boy down a gloomy passage, tumbled down a few steps, picked himself up and found himself upon the stage. He had hardly time to cast a hurried glance upon the novel, not to say dreary, objects by which he was surrounded, when an elderly individual in a white beard, and whose shirt-front appeared to be plentifully besprinkled with snuff, beckoned the boy.

"Tom," said he, "go into the music-room, and ask Mr. Lovejoy for my copy of 'Old King Cole.'"

The boy at once complied. Rightly conjecturing that the music-room was the place wherein the musicians assembled previous to making their appearance in the orchestra, Mr. Whiffles followed the boy down a score or so of rickety stairs, to the great detriment of his shins, into a scantily furnished apartment, situated immediately beneath the stage, wherein he found several gentlemen composedly tuning their instruments. Upon hearing Mr. Lovejoy, the leader, addressed by name, Mr. Whiffles nervously introduced himself as Mr. O'Leary's substitute.

"Very good," said Mr. Lovejoy; "he's told you every thing, I suppose?"

Mr. Whiffles bowed assentingly, and darted a piercing glance into every corner of the apartment in search of the *other* trombone. Horror! *He wasn't there!* The man upon whom he solely depended, absent! What was to be done? Retreat was out of the question; as, while he was contemplating flight, a small bell sounded, and the musicians proceeded to take their places in the orchestra. Mr. Whiffles, still bearing the fatal trombone, despairingly followed, and, ere long, found himself in the presence of the British public. The novelty of his situation so confused him that he for a moment seated himself in the chair belonging to Mr. Lovejoy, and was received with a prodigious outburst of enthusiasm, the audience supposing him to be the talented leader himself. This mistake was soon rectified by the appearance of the veritable leader, who muttered something under his breath by no means complimentary to our hero, and motioned him angrily to the seat usually occupied by Mr. O'Leary. The audience, perceiving the mistake, expressed their opinion of Mr. Whiffles in candid and unmistakable terms, as he ruefully made his way to the spot indicated by the irate conductor. After trying to reduce to something like order the sheets of music upon the stand before him, Mr. Whiffles regained sufficient courage to look around him. The house was packed from floor to ceiling; everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation, and sundry anxious voices appertaining to impatient "gods" implored the musicians to strike up at once and appease their anxiety.

Again the small bell tinkled. Mr. Lovejoy tapped his desk — raised his baton — looked on each side of him, and — stopped. He whispered the First Fiddle, then left his seat and the orchestra. Mr. Whiffles asked his next neighbor what *this* might portend; and was informed, in reply, that Puffler, the other Trombone, hadn't as yet put in an appearance.

"Couldn't they do without him?" asked Mr. Whiffles, — devoutly hoping in his heart of hearts they couldn't.

"Certainly not," was the reply.

"Wouldn't the big drum do as well?" inquired Mr. Whiffles.

His neighbor regarded him with some surprise, smiled, and continued:—

"Do without him! how can they? Don't you know that you and he begin, the moment the curtain rises, to bring on old Russett, the heavy man? He *couldn't* come on without his music, you know: as he appears at the back at first, then crosses the mountains from left to right, then from right to left, and finally comes down left upon the stage, where he expresses a variety of emotions in pantomime, and all *to your* music."

At these words Mr. Whiffles resigned all hope, and was mentally calculating the dangers to which he would be exposed if he leaped into the stalls, from thence into the pit, and fought his way out of the theatre, when the leader returned, an ominous frown upon his brow, followed by a short, fat, pale-faced gentleman, apparently of foreign extraction, who carried a trombone under his left arm.

Joy! Mr. Whiffles felt a man again. This, then, was Puffler! Mr. Whiffles remembered his instructions, and watched the new-comer attentively; who, upon his part, appeared to regard him with the uttermost concern. Mr. Whiffles had occasion to shift his trombone; Puffler did likewise. Mr. Whiffles felt for his handkerchief; Mr. Puffler followed his example. All this seemed very mysterious, and Mr. Whiffles was lost in wonderment when the overture commenced. Luckily, the trombones were not wanted until the commencement of the drama. The overture ceased.

"Now, look out," observed Mr. Whiffles's neighbor; "it's you now."

Mr. Whiffles mechanically raised the instrument to his lips, keeping a steadfast gaze the while upon the proceedings of Mr. Puffler, who did his best to stare Mr. Whiffles out of countenance. Mr. Lovejoy looked round, and seeing the trombones perfectly ready, awaited the rising of the curtain. It was an agonizing moment. The silence was positively painful. One might have heard a pin drop. The small bell was heard again. Mr. Lovejoy tapped his desk, and the curtain slowly rose — *in solemn silence!* Mr. Lovejoy began beating time slowly, and had even accomplished a few strokes before he realized the fact. Turning round to ascertain the meaning of this extraordinary circumstance, his surprise and bewilderment may well be imagined at perceiving the two trombone-players hard at work, distending their cheeks to their utmost capacity, nervously manipulating their instruments, and producing not a sound! And the most unaccountable thing was, they never took their eyes off one another. Mr. Lovejoy was transfixed with amazement.

"This is very strange," thought Mr. Whiffles. "I wonder when that fellow is going to begin!"

The little bell tinkled again and again. Mr. Russett stepped upon the stage with some amount of dignity and left it without any, under the impression that he was a trifle too soon. The stage-manager, a gentleman of excitable temperament and much addicted to the use of passionate language, who played one of the principal parts in the piece, rushed from his room, discharged on the spot an inoffensive "super" who, unfortunately, happened to cross his path; went, half-a-dozen at a time, down the score or so of ricketty stairs, at the imminent hazard of breaking his neck, and, appearing at the little door under the stage that led into the orchestra, demanded in unmeasured terms what the — very bad word — Mr. Lovejoy meant by such conduct, and why the — excessively-rude observation — he didn't go on? Mr. Lovejoy was too astounded to reply. He could only point, in silent wonder, to the two trombones. There they sat, puffing and blowing vigorously, but with no result. The stage-manager gesticulated violently, and nearly had a fit. The audience, unable to comprehend what was going on before their eyes, hissed loudly; and, finally, the curtain fell. Then Mr. Lovejoy gave vent to his feelings. He leaped from his seat and rushed towards Mr. Whiffles, who, panting with exhaustion after his unaccustomed exertions, was wiping the perspiration from his face, wondering what on earth was going to happen next. No sooner, however, did he perceive the angry conductor advancing towards him, than, with an intuitive perception that something unpleasant was about to occur, he made a precipitate rush through the little door, and sought safety under the stage, hotly pursued by Mr. Lovejoy, who opportunely came across the foreign gentleman quietly sneaking away, and fell upon him tooth and nail. The foreign gentleman, being choleric, knocked Mr. Lovejoy down. Mr. Lovejoy, being by no means deficient in pluck, regained the perpendicular, and — in the language of the ring — let the foreign gentleman "have it." That individual next seized the astonished Whiffles and endeavored to drag him before Mr. Lovejoy, in order that he might undergo condign punishment, when the foreign gentleman slipped; they both fell, and the two trombone-players mysteriously disappeared.

They had fallen down an unused well under the stage, Mr. Whiffles undermost. There being but little water, they were soon extricated, and, fortunately, no bones were broken.

The two gentlemen — after a rather exciting interview with the stage-manager — were, shortly afterwards, permitted to take their departure.

Mr. O'Leary, next day, was duly informed of the disaster, and lost his situation. The same fate befell the unfortunate Puffler, who, it appeared upon inquiry, was really laboring under some severe indisposition that threatened to confine him to his bed; and being naturally unwilling to lose his salary, he provided a substitute, like Mr. Whiffles, utterly unable to play, and to whom he gave, in effect, instructions almost identical with those given to our hero by Mr. O'Leary.

Mr. Whiffles returned to the home of his ancestors a sadder and a wiser man. He has never been to a theatre since, and never thinks without a shudder of his terrible adventure connected with the two trombones.

SODA.

One of the chemical discoveries of the present century, the applications of which are the most varied, and the history of which is the least known, is the manufacture of soda. It is a metallic oxide; that is to say, the combination of a metal with oxygen. Like potash, with which it has many affinities and many common uses, it belongs to what the Arabs called, in the ninth century, alkalies, — a name which, as well as alchemy, has been adopted in most European laboratories. It has a strong affinity for acids, and combines with them to form various salts. This property is made use of in trades of various kinds, as, for instance, in scouring cloths that must be freed from greasy matters, and also in the manufacture of soap. The real composition of alkalies was entirely unknown to the old alchemists. They, however, got so far as to obtain many alkaline salts, and their probable application was also perceived. It was thus that potash combined with nitric acid gave saltpetre, one of the ingredients of gunpowder. Albertus Magnus indicated this in 1225, calling nitric acid dissolving water. He gave lectures in Paris on these subjects with such success that the hall where he taught became too small for his numerous audience, and he continued his lessons in the open air, in a square which took his name, Magni Alberti, now corrupted into the Place Maubert. In order to show the present value of soda in commercial matters, it may be well to describe the share it takes in the manufacture of soap and glass alone.

We owe the largely increased use of soap in the west to the period of Louis XIV., when Colbert imported the manufacture of it from Savona to Provence, where he founded large and very flourishing establishments. This white and marbled soap has not even yet lost its superiority, and still occupies a first place among similar products of other nations. It is made by combining soda with the acid fat of olive-oil. The glass manufactories also consume an immense quantity of soda. Glass is composed of flint and different alkaline bases, such as potash, soda, lime, and barytes. Certain mineral oxides give it a variety of color, sometimes of a very undesirable kind. Should the paste contain traces of iron, instead of producing white glass, there will be only the common bottle-glass; and if the iron be in larger proportions, the dark-green shade will be the result. On the contrary, add a certain quantity of oxide of lead to a pure base of potash, and the beautiful crystal glass is formed; a still larger dose, and the diamond paste, with its wonderfully dispersive power, will deceive many an unpractised eye. Between these extremes, the dull bottle and the many-sided crystal, there is the window-glass, which adds so much to the comfort and health of our houses, the gorgeous looking-glasses to adorn our drawing-rooms, the rich decorations for the dining-table, the crystal pendants of our gasaliers, and many other other objects which satisfy our commonest necessities, and minister to the highest taste or luxury.

The two alkalies, soda and potash, have been obtained from time immemorial, either by collecting natron, as it was

formerly named, during the evaporation of alkaline waters in shallow lakes, or by burning plants which grew on the sea-shore, and gathering up the alkali contained in the ashes. There are lakes formed, as it were, of crystallized carbonate of soda; such is Lake Natrum in Egypt, from which is derived the term natron; and others in Hungary, Russia, India, Tibet, and Peru. If vegetables have grown beside the coast, soda is predominant in the ashes; if, on the contrary, they flourished inland, potash is found almost alone. The ashes are washed, and the water dissolving the alkalies may be used at once for any cleansing process; or, after filtering and evaporating, it may be collected in compact or granulated masses, white, red, or bluish. These rough lumps were known in commerce as soda of Alicant, Teneriffe, Spain, or Narbonne. There was still a third method of obtaining it; not from plants growing on the sea-shore, but really in the bed of the ocean, such as sea-weeds; from which a result was obtained very poor in soda, but rich in saline composition, and useful in the manufacture of glass, where a variety of salts mixed with the molten fluid was highly favorable.

Such was the state of the market for soda when the French Revolution broke out, and France, placed under the ban of a European coalition, saw many sources of her national wealth dried up. Not only was soda interdicted, but various chemical compounds useful for manufactures, and all those which were indispensable for the engines of war, such as saltpetre and sulphur. The fabrication of artificial soda is one of the most important and beautiful discoveries of this period, so fruitful in chemical invention; such an abundance was supplied, that it was used in many cases where potash had hitherto been necessary, and thus the latter could be reserved for gunpowder alone. A commission of *savans* was appointed, and they were not long in finding the right man, who had devoted half a century to such researches, — Nicholas Leblanc, whose manner of proceeding has survived to the present day without any particular change; and we give, after authentic documents, a short sketch of the inventor and the invention.

Leblanc had been formerly an officer of health, a chemist, and a member of several learned societies; he was well known by his works on crystallization, and had discovered a method of obtaining isolated and complete crystals, which could be increased at will by placing in certain conditions. He was also the first to observe that many sulphates crystallized in the same way, and might be superposed on each other in crystals of similar form; this was the new step which led other learned men to the new theory of isomorphism. At the request of the government, in 1792, he began a manufactory, and the Duke of Orleans, entering into the scheme, found the necessary capital. The works were established at St. Denis, and for two years were in full activity, with every prospect of success, when an unexpected catastrophe ruined all the hopes of Leblanc. The death of the Duke of Orleans, and the strict sequestration of his estate, deprived the partnership of the indispensable funds; there followed a disastrous liquidation; the utensils, materials, and products already obtained, were sold by auction; the ruin of the establishment was complete; and the patent granted by government having returned into its hands, the inventor saw himself deprived of his privilege, whilst the commission had made known its smallest details. It is curious to note that he considered his manufacture of soda a thing of no account, but rested all his hopes of fame and profit on his collection of crystals; he relates the patient labor of twenty years in his book, but a short note contains the two years' work at the St. Denis establishment. He was more of a *savant* than a manufacturer; and the author of one of the greatest of modern chemical inventions died poor in 1806.

The want of success in this undertaking did not hinder others from prosecuting the work; there was the same necessity as before for the production of soda, and now that the discovery had been made that it could be obtained from sea-salt, there was no fear of foreign intervention. The armies of Europe could not prevent the waves of the Atlantic and Mediterranean washing the shores of France, and bringing the salt water, which, when evaporated, gave the necessary material, so that any quantity of soda could be made. Several chemists set to work; the one who took up Leblanc's system in full was M. Payen, who established a manufactory in the then deserted plain of Grenelle, and others were placed nearer the sea-coast, at Marseilles, Chauny, and Rouen. In a very few years so much was produced that the importation of soda into the French market was strictly forbidden, according to the protectionist ideas of the period. England, at this time, was prevented from adopting the new trade by the enormous duty laid upon salt by the government; and it was not until 1823 that Mr. Muspratt established a manufactory of soda near Liverpool, which is still one of the largest chemical works in this country, perhaps in the world.

It only remains to show the process by which Leblanc carried out his ideas, using as few technical terms as may be, so as to bring it within the understanding of the general reader. It will be seen what difficulties he had to contend against, what other chemical products were brought to light during the operations, and what close relations exist between this and many other articles of trade.

When marine salt is acted upon by sulphuric acid, an acid gas is thrown off, and sulphate of soda remains. In the time of Leblanc, chemists were ignorant of the composition of the gas which escapes, and gave it the name, for want of a better, of muriatic acid; and marine salt was supposed to be a composition of this acid and soda, which was an error. In the present day, it is known that marine salt is composed only of soda and chlorine, and that muriatic acid consists of hydrogen and chlorine. Neither Leblanc nor his companions suspected the real case, that sulphuric acid could have no power over salt without the intervention of water. It is this simple agent, which, by decomposing, furnishes oxygen for the sodium, and hydrogen for the chlorine; giving, as a result, the soda, which combines with the sulphuric acid, and a gas which flies off, now called, to adopt the more exact names of the new system, hydrochloric acid. Without water there could be no reaction; happily, it was always present in the sulphuric acid that was employed, and consequently this error in theory had no influence over the result in action. We have now reached the point of obtaining sulphate of soda; to obtain the common soda, it is necessary to divide it from the sulphuric acid, which was altogether Leblanc's discovery. Most chemists proposed a solution of this difficult question by heating it with various bodies; he laid his hand upon the one which gave the best results, — chalk, or carbonate of chalk, and charcoal. It is singular that he did not even know the exact theory of the reaction this produces, which later chemists have fully defined; but his instinct was so sure, his first experiments were conducted with such accuracy, and the quantities were so irreproachably defined, that later years have in no degree changed the manufacturing process which Leblanc first laid down. First came the decomposition of marine salt by sulphuric acid; then the decomposition of sulphate of soda by the heated kiln, and the washing of the rough soda on the floor of the kiln.

From the first of these operations, one of the most important articles in modern industrial occupation intervenes, — that of sulphuric acid. In a few years, a way of making it in large quantities was discovered; and, going side by side with soda, of which it was the issue, the face of all chemical operations was changed. It is by the help of it, that, directly or indirectly, chemists are enabled to extract from the different salts the greater part of the acids used in laboratories and in the arts. Thanks to it, hydrochloric acid has been economically obtained, which has rendered such service in paper-making, bleaching, dyeing of stuffs, also serving for the preparation of gelatine, of ammoniacal salts, and of disinfectants. Next is carbonic acid, which is used in the manufacture of soda-water and all effervescent drinks, in the extraction of sugar from beet-root, and the fabrication of alkaline bicarbonates; and last of all is azotic acid, the most powerful agent of oxidation, which dissolves all metals, even gold and platina, when united to hydrochloric acid, and is indispensable to the workers in metals. By sulphuric

acid, phosphates are transformed into powerful manures; sulphates of aluminium, of potash, of magnesia, of ammonia and iron, are economically obtained, with many other important applications in agriculture, medicine, and domestic economy. The production of electric currents, of electro-chemical gilding and plating, the refining of gold and silver, the making of stearine candles, the purification of colza and other oils, the dissolution of indigo, are some among many other branches of trade which could not be carried on without sulphuric acid; and its being manufactured in such large quantities is entirely owing to the soda-works.

One of the most serious embarrassments arose from the immense quantity of hydrochloric acid which was poured out from the soda-works in the form of gas. It was condensed as much as possible by passing it through a series of vessels full of water, thus obtaining acid dissolutions, which had a certain value, but more was produced than could be disposed of. Besides, much escaped into the atmosphere in the shape of corrosive acid vapor, which attacked the iron parts of buildings, dried up the leaves of the trees, and exercised a most pernicious influence on the health of the surrounding neighborhood. The winds carried it away to great distances, and the effects were perceptible miles away. The proprietors had to pay heavy damages; and it became a matter of existence or non-existence to the soda-works to find a means of condensing and collecting this deleterious acid. All these difficulties have been surmounted; and, as it has often happened in chemistry, each has become the means of fresh progress. One of the most curious plans tried to purify the air was to build the works near to old abandoned quarries, and burying the inconvenient vapors in their depths; but the acid, penetrating the stone, rendered it moist and friable, so that portions fell, and houses built in the neighborhood were rendered unsafe. Two different arrangements are now adopted, both succeeding perfectly. One is to pass the gas through many hundreds of stone bottles, communicating with each other through well-luted tubes; a current of water is driven through them in an opposite way to the gas, and the smallest portion of hydrochloric acid is thus dissolved. Another plan is what is called the absorbing cascade; a high, wide tower is built of flint-stones, the interior of which is filled with coke, fragments of flint, or bricks set apart; the gas is introduced at the base, and before it can escape it has to pass through all the interstices of these hard materials. From above, a fine rain of water is continually falling, and, meeting the gas at every angle, retards its progress, and absorbs the acid.

The artificial soda differed much from the appearance of the natural soda, to which the eye was accustomed; thus the new production excited great distrust; the washer-women especially refused to use it, saying that it burned the linen. Whether true or not, it led to a very valuable discovery, by which, through the aid of a simple process, the exact amount of potash and soda contained in the lump can be accurately defined. Henceforward, the relations between producers and consumers rested on a certain basis, whilst previously some amount of subterfuge had been resorted to, innocent in its way, and rather ingenious, as the following illustration will show: Among all the foreign alkalies which commanded the exclusive confidence of certain consumers, there was one, the red potash of America, which enjoyed an unexceptional favor. Rather unexpectedly, the announcement was made that several packages of the much-desired product had arrived; and the fact seemed to be well established. The barrels which held it were of the well-known wood, the staves strongly bound, and when a barrel was opened there were the same large, angular lumps, rather red in color, betraying their origin by the caustic flavor when touched by the tongue. It was immediately bought up, and used in various ways with perfect success, like the best quality of American potash. From this time there were regular arrivals of the same article, and not a complaint was heard. They were, however, manufactured at Vaugirard, near to Paris, by weakening the artificial soda, the color being due to the addition of sulphate of copper, and the angular appearance was obtained by melting and breaking it into fragments, after allowing it to cool. Thus the obstinate consumers had forced a manufacturer to exert his imagination in order to sell them French soda, instead of American, at the price of a hundred and thirty francs, when it was only worth eighty francs.

A few words in conclusion as to the salt-works on the shores of the Mediterranean may not be uninteresting, as they form the groundwork from which the manufacture of soda springs. The water from the sea is brought during the summer months into large basins, where it clears and concentrates its quality by evaporation, until the time arrives when it is *saturated;* that is, when it contains the largest quantity of salt that the water can keep in a state of dissolution. There is a curious phenomenon connected with this period: the surface of the water acquires a red tint, and exhales the odor of violets, which is thus accounted for: Many small organic beings, such as the little crustaceous branchiopodes and a globular microscopic vegetable, both of a red color, — for the crustacean feeds on the latter, and, its body being transparent, the color of the food it swallows is visible, — live in the salt water. As the evaporation proceeds, the density of the water in which they move increases; and the time comes when it is so considerable that they can no longer live in it, but rise to the surface like a thin tissue spread over the liquid, and form a rosy and perfumed bed. Then the workmen say: "The basin will now yield its salt." Many other matters are deposited besides the salt, such as salt of magnesia, chalk, sodium, iron. When the early attempts were made, the existence of iodine and bromide were altogether unknown articles in chemistry; they have both played an important part in the progress of photography.

There was one drawback to the success of these salt-works, which has been removed during the past few years; the evaporation being due to the season of the year, a warm or a cold summer made the greatest difference, and long periods of rest often hindered the workmen. It is well known that heat is but a modification of force; and wherever a machine can be worked, there is a source of heat; and, by means of appliances not difficult to modern mechanics, it can be transformed into a source of cold. When the question arose how the salt-pits could be regulated in these respects, it was known that powerful steam-engines of more than a hundred horse-power were used in India for the making of ice. In the London Exhibition of 1862, an economical and elegant machine of this kind was exhibited; this, on a larger scale, was immediately employed, and the temperature can now be lowered at the right moment for the production of sulphate of soda. Perhaps, in future days, the manufacture of soda may be no longer necessary, for an immense subterranean deposit, rich in saline particles, similar to those of the salt marshes, has been discovered in Germany, near to Magdeburg — a stratified mass, slowly formed by the sea in past geologic ages, and buried in the bowels of the earth by the accumulation of later formations. It was discovered in 1860; and the place, little known before, has attracted many visitors interested in the subject. The barbarous proceedings which were long used to prepare this alkali — the burning down of forests, which were rapidly being exhausted in Germany, Russia, America, and Tuscany — are no longer necessary; and the supply of soda, either from the waves of the sea or the mines of Germany, appears to be inexhaustible.

SIGNOR JOHN.

I.

It seems but this morning that I got up before the sun, in our little wooden house, to cook, bake, wash in the river, help to mow the grass, coax my father, serve my brother Niccolo, and be as happy as the grasshoppers that sing both night and day. We lived upon a very high Alp, and we were poor, though we did not suffer hardship. In winter we had plenty of pine-logs to keep the fire alive, and at night we were very gay, singing songs and playing the zither. In summer we breakfasted on the grass in the faint dawn, dined under the long roof at the sheltered side of the

house, and supped by the starlight; after which I danced for my father, while Niccolo played the pipes. The chance passing of travellers was an excitement to us. A wood-carver from the Tyrol sprained his foot near our place, and taught Niccolo to carve whilst we nursed him. This was something to be grateful for, as travellers would buy the work; and, besides, it gave our boy something to do. He was a cripple from his birth; one foot did not come to the ground, somehow, and his back was a good deal bent. He had a little square face, with bright eyes, and brown hair, and was said to be quite a Swiss, as our mother had been. The first figure he carved was my patron saint, Christopher, wading through the torrent with the Child-God on his shoulders; and it was given me after he had bitten one of my fingers because I had stayed out alone in the moonlight, forgetting to fetch him. He never was so vexed, however, that I could not offer him comfort, asking him to plait my long hair, which came to my ankles. I would sit down on the ground with my back against his knees, when he would dress the hair beautifully. If I were restless he would hurt me; if I were patient he would kiss me; and if his work pleased him fully, he was blithe the rest of the day.

Once I went with my father to a feast at a lower village, the festa of St. Florian. This was the first occasion on which I wore my mother's costume. On the night before the feast I was holding out my foot to note how my shabby skirt had crept up my leg. My father came and measured me with his alpenstock. "You are now as tall as your mother," he said; "you may henceforth wear her clothes." He shed tears in the morning when he saw me in her dress, but was so well pleased afterwards, that I ran to the nearest tarn to see what I could be like. The tarn was nearly filled with rosy clouds, besides a gigantic pine-tree, which tapered up and broke them. I seized the sombre draperies of the pine-tree, and, gazing into the water, saw a maiden like the women whose fathers are wealthy vine-dressers. Her petticoat was of orange cloth, her long, narrow apron of a rich shade of blue, her black velvet bodice was laced with gold over white, and a deep red sash was folded well about her waist. The only part of the picture that I knew was a pale, dark countenance, with bright red lips, and the wide black eyes that seemed to take up half the face. I marked Niccolo's plaits and the silver arrows he had fastened in them, and the bunch of scarlet ash-berries which he had fixed behind my ear. I saw that this was myself, and ran merrily back to the châlet to hug my little Niccolo, and tell him not to pinch our neighbor Teresa, who was kindly coming to keep house for him whilst my father and I were away.

Placido with his mule came to meet us, — a young man of the village who had sometimes business on our Alp. He brought us to see his house, in which he had just put pretty furniture, and asked us to praise the fresco of St. Florian upon the gable, which he had lately got retouched for the festa. He had also made a new staircase up to his balcony; and the people joked Placido, saying he meant to take a wife.

It was a very pleasant festa. People treated me as a woman, now that I was grown enough to wear my mother's clothes. I was often asked to dance, and listened to with attention when I sang and played the zither. The next day Placido brought us a long way upon our road towards home; we could not get him to leave us till the worst of the journey was past. Thanks to his stout mule, we got over all our difficulties, and were going along merrily, when we heard a voice above us shouting through the pines.

Right above our heads there was a desert of lonely crags, a wild and dreaded place, where death lies in wait for men. My father left me sitting upon a pine-stump, and went shouting up the crags, seeking the stranger who had called. He returned with him by and by, and we hurried along on our journey, for though the air was flushed with color, yet the darkness was close at hand. We hastened along in silence, dragging each other up steeps, and going hand in hand, step by step, slowly across narrow shifty places. The traveller had a fair foreign look, which is to us most perfect beauty. His locks shone in the twilight, after my father's dusky head had got lost in the gloom of the pines.

Arrived at our Alp at ast, we found Teresa preparing supper, and Niccolo sitting in the doorway, piping shrilly up to the moon. The stranger gave me his hand up the last ascent, then raised it to his lips.

"My pretty little girl," he said, "you have certainly saved my life."

When Niccolo saw us coming he limped to meet us.

"Who is this that has come with you, Netta, who smiles and kisses your hand?"

"Hush! Niccolo; he is English, but he understands our talk."

The stranger threw down his hat and knapsack before our door. The firelight shone over the threshold, and our neighbor Teresa appeared carrying out the supper-table, which she placed upon the grass.

The next morning, when I wakened, I peeped down between the rafters of my bedroom in the loft, and saw the stranger talking to my father in the doorway.

I crept down the ladder, and found nobody in the place. Niccolo had lit the fire for me, and gone away to his work, and I heard my father's voice shouting in the distance. The signor was then gone. I heaved a sigh between regret and relief, and seized hold of a pitcher and prepared to go to the tarn. I made a step across the threshold and started back; the signor was leaning smoking against our châlet.

I sprang back so quickly that I broke the pitcher, and had to press my hand on my eyes to keep the tears from falling.

"Child," said the signor, smiling in at me, "why do you take such pains to hide your face? One does not see so pretty a thing every day."

"I am not pretty this morning," I said. "It was only my mother's clothes. And I was hiding my face in trouble because I have broken my jug."

"And you were going to fetch water?" he said. "And yonder pail is too heavy for you? And it was all owing to me that you broke the pitcher?"

He lifted the pail on his shoulders. "Come, let us fetch the water," he said; "I shall want you to show the way."

We fetched the water together, and the stranger taught me to call him the Signor John. He had an air grand and gentle, and a pleasant light in his eyes. He laughed gaily when amused, and that encouraged me. At breakfast we saw no Niccolo, and I invited the Signor John to look at his carvings: at St. Barbara with her tower, St. Dorothy and her roses, St. Vincent among his orphans, St. Elizabeth, whose royal mantle was filled with bread. Niccolo had carved them all, and they stood in a row in his workshop. They were far the finest things we had got in our châlet; yet when I brought the signor to look at them Niccolo shut the door in his face.

"Never mind!" said the Signor John, "we can amuse ourselves; I wish to make a sketch of you, if you don't object to sit."

"I ought to be at my work," I said; but ran to tell my father, who was chopping wood in the pine-brake.

"It is an honor not to be refused," he said. "You must ask the good Teresa to stay and prepare our dinner."

The signor spread out his pictures for me to see; saying he was an artist only by love, and not by profession. I thought that love must have the best of it, so beautiful was his work; much finer than Placido's fresco, which was considered something grand. There were pictures of lovely ladies who were of his own country; and their beauty seemed to laugh at me, and my heart began to sink.

"Signor," I said, almost tearfully, "shall I not return to the châlet and put on my mother's clothes?"

"Your mother's clothes!" he cried, amazed.

"Those I had on yesterday. The colors are gay and bright. Else I shall make such an ugly picture, — you will throw it away."

"You make far the prettiest picture I have ever seen," he said, "and I shall hang it up where I can look at it every day."

I blushed with surprised delight. "Thank you, Signor John," I muttered, and crossed my hands as he had arranged them, and gazed over into the pine-forest in a way which he had already approved.

The signor remained at our châlet for a whole week. Every morning we started on some new excursion; he and I together, for my father had not time to attend to him, and Niccolo could not walk.

One evening we were all at supper when Placido appeared with his mule coming up our Alp. My father welcomed him kindly, and bade him sit down and eat. He looked strangely at the Signor John and then at me, but our new friend spoke to him pleasantly, and they were soon conversing together. Placido was a large man with a calm face. He had dark, thoughtful eyes, and brows well bent above them, and a heap of coal-black locks that left his temples broad and bare. He had a slow, gentle smile, but was quick and firm in speech. "As steady as Placido Lorez," was a byword down in his village.

After supper was over Placido seized on the supper-table and carried it back to the châlet; I following on his steps with a dish and ewer. As I washed the platters and restored them to their shelves, Placido put logs on the fire and blew them into flames.

I finished my task and put off my apron, chattering gaily to him all the time. I could see his figure looming out against the firelight, and at the same time my father and the Signor John, standing talking out in the moonlight.

Placido had given me very absent answers; but at last made a sudden move, and with two long strides stood right before me.

"Netta," he said, "I came to ask if you would marry me."

I was utterly amazed and a good deal frightened; he looked so very determined, as if I must come off that moment, whether I would or not. My knees knocked together, and I clung to the table.

"You don't really mean it, Placido; you cannot want a wife!"

"Not *any* wife," he said; "I only ask for you."

"O Placido, don't!" I said.

"Look you, my little dearest one!" he urged, "you may think me a rough lover. But never was a wife more loved and prized than you will be, if you come to me!"

"Thank you, Placido," I said; "you mean to be very kind to me, but I do not think about marrying; and please be so very good as not to ask me again."

My father and the Signor John here put in their heads at the door.

"What is this that is going on?" said my father. "Netta, are you scolding our neighbor?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Placido, "it is only that my suit displeases her. I asked her just now to marry me; and she does not wish to consent."

"What!" cried my father, turning to me. "You don't mean to say that you would refuse so kind an offer? Do not think about me, my daughter. I would rather see you provided for than keep you for my comfort."

"I do not like to marry," I said, weeping. "I do not love Placido, and it would be dreadful to have to marry him."

Placido's face flushed and then turned pale again. "I did not come here to make you weep," he said, sadly. "The pain of my disappointment is not worth one of your tears."

He turned to go away; but my father seized him by the arm. "Wait, my dear friend!" he said, "and do not be offended at a girl who is still a child."

Then turning to the signor, who had looked on gravely at this scene:—

"Signor! come to my assistance," he cried. "Netta will heed your counsel."

The signor looked at me tenderly, with an uneasy look in his face.

"As you say, she is only a child," he said. "I beg you will give her a little longer time to play."

"So be it, then," said my father.

I drew a long breath of relief, and looked gratefully at the friend who had saved me. Placido gazed from me to the signor, and from the signor back to me; then suddenly laid hold of his alpenstock and bade us a quick good-night.

After this we had some more pleasant days, till at last there arrived a sad one when the signor prepared to leave us. I felt an odd pain in my heart which I could not drive away. The night before his departure I was standing at the fire alone; the logs were almost burnt, and lay in a red heap on the hearth. The signor came and stood by me.

"Netta, when I am gone you must often think of me."

I strove with a sensation of choking.

"What! have you not a word for me?"

"I do not want to weep," I cried, and my tears came down in a storm.

"I will certainly come back next year," said the signor, "and then you will be a woman grown."

I wrung my hand away from him, and fled to my loft. The next morning at breakfast he scarcely looked at me. My father was going a journey with him, and they talked about the roads. Niccolo, who had now become merry, made faces behind the signor's back, while I stood miserably in the doorway, rubbing my chilly hands together. The travellers bade us good-by, and Niccolo went off to his workshop; but I stood gazing drearily down the Alp.

The signor turned and came back to me.

"Buy yourself a ribbon, pretty one," he said, "when you go to the next festa."

In another moment he was gone, and I had a piece of gold in my hand. I uttered a moan of indignation, and went flying down the Alp. "Signor John! Signor John!" I cried, in a voice that must have been shrill enough to frighten the eagles.

I crushed the money into his hand, but it fell to the ground between us; and he hurried off, laughing, and looking over his shoulder. I dug the earth with my nails, and buried the gold where it lay; then fled away into the pine-brake, to weep long and fiercely. That evening Placido came back and repeated his question. I gave him a sullen "No;" and he went away more sadly than he had done before. And then I began to get happy again, for Niccolo did not pinch me, and talked to me all about his carvings, just as before the signor came.

But my father came back from his journey with a troubled face.

"Placido has left his village," he said, "and gone to push his way in the world!"

II.

Three years passed, and I was a staid maiden, who did not care much for festas nor gay clothes. I was not of so merry a temper as I had promised to be, and people thought I was haughty, and some of the girls disliked me. This was partly owing to Niccolo, who would say, "You need not speak to Netta, she is grown so proud; she thinks herself quite a princess since the Englishman kissed her hand!" A little thing gets one a character when gossips are by to talk. Then I did not choose to marry, and that was the worst; for though suitors might not grieve like Placido Lorez, yet no one likes to be refused, and their friends resented my coldness. So I was a lonely kind of creature, and lived in my own way, clinging fast to my father, and only vexed when he would say, "When I am dead and gone, Netta, who will take care of you and our peevish Niccolo?"

So things went on till the avalanche came down upon us, killing my poor father, and burying him in the ruins of our house. The goats and kids were killed, and Niccolo was sorely hurt; and only I, as if by miracle, escaped.

We sat for many hours on the fallen rocks, till the people from the village reached us, when they brought us down to their houses, and treated us like their own. I tried to give little trouble, for I had nothing to give them in return; nothing at all had we saved but the clothes we wore; Niccolo's arm was hurt so that he could not carve; and a woman's work is not much when she has not got a home to work in. The housewives in the village had got daughters of their own, and nobody seemed in need of a girl to help them. The worst was that nobody would love Niccolo, for, besides being utterly helpless, the lad had a biting tongue.

Placido's aged mother came out to look at me; when she saw my saddened face the tears came down her cheek.

"My girl," she said, "I have hated you, for you sent my son away; but the Lord has sent you trouble, and I must forgive you."

She brought me into her house, and I told her my bitter thoughts, and that I wanted to go down to the world where wages are given to labor.

"At Como," she said, "are the silk factories; and there is many a way of earning when one gets down to the level world. You used to play the zither, and sing a song."

"That is long ago," I said, "and the zither is buried with my father. I fear that all my music is buried with it."

"At your age the music is not hushed so quickly," she said, kindly, and pulled an old zither down from a shelf. "It used to be sweet enough," she added; "take it with my blessing. At least it may cheer your way if it puts no money in your purse. And the village shall see to your Niccolo; though it must be owned he is an imp."

So I resolved to go down to the level world, to work at the silks of Como, or at any thing I could find to do. The zither was to go with me, and Niccolo was to stay at the village till such time as I should have money to come back and fetch him.

I took my zither on my shoulder, and a wallet in my hand, and, committing myself to God, I set out on my lonely way. Niccolo limped along with me half a mile, and when we found he could go no further, we stopped on the lonely road for a last embrace. The poor lad had always loved me dearly, and his spirit was quite broken now, and he clung to me with cries. It was a moment of the cruelest anguish when I had to push him at last away from me, and to hurry away. I heard his sobs behind me for a long way as I went, and later fancied I could hear them still, in the rush of the falling river, and the faint wail of the pines.

I had passed two pretty villages along my way, and the sun had already set when I reached the third. There was a glare behind the mountains, and a warm golden haze floated in the vale. The houses came down a hill and the streets were flights of steps. Far above the roofs, and out of the chestnut-trees, rose the burning brazen cap of the campanile, and the bell was sounding lazily, as if ringing itself to sleep. The pines I had left behind me, in fringe of olive and purple, on the dusky heights; and here there were only the heavily-laden fruit-trees, chestnuts drooping over my shoulder, cherries dropping into my mouth, walnuts lining the roadside, and fig-bushes thrust in my path. Vines ran over the walls and upon the crimsoned roofs, and clusters of ripened grapes hung in at the doors and windows. A cloud of silvery smoke had blent with the haze of the sunset, and there was a smell as of burning logs and fragrant food.

The next day I passed through still more villages, and got down to the flush and bloom of the Lombard plains. The mountains here became walls of a gigantic garden; vines wrapped their terraces, and melons ripened in the meadows in the midst of the corn. Plums were as lumps of gold, and the peaches glowed in the fruit-gatherer's basket, while nectarines and apricots added perfume to the colored air. Great rows of mulberry-trees reminded me now of the silk works, and the grasshoppers sang so loud that I took them for birds.

I got on board a small sailing vessel that plied upon the lake, earning my fare by a little music, and went singing down to Como, weary, travel-soiled, and with blisters on my feet. I fell asleep in the middle of my songs, and was gently shaken awake again by the captain's merry wife. She wore a white-and-scarlet head-dress, and a large cross of gold, and crushed grapes out of a basket into her baby's laughing mouth. The gayety here on the lake was a thing to make one stare, — boats with scarlet cushions, ladies in lace mantillas, boatmen with dazzling shirts and brilliant sashes. The lake glowed with the most exquisite bluish green, and out of it rose the palaces, with terraces climbing the heights. We passed towns like straggling castles, whose streets were ladders of stone creeping up from the water; and all these wonderful novelties were to me a fantastic dream.

Giulia, the captain's wife, found me a lodging in the town of Como, a closet under a chimney, beside the room where she and her husband had their home. In order to reach this nest I had to climb a hundred steps, which wound in and out of the houses up to the roofs. Noises roused me by three o'clock in the morning, wheels rolling, voices shouting, tambourines ringing, besides the sound of many novel kinds of music. I brushed up my dusty clothes, and went out to look at the town. The people were holding their market in the piazza of the Duomo, and tables were there set out, with provisions piled on them lavishly. The shops under the loggie were already all alive, and deep amber curtains fluttered gaily out of the arches. Flowers teemed from the dark and crooked balconies overhead, which hung like crazy cages from the upper windows. Colors were flashing everywhere; from brilliant oleander blossoms hanging like living flames in the air, from the gay dresses of the people, the piles of monster melons, the red marbles of the Broletto, and the Duomo's deeper hues.

I lifted the heavy curtain, and went into the Duomo; the mass was over, and the most of the people were gone; but others kept pouring in and the place was full. Somebody touched me on the shoulder, and I looked up with a start. Here was Placido, in the dress of a boatman!

"Netta!" he whispered, excitedly. His face was flushed, and there were tears in his eyes.

"O Placido Lorez!" I cried, and gave him both my hands.

We sat on a bench and whispered in a shady corner of the church. Each had a story to tell, and each had a ready listener.

"My father is dead, Placido," I said, "and Niccolo is hurt in the Alps. I have come down here to Como to try and earn money at the silk. That is my whole story: so life is sad enough."

"I guessed it was so," said Placido. "I knew how it must be with you when I saw you crying at the mass. As for me, I have travelled far. I have stored crops and driven oxen, and helped with the vines in the south. For some months I have been a boatman here on the lake; and yesterday I had it in mind to return to the Alps. But now I believe I'll wait a bit. There's never good in haste."

"There is a captain's wife who is good to me," I said, it being now my turn again; "and she says I shall earn money by singing, for the people here in the plains are as fond of music as ourselves. I sing better than I used to do, and your mother has given me her zither."

"Little Netta!" he said, "I have made a good bit of money, and I don't like to think that you must work. I can't forget the day when you declared you could not love me, but maybe if you were to try you might change your mind. It's not that I am much to care for; but the love in my heart is strong. Who knows but that, after all, I could make you happy!"

"Placido," I said, "you are a kind man; but as I refused to marry you before when I had got a home, so I will not accept you now because I am in need of one."

"I would not bribe you with any thing but just my love," he answered, mournfully. "So if it cannot be, it can't, and I will not vex you. You must at least let me be your friend, however."

"My best friend," I said; and after that we walked hand in hand about the church, Placido showing me the pictures, and explaining what they meant, and telling me the touching stories that are painted in the jewelled windows.

The captain's wife befriended me, and people liked my music, and I could earn more money with my zither than in the factories. The people would gather round me, asking each for his favorite song, and my story got whispered among them, and they were kinder than I could tell. "She sings for a helpless brother," they said, and fees were therefore doubled as they dropped in my lap. Great people also would send for me now from their villas; and I began to save a little money.

I had to sing one evening at a palace on the lake, and it was dark when I took my seat on the verandah. The lake glittered with moonlight, and all along the terraces hung dimly-colored lamps. A crowd of gay figures had gathered

on the marble steps that led into the water. When I sang every one listened; when I ceased I was forgotten, save that somebody went to a table and fetched me wine.

I looked up to thank this somebody, and saw the Signor John.

"Little Netta!" he exclaimed, amazed. "Can it be possible that this is you?"

"Yes, signor," I said.

"Tell me how it has happened," he asked. "What can have fetched you down out of the snows to Como?"

"My father is killed by the avalanche," I said, "and I am earning money for Niccolo, who is hurt in the Alps. It is now time for me to go, signor; good-by!"

"Stay, I am going with you!" he said, and followed me out on the hill, carrying my zither.

"Sit down here and rest," he said, when we had gone a little way.

"But I have still to get to Como," I said, "and I want to rest in my bed."

"That is true," said the signor, smiling. "Let us then take a boat at once!"

I looked up the water, and assured myself that Placido was nowhere waiting for me. I stepped into the signor's boat, and went floating with him down the moonlit lake.

"How beautiful you have grown, Netta!" said the signor as we went. "Did I not tell you that you would be a woman when we should meet again?"

I gravely shook my head. I remembered that he had not come back, even to see if I were alive.

"You have also grown prim and cold," he added presently. "Indeed, you are so changed that I wonder how I knew you."

"It is only that one cannot always be a child," I said, sadly; and he lifted me out of the boat, and brought me to the foot of the staircase which led up to my nest in the roof. When I peered down from the top I saw him still looking up. I looked then into the glass at the face which Signor John had called so beautiful.

"Placido never told me that I was beautiful," I reflected.

III.

After that I saw the signor every day. I had long walks on the hills with him, and many a pleasant hour on the moonlit lake. He used to meet me at the Duomo, so that I could not think of my prayers; and Giulia began to tease me, calling me a noble English dame.

"You'll not forget me and baby," she said. "You'll send us a present from England;" and I had already considered in secret about what I should send her.

I thought I should be extremely happy were it not for Placido Lorez; but his face was always before me, and his eyes had got grave and sad. His sadness troubled me so much that I tried to keep out of his way, and he soon saw that I avoided him, and was careful not to annoy me. Once when I went out on the lake with the Signor John, it happened that Placido's boat was the boat he hired. Not till I was fairly seated did I see the boatman.

Placido picked up his oars, and took his seat so that he could not see me; and never spoke a word nor moved his head. His oars dipped in the lake and scattered the shining water to right and left; but except for this sign of life he might have been taken for a man of stone. He did not even glance at me as I passed him out of the boat, but his downcast face haunted me all that night.

The next day I was tripping along by the boats on the verge of the lake; my zither perched on my shoulder, and flowers blooming in my breast; rare, bright flowers, sent me that morning by the Signor John. It was far in the afternoon, when there is a glitter about the place, such a burning of color and flashing of water, such a glow and dazzle overhead and underfoot, that sometimes one can hardly see one's way. The boats look all the same, with their crimson cushions, and with the dash, as of ink, in the water, under the side that is against the sun. The boatmen's white shirts make them also one like another, though none were so tall as Placido, nor so quiet, nor yet so strong. This time I did not see him, however, till he put himself right in my way.

"Netta, I want to speak to you."

"Make haste then!" I said, gaily.

Placido took my hand and made me sit on the side of his boat. Before this I had rather believed in his strength than known it.

He looked at me, straight in the face, with a long, wistful gaze. "You are going to meet the signor?" he said.

"Yes."

"Netta, has he asked you to be his wife?"

I said, "Not yet, Placido;" and I began to get angry.

"Netta, do you think you love him?"

I hung my head and blushed, which might mean any thing.

"Dear," he said, "you need not be angry, but you must listen to me. Gentlemen seldom marry peasant girls, though it may charm them to walk and sail with one like you. And you have yourself to look to. Don't think me selfish, for I have no wish on earth, if it be not to see you happy. If *I* could have made you happy, I would have done it; but as that is not to be — by Heaven I'll see that no one shall make you wretched!"

"I am not so easily made wretched," I said, haughtily.

Placido looked at me tenderly for a moment, and then turned away his face.

"Wicked tongues can break the purest heart," he said, softly.

I looked at him in great amazement, and then I blushed; my face blushed, and my ears, my throat, and my naked arms; and then the blood seemed to freeze within me, and my pulses got cold and still. I did not speak for a minute, but gazed on the ground and thought.

"Placido, you may look at me now," I said, presently, "for I am only going to thank you."

Then I turned and left him, and went my way. I did not flaunt so gaily nor trip so lightly as usual. The pain in Placido's face had given me a shock.

The signor was already waiting for me up in the hills; it being now a matter of course that I should meet him there in the evenings, when we would watch the sun set redly behind the vineyards, while he talked to me all about England, and of his home where my pretty portrait now hung on the wall. I had believed that he always thought of me as future mistress of this honored home: never thinking at all of the gulf between us. Now I sat by him silently looking down on the shining lake.

"Netta," he said, "what ails you?"

"I have been thinking of how I can tell you that I must not come here again," I said.

"Must not come here again!" he echoed. "Who has the right to prevent you?"

"Only my own will," I answered.

"Then that must bend to mine," he said, smiling; "for I cannot live without you."

A lump rose up in my throat, but I choked it down.

"Signor," I said sadly, "I am an ignorant girl from the mountains, while you — you know the world. You might have been kinder."

He glanced quickly at my face; his brow suddenly reddened, and he turned his head away from me. So had Placido looked when he feared to pain me; only Placido had nothing to blush for; the blush had been left for me.

"There is no need to be vexed," I said, "and I did not mean to hurt you. I am going back to the town now. I shall always be proud of your friendship, Signor John."

I waited a minute patiently, but he did not move his head. I did not see any reason why I should wait or speak to him again, so I turned away, and began walking towards the town.

I heard his steps coming behind me.

"Netta!" he called.

"Well?" I said.

"Netta, will you be my wife?"

I felt a great shock of triumph. He had really said the words, and I could tell Placido; and yet somehow all the gladness had gone out of my heart. In an hour my life was changed; yet I did not know it.

I said "Yes," slowly, for I thought I loved him, and I

remembered that he was a noble signor, and that in this he was very good. Placido had said truly that lords do not marry peasants; and the signor had made a sacrifice in order to win my hand. I knew that I ought to be proud of it, and yet somehow I felt ashamed. I could not forget his face when he had turned it away from me, nor the struggle which I had then witnessed, nor the wound that had been given to my pride. Surely I might be content, I thought, yet I wept that whole night through; I thought I had been a great deal happier when alone on the Alpine paths.

The signor brought me gifts; a chain for my neck, and trinkets for my ears, and a ring for my finger, as a pledge of troth. Never was a more generous lover than the Signor John. The evening after I received them I decked myself in the jewels, and ran out into the twilight to bring my news to Placido. This friend had been away at Colico since early dawn, and I watched for his coming back from my little window up in the roof. His boat pulled into the harbor just after sunset.

"O Netta! is it you?" he cried, and sprang eagerly to the beach.

I shook my head at him laughingly, and the dying flare of the sun blazed on my jewels.

"Placido, I have come to tell you about it; I am to be married this day week!"

Placido bent his head; "I thank God for your welfare," he said.

I bit my lips cruelly, and the tears sprang to my eyes. I had thought that he might have been just a little grieved.

"It is wonderful," I said, "how friends can be glad to lose one."

Placido looked at me in wonder. His face was deadly pale, and he appeared to be very tired, or to have lately suffered. Somehow I could not be satisfied, though I had come out here to triumph over him. He had thought I could be treated lightly, and I had shown him his fears were vain. He had thanked God for my happiness, and that was all.

He began now to speak cheerfully, seeing that clouds had gathered on my face.

"So you are going to be a noble lady," he said, "in some splendid place beyond the seas. Maybe in the course of years you will come back to Como."

I did not believe a word of it; it seemed all a lying tale. It was like the stories told out of the curling smoke when the logs are burning in the Alps. I stood upon a heap of sails, with my foot on the edge of the boat, my jewels flashing as the boat swayed, and my eyes on the west where the light was fading. Yes, yes, I was to be a noble lady, and to live in a foreign country with the Signor John, and there would be a very vast difference, in the days that were still to come, between me, up in my high place, and Placido, plying his boat on the lake.

The light faded away, and the water lapped darkly at the side of the boat. My jewels ceased to flash, and there was a long, long silence, which Placido broke.

"And Niccolo?" he asked, abruptly, as if following out some train of thought.

I gave a sudden violent start, and stared at him blankly. In the midst of my excitement I had forgotten Niccolo. In arranging for my own welfare I had let my poor helpless brother slip out of my thoughts!

"The signor will take care of him," I muttered; "I will bring him with me to England."

"Your signor is a generous man," returned Placido; and then I bade him good-night, and went up to my nest to think.

I sat on my bed in the dark, tossing my twinkling jewels about in my lap. The signor had gone to a ball at one of the palaces on the lake; he was dancing even at this moment with the ladies who were quite his equals, yet whom he had not found so lovable as simple me. Ah, for the sake of my love, would he be good to Niccolo? It seemed to me, as I sat there in the depths of my sore remorse, that there was no one half so dear to me as that lone, helpless creature whom people disliked and called the imp; I had promised to come back for my brother, and I vowed I would keep my word.

Next day I was earlier than I need have been at the familiar seat on the hill.

"Signor," I said, as soon as he was seated beside me.

"You must not call me 'signor,' Netta."

"Ah, I always forget. You remember my brother Niccolo?"

The signor's face clouded. "I do remember him well," he said.

"He is waiting till I return for him up in the Alps."

"He must wait a long time then, Netta, if you are coming with me."

"Signor!" I said, "can we not bring Niccolo with us?"

He laughed a low laugh. He did not mean to be unkind, I think; it was only that he felt amused.

"No, Netta; indeed we could not take him."

"He has no one at all but me," I said, speaking low — holding my breath.

"He must learn to do without you, then. Once for all, my pretty one, you must leave your friends behind you; though you can still provide for your brother, — getting some one to take good care of him up in the mountains."

"No one loves Niccolo," I muttered reflectively.

"Therefore you need not think me cruel," said the signor.

"Therefore I cannot leave him," I whispered.

The signor began to look angry.

"Netta," he said, "you talk like a spoiled child. You must try to forget Italy, and that is the plain truth. It will be quite hard enough upon me"— Here he stopped.

"Yes?" I said, looking at him. "Tell me what will be hard."

Nothing," he said, smiling again; "nothing that will not be set right when you have been a year in England."

"And have quite forgotten Italy?"

"And have almost forgotten Italy. And now, since that is settled, my Netta, tell me what you will have for a wedding gift?"

"Signor," I said, "you have already given me too much. You have, indeed, been very good to me — that I cannot forget."

"Tush, Netta! what is the matter with you?" he said. "I will give you any thing you like."

I sat silent again, looking out over the water. In the distance some elegant ladies were embarking from their marble stair-case. Away at the bottom of the lake towered the azure walls of the Alps, and away, further still, folded up somewhere in their royal purple, sat my sad, crippled brother, my poor, peevish lad, whom nobody, save myself, would ever love. Yonder, with the dainty ladies, was the place for the Signor John; mine was in the Alps, with Niccolo.

"Signor," I said at last, "I am an ignorant girl, but I have been lately thinking more than you would believe. I acknowledge that it was generous of you to ask me to be your wife, and that my love would not be worth to you all the trouble it must cost. Like should mate with like, and you and I are unlike; yet I should hardly have dared to speak had it not been for Niccolo."

The signor looked at me in amazement.

"You mean that you want to to be free again, Netta?"

"Yes," I said, "if you please."

"You mean to give up every thing for Niccolo!"

"To-morrow I shall be on the Alps, going back for him," I said.

"Netta, you shall not jilt me!"

"No, Signor John, that would, indeed, be too saucy. You shall jilt me, if you like it better."

"This is very fine," he said; "but I shall alter your way of thinking!"

"In the meantime, say good-by, signor, for I shall not see you to-morrow."

"Good-by, Netta, for the present."

"Good-by, Signor John, and may God be with you!"

He had caught both my hands, as if he would not let me go; but I twisted them from him suddenly, and went running down the hill and out of his sight.

I packed up my jewels, and sent them back to their owner, who had been generous enough to give them, as though I had been fit to be his wife. My good Giulia carried them, after mourning over them for an hour, and early on the following day I went out to look for Placido.

"I've come to say good-by, Placido. I'm off now to the Alps."

"The Alps!" cried Placido, wonderingly.

"For Niccolo," I said, brightly. "We are not going to England though. The signor is going alone."

Placido sprang from his boat with a radiant face.

"Ah, Netta! is it truth? But you shall not travel alone."

"Of course I shall travel alone. I did it before with a sadder heart."

"I am going to see my mother," said Placido. "I hope you will not object."

"Why should I object?" I said. "Your mother will be glad to see you."

"As glad as your Niccolo to see you."

"I'll take care to tell her you are coming," I said.

"You think, then, that you are likely to out-walk me?"

"What! do you mean to say that you are coming with me now?"

"I mean to be your fellow-traveller," he said, "unless you tell me truly that you would rather be alone."

I could not say that I would rather go alone, so we made our journey together back to the Alps. As we went along, Placido told me much of his former journeys, and what grief he had suffered, and what dreary things he had said to himself; and I knew well that his misery had been because I could not love him. As for me, I confessed my carelessness with regard to Niccolo, and my feelings towards the English signor, which had been all made up of pride; and Placido tried to excuse me a little, and promised not to think ill of me. It was much happier travelling with him than wandering quite alone, and by the time we got near his village I was grieved that the journey was past.

We sat upon two large pine-stumps then, and looked at each other gravely. Another wind of the road would bring us within sight of friends. I had felt a strange joy in being alone in the world with Placido, and I knew by Placido's face that he liked taking care of me.

"Netta," said Placido, simply, "will you be my wife at last?"

"I wonder you ask me again," I said; "but it would cost me far too dear to refuse you now."

So it happened that we were married in his village church, with his mother and my Niccolo, besides many friends, around us. And now we are again at Como; Niccolo, who has got stronger, is carving figures under our trees, while grandmother teaches our child to touch the zither. And Placido is not a boatman now; we live in our own vineyard, where the Signor John has been to see us, bringing his charming English bride.

UNDER GROUND.

YES, that's my house under the hillside there, facing the south, where the lights are; you saw it as you came up. Pretty? Well, as pretty as we can make it. Looks like an oasis in a black desert; and hard work it is to keep it decent with so many pits about, each belching out its clouds of villanous smoke, black as the coal which makes it; for you see, we have not only the fires for the pumping and cage engine, but those at the bottom of the ventilating shafts, and the soot they send floating out into the air is something startling, without counting the sulphurous vapors which ruin vegetation; not that there's much this Christmas-time.

Of course, if you like to go down you can go. I'll go with you. Oh, yes; I've often been down. I should think I have — hundreds of times. Why, I've handled the pick myself in the two-foot seam as an ordinary pitman, though I'm manager now. I don't see any cause to be ashamed of it. And, after all, it's nothing new here in Yorkshire. I could point out a score of men who have been at work in the factories, now holding great works of their own.

Accidents? Well, yes; we do have accidents, in spite of all precautions and inspection. Now you, a stranger, coming down to see a coal-pit, look upon it as a dangerous place. Without being cowardly, you'll shudder when we go down the great black shaft a couple of hundred yards, and you'll then walk as if you were going through a powder-magazine. But you know what you used to write in your copy-book at school, "Familiarity breeds contempt." Truer words were never written, and I see it proved every week. It's dangerous work going up and down our pit, and yet the men will laugh, and talk, and do things that will almost make your blood run cold. It is like throwing a spark amongst gunpowder to open a lamp in some parts of our mine; but our men, for the sake of a pipe, will run all risks, even to lighting matches on the walls, and taking naked candles to stick up, that they may see better to work.

Yes, we've had some bad accidents here, but I shall never forget one that happened five-and-twenty years ago this Christmas. Tell you about it? Good; but it shall be after tea, by the warm fireside, and then if you like to go down the pit in the morning, why, go you shall.

Hark! That's the new piano — Christmas present my girls coaxed me out of, with the old lady to back them up. Seventy pounds, bang. Collard and Collard, London. Listen. They're practising up those tunes to please me, because I don't like your new-fangled fantasias and arrangements. There you are, you see, set as duets — our two old favorite Yorkshire pieces, "Christians, Awake!" and "Vital Spark." You may hear them played by every brass band in the county. We'll have 'em sung after tea.

There, that's cosy. This is the time I always enjoy, — after tea, with the curtains drawn; the wind driving the snow in great pats against the window-panes as it howls down the hillside, and makes the fire roar up the chimney. Not particular over a scuttle of coals here, you see. One of your London friends was down here once, and he declared that if he lived down here he should amuse himself all day long with poker and shovel.

And now, about this story of the accident I promised — only to hear this you must have a little more beside. *You* needn't go out of the room, my dear.

Well, as I told you, it was five-and-twenty years ago, and I was just five-and-twenty years old then, working as regular pitman on the day or night shift. Dirty work, of course, but there was soap in the land even in those days; and when I came up, after a good wash and a change, I could always enjoy a read such times as I didn't go to the night-school, where, always having been a sort of reading fellow, I used to help teach the boys; and on Sundays I used to go to the school and help there.

Of course it was all done in a rough way, for hands that had been busy with a coal-pick all day were not, you will say, much fit for using a pen at night. However, I used to go, and it was there I found out that teaching was a thing that paid you back hundred per cent interest, for you could not teach others without teaching yourself.

But — I may as well own to it — it was the teaching at the Sunday-school I used to look forward to, for it was there I used to see Mary Andrews, the daughter of one of our head pitmen. He was not so very high up, only at the pit village he lived in one of the best houses, and had about double the wages of the ordinary men.

Consequently, Mary Andrews was a little better dressed and better educated than the general run of girls about there; and there was something about her face that used, in its quiet earnestness, to set me anxiously watching her all the time she was teaching, till I used to wake up of a sudden to the fact that the boys in my class were all at play, when, flushing red all over my face, I used to leave off staring over to the girls' part of the big schoolroom, and try to make up for lost time.

I can't tell you when it began, but at that time I used somehow to associate Mary Andrews's pale, innocent face with every thing I did. Every blow I drove into a coal-seam with my sharp pick used to be industry for Mary's

sake. Of an evening, when I washed off the black and tidied up my hair, it used to be so that she might not be ashamed of me if we met; and even every time I made my head ache with some calculation out of my arithmetic — ten times as difficult because I had no one to help me — I used to strive and try on till I conquered, because it was all for Mary's sake.

Not that I dared to have told her so, I thought, but somehow the influence of Mary used to lift me up more and more, till I should no more have thought of going to join the other pitmen in a public-house than of trying to fly.

It was about this time I got talking to a young fellow about my age who worked in my shift. John Kelsey his name was, and I used to think it a pity that a fine, clever fellow like he was, handsome, stout, and strong, should be so fond of the low habits, dog-fighting and wrestling, so popular amongst our men, who enjoyed nothing better than getting over to Sheffield or Rotherham for what they called a day's sport, which generally meant unfitness for work during the rest of the week.

"Well," said John, "your ways seem to pay you," and he laughed and went away; and I thought no more of it till about a month after, when I found out that I was what people who make use of plain, simple language call, in love; and I'll tell you how I found it out.

I was going along one evening past old Andrews's house, when the door opened for a moment as if some one was coming out; but, as if I had been seen, it was closed directly. In that short moment, though, I had heard a laugh, and that laugh I was sure was John Kelsey's.

I felt on fire for a few moments, as I stood there, unable to move, and then as I dragged myself away the feeling that came over me was one of blank misery and despair. I could have leaned my head up against the first wall I came to and cried like a child; but that feeling passed off, to be succeeded by one of rage. For, as the blindness dropped from my eyes, I saw clearly that not only did I dearly love Mary Andrews, — love her with all a strong man's first love, such a love as one would feel who had till now made his sole companions of his books, — but that I was forestalled; that John Kelsey was evidently a regular visitor there, and, for aught I knew to the contrary, was her acknowledged lover.

I did not like playing the spy; but, with a faint feeling of hope on me that I might have been mistaken, I walked back past the house, and there was no mistake; John Kelsey's head was plainly enough to be seen upon the blind, and I went home in despair.

How I looked forward to the next Sunday, half resolved to boldly tell Mary of my love, and to ask her whether there was any truth in that which I imagined, though I almost felt as if I should not dare.

Sunday came at last, and somehow I was rather late when I entered the great schoolroom, one end of which was devoted to the girls, the other to the boys. At the first glance I saw that Mary was in her place; at the second all the blood in my body seemed to rush to my heart, for there, standing talking to the superintendent, was John Kelsey, and the next minute he had a class of the youngest children placed in his charge, and he was hearing them read.

"He has done this on account of what I said to him," was my first thought, and I felt glad; but directly after I was in misery, for my eyes rested upon Mary Andrews, and that explained all; it was for her sake he had come.

I don't know how that afternoon passed, or any thing else, only that as soon as the children were dismissed I saw John Kelsey go up to Mary's side and walk home with her; and then I walked out up the hillside, wandering here and there amongst the mouths of the old, unused pits, half full of water, and thinking to myself that I might just as well be down there in one of them, for there was no more hope or pleasure for me in this world.

Time slipped on, and I could plainly see one thing that troubled me sorely; John was evidently making an outward show of being a hard working fellow, striving hard for improvement, so as to stand well in old Andrews's eyes, while I knew for a fact that he was as drunken and dissipated as any young fellow that worked in the pit.

I could not tell Andrews this, nor I could not tell Mary. If she loved him it would grieve her terribly, and be dishonorable as well; and perhaps he might improve. I can tell him though, I thought, and I made up my mind that I would; and meeting him one night, evidently hot and excited with liquor, I spoke to him about it.

"If you truly love that girl, John," I said, "you'll give up this sort of thing."

He called me a meddling fool, said he had watched me, that he knew I had a hankering after her myself, but she only laughed at me; and one way and another so galled me that we fought. I went home that night bruised, sore, and ashamed of my passion; while he went to the Andrews's and said he had had to thrash me for speaking insultingly about Mary.

I heard this afterwards, and I don't know how it was, but I wrote to her telling her it was false, and that I loved her too well ever to have acted so.

When next we met I felt that she must have read my letter, and laughed at me. At all events, John Kelsey did; and I had the mortification of seeing that old Andrews evidently favored his visits.

John still kept up his attendence at the school, but he was at the far end; and more than once when I looked up it was to find Mary Andrews with her eyes fixed on me. She lowered them though directly, and soon after it seemed to me that she turned them upon John.

It seems to me that a man never learns till he is well on in life how he should behave towards the lady of his choice, and how much better it would be if he would go and, in a straightforward, manly fashion, tell her of his feelings. I was like the rest, I could not do it; but allowed six months to pass over my head, — six weary, wretched months, — till Christmas came on, cold and bitter, but not so cold and bitter as was my heart.

It was Christmas Eve, and in a dreamy, listless way I was sitting over my breakfast before starting for work, when I heard a sound, and knew what it meant before there were shrieks in the village, and women running out and making for the pit's mouth a quarter of a mile away. I tell you I turned sick with horror, for I knew that at least twenty men would be down on the night shift, and though it was close upon their leaving time, they could not have come up yet.

"Pit's fired! pit's fired!" I heard people shrieking; not that there was any need, for there wasn't a soul that didn't know it, for the pit had spoken for itself. And as I hurried out I thought, all in a flash like, of what a Christmas it would be for some families there; and I seemed to see a long procession of rough coffins going to the churchyard, and to hear the wailings of the widow and the fatherless.

There was no seeming, though, in the wailings, for the poor frightened women, with their shawls pinned over their heads, were crying and shrieking to one another as they ran on.

I didn't lose no time, as you may suppose, in running to the pit's mouth, but those who lived nearer were there long before me; and by the time I got there I found that the cage had brought up part of the men, and three who were insensible, and that it was just going down again.

It went down directly; and just as it disappeared who should come running up, pale and scared, but Mary Andrews. She ran right up to the knot of men who had come up, and who were talking loudly, in a wild, frightened way, about how the pit had fired, — they could not tell how, — and she looked from one to the other, and then at the men who were scorched, and then she ran towards the pit's mouth, where I was.

"There's no one belonging to you down, is there?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes — yes! my father was down, and John Kelsey."

As she said the first words, I felt ready for any thing; but as she finished her sentence, a cold chill came over me, and she saw the change, and looked at me in a strange, half-angry way.

"Here comes the cage up," I said, trying hard to recover myself, and going up to the bank by her side; but when half-a-dozen scorched and blackened men stepped out, and we looked at their disfigured faces, poor Mary gave a low wail of misery, and I heard her say, softly, "O father! father! father!"

It went right to my heart to hear her bitter cry, and I caught hold of her hand.

"Don't be down-hearted, Mary," I said, huskily; "there's hope yet."

Her eyes flashed through her tears, as she turned sharply on me; and pressing her hand for a moment, I said, softly, "Try and think more kindly of me, Mary." And then I turned to the men.

"Now, then, who's going down?" I shouted.

"You can't go down," shouted half-a-dozen voices; "the choke got 'most the better of us."

"But there are two men down!" I cried, savagely. "You're not all cowards, are you?"

Two men stepped forward, and we got in the cage.

"Who knows where Andrews was?" I cried; and a faint voice from one of the injured men told me. Then I gave the warning, and we were lowered down; it having been understood that at the first signal we made we were to be drawn up sharply.

The excitement kept me from being frightened; but there was a horrid feeling of oppression in the air as we got lower and lower, and twice over the men with me were for being drawn up.

"It steals over you before you know it," said one.

"It laid me like in a sleep, when Rotherby pit fired," said the other.

"Would you leave old Andrews to die?" I said; and they gave in.

We reached the bottom, and I found no difficulty in breathing, and, shouting to the men to come on, I ran in the direction where I had been told we should find Andrews; but it was terrible work, for I expected each moment to encounter the deadly gas that had robbed so many men of their lives. But I kept on, shouting to those behind me, till all at once I tripped and fell over some one; and as soon as I could get myself together I lowered the lamp I carried, and, to my great delight, I found it was Andrews.

Whether dead or alive I could not tell then; but we lifted him amongst us, and none too soon, for as I took my first step back I reeled, from a curious, giddy feeling which came over me.

"Run, if you can," I said, faintly; for my legs seemed to be sinking under me. I managed to keep on, though, and at our next turn we were in purer air; but we knew it was a race for life, for the heavy gas was rolling after us, ready to quench out our lives if we slackened speed for an instant. We pressed on, though, till we reached the cage, rolled into it, more than climbed, and were drawn up, to be received with a burst of cheers, Mary throwing her arms round her father's neck, and sobbing bitterly.

"I'm not much hurt," he said, feebly, the fresh air reviving him, as he was laid gently down. "God bless those brave lads who brought me up! But there's another man down —John Kelsey."

No one spoke, no one moved; for all knew of the peril we had just escaped from.

"I can't go myself, or I would," said Andrews; "but you mustn't let him lie there and burn. I left him close up to the lead. He tried to follow me, but the falling coal struck him down. I believe the pit's on fire."

There was a loud murmur amongst the men, and some of the women wailed aloud; but still no one moved except old Andrews, who struggled up on one arm, and looked at us, his face black, and his whiskers and hair all burnt off.

"My lads," he said, feebly, "can't you do nothing to save your mate?" and as he looked wildly from one to the other, I felt my heart like in my mouth.

"Do you all hear?" said a loud voice; and I started, as I saw Mary Andrews rise from where she had knelt holding her father's hand; "do you all hear? — John Kelsey is left in the pit. Are you not men enough to go?"

"Men can't go," said one of the day shift, gruffly; "no one could live there."

"You have not tried," again she cried, passionately. "Richard Oldshaw," she said, turning to me with a red glow upon her face, "John Kelsey is down there dying and asking for help. Will not you go?"

"And you wish me to go, then?" I said bitterly.

"Yes," she said; "would you have your fellow-creature lie there and die, when God has given you the power and strength and knowledge to save him?"

We stood there then, gazing in one another's eyes.

"You love him so that you can't even help risking my life to save his, Mary. You know how dearly I love you, and that I am ready to die for your sake; but it seems hard, very hard, to be sent like this."

That was what I thought, and she stood all the time watching me eagerly, till I took hold of her hand and kissed it; and though she looked away then, it seemed to me as though she pressed it very gently.

The next minute I stepped up towards the pit's mouth, where there was a dead silence, for no one would volunteer; and, in a half blustering way, I said, "I'll go down."

There was a regular cheer rose up as I said those words; but I hardly heeded it, for I was looking at Mary, and my heart sank as I saw her standing there smiling with joy.

"She thinks I shall save him," I said to myself bitterly. "Well, I'll do it, if I die in the attempt; and God forgive her, for she has broken my heart."

The next minute I stepped into the cage, and it began to move, when a voice calls out, "Blow it all, Dick Oldshaw sha'n't go alone!" and a young pitman sprang in by my side.

Then we began to descend, and through an opening I just caught sight of Mary Andrews falling back senseless in the arms of the women. Then all was dark, and I was nerving myself for what I had to do.

To go the way by which I had helped to save Andrews was, I knew, impossible; but I had hopes that by going round by one of the old workings we might reach him, and I told my companion what I thought.

"That's right — of course it is," he said, slapping me on the back. "That's books, that is. I wish I could read."

Turning short off as soon as we were at the bottom, I led the way, holding my lamp high, and climbing and stumbling over the broken shale that had fallen from the roof; for this part of the mine had not been worked for years. Now we were in parts where we could breathe freely, and then working along where the dense gas made our lamps sputter and crackle, and the opening of one for an instant would have been a flash, and death for us both. Twice over I thought we had lost our way; but I had the plan of the pit at home, and often and often I had studied it, little thinking it would ever stand me such good stead as this; and by pressing on I found that we were right, and gradually nearing the point at which the accident had occurred.

As we got nearer, I became aware of the air setting in a strong draught in the direction in which we were going, and soon after we could make out a dull glow, and then there was a deep roar. The pit was indeed on fire, and blazing furiously, so that as we got nearer, trembling, — I'm not ashamed to own it, for it was an awful sight, — there was the coal growing of a fierce red heat; but, fortunately, the draught set towards an old shaft fully a quarter of a mile farther on, and so we were able to approach till, with a cry of horror, I leapt over heap after heap of coal, torn from roof and wall by the explosion, to where, close to the fire, lay the body of John Kelsey — so close that his clothes were already smouldering; and the fire scorched my face as I laid hold of him and dragged him away.

How we ever got him to the foot of the shaft I never could tell; for to have carried him over the fallen coal of the disused galleries would have been impossible. It was either to risk the gas of the regular way, or to lie down and die by his side. I remember standing there for a few moments, and sending a prayer up to Him who could save us;

and then, with a word to my mate, we had John up between us, and staggered towards the shaft in a strange, helpless, dreamy way. To this day it seems to me little less than a miracle how we could have lived; but the fire must have ventilated the passages sufficiently to allow us to stagger slowly along till we fell, more than climbed, into the cage, and were drawn up.

I have some faint recollection of hearing a cheer, and of seeing the dim light of the chill December day; but the only thing that made any impression upon me was a voice which seemed to be Mary's, and a touch that seemed to be that of her hand. I heard a voice saying, "Terribly burned, but he's alive. Got a pipe and matches in his hand;" and I knew they were speaking about John Kelsey, and the thought came upon me once more that I had saved him for her; and, with an exceeding bitter cry, I covered my poor, fire-blinded eyes, and lay there faint and half insensible.

And it's not much more that I can recollect, only of being in a wild, feverish state, wandering through dark passages, with fire burning my head, and coal falling always, and ready to crush me; and then I seemed to wake from a long, deep sleep, and to lie thinking in a weak, troubled way about getting up.

It was a month, though, before I could do that; and then there was a tender arm to help me, and a soft cheek ever ready to be laid to mine; for in those long, weary hours of sickness Mary had been by my side to cheer me back to health, and I had learned that I was loved.

It was one evening when she had been reading to me that I learned the secret that made me a happy man. We had been talking of John Kesley, and I started in my bed as Mary said in a soft, low voice, —

"And now that he is better, father again wants me to marry him."

"And you?" I said, in a husky voice.

She did not answer in words, but turned her gentle face to me, half reproachfully; but the next moment it wore a soft, loving flush, that told me all; and when I feebly tried to draw her towards me, she laid her head down, and wept upon my breast, calling me her hero and her love.

I need not tell you that John Kelsey's visits were at her father's wish, nor how it was through his recklessness the pit was fired; neither need I tell you that I had a lot of foolish fuss made over me by the proprietors for what they called my bravery, and that they promoted me; and that's what they've been doing ever since. And as to something else, why you have guessed that already — this was Mary Andrews once, my dear wife now, these many years.

Accidents since in the pit? Well, yes, several; for with every care we cannot stop them; but I can say this: if you want to see a deep pit, ours is as safe a one as any in Yorkshire, and has had less life lost in it than any you could name. The fire? Oh, that's burning still. We have stopped it out from the part we work, but it is likely to burn for years.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FATHER IGNATIUS has challenged the Bishop of London to meet him to discuss with him the subject of monastic vows.

THE *Scotsman* says that during the recent session twenty-eight ladies matriculated at the University of Edinburgh, and that of these, ten are studying for the medical profession.

AN artistic curiosity of great value has lately come to light in Vienna. It is a complete set of wooden chessmen, some inches high, richly carved, and full of character, by no less a master that Albrecht Dürer.

M. THIERS'S Message occupies ten columns of the French papers. It is generally regarded somewhat unfavorably. The President's repugnance to the adoption of compulsory military service is especially condemned.

IT is stated that the examinations now going on at Oxford are of such a severe nature that more than one-half of those who go in get "plucked." One of the examiners has in consequence received an anonymous communication threatening his life.

THE London *Court Journal* is responsible for this item of fashionable intelligence: A nice little order has been executed for an American lady of fashion, and has just been shipped *viâ* Liverpool for New York, namely, a case of fans of the value of £7764 ($38,820)! They are of course studded with gems of great value.

THE Socialist *Liberté*, of Brussels, in reference to the executions at Versailles, remarks: — "All the blood that flows on M. Thiers's flannel waistcoat will not make a purple mantle of it." That these executions were as impolitic as they were cruel is the verdict that has been pronounced by every civilized nation.

A FEW of the theatres of Paris allow their drop scenes to be covered with advertisements, and introduce into the extravaganzas allusions to the establishments which patronize them. The dresses worn by the actresses are now described in an advertisement form in the journals, as well as the addresses of the makers of them.

A CASE containing valuable jewels has been stolen from the Empress Eugénie during her voyage in Spain. The police at Brussels have been requested by the Spanish authorities to be on the lookout, as the thieves are supposed to have taken to and concealed in Belgium the greater portion of the jewelry, amongst others a very high-priced collar.

A CIRCULAR letter has just been extensively circulated in England stating that a number of noblemen and gentlemen, having noticed the formation of Republican associations in England, composed of democrats, infidels, and atheistical spirits, consider it time that the loyal portion of the community who had property to lose should combine to counteract the efforts of these parties, as best they could, morally and physically.

THE libretto of Verdi's new opera, composed for the theatre at Cairo, seems to be appropriately founded on Egyptian history. The chief characters are the King Ramses, Amnesis his daughter, Aïda, an Ethiopian, Amnesis her father, King of Ethiopia, and Radames, the captain of Ramses's guards. The opera is in five acts, the scenes being laid at Memphis, the house of Amnesis, the Temple of Isis on the banks of the Nile, the Palace of the King, and lastly the temple of Vulcan.

THE Palestine Fund has despatched its autumn expedition to the Holy Land, to make a complete and minute survey of the whole country west of the Jordan from north to south of the Holy Land proper, of the same nature with the Ordnance Survey of England and Wales. Not only the natural feature of the country, but every town and village, saint's tomb, sacred tree or heap of stones — every spot, in short, to which a name is attached — will be faithfully plotted in the map, and its name written down in Arabic. The survey is estimated to take four years, at the annual cost of $15,000.

FRENCH journalists are never more amusing than when they are writing of English or American domestic affairs. Thus the other day a Paris paper, in a notice of the late Lord Chesterfield, stated with delicious gravity that he was "one of the most distinguished boxers in England," and that he once fought with "Tom Sayers, the husband of Adah Menken." After forty minutes the two adversaries had to be separated, having reduced each other "reciprocally to a lamentable condition."

THE "Chicago Library" scheme is progressing in England. Mr. A. H. Burgess, who was, we believe, the original projector of the plan, writes to the *Daily News* to say that the Anglo-American Association is not responsible for the manner in which the enterprise is carried on. "I deem it desirable," he says, "that it should be distinctly understood by the public that this undertaking, both in origin and scope, is entirely independent of the Anglo-American Asso

ciation, although the organization of that body has been made available for giving publicity and most valuable aid to the movement."

WARWICK CASTLE, one of the most magnificent feudal fortresses in England, was in great part destroyed by fire recently. The conflagration broke out in the east wing, and spread with such fury that a portion of the structure was speedily gutted. The flames spread to the baronial hall, which contained many rich treasures, all of which perished. The grand hall was also destroyed, but the state apartments were preserved. The tapestry round the state bedroom, made in Brussels in 1694, was wrenched from the wall and carried to a place of security, together with the portraits of "Queen Anne," by Kneller, the "Earl of Essex," by Zucchero, and other rare paintings. The pictures by Rembrandt, Holbein, Rubens, Vandyke, Titiens, Salvator Rosa, Sir Peter Lely, and Caracci's "Dead Christ," were also taken down.

THE great diamond, weighing 154 carats, which has been found at the Cape, and is now on its way to England, is already furnished with its legend. It is said to have been found in the wall of one of the native huts, where a poor Irish adventurer had received hospitality for the night, and that being surprised at the light shining amid the darkness he had upon examination found it to proceed from a clump of the earth of which the wall was built. Of course the clump was soon detached by the friendly visitor, and this new Koh-i-noor, with many other smaller diamonds, found within.

MR. ASTLEY H. BALDWIN makes a singular statement in a poem entitled "Winter in the Highlands," and given to the world in the last number of *Cassell's Magazine*. The statement, we are bound to say, is the best thing in the poem:—

"Grand are these Highland solitudes, dressed in their robe of snow;
Grand are the white-wreathed mountain peaks, as they tower o'er the vales below;
Grand, too, is Nature's winter hymn, and *her silent voice* sublime,
As she gratefully chants her psean of praise to the God who ruleth Time."

This appears to be a poetical rendering of the story of the Irish gentleman who lay seven hours speechlessly crying for water.

THE jewels belonging to the Apollo Gallery of the Louvre were concealed during the Commune in a small room, carefully walled up, on the second story of the building erected by François I., over the Salle Henri II. and the Salon des Sept Cheminées. The work had been so skilfully executed that the insurgents, during their two months' occupation of the palace, must have passed before it a thousand times without suspecting that this treasure of jewelry, rock-crystal, enamels, &c., estimated at fifty millions of francs, was so near them. The credit of this success is due to Count Clement de Ris, conservator, and to the *employés* of the museum, who were several times on the point of being shot for refusing to disclose the place of concealment.

UNUSUAL regret is said to be felt in English military and social circles at the demise of General the Hon. Sir James Scarlett, G. C. B., Colonel of the 5th Dragoon Guards, a regiment he commanded with distinction for many years. The deceased general was one of England's best officers in the Crimea, where he commanded the charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaklava, and afterwards served with distinction at home as Adjutant-General of the army, and also the command of the South-eastern District; finally, in command of the troops at Aldershott. In all these he always inspired officers and men with confidence and affection. It will be a long time before affectionate memory for "old Scarlett" will cease in her Majesty's army.

THE *Journal des Débats* recently published an interesting correspondence on the condition of women in Russia. After observing that the most striking feature in Russian history is the abruptness of the changes in the condition of the country, it adds that the position of women offers one of the most salient examples of this abruptness. In the early legends of the Russian people woman represents the principle of evil. The popular songs warn men against her influence, and the effect of her charms is attributed to sorcery. The Mohammedan despotism of the Tartars rendered her position still more degraded, and she was confined to her own apartments, which were known as the terem. Peter the Great made a sudden alteration in this as in other Russian usages, and forced the ladies to live in the world. In less than a century four women occupied the throne of Russia, and one of them, the daughter of the great reformer himself, conferred on women civil rights. Under Catherine II. the Princess Dashkoff was President of the Academy of Sciences. The new institutions of self-government confer the right of voting on the female holders of real property. This vote must be given through a male deputy, but he can be freely chosen, and no law obliges a married woman to delegate her vote to her husband. In spite of all these privileges the Russian women are profoundly discontented with their condition, without, however, being distinctly able to formulate their wishes. Mr. John Stuart Mill's work on the "Subjection of Women," of which three different translations appeared simultaneously, enjoys immense popularity among them, few of its enthusiastic readers perceiving that they already possess many of the privileges it claims for them.

THE *Publishers' Circular* says that it is proposed to erect a memorial to William Cowper, the poet, in the church of his birthplace, Great Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, of which his father was rector. The rectory house where Cowper was born has long since been rebuilt, but "Cowper's Well" still exists in the garden, and is the only relic of the poet's life now left in Berkhamsted. The rector of Berkhamsted, Lord Brownlow, the patron of the living, and Mr. William Longman, the well-known London publisher, have taken the work of raising a memorial in hand, and hope to be supported alike by Englishmen and Americans in general, as well as by the inhabitants of the neighborhood. It is proposed that the memorial shall be an east window immediately over the grave of the poet's father and mother, in the recently restored parish church.

THE many who have sympathized with the sorrows of Jean Valjean, condemned by his yellow passport to be a perpetual outcast, will be glad to hear that the situation of French discharged convicts is about to be considerably improved, though the merit of this will be due much less to M Victor Hugo's "Misérables" than to M. Adolphe Bélot's play, "Article 47," which made a great hit at the Ambigu, where, we believe, it still holds the stage. The "Article 47" is a protest against the law which compels a released convict to reside in a certain specified town, and forbids his taking up his abode in Paris. It has caused some sensation, and M. Dufaure, the Minister of Justice, apparently touched by the vigor of M. Bélot's plea, has decided upon moving the repeal of the obnoxious law, and exempting convicts henceforth from the hardships of enforced residence, and also from the necessity of reporting themselves periodically to the police.

THE story of "Enoch Arden" is not one of every-day occurrence; but as the Tichborne case has, it is stated, caused much uneasiness among English ladies who, confiding in the death of absent husbands, have entered into fresh matrimonial arrangements, and as such uneasiness is much enhanced owing to doubts as to "the proper thing to do" in the event of the reappearance of husband No. 1, it may be as well, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to point out that in the event of its being decided to discard husband No. 2, the ceremony of marriage should again be performed with No. 1. This step may not be absolutely necessary, but it looks better, and there can be no doubt it is in accordance with the strict rules of etiquette. In the "*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1824 it is mentioned that in the parish register of Bermondsey occurs "a singular entry respecting the ceremony of the reunion of a man and his wife, after a long absence, during which the woman married another man." This incident took place in 1604, and forms a precedent it might be as well to follow, though it is of course optional whether the ceremony shall be conducted

"quietly," or with the usual adjuncts of old shoes and wedding cake. There is another curious entry mentioned as appearing in Bermondsey register, which tends to show that even in the seventeenth century woman occasionally claimed equality of position with man. "At Bermondsey, on the 2d of January, 1624-5, was married James Herriott, Esquire, 'one of forty children of his father, a Scotchman,' to 'Elizabeth Josey, *gent.*'" It would be interesting to know whether Miss Josey, gent., managed after marriage to keep on good terms with her thirty-nine brothers and sisters-in-law. If so, Mr. Herriott must indeed have found a treasure.

THE examination of Lord Londesborough's house leaves little doubt as to the cause of the sickness of the Prince of Wales and Lord Chesterfield. It is certain that the Prince and Lord Chesterfield were attacked by the fever during the visit to Londesborough Lodge. It appears that the Prince slept in a room into which a closet opens, and the closet communicates with a cesspool ten feet below, which has not been cleansed for six years, and this very room was occupied by Lord Chesterfield after the Prince's departure. There is also evidence that there was a back draught of sewer gas up the sewers, and the *Lancet* believes that the air of Londesborough Lodge, which was at the time excessively crowded both with guests and servants, was "really tainted." As the male guests usually retired to rest fatigued with a long day's sport, they were just in the condition to imbibe the poison, the smell of which, adds the professional journal, would not of necessity have been perceived in a house "pervaded by odors of a more agreeable kind," that is, we suppose, by the smell of tobacco smoke.

THE horror of the famine in Persia has not yet reached its climax. Maj. S. A. Smith, Assistant-Resident, writing from Bushire, says the people are worn to skeletons, the children "to famished beasts," and some of them are always trodden down and killed in the daily rush for the English rice. Mr. A. J. S. Adams, travelling in Teheran about two months ago, says, that in the crowds who swarm in the barrack-square to receive a dole of small silver from the Shah, hundreds, men and women, are literally stark naked, worn to the bone, and covered with sores. The people follow the visitor howling for bread; "two men lie upon the ground, quite dead, and a third is laid upon one side of the bazar, covered with a piece of dirty cotton. A naked woman lies in the agony of death, surrounded by a crowd of beings almost as badly off as herself. The next form is that of a woman, who scrapes from the ground a handful of melon-seed and filth, which she divides between her two children." This is one morning's ride. There is no help for any of them, though the Shah has — as Mr. Murray testifies — bucketsful of jewels in the private treasury, and the famine cannot end until July.

HERR VON WICKEDE, the correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* during the Franco-Prussian war, has recently published a "History of the War of 1870," one passage in which will be made use of in the controversy as to the behavior of the German troops on French soil. It must be admitted that the writer deals with the question in a most impartial spirit. "Towards the close of September I visited," to quote his own words, "the district around Paris; it was one continuous scene of destruction and desolation. The bivouac fires were being fed with valuable books; our soldiers were splitting up with hatchets the costliest pianos, wherewith to cook their soup; they were reclining all bespattered with mud on velvet sofas; damask curtains were torn into strips to serve as towels. For three days I witnessed nothing but destruction; pillage, too, was rampant. A whole swarm of ruffians made their way from Germany into France. They dubbed themselves cantiniers, infirmary and ambulance men, contractors, &c., but they were in reality mere highwaymen. They were especially numerous in the neighborhood of Paris, where they robbed, thieved and swindled the French to their heart's content; they also incited our soldiers to pillage, offering them some trifling sum for the produce of their theft. In the railway stations and shops these depredations were on an enormous scale; the culprits were nearly always Germans, and they even carried off what our relief societies sent for the benefit of the soldiers. Our civil and military authorities, several persons of high standing too, granted, with a readiness that deserves severe censure, passes to a host of people as to whose position and calling they had not the slightest information; and thus vagabonds, swindlers, and other scoundrels (*Gesindel*) found their way into the army, as newspaper correspondents, merchants, sick-nurses, &c. There then occurred many episodes which in no wise redound to the good fame of Germany, and which have very properly disgusted the French; it is impossible to reply to them when they accuse us of brutality and barbarism. Our gendarmes attempted to put a stop to these excesses and made numerous arrests. Those on whom stolen property was found were punished, but the majority took care not to be discovered in the act. Besides, the police was not in sufficient force, nor was it adroit enough to deal with such rascals, and, it must be added, they were much more frequently made to proceed against the French than against all these German scoundrels," — *Gesindel*, as Herr von Wickede a second time denominates them.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

CHILD of the ancient year,
Thou that up-springest amid falling snows,
Welcome, oh, welcome here,
Lone pearl of winter, stainless Christmas rose!

No soft gales greet thy birth,
With sunny breathing borne from vernal skies;
But on the brown, bare earth,
From death and desolation thou dost rise!

And thy green spreading leaves
Quake to the storm-wind's song, and frost-work bright
A gleaming tapestry weaves
Around the clusters of thy blossoms white.

Dearer are they than all
The summer's coronal of buds and bloom,
Upon December's pall
Shining like star-beams shed through midnight gloom.

Far, far more dear than they
Whose glories with the fleeting summer fade;
Serene amid decay
And blight and waste, thou smilest undismayed.

Child of the ancient year,
Thou that up-springest amid falling snows,
Welcome, oh, welcome here,
Lone pearl of winter, stainless Christmas rose!

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, for Pulmonary and Asthmatic Disorders, have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years, and have received testimonials from eminent men who have used them.

HOTEL CLERKS must needs be very courteous men, or they will merit much of the odium which attaches to those who are the reverse. The AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON, is peculiarly happy in having among its corps such general favorites with the travelling public as Messrs. Myrick, Doyle, and Clapp.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES. — A. Cady, of Cambridge, Mass., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Machine constantly in all kinds of dress-making, since the spring of 1858, without repairs, and it is now as good as new.

SECRET OF BEAUTY. — Ladies who use cosmetic to beautify the skin should always be very careful to use nothing but the very best preparations. Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," has been in use for over twenty years, during which time it has been used by over a million ladies, and in every instance given entire satisfaction. For beautifying the skin it is far superior to any preparation in the world. Sold at all druggists, everywhere.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1872. [No. 2.

HEROES OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE old Fathers supposed that the terrestrial paradise was situated in Central Africa, and the two Chinese gentlemen, who a while ago visited Great Britain "for literary purposes," probably noted down that some such superstition still prevails in that benighted land. How else could they explain "The Travels of Sir Samuel Baker"? Would they dare to assert in their book (which is doubtless by this time advertised in the *Celestial Gazette*) that an English gentleman of wealth and leisure, who had it in his power to visit any part of the world, not excepting even China itself, preferred to pass several years in a series of swamps near the African equator, exposed to every kind of danger, discomfort, and disease, — excluded from all society save that of illiterate and ignoble savages, — and that, on his return home, instead of being clapped into a lunatic asylum, he was welcomed by the voice of the nation, conducted to the foot of the throne, and made a mandarin of many tails? And why? Because he had discovered that a river, which did not belong to Great Britain, came out of a lake which did not belong to Great Britain, — and this same practical people, who show themselves so anxious to establish their factories at the mouths of rivers in China (without displaying the least curiosity respecting the sources of these rivers) could yet burn with universal enthusiasm and pride because their countryman had performed this difficult but utterly useless feat? No; that kind of thing would not go down at Pekin. The travellers might quote in their defence all that in the West is considered sacred and unchangeable, — a speech by the lamented Sir R. Murchison, or a leader in the *Times*. That would not help them in the least: they would be scouted by society, their tails would be cut off, they would be beaten with the Great Bamboo, and their publisher would be covered with shame.

But what would they say if they heard of the Alpine Club, — that insane association of Englishmen who repair to Switzerland at certain seasons for the purpose of climbing up and sliding down the steepest places which they can find? Two or three of them break their necks every year, and their companions write picturesque letters to the daily journals, describing the catastrophe. One would suppose that it was not in the power of man to devise any thing more absurdly dangerous than this; but that honor has been reserved for a barrister named Macgregor, who, after helping to establish ragged-schools and the boot-blacking brigade, suddenly took to paddling over waterfalls, &c., in a kind of pocket-canoe, and has lived sufficiently long to publish a book about it. A Canoe Club has been started in consequence, which, if a few members are drowned at once, may prove a brilliant success. African exploration, therefore, is a sober and business-like pursuit when compared with these. There is usually some scientific pretext for the expedition, there are always some scientific results from it, and there is a prevalent idea that explorers are the harbingers of Christianity, commerce, and civilization.

Now that the physical sciences are at length becoming part of a gentleman's education, we may hope that the future generation of explorers will adopt a course of training in geology, botany, &c. And as for civilization, we know the undeviating sequence of events; — that after the traveller comes the mission-house; after the mission-house, the factory; after the factory, the fort. But do not let us delude ourselves with these dreams as far as Central Africa is concerned. While so many fertile and healthy regions of the earth offer immediate reward to capital and labor, it would be ridiculous to waste efforts upon a continent which does not possess a single great navigable river, which has no doubt immense resources in its bosom, but which at present yields little beyond ivory, inferior rubber, inferior ebony, and a scanty supply of gold, and which is girdled by sullen, treacherous natives, and by marshes in which no white man can live. Let us not sing of "Africa and golden joys," but take the common-sense view of the question, by putting common-sense out of the question altogether. Central Africa is the Holy Land of the present day. The old crusading spirit lives; it is only the equipments that have been changed, — the newest breech-loader for the palmer's staff, and Scotch tweed for chain armor. Explorers resemble the knights-errant of olden times; they exile themselves from society, and return (if living) after many years to be crowned with her laurels, and rewarded by her smiles. It is all so romantic and mediæval that I am only afraid it cannot last. Some modern Cervantes will arise, and, with a typical John Bull as Don Quixote, and some native Sambo as Sancho Panza, will "smile all our chivalry away," at least the little that is left. Well, that day must come at last. When all the coal and iron is exhausted, and England is made a meadow, and Central Africa has been rendered habitable, its swamps nicely drained, and its deserts covered with alluvium, some remote descendant of Sir Samuel Baker may perhaps take a villa on the shores of the Albert Nyanza, and go there in the dry season for the purpose of reading, "in the quaint characters of the nineteenth century," the travels of his great ancestor upon the spot celebrated by his triumph. Nothing more romantic than those travels ever occurred in the ages of romance; nothing more poetical was ever invented by a poet's brain. It is all like a dream from the enchanted past, and, as if to crown the illusion, not even the gilt spurs are wanting. Sir Samuel is the first African explorer whose services have received public recognition.

This is the story of the Nile. There are two rivers, the Blue and the White. Bruce discovered the sources of the Blue Nile, previously described by the Portuguese Jesuits, and it was not known till some time afterwards that the White Nile was really the main stream. Its sources are derived from two lake basins (as Ptolemy asserted in ancient days). Burton and Speke discovered one of these lakes, the Victoria Nyanza, and returned to the eastern coast, whence they had started. Speke and Grant found the Nile flowing out of the Victoria Nyanza, and followed it down towards the sea. As they arrived at Gondokoro, a dirty little slave-station upon the White Nile, they met another party entering the arena which they were about to leave. That must have been a remarkable sight. On the one side two weary, ragged men, horses, astronomical instruments, elephant guns, gaudy presents, and all the paraphernalia of exploration. At first Baker was mighty disconsolate; he feared that there was nothing left for him to do. But Speke informed him of the other great lake, which he himself had been unable to reach on account of a native war. This was the Albert Nyanza; and Speke, by putting Baker upon its scent, has earned his share in the honors of the second lake, as well as of the first. On the

other hand, he never realized the importance of this second basin; he always maintained that he had "settled the Nile question," and died, like Columbus, without having grasped the meaning of his own discoveries.

Baker stands supreme above other explorers on account of the remarkable obstacles which he overcame. It must be understood that the natural road to the Nile sources, by going up the river towards them, had been abandoned after repeated failures. The British Government had sent in their two large expeditions (on the suggestion, I believe, of Dr. Beke) from the eastern coast, with the view of striking in upon the head-waters of the Nile by this more indirect but more practicable route. Sir Samuel, however, accomplished that which Mr. Petherick and other competent judges had pronounced to be impossible. It had been supposed that Gondokoro could be opened only from the inside; and that the Turkish slave-traders, who justly regard British travellers as the forerunners of "abolition," would never allow one to pass that barrier. In fact, those who have read "The Albert Nyanza," which is as fascinating and dramatic as a novel, will remember how these gentry corrupted his escort, and threatened his life; and how it was solely by the exercise of a quality which, had he been killed, would have been called "lamentable rashness," that he succeeded in penetrating Central Africa at all.

Sir Samuel was accompanied during his four years' hard travel by his wife, a young, handsome, and very delicate-looking Hungarian lady, who on one occasion saved the expedition from ruin by her promptitude and tact; who, after they had discovered the lake, urged her husband to extend their explorations, in order to solve some geographical problem, although at that time she could scarcely walk; and who even showed that she could handle a sword, and mingle in a *mêlée* when his life appeared to be in danger. It may be remarked, by the way, that this young heroine does not consider it necessary to wear any such hermaphrodite costume as that lately adopted by Doctor Mary Walker, but dresses with taste, is perfectly feminine in her way, and passed through the somewhat difficult ordeal of a London season with considerable *éclat*.

Sir Samuel declared that he would never go to Africa again. He could add nothing to his reputation, and he had fairly earned repose. But there is one explorer who made no such resolution, and who would inevitably break it if he did. In fact, Dr. Livingstone may be considered as a resident in unknown parts of Central Africa, and an occasional traveller in England. He speaks English with a Bechuana accent, and has been seen wandering down St. James's Street, in the height of the London season, in a gold-laced cap and a thick Inverness cape. It is evident that he is not at home in civilization; and as the Greenlander, decoyed to the sunny south, pines for his whale's blubber and his snow hut, so Dr. Livingstone escapes with relief from the pleasures and luxuries of the great metropolis, to his dear Caffres and the homely comforts of the *kraal*. Not that this is to be wondered at. There is nothing so delightful as fresh air and liberty. It is a grand thing to be able to live in a country where one is secure from the tyranny of social observances, and can enjoy freedom without being compelled to wield the franchise in defence of it; where whatever is not suggested by taste is not dictated by necessity; where one is not shut up to the pain of wearing tight boots, or making morning calls, or going out to evening parties, or reading newspapers, or answering letters; where one can return to the primitive simplicity and (if desired) to the primitive nakedness of man; where the silvered surface of the mountain stream is the traveller's looking-glass, and the forest leaf his pocket-handkerchief; where he eats only when hungry (and not always then); where the wide earth is his couch to-night, and to-morrow may be his grave, and the round stone, now his pillow, may become his tomb-stone, and the gray fever-mists which are now his bed-curtains may be his shroud in disguise. Well, Dame Nature treats us badly now and then. Sometimes she makes it too hot for us, and sometimes too cold; sometimes too dry, and sometimes too damp; she blows her dust into our eyes, entangles us with her thorns, wearies us with her mountains, and half drowns us in her floods; burns us, poisons us, and sooner or later murders us outright; but then what joys she reveals to us if we desert the strongholds of civilization, and let her take us all up in her arms!

It is a glorious and awful thing to be alone in the desert — a speck in the abyss. Behind the traveller is the memory of past dangers, before him is the absolute unknown. Every step is a novelty, a sensation; the summit of every eminence may disclose to him a prodigy; and all the while he is caressing this one idea: — "I am the first white man who has trodden on this land, who breathes this air. I can call that mountain after anybody I choose: it belongs to me. The Geographical Society will give me a gold medal; I shall have to make a speech; my name will be printed in all the maps," — and so on.

Well, I presume that this species of ambition is as good as any other, and it does not appear to be cursed with satiety as soon as the others are. No wonder that Livingstone loves the wilderness. It is more remarkable that he should love the savage, whom Sir Samuel detests. But this, perhaps, can be explained.

The Anglo-Saxon explorer enters Africa with his mind fixed upon one geographical point, towards which he strides, impatient of annoyance and chafing at the least delay. The natives of the country he regards simply as savage or domestic animals. If they belong to the camel species, he uses them; if they belong to the tiger species, he overawes them or avoids them; and if they belong to what he considers the monkey species, he despises and detests them, because he does not understand them. Revering honesty and truth, he finds himself surrounded by dishonesty and lies; in every village he is the centre of intrigues; he is regarded as a bird of passage to be plucked; his dealings with the savage are those of buyer and seller, which are never of an elevating character, and in which the African certainly does not appear to an advantage. They, on the other hand, ignorant of the value of time, cannot comprehend his anxiety to leave them; they are offended by his brusqueness, and by the contemptuousness which he does not care to hide; and a bad feeling will often spring up from no other cause, — for they are the most vain and sensitive creatures in the world.

But the missionary lives among them as a minister in his parish; he acquires their language, understands their methods of thought, becomes habituated to their constant duplicity, learns how to handle their stubborn, suspicious natures, sometimes how to win their poor little childish hearts, and sometimes, as in Dr. Livingstone's case, is won by them. It is evident from his last book that he loves the savage to distraction. He wishes to persuade us that the African, outside of Dahomey, never sacrifices any thing more highly endowed with life than a flower or a shrub, and that his fetich-worship, which is no religion at all, is superior to the religion of Mohammed; and indignantly denies that the negro is being converted to Mohammedanism in parts of Africa which he has not visited. Of course his asseverations upon this point must be rejected, since they are not founded upon experience; and this charming confidence in the gentle African, which induces him to assert that the organized murderers which prevail all over northern Guinea are confined within the precincts of Dahomey, does more credit to his heart than to his head. But let us turn from what he thinks, to contemplate what he has done.

David Livingstone was born of poor parents, but like most Scotchmen can boast of remote ancestors, and a family history pregnant with traditions. At the age of ten he was put into a factory as a *piercer*, and bought Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin" out of his first week's wages. He pursued the study of that language for many years afterwards at a night-school, between the hours of eight and ten, and on his return home would pore over his dictionary and grammar till his mother snatched the books out of his hands, and packed this intellectual debauchee off to bed. In this way he learned to read Horace, Virgil, and other authors whose merits are not appreciated by the ordinary school-boy. Indeed, it is much to Livingstone's credit that

at an age when most puerile stomachs reject all mental food in favor of short-bread, toffee, oatmeal cakes, and other Caledonian delicacies, he should have devoured every thing in the shape of literature (excepting novels) that he could find. Scientific works and books of travel, he tells us, were his chief delight; but his father, conceiving the former to be hostile to religion, attempted to substitute for them "The Cloud of Witnesses," Boston's "Fourfold State," and other excellent but somewhat indigestible productions. Young Livingstone appears to have taken these condiments with reluctance; and when ordered to read Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity," he became desperate, rebelled outright, and was soundly thrashed for his lack of filial obedience and literary taste. However, the works of Dr. Thomas Dick having afterwards fallen into his hands, he was induced to come to terms with theology, and finally determined to go as a missionary to China. With a wisdom which every missionary would do well to emulate, he began at once to study medicine, scoured the country with Culpepper's "Herbal" under his arm, searching for simples, and used to read while at work in the factory, placing his book upon a portion of the spinning-jenny. Thus he acquired that power of abstracting his mind in the midst of uproar which he found of use afterwards when studying native languages in an African village, where all is tamtam-beating, conch-blowing, and general conversation in a tone of voice equal in force and volume to a European shriek. The money which he earned by cotton-spinning in the summer enabled him to attend medical, Greek, and divinity classes at Glasgow in the winter. Having been admitted as a Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, he offered his services to the London Missionary Society, on account of its unsectarian character; and the opium war putting China out of the question, he volunteered for southern Africa, to which country Moffatt's gigantic labors were beginning to attract attention.

He started for Africa in 1840, and remained there till 1856. He took up his abode in the far interior, married Moffatt's daughter, and labored for many years as a missionary among the Caffres. He made, also, in virtue of his vocation, several important journeys, sometimes accompanied by Mr. Oswell, who has modestly concealed his adventures from the world, but who is known to be the greatest of all elephant-hunters, and who was with Dr. Livingstone when Lake Ngami was discovered.

But Livingstone, like many other men, owes his renown to a misfortune. A dispute arose between the natives and the Dutch Boers; it soon flamed into a kind of war. The Doctor, of course, took the part of his parishioners, and the Boers, in order to drive him out of the country, destroyed his house and property. Livingstone returned home from a journey to find the house which he had built with his own hands in ashes, and the lexicons and dictionaries which had been the companions of his boyhood scattered and torn. He mourned over his ruin awhile, but consoled himself with the thought that he was now free. "They want to shut the country; I will open it," says he. He girded up his loins, sung (or might have done so) the *Nunc le dimittis*, and disappeared into the wilderness.

On the western coast of Africa, somewhat less than a thousand miles above the Cape, is a large and ancient city, San Paolo de Loanda. It is the metropolis of Angola, a Portuguese province, and ranks next only to Goa in importance and in beauty. Prior to the discovery of Brazil it was resorted to by the noble adventurers of Portugal, who performed wondrous exploits against the savages, and who searched the mountains diligently for red gold. When the New World came into fashion, Angola was made use of simply as a slave-mine, Loanda as its port; and since the abolition of that "engaging pursuit," the great city has been crumbling slowly away. It has still its governor's and its bishop's palace; but its harbor is empty, its College of the Jesuits has been converted into an ox-stable, and the province has been made a penal settlement.

Now it happened that her Britannic Majesty's Consul for Loanda, Mr. Gabriel, on returning home from a walk one day, found a short, swarthy man pacing up and down his piazza, in apparently an anxious frame of mind. He was dressed in an old pea-jacket, and was not particularly clean. The "distressed British sailor" is a phenomenon not entirely unknown to consuls, and this appeared a most transparent case. Mr. Gabriel inquired his business.

"Well, I have just come up from the Cape of Good Hope," said the stranger.

Mr. Gabriel looked puzzled, perhaps a little incredulous. "I was not aware," said he, "that any vessel from the Cape had come into port to-day."

"No," said the other dryly. "*I came by land.*"

At these words, as when the magic charm is pronounced in the fairy tales, the dirty rags fell off, and disclosed, not precisely a beautiful princess, but the famous Dr. Livingstone, rumors of whom, sometimes ominous and always vague, had occasionally floated to San Paolo de Loanda.

Mr. Gabriel maintained him and his twenty-seven Makololo for seven months. Poor Gabriel! He was a generous, warm-hearted man, and was carried off by the African climate, after resisting it for many years. His last deed of kindness to a stranded traveller was extended to the present writer, who paid him a visit, without credentials of any kind, and with the sum of three and sixpence in his possession. But he was welcomed, nourished luxuriously, and royally accommodated with the sinews of travel. Mr. Gabriel was not one of those who are hospitable only to celebrities.

Dr. Livingstone, in spite of continued ill-health, was determined to redeem the promise which he had made of restoring his faithful companions to their homes. On September 20, 1854, he started from Loanda, and performed the unparalleled feat of crossing the continent of Africa from the western to the eastern shore.

The Portuguese of Lisbon have attempted to depreciate this achievement, which, however, dazzled the Portuguese of Angola and Mozambique. When travelling in the former country, the planters chattered to me about the stupendous man who had ridden all that way upon an ox, and without any umbrella. One gentleman showed me the result of an astronomical observation which the Doctor had marked on the wooden floor with a hot poker. A large family of mulatto children clustered round these hieroglyphics, which they regarded with great reverence; and the name of Livingstone, which they cannot pronounce, will go down among them mangled to posterity.

When he went to Africa the second time, it was no longer as an obscure missionary, but as an emissary of the British Government, and distinguished men crowded to the quay to shake hands with him before he sailed. A steamer was placed under his command; he was directed to explore the Zambesi, and, if possible, to establish the nucleus of a settlement upon its shores. The Church of England mission, too, attracted by his glowing descriptions of eastern Africa, and assured of its healthiness, sent out many able and enthusiastic men. The fate of that mission is well known; an account of its martyrdoms has been published; and although its author, the Rev. Mr. Rowley, brings no charge against Dr. Livingstone, it is impossible to absolve him entirely from blame. As for his expedition, some important geographical discoveries were made, especially those of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa; and owing to the exertions of Dr. Kirk, the Kew Gardens have been enriched with a fine collection. But in all important matters, the Zambesi, as Dr. Livingstone ought to have known before he went there, is navigable only for a short distance, and its shores are too unhealthy for purposes of settlement. If the expedition had a political purpose, and there is no doubt that Great Britain wants another *point d'appui* in eastern Africa, it failed. The book also failed. It was necessarily inferior to his first; it was tarnished by several sectarian personalities; and, in fact, it was thrown completely into the shade by the Nile discoveries.

But it must always be remembered that Baker and Speke are mere triflers in Africa, compared with Livingstone. He is the father of African travel; and, having remained in England only long enough to write his book, he has gone out again, this time alone, to explore the country south of

the Nyanzas. He has been appointed by the government to what is called *a roving consulate*, that is to say, he is H. B. M. Consul for Central Africa, and can go to any part of it he pleases.

Let us now turn to a man of very different intellectual calibre, though of less popular fame as an explorer. Capt. Burton has earned a niche among the heroes of Central Africa by his journey to the Lake Regions, which cleared the path for the discovery of the sources of the Nile. But, as we shall see in turning over the leaves of his remarkable life, he has earned laurels not in one continent only, but in almost every region of the world, and in many different provinces of human knowledge.

Capt. Burton claims descent from the celebrated author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy." He was educated on the Continent, which partly accounts for the cosmopolitan nature of his character. When old enough to go to Oxford, he matriculated at Trinity College, but soon grew weary of the dull routine of college discipline and study, "cut" lectures, chapels, and halls, and plunged ardently into Cornelius Agrippa, and other writers on the art of magic, inspired by the same eccentric passion for the mysterious and unknown which carried him afterwards from the beaten tracks of life into the deserts of Africa and Arabia. He left Trinity, as may be supposed, without taking a degree, refused a commission in the Queen's, hungering not after garrison conquests, the bow-window of the "Rag," the "sweet, shady side of Pall Mall," and other fascinations of domestic military life, but accepted (in 1843) a commission in the Eighteenth Sepoy Regiment of the Bombay Presidency. With intervals of travels (from which emanated "Goa; or, The Blue Mountains," "The Unhappy Valley," and other books) he spent the first six years of his military career in Sinde, then a newly conquered Mohammedan province. He became a favorite of Sir Charles Napier, who gave him a staff appointment, and allowed him to roam over the new territory as canal engineer. During five years he spent his days and nights almost entirely among the natives, and at the end of that period was able to pass an examination in six Eastern languages. In 1849, an attack of rheumatic ophthalmia, the result of over-work, sent him home; he remained in Europe three years, absorbing civilizing influences. In 1852, his health being restored, he volunteered to explore the great unmapped waste of eastern and central Arabia. The Court of Directors refused, fearing that he would perish, like Stoddard, Conolly, and the brothers Wyburd, and that his friends would then come with requisitions to trouble the peace and devour the patronage of the India House. However, they granted him a twelvemonth to perfect himself in the knowledge of the Oriental languages. He considered that he could do this best by performing the pilgrimage to Mecca, *in character;* and, having disguised himself in England as the Sheikh Abdallah, embarked for Southampton in a Peninsular and Oriental steamer. He passed a month at Alexandria, practising as an Indian doctor; and as he not only possessed considerable knowledge of medicine, but was a potent mesmerist, and could do the "magic-mirror business," he quickly established a thriving practice, and was offered by one old lady a hundred *piastres* (nearly one pound sterling) to remain at Alexandria, and superintend the restoration of her blind left eye.

It was not without difficulty, "involving much unclean dressing and expenditure of horrible English," that he obtained from the English Consul a certificate declaring him to be an Indo-British subject named Abdallah, doctor by profession, and, "to judge from certain blanks in the document, not distinguished by any remarkable conformation of nose, mouth, or cheeks." For I should have explained that nature had gifted him with a thoroughly Oriental face, as if by way of suggesting to him the enterprise in which he was now engaged. This, of course, combined with his intimate knowledge of Eastern languages and habits to facilitate matters immensely. "Golden locks and blue eyes," he remarks, "however desirable *per se*, would have been sad obstacles to progress in swarthy Arabia."

Having purchased the necessaries for his pilgrimage, including a shroud, without which no good Mussulman undertakes any perilous journey, he went on to Cairo (third class, in a little steamer facetiously called "The Little Asthmatic"), where, in order to learn still more of native character, he set up a little shop in groceries and drugs, at an outlay of thirty shillings. His chief customers were little boys, who came, half-pence in hand, to buy, not gingerbread, as in the celebrated cent-shop in "The House of the Seven Gables," but sugar and pepper, its equivalent in Egypt. He then went through the ordeal of the Rhamadan (the terrible Mohammedan fast), but before starting for Mecca, fell into the evil company of a military Albanian, with whom he drank of that which is forbidden, and scandalized the neighborhood.

If the reader wishes to learn how he journeyed through the desert to Mecca, and afterwards to Medina, how he drank of the waters of Zem-Zem, kissed the Black Stone, and visited the tomb of the Prophet, he must refer to Capt. Burton's narrative itself. It was a most remarkable achievement, anticipated by Burckhardt, but accomplished by no one else belonging to the present generation.

Not less daring was his journey to Harar, an African Mecca, situated in the Somauli country. Here he was absolutely without European predecessors, and he considers it himself the boldest of all his undertakings.

Shortly after his return from the Somauli country, he was placed at the head of the expedition already alluded to, for exploring the lake regions of Central Africa, and received gold medals from the geographical societies of London and Paris. When the second expedition was sent out, Capt. Burton, for some reason as yet unexplained, was passed over, and Capt. Speke was placed in command. The former was appointed Consul at Fernando Po, and, having spent his holidays in a visit to Utah, he went there in 1861. Though not precisely a roving consulate, he was afforded facilities for making many excursions (to call them by a very modest word) into the interior. He was the first to ascend the Cameroons Mountain, — a dormant volcano rather higher than the Peak of Teneriffe (which he has also ascended), and on the summit of which he discovered snow, although it is on the African equator. He made trips to the Gaboon, to the Congo, to Loanda, explored the river Volta, and paid a visit to the King of Dahomey. He is now Consul at Santos, Brazil, and has obtained from the Brazilian Government the concession of a lead-mine which he discovered at Iporanga.

Capt. Burton is not only a great explorer, he is a scholar and a man of the world. He is one of England's leading Orientalists, has gained a scholarship in a native university in India, has taken his degree as Master in Sufism, — the parent philosophy of Freemasonry, — and obtained a diploma as dervish; for he is learned in all the theology of the Mohammedans. He has considerable knowledge of botany, medicine, and theology; earned a *brevet du point* in France for skilful swordsmanship; is a first-rate shot, horseman, and athlete; is acquainted with most of the European languages, and with all European literature, ancient and modern; can sketch cleverly; can forge horseshoes; and is translating Camoens into English verse. In conversation he is almost omniscient. I have never yet heard a subject started in his presence on which he had not something to say worth remembering. To sit next to him at dinner is to enjoy a banquet of the brain. It is amazing that he should be gifted with so many various and opposite qualities of mind, — still more amazing that he should have found time to do so much.

How is it, then, it might be asked, that this man of many attainments has not won a mightier reputation? In the East, it is true, his name is a household word; in Europe and America he is admired by a cultivated fragment of the public; to the outside masses he is almost entirely unknown.

To this I reply, that a man is known widely only by his books, and Capt. Burton's books do not do him justice. In the first place, they lack sentiment; there is nothing in them that appeals to the emotions and the sympathies; all is cold and hard. He represents only the base or ludicrous side of the human beings with whom he is brought in contact. There is no spark of the man in his books; he hides himself away in a prickly shell. He tells the story of his

sufferings, his dangers, and his triumphs, but all in a diary-entry, business-like kind of way; he does not reveal the anguish and the transports with which they must have been accompanied. We look in vain among his writings for those painful and touching scenes which make our hearts bleed for the narrators. We find there no Mungo Park, sitting alone and helpless in the desert, yet saved from despair by the contemplation of a beautiful moss, which reveals to him the hand of the Creator; no Samuel Baker, hanging over the bed of his delirious wife; no David Livingstone, returning to find his house desolate, and strewn with the leaves of his beloved books. Capt. Burton is too proud to lay bare his heart to the public eye: and while we can admire this dignity and reserve, we maintain that it is almost fatal to the success of a personal narrative. The traveller writes an Odyssey, of which he himself is the Ulysses; he should, therefore, artistically speaking, lay all modesty aside, and render the *ego* as attractive a personage as he can; which, in Burton s case, would be accomplished by simply putting himself down on paper. If unwilling to do this, he must attempt to interest the reader in his subordinate characters, or by displaying powers of description. But this Burton will not or can not do; he never warms into eloquence; he is not a lover of nature; he does not, as an author, cultivate *l'art de plaire;* and, indeed, so far from striving to please his reader, he appears to regard him as a natural foe, and seldom neglects an opportunity of trampling on his prejudices or of sneering in his face.

His books, then, appeal solely to the brain, and this at once reduces him to a select circle of admirers; but these even have many reasons to complain. He is decidedly difficult to read. His weapons are so numerous that he overarms himself, and does not wield them with sufficient skill. He does not possess the gifts of selection and arrangement. His works contain innumerable gems, but piled pages on pages without method, huddled up in so obscure a heap that the ordinary reader yawns past them with half-closed eyes. There is good raw material; but then it is so very raw,—half developed ideas crawling about on all fours, unpeeled witicisms, and a heterogeneous mass of scientific facts, which ought to be neatly labelled and put away in an appendix, or cunningly introduced into the body of the text. In short, Capt. Burton's mind is represented in his books, as the zoological collections of the British Museum are represented in the glass cases of that establishment,—nothing is seen to its best advantage, and half of the specimens are not seen at all.

It is evident that his style has been corrupted by his Oriental studies; but since he possesses these immense stores of information, with considerable powers of original thought, humor, and observation, why does he not study the science of book-making, in which there is so much that is mechanical, but which cannot be mastered without brain-sweat and patient thought? No writers accumulated facts with greater interest than Balzac and Macaulay; but they exercised yet greater labor upon their style, till they had so perfected it that the common eye, dazzled by the beauty of the fabric, often fails to observe the materials of which it is composed. How was this done? By scrupulous self-criticism and unremitting toil. Macaulay would sometimes write a sentence over half a dozen times before it would read smoothly to his ear, and Balzac wrote the *Peau de Cagrin* sixteen times. Thus drudged the great masters of two great languages.

I have said much upon this subject because I am convinced that, if Capt. Burton chose, he might become an agreeable writer. But I am aware that it is not true criticism to demand neat literary manipulation in the works of men who spend the greater portion of their lives away from their own language, and who are usually forced to write hurriedly, that the book may appear before the discovery has died from the public mind. Sir Samuel Baker is a literary artist, as well as a gallant explorer; but we have no right to expect this double talent in travellers, and to blame them if we do not find it. They are great authors, though in another way,—they perform poems instead of writing them; and some day, perhaps, from the deeds of these heroes of Central Africa a Camoens will rise to put them into words.

MATRIMONIAL CURIOSITIES.

Miss Lydia Languish, so dismayed at the thought of being married in ordinary humdrum fashion, would have heartily sympathized with the eccentric Yankee couple who were able to inform those whom it did and did not concern that upon a certain day they were married at Omaha, "on the east half of the north-west quarter of section twenty-two, township twenty-one, north of range eleven east, in an open sleigh, and under an open and unclouded canopy;" or, if the chance had been given her, would have been charmed to imitate the Pittsburg pair, who, after being made one flesh in a balloon, went on a bridal trip two thousand feet above the earth. But with all her love of romance and horror of commonplace, Sheridan's wayward heroine would scarcely have cared to have made herself and her dear Beverley happy under the shadow of the gallows. Some of the sex have, however, proved equal to entering the holy state even in that ominous manner. In 1725, a woman petitioned King George I., praying she might win pardon for a malefactor by wedding him under Tyburn Tree. The belief that a condemned felon could be thus rescued from the hands of the executioner is placed by Barrington in the category of legal vulgar errors. It is one, of course; but such a singular idea could hardly, one would think, have taken possession of the popular mind unless there had been some foundation for it. Supposing such a custom ever prevailed anywhere, it is difficult to decide if it were complimentary or uncomplimentary to the saving sex. Women might indeed claim it as an acknowledgment that Love is lord of all, when the professed love of a woman was held powerful enough to over-ride the decree of justice; while, on the other hand, it might be argued that the criminal had only a choice of equal punishments. If Manningham, himself a lawyer, gives a true version of the condition, the latter view is the correct one, for marriage in such a case might well prove worse than hanging. He says: "It is the custom, not the law, in France and Italy, that if any notorious, professed courtesan will beg for a husband a man who is going to execution, he shall be reprieved, and she may obtain a pardon and marry him; that both their ill lives may be bettered by so holy an action. Hence grew a jest, when a scoffing gentlewoman told a gentleman she heard that he was in some danger of being hanged for some villany, he answered: 'Truly, madam, I was afraid of nothing so much as you would have begged me!' In England it hath been used, that if a woman will beg a condemned person for her husband, she must come in her smock only, and a white wand in her hand, as Sterill said he had seen."

Among the ballads preserved in the Roxburghe collection, is one dating from the early part of the seventeenth century, setting forth how a merchant of Chichester killed a German at Emden-town, and how, after he had made his last dying speech on the scaffold, no less than ten goodly maidens begged for his hand and life:—

"This is our law," quoth they;
"We may your death remove,
If you, in lieu of our good-will,
Will grant to us your love."

None of the compassionate virgins, however, were goodly enough for his taste, and he quietly asked the executioner to do his office: then another damsel intervened, and by force of her charms or her eloquence persuaded the merchant to accept her kind offer; so,—

Hand in hand they went
Unto the church that day;
And they were married presently
In sumptuous rich array.

Less impressionable was the fellow whose obdurate ungallantry is commemorated in the lines,—

"Come, marry a wife and save your life!'
The judge aloud did cry.
"Oh, why should I corrupt my life?"
The victim did reply.
"For here's a crowd of every sort,
And why should I prevent their sport?
The bargain's bad in every part;
The wife is worst — drive on the cart!"

Montaigne tells a similar story of a Picardian, who, seeing a lame damsel advancing to claim him for her own, cried out: "She limps, she limps; despatch me quickly!" The famous border thief, Scott of Harden, had the like alternative, rope or ring, given him. He had driven the cattle of Murray of Elibank; but the latter managed in turn to drive Scott, his followers, and the stolen beasts, back to Elibank Castle. Upon telling his wife he should hang the thief, now he had caught him, she suggested it were a pity to hang such a winsome fellow when they had three such sorry girls pining in single blessedness at home. Taking the shrewd hint of his better-half, Murray sent for the ugliest of his daughters, and presenting Meg-o'-mouth Murray, as she was called, to his astonished prisoner, gave him his choice, either to make Meg his wife or dangle from a tree. The cattle-raider flatly refused to take the lady until he felt the rope tightening round his neck, then he gave in; returning to Harden a married and a sadder man, to repent at leisure the unlucky raid that had brought him to such a pass.

If the belief in gallows matches was a strange one, it was no stranger than the notion, that if a bride lacked modesty as well as money, she could throw off her debts with her dress, and by going to church in but one garment, make her creditors shift for their due; as though law were a lion, losing all fierceness before an unclad Una. A beauty thus unadorned once skipped across Ludgate Hill to change her name by the aid of a Fleet parson. On the 17th October, 1714, John Bridmore and Anne Sellwood of Chiltern All Saints, Wiltshire, were made one, and against the record in the parish register was written: "The aforesaid Anne Sellwood was married in her shift, without any clothes or headgear on." Some ten years later, a similar performance took place at Ulcombe, Kent. Kalm, in his "Travels in North America" (1747), relates that a poor widow, whose husband had left her nothing but debts, upon marrying a second time, went to church in her chemise, thereby relieving herself and her new partner from all liabilities; and in recording the fact, Kalm remarks that such things often took place. In 1766, a Whitehaven bride sought to attain the same end by going to church as became a decent woman, undressing herself to her undermost garment for the ceremony, and putting on her clothes again as soon as the knot was tied; and somewhere between the years 1838 and 1844, a Lincolnshire curate officiated at a wedding where the heroine of the occasion stood before him enveloped in a sheet. Such attempts to evade the law of debtor and creditor evinced a laudable desire on the part of the bold brides to spare the pockets of the men of their choice, which is more than can be said of the means adopted not long ago by a Staffordshire woman to evade paying certain moneys she had received on behalf of the turnpike trustees. She had been sued in the County Court, and ordered to pay the money, and appearing in answer to a summons for contempt, coolly produced a marriage certificate, and pleaded that her husband was now liable for the debt. She had married a travelling tinker the day after judgment was given against her, and where he was to be found, she neither knew nor cared.

The artful toll-taker was too anxious to have a spouse of some sort to be fastidious; and for honester reasons, poor orphaned Thomas Robbins of Abergavenny was as desperately determined to wed, when he wrote to the chairman of the Hereford Board of Guardians: "I do want to marry a young girl about nineteen or twenty from the Union House, if you have one that will have me, and will come and live in this town. I do live in Mill Street, Abergavenny. I will take her off the parish for good, and keep her. I do want to know if you will marry me in the Union House at the Boarday, and please let me know about it as soon as you can, as I have no father or mother in the world to do for me. I do want to be married as soon as I can." Certainly, Thomas, willing to take any girl the guardians chose to allot him, could not have said, like the countryman, when a Wiltshire coroner asked him how he came to be so foolish as to wed a woman with a cough, that he "s'posed he liked her!" Not a whit more burdened with sentiment was the Dorsetshire laborer who put forth the following *Bill for a Wife:* — "Charles Warren, Marnhull, Dorset. My family is as follows: the eldest boy is thirteen years old, the younger boy five years old, and a girl eight years old. My house is my own, and have no rent to pay. I have an acre of potatoes, half blues and half whites, this year. My wife has been dead twelve months ago, last Shroton Fair; the children lives with themselves in the daytime, but I am always at home with them at night. I do think it would be better if there was a woman to look after them, both for the children and myself. I have got eight shillings a week for my work, and the boy two shillings a week, and have constant employ. I want a good steady woman, between thirty and forty years old, for a wife. I do not want a second family. I want a woman to look after the pigs while I am out at work. — July, 1832." Equally practical-minded was the collier groom who demurred to utter the all-important "I will," until he had received from his blushing bride a satisfactory answer to the question, "Wi' ta clean my boots?"

Some persons about to marry have shown such supreme indifference, that one wonders how they ever compassed the preliminary courtship. A couple appeared at a parsonage in Ottawa, and expressed their desire to be united; but just as the clergyman was about to commence proceedings, the lady discovered she was minus one of her gloves, and requested the gentleman to go and get her a pair, and to be quick about it, or she might change her mind! He obeyed. Clergyman, witnesses and bride waited and waited, but neither gloves nor groom came to hand, until things looked so serious that the good parson himself started off in search of the dilatory bridegroom. After a long hunt, he was discovered comfortably seated in the verandah of a hotel, with his feet on the back of a chair, quietly enjoying his cigar. Upon the clergyman demanding an explanation of his behavior, the *nonchalant* gentleman said, with all the coolness imaginable, that he was waiting to see if she was going to change her mind! This indifferent individual was one of that take-it-easy school to which the late Duke of Sutherland belonged, if Mr. Grant's story of that nobleman be true. Just two hours before the time fixed for his marriage with one of the most beautiful women in England, a friend came upon him in St. James's Park, leaning carelessly over the railing at the edge of the water, throwing crumbs to the water-fowl. "What! you here to-day! I thought you were going to be married this morning?" "Yes," replied the duke, without moving an inch or stopping his crumb-throwing; "I believe I am." The same writer tells a story of a living nobleman to much the same tune. This easy-going personage left his father to choose a bride for him, and make all the necessary arrangements; but concerned himself so little about the matter, that he had arranged to meet a friend in Long Acre on the very morning appointed for the marriage, which fact he announced in the following words: "It will not be necessary to meet me to-morrow to go to Long Acre to look for a carriage. From a remark made by the duke to-day, I fancy I am going to be married!" The force of indifference could hardly further go; but in this case the lady interested must have been as easy-going as her intended husband, and of a very different temperament to the Virginian lass, who, finding her swain could not raise the dollar for the clergyman's fee, entreated the latter, if he could not marry them full up for less, to marry them twenty-seven cents' worth, and they would call for the rest some other time.

Recklessness in matrimonial matters has brought many to grief and repentance; but, for all that, wedded bliss is more likely to wait upon heedless than over-cautious marriers. An unhappy result may safely be predicated of a union when the parties to it have so little confidence in each

other as to formally bind themselves over to good behavior by a pre-nuptial contract. When Jacob Sprier and Deborah Leaming, of Philadelphia, both of whom had experienced the joys of matrimony before, resolved upon making a second experiment jointly, mindful of the source of conjugal jars in such cases, they drew up an agreement of twenty-two clauses, the last of which at any rate was a sensible one: — "That the said Jacob Sprier shall not upbraid the said Deborah Leaming with the extraordinary industry and good economy of his deceased wife; neither shall the said Deborah Leaming upbraid the said Jacob Sprier with the extraordinary industry and good economy of her deceased husband; neither shall any thing of this nature be observed by either to the other of us with any *view to* offend and irritate the party to whom observed; a thing too frequently practised in a second marriage, and very fatal to the repose of the parties married."

Stil. more fatal to the repose of such parties is the untimely resurrection of a defunct spouse. Your rambling husband has an awkward knack of getting himself reported dead, and then turning up "very much alive," to the consternation of his consoled relict, and the upsetting of the domestic arrangements of her consoler. Enoch Ardens are no rarities, although not often of such a retiring disposition as the laureate's hero. Only the other day our morning paper *told* us of two dead husbands coming to life. Ten years ago, a merchant captain married a lady of Soleure, Switzerland; the honeymoon had just waned, when the new-made benedict received orders to depart on a voyage. Before many weeks had passed, the grievous news came that his ship had gone down with all hands, off the coast of Africa. For half-a-dozen years the captain's widow remained faithful to his memory. Then a trip to Paris brought her an acceptable wooer, and Switzerland saw her no more. Four years later, a bronzed and bearded gentleman entered a café on the Boulevard Montmartre, and called for refreshment. While waiting its coming, he looked around him, until his eyes rested upon a comely lady busy at a desk; a long searching look, and he was at the desk too; a few words were exchanged, then with a loud scream the lady fainted, and the whole place was in an uproar. She was the beauty of Soleure, and the traveller was her sailor husband, who, after vainly seeking his bride in the land wherein he left her, had thus accidentally found her — the happy wife of another man, and the proud mother of three fine children. The second case came to light in Worship Street police-court, when a man applied for magisterial assistance to enable him "to get a little matter settled." He had, twelve months ago, married a widow, the widow of a drowned sailor. While he was at work one day, some one came to him and told him his "missis" was at home with another man. Throwing down his tools, he hurried home to see into it, and, sure enough, found his wife with another man's arm round her neck. He told the intruder she was his wife, but the man said: "No, she was *his* wife;" an assertion the object of dispute verified by going off with her old love, leaving her second mate at his wits' end; and so in his trouble he came to the magistrate "to get the matter settled one way or the other." The poor fellow left the court in a very dissatisfied mood, because all the worthy magistrate could say was, that he thought the matter *was* settled the other way already. London magistrates are sadly plagued by folks who believe their worships can set any matrimonial difficulty straight at a minute's notice. One of them was much perplexed by a woman complaining she was very much ill-used by a woman who was her husband's wife, and a man who was another woman's husband. Under pressure, she made the affair clearer: "I am my husband's wife, and he's got another wife. I want to take proceedings against my husband and his wife; they lead me a rare life, particularly my husband's other wife!" When the magistrate interrupted her with, "He can't have another wife," the indignant dame proceeded, "But he has got her, and I paid for it. I don't mind what I do to him or to her. I should like to get rid of them both. First he is with me, and then he is with her, and then they are both at me together. I want to prosecute him for marrying the two of us."

Men with a weakness for bigamy cannot now in Mormonland indulge themselves to their hearts' content; but that they could do so, witness this announcement in a newspaper of Utah: — "Married, in Salt Lake City, on the 16th ult., in the presence of the Saints, Brigham Young, to Mrs. J. M. Martin, Mrs. L. M. Pendegrist, Mrs. R. M. Jenkinson, Miss Susie P. Cleveland, Miss Emily P. Martin, all of the county of Berks, England." Fancy one man marrying three widows, all at once! Old Mr. Weller would have had an apoplectic fit at the idea, and we ourselves are so overcome by it that we can say no more about matrimonial curiosities.

THE NEW PASS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c., &c.

THE circumstances I am about to relate happened just four autumns ago, when I was travelling in Switzerland with my old school and college friend, Egerton Wolfe.

Before going further, however, I wish to observe that this is no dressed-up narrative. I am a plain, prosaic man; by name Francis Legrice; by profession a barrister; and I think it would be difficult to find many persons less given to look upon life from a romantic or imaginative point of view. By my enemies, and sometimes, perhaps, by my friends, I am supposed to push my habit of incredulity to the verge of universal skepticism; and indeed I admit that I believe in very little that I do not hear and see for myself. But for these things that I am going to relate, I can vouch; and in so far as mine is a personal narrative, I am responsible for its truth. What I saw, I saw with my own eyes in the broad daylight. I offer nothing, therefore, in the shape of a story; but simply a plain statement of facts, as they happened to myself.

I was travelling, then, in Switzerland with Egerton Wolfe. It was not our first joint long-vacation tour by a good many, but it promised to be our last; for Wolfe was engaged to be married the following spring to a very beautiful and charming girl, the daughter of a north-country baronet.

He was a handsome fellow, tall, graceful, dark-haired, dark-eyed; a poet, a dreamer, an artist; as thoroughly unlike myself, in short, as one man having arms, legs, and a head, can be unlike another. And yet we suited each other capitally, and were the fastest friends and best travelling companions in the world.

We had begun our holiday on this occasion with a week's idleness at a place which I will call Oberbrunn, — a delightful place, wholly Swiss, consisting of one huge wooden building, half water-cure establishment, half hotel; two smaller buildings called *dépendances;* a tiny church with a bulbous steeple painted green; and a handful of village, — all perched together on a breezy mountain-plateau, some three thousand feet above the lake and valley. Here, far from the haunts of the British tourist and the Alpine Club man, we read, smoked, climbed, rose with the dawn, rubbed up our rusty German, and got ourselves into training for the knapsack-work to follow.

At length, our week being up, we started; rather later on the whole than was prudent, for we had a thirty-miles' walk before us, and the sun was already high.

It was a glorious morning, however; the sky flooded with light, and a cool breeze blowing. I see the bright scene now, just as it lay before us when we came down the hotel steps and found our guide waiting for us outside. There were the water-drinkers gathered round the fountain on the lawn; the usual crowd of itinerant vendors of stag-horn ornaments and carved toys in wood and ivory squatted in a semi-circle about the door; some half-dozen barefooted little mountain children running to and fro with wild raspberries for sale; the valley so far below, dotted with hamlets, and traversed by a winding stream, like a thread of flashing silver; the black pine-wood, half-way down the slope; the frosted peaks glittering on the horizon.

"Bon voyage!" said our good host, Dr. Steigl, with a last hearty shake of the hand.

"Bon voyage!" echoed the waiters and miscellaneous hangers-on.

Some three or four of the water-drinkers at the fountain raised their hats, — the ragged children pursued us with their wild fruits as far as the gate, — and so we departed.

For some distance our path lay along the mountain side, through pine-woods and by cultivated slopes where the Indian corn was ripening to gold, and the late hay harvest was waiting for the mower. Then the path wound gradually downwards, — for the valley lay between us and the pass we had laid out for our day's work, — and then, through a succession of soft green slopes and ruddy apple-orchards, we came to a blue lake fringed with rushes, where we hired a boat with a striped awning, like the boats on Lago Maggiore, and were rowed across by a boatman who rested on his oars and sang a *jödel*-song when we were half-way across.

Being landed on the opposite bank, we found our road at once begin to trend upwards; and here, as the guide informed us, the ascent of the Höhenhorn might be said to begin.

"This, however, meine Herren," said he, "is only part of the old pass. It is ill-kept; for none but country folks and travellers from Oberbrunn come this way now. But we shall strike the New Pass higher up. A grand road, meine Herren; as fine a road as the Simplon, and good for carriages all the way. It has only been open since the spring."

"The old pass is good enough for me, anyhow!" said Egerton, crowding a handful of wild forget-me-nots under the ribbon of his hat. "Its like a stray fragment of Arcadia."

And in truth it was wonderfully lovely and secluded — a mere rugged path winding steeply upwards in a soft green shade, among large forest trees and moss-grown rocks covered with patches of velvety lichen. A little streamlet ran singing beside it all the way, now gurgling deep in ferns and grasses; now feeding a rude trough made of a hollow trunk; now crossing our road like a broken flash of sunlight; now breaking away in a tiny fall and foaming out of sight, only to re-appear a few steps further on. Then overhead, through the close roof of leaves, we saw patches of blue sky and golden shafts of sunshine, and small brown squirrels leaping from bough to bough; and in the deep rich grass on either hand, thick ferns, and red and golden mosses, and blue campanulas, and now and then a little wild strawberry, ruby red. By and by, when we had been following this path for nearly an hour, we came upon a patch of clearing, in the midst of which stood a rough upright monolith, antique, weather-stained, covered with rude carvings like a Runic monument, the primitive boundary-stone between the cantons of Uri and Unterwalden.

"Let us rest here!" cries Egerton, flinging himself at full length on the grass. "*Eheu fugaces!* — and the hours are shorter than the years. Why not enjoy them?"

But the guide, whose name is Peter Kauffmann, interposes after the manner of guides in general, and will by no means let us have our own way. There is a mountain inn, he urges, now only five minutes distant; "an excellent little inn, where they sell good red wine." So we yield to fate and Peter Kauffmann and pursue our upward way, coming presently, as he promised and predicted, upon a bright open space and a brown *châlet* on a shelf of plateau overhanging a giddy precipice. Here, sitting under a vine-covered trellis built out on the very brink of the cliff, we find three mountaineers discussing a flask of the good red wine aforesaid.

In this picturesque eyrie we made our mid-day halt. A smiling *mädchen* brought us coffee, brown bread, and goats'-milk cheese; while our guide, pulling out a huge lump of the driest *schwartzes brod* from his wallet, fraternized with the mountaineers over a half-flask of his favorite vintage.

The men chattered merrily in their half-intelligible *patois*. We sat silent, looking down into the deep misty valley and across to the great amethyst mountains, uplifted on giant walls of perpendicular cliff, streaked here and there with faint blue threads of slender waterfalls.

"There must surely be moments," said Egerton Wolfe after awhile, "when even such men as you, Frank, — men of the world, and lovers of it, — feel within them some stirrings of the primitive Adam; some vague longing for that idyllic life of the woods and fields that we dreamers are still, in our inmost souls, insane enough to sigh after as the highest good."

"You mean, don't I sometimes wish to be a Swiss peasant-farmer, with *sabôts;* a *goitre;* a wife without form as regards her person, and void as regards her head; and a *cretin* grandfather a hundred and three years old? Why, no. I prefer myself as I am."

My friend smiled, and shook his head.

"Why take it for granted," said he, "that no man can cultivate his brains and his paternal acres at the same time? Horace, with none of the adjuncts you name, loved a country life, and turned it to immortal poetry."

"The world has gone round once or twice since then, my dear fellow," I replied, philosophically. "The best poetry comes out of cities nowadays."

"And the worst. Do you see those avalanches over yonder?"

Following the direction of his eyes, I saw something like a tiny puff of white smoke glide over the shoulder of a huge mountain on the opposite side of the valley. It was followed by another and another. We could neither see whence they came nor whither they went. We were too far away to hear the sullen thunder of their fall. Silently they flashed into sight, and as silently they vanished.

Wolfe sighed heavily.

"Poor Lawrence!" said he. "Switzerland was his dream. He longed for the Alps as ardently as other men long for money or power."

Lawrence was a younger brother of his, whom I had never seen; a lad of great promise, whose health had broken down at Addiscombe some ten or twelve years before, and who had soon after died of rapid consumption at Torquay.

"And he never had that longing gratified, had he?"

"Ah, no; he was never out of England. They prescribe bracing climates now, I am told, for lung disease; but not so then. Poor, dear fellow! I sometimes fancy he might have lived, if only he had had his heart's desire."

"I would not let such a painful thought enter my head, if I were you," said I, hastily.

"But I can't help it! My mind has been running on poor Lawrence all the morning; and, somehow, the grander the scenery gets, the more I keep thinking how he would have exulted in it. Do you remember those lines by Coleridge, written in the Valley of Chamouni? He knew them by heart. 'Twas the sight of yonder avalanches that reminded me — Well, I will try not to think of these things. Let us change the subject."

Just at this moment the landlord of the *châlet* came out; a bright-eyed, voluble young mountaineer about five or six and twenty, with a sprig of Edelweiss in his hat.

"Good day, meine Herren," he said, including all alike in his salute, but addressing himself especially to Wolfe and myself. "Fine weather for travelling; fine weather for the grapes. These Herren are going on by the New Pass? Ach, Herr Gott! a grand work! a wonderful work! — and all begun and completed in less than three years. These Herren see it to-day for the first time? Good. They have probably been over the Tête Noir? No! Over the Splugen? Good — good. If these Herren have been over the Splugen, they can form an idea of the New Pass. The New Pass is very like the Splugen. It has a gallery tunnelled in the solid rock, just like the gallery on the Via Mala, with this difference, that the gallery in the New Pass is much longer, and lighted by loop-holes at regular intervals. These Herren will please to observe the view looking both up and down the pass, before entering the mouth of the tunnel; there is not a finer view in all Switzerland."

"It must be a great advantage to the people hereabouts, having so good a road carried from valley to valley," said I, smiling at his enthusiasm.

"Oh, it is a fine thing for us, mein Herr!" he replied. "And a fine thing for all this part of the canton. It will bring visitors — floods of visitors! By the way, these Herren must not omit to look out for the waterfall above the gallery. Holy St. Nicholas! the way in which that waterfall has been arranged!"

"Arranged!" echoed Wolfe, who was as much amused as myself. "*Diavolo!* Do you arrange the waterfalls in your country?"

"It was the Herr Becker," said the landlord, unconscious of banter; "the eminent engineer who planned the New Pass. The waterfall you see, meine Herren, could not be suffered to follow its old course down the face of the rock through which the gallery is tunnelled, or it would have flowed in at the loop-holes and flooded the road. What, therefore, did the Herr Becker do?"

"Turned the course of the fall, and brought it down a hundred yards further on," said I, somewhat impatiently.

"Not so, mein Herr; not so! The Herr Becker attempts nothing so expensive. He permits the fall to keep its old *couloir* and come down its old way; but instead of letting it wash the outside of the gallery, he pierces the rock in another direction — vertically — behind the tunnel; constructs an artificial shoot, or conduit, in the heart of the rock; and brings the fall out *below* the gallery, just where the cliff overhangs the valley. Now what do the English Herren say to that?"

"That it must certainly be a clever piece of engineering," replied Wolfe.

"And that, having rested long enough, we will push on and see it," added I, glad to cut short the thread of our host's native eloquence.

So we paid our reckoning, took a last look at the view, and plunging back into the woods, went on our way refreshed.

The path still continued to ascend, till we suddenly came upon a burst of daylight and found ourselves on a magnificent high road some thirty feet in breadth, with the forest and the telegraph-wires on the one hand, and the precipice on the other. Massive granite posts at close intervals protected the edge of the road; and the *cantonniers* were still at work here and there, breaking and laying fresh stones, and clearing *débris*. We did not need to be informed that this was the New Pass.

Always ascending, we continued now to follow the road which at every turn commanded finer and finer views across the valley. Then by degrees the forest dwindled, and was at last left far below; and the giddy precipices to our left grew steeper; and the mountain slopes above became more and more barren; till the last Alp-roses vanished, and there remained only a carpet of brown and tan moss scattered over here and there with great boulders; some freshly broken away from the heights above, others thickly coated with lichen, as if they might have been lying there for centuries. We seemed here to have reached the highest point of the New Pass, for our road continued at this barren level for several miles. An immense panorama of peaks, snow-fields and glaciers lay outstretched before us to the left, with an unfathomable gulf of misty valley between. The hot air simmered in the sun. The heat and silence were intense. Once, and once only, we came upon a party of travellers. They were three in number, lying at full length in the shade of a huge fragment of fallen rock, their heads comfortably pillowed on their knapsacks, and all fast asleep.

And now the gray rock began to crop out in larger masses close beside our path, encroaching nearer and nearer, till at last the splintered cliffs towered straight above our heads, and the road became a mere broad shelf along the face of the precipice. Presently, on turning a sharp angle of rock, we saw before us a vista of road, cliff, and valley; the road now perceptibly on the decline, and vanishing about a mile ahead into the mouth of a small cavernous opening (no bigger, as it seemed from that distance, than a good-sized rabbit-hole) pierced through a huge projecting spur, or buttress, of the mountain.

"Behold the famous gallery!" said I. "Mine host was right; it *is* something like the Splugen, barring the much greater altitude of the road and the still greater width of the valley. But where is the waterfall?"

"Well, it's not much of a waterfall," said Wolfe. "I can just see it — a tiny thread of mist wavering down the cliff a long way on, beyond the mouth of the tunnel."

"Aye; I see it now — a sort of interior Staubbach. Heavens! what power the sun has up here! At what time did Kauffmann say we should get to Schwartzenfelden?"

"Not before seven, at the earliest; and it is now nearly four."

"Humph! three hours more — say three and a half. Well, that will be a pretty good first day's pedestrianizing, heat and all considered!"

Here the conversation dropped, and we plodded on again in silence.

Meanwhile the sun blazed in the heavens, and the light, struck back from white rock and whiter road, was almost blinding. And still the hot air danced and simmered before us; and a windless stillness, as of death, lay upon all the scene.

Suddenly, quite suddenly, — as if he had started out of the rock, — I saw a man coming towards us with rapid and eager gesticulations. He seemed to be waving us back; but I was so startled for the moment by the unexplained way in which he made his appearance, that I scarcely took in the meaning of his gestures.

"How odd!" I exclaimed, coming to a halt. "How did he get there?"

"How did who get there?" said Wolfe.

"Why, that fellow yonder. Did you see where he came from?"

"What fellow, my dear boy? I see no one but ourselves."

And he stared vaguely round, while all the time the man between us and the gallery was waving his right arm above his head, and running on to meet us.

"Good heavens! Egerton," I said impatiently, "where are your eyes? Here — straight before us — not a quarter of a mile off — making signs as hard as he can. Perhaps we had better wait till he comes up."

My friend drew his race-glass from its case, adjusted it carefully, and took a long, steady look down the road. Seeing him do this, the man stood still; but kept his right hand up all the same.

"You see him now, surely?" said I.

"*No.*"

I turned and looked him in the face. I could not believe my ears.

"Upon my honor, Frank," he said earnestly, "I see only the empty road, and the mouth of the tunnel beyond. Here, Kauffmann!"

Kauffmann, who was standing close by, stepped up and touched his cap.

"Look down the road," said Wolfe.

The guide shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked.

"What do you see?"

"I see the entrance to the gallery, mein Herr."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing else, mein Herr."

And still the man stood there in the road — even came a step or two nearer! Was I mad?

"You still think you see some one yonder?" said Egerton, looking at me very seriously.

"I *know* that I do."

He handed me his race-glass.

"Look through that," he said, "and tell me if you still see him."

"I see him more plainly than before."

"What is he like?"

"Very tall — very slender — fair — quite young — not more, I should say, than fifteen or sixteen — evidently an Englishman."

"How is he dressed?"

"In a gray suit, his collar open, and his throat bare.

Wears a Scotch cap with a silver badge in it. He takes his cap off, and waves it! — he has a whitish scar on his right temple. I can see the motion of his lips — he seems to say 'Go back! go back!' Look for yourself — you *must* see him!"

I turned to give him the glass, but he pushed it away.

"No, no," he said, hoarsely. "It's of no use. Go on looking. What more, for God's sake?"

I looked again — the glass all but dropped from my hand.

"Gracious heavens!" I exclaimed breathlessly, "he is gone!"

"Gone!"

Aye, gone. Gone as suddenly as he came; gone as though he had never been! I could not believe it. I rubbed my eyes. I rubbed the glass on my sleeve. I looked, and looked again; and still, though I looked, I doubted.

At this moment, with a wild, unearthly cry, and a strange sound as of some heavy projectile cleaving the stagnant air, an eagle plunged past us upon mighty wings, and swooped down into the valley.

"Ein adler! ein adler!" shouted the guide, flinging up his cap and running to the brink of the precipice.

Wolfe laid his hand upon my arm, and drew a deep breath.

"Legrice," he said very calmly, but with a white, awe-struck look in his face, "you described my brother Lawrence — age, height, dress, every thing; even to the Scotch cap he always wore, and the silver badge my Uncle Horace gave him on his birthday. He got that scar in a cricket-match at Harrowgate."

"Your brother Lawrence!" I faltered.

"Why you should be the one permitted to see him is strange," he went on, speaking more to himself than to me. "Very strange! I wish — but there! perhaps I should not have believed my own eyes. I *must* believe yours."

"I will never believe that my eyes saw your brother Lawrence," I said resolutely.

"We must turn back, of course," he went on, taking no notice of my answer. "Look here, Kauffmann; can we get to Schwartzenfelden to-night by the old pass, if we turn back at once?"

"Turn back!" I interrupted. "My dear Egerton, you are not serious?"

"I was never more serious in my life," he said, gravely.

"If these Herren wish to take the old pass," said the astonished guide, "we cannot possibly get to Schwartzenfelden before midnight. We have already come seven miles out of the way, and the old pass is twelve miles farther round."

"Twelve and fourteen are twenty-six," said I. "We cannot add twenty-six miles to our original thirty. It is out of the question."

"These Herren can sleep at the *châlet* where we halted," suggested the guide.

"True; I had not thought of that," said Wolfe. "We can sleep at the *châlet*, and go on as soon as it is day."

"Turn back, sleep at the *châlet*, go on in the morning, and lose full half a day, with one of the finest passes in Switzerland before us, and our journey two-thirds done!" I cried. "The idea is too absurd."

"Nothing shall induce me to go on, in defiance of a warning from the dead," said Wolfe, hastily.

"And nothing," I replied, "shall induce me to believe that we have received any such warning. I either saw that man, or I labored under some kind of optical illusion. But ghosts I do not believe in."

"As you please. You can go on if you prefer it, and take Kauffmann with you. I know my way back."

"Agreed — except as regards Kauffmann. Let him take his choice."

Kauffmann, having the matter explained to him, elected at once to go back with Egerton Wolfe.

"If the Herr Englishman has been warned in a vision," he said, crossing himself devoutly, "it is suicide to go on. Obey the blessed spirit, mein Herr!"

But nothing now would have induced me to turn back, even if I had felt inclined to do so; so, agreeing to meet next day at Schwartzenfelden, my friend and I said good-by.

"God grant you may come to no harm, dear old fellow," said Wolfe, as he turned away.

"I don't feel like harm, I assure you," I replied, laughing.

And so we parted.

I stood still and watched them till they were out of sight. At the turn of the road they paused and looked back. When Wolfe waved his hand for the last time, and finally disappeared, I could not repress a sudden thrill — he looked so like the figure of my illusion!

For that it was an illusion, I did not doubt for a moment. Such phenomena, though not common, are by no means unheard-of. I had talked with more than one eminent physician on this very subject, and I remembered that each had spoken of cases within his own experience. Besides, there was the famous case of Nicolai, the bookseller of Berlin; not to mention many others, equally well attested. That I must have been temporarily in the condition of persons so affected, I took for granted; and yet I felt well — never better; my head cool, my mind clear, my pulse regular. Well, I would never disbelieve in hallucinations again. To that I made up my mind; but as for ghosts — pshaw! how could any sane man, above all such a man as Egerton Wolfe, believe in ghosts?

Reasoning thus, and smiling to myself, I tightened the shoulder-straps of my knapsack, took a pull at my wine-flask, and set off towards the tunnel.

It was still half a mile distant; for I had stopped on first sight of the figure, before we were half across the space that lay between that dark opening and the turn of the road above. And now, plodding steadily towards it, I examined the ground at every step (especially on the side of the precipice) for any path or rocky projection of which a man could possibly have availed himself for retreat or shelter; but the smooth upright wall of solid limestone on the one hand, and the sheer, inaccessible, giddy depths on the other, made all such explanation impossible. Thrown back thus on the illusion theory, I paused once or twice, and tried to conjure up the figure before my eyes, but in vain.

And now, with every step that I took, the mouth of the tunnel grew larger, and the depth of shade within it blacker and more mysterious. I was by this time near enough to see that it was faced with brickwork, that it spanned the full width of the road, and that it was more than lofty enough for an old-fashioned, top-heavy diligence to pass under it. The next moment, being within half a dozen yards of it, I distinctly heard the cool murmur of the more distant waterfall (now hidden by the great mountain spur through which the gallery was carried); and the next moment after that, I had plunged into the tunnel.

It was like the transition from an orchid-house to an ice-house — from mid-day to midnight. The darkness was profound, and so intense the sudden chill, that for the first second it almost took my breath away.

The roof and sides of the gallery, and the road beneath my feet, were all hewn in the solid rock. A sharp, arrowy gleam of light, shooting athwart the gloom about fifty yards ahead, marked the position of the first loop-hole. A second, a third, a fourth, as many perhaps as eight or ten, gleamed faintly in the distance. The tiny blue speck which showed where the gallery opened out again upon the day, looked at least a mile away. The path under foot was wet and slippery; and as I went on, and my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I saw that every part of the tunnel was streaming with moisture.

I pushed on rapidly. The first and second loop-holes were soon left behind, but at the third I paused for a moment to breathe the outer air. Then, for the first time, I observed that every rut in the road beneath my feet was filled with running water.

I hurried on faster and faster. I shivered. I felt the cold seizing me. The arched entrance through which I had just passed had dwindled already to a shining patch no bigger than my hand, while the tiny blue speck on ahead seemed far off as ever. Meanwhile the tunnel was dripping like a shower-bath.

All at once my attention was arrested by a sound — a strange, indescribable sound — heavy, muffled, as of mighty forces at work in the heart of the mountain. I stood still,— I held my breath,— I fancied I felt the solid rock vibrate beneath my feet. Then it flashed upon me that I must now be approaching that part of the gallery behind which the waterfall was conducted, and that what I heard was the muffled roar of its descent. At the same moment, chancing to look down at my feet, I saw that the road was an inch deep in running water from wall to wall.

Now, lawyer as I am, and ignorant of the first principles of civil engineering, I felt sure that this much-praised Herr Becker should at least have made his tunnel water-tight. That it leaked somewhere was plain, and that it should be suffered to go on leaking to the discomfort of travellers was simply intolerable. An inch of water, for instance, was more than — an inch, did I say? Gracious heavens! since the moment I looked it had risen to three — it was closing over my boots — it was becoming a rushing torrent!

In that instant a great horror fell upon me,— the horror of darkness and sudden death. I turned, flung away my alpenstock, and fled for my life. Fled blindly, breathlessly, wildly, with the horrible grinding sound of the imprisoned waterfall in my ears, and the gathering torrent at my heels!

Never while I live shall I forget the agony of those next few seconds — the icy numbness seizing on my limbs — the sudden, frightful sense of impeded respiration — the water rising, eddying, clamoring, pursuing me, passing me — the swirl of it, as it flashed past each loop-hole in succession — the rush with which (as I strained on to the mouth of the gallery, now not a dozen yards distant) it leaped out into the sunlight like a living thing, and dashed to the edge of the precipice!

At that supreme instant, just as I had darted out through the echoing arch and staggered a few paces up the road, a deafening report, crackling, hurried, tremendous, like the explosion of a mine, rent the air and roused a hundred echoes. It was followed by a moment of strange and terrible suspense. Then, with a deep and sullen roar, audible above all the rolling thunders of the mountains round, a mighty wave — smooth, solid, glassy, like an Atlantic wave on an English western coast — came gleaming up the mouth of the tunnel, paused, as it were, upon the threshold, reared its majestic crest, curved, trembled, burst in a cataract of foam, flooded the road for yards beyond the spot where I was clinging to the rock like a limpet, and rushing back again, as the wave rushes down the beach, hurled itself over the cliff, and vanished in a cloud of mist.

After this, the imprisoned flood came pouring out tumultuously for several minutes, bringing with it fragments of rock and masonry, and filling the road with *débris;* but even this disturbance presently subsided, and almost as soon as the last echoes of the explosion had died away, the liberated waters were rippling pleasantly along their new bed, sparkling out into the sunshine as they emerged from the gallery, and gliding in a smooth continuous stream over the brink of the precipice, thence to fall in multitudinous wavy folds and wreaths of prismatic mist into the valley, two thousand feet below.

For myself, drenched to the skin as I was, I could do nothing but turn back and follow meekly in the track of Egerton Wolfe and Peter Kauffmann. How I did so, dripping and weary, and minus my alpenstock; how I arrived at the *châlet* about sunset, shivering and hungry, just in time to claim my share of a capital omelette and a dish of mountain trout; how the Swiss press rang with my escape for at least nine days after the event; how the Herr Becker was liberally censured for his defective engineering; and how Egerton Wolfe believes to this day that his brother Lawrence came back from the dead to save us from utter destruction; are matters upon which it were needless to dwell in these pages. Enough that I narrowly escaped with my life, and that had we gone on, as we doubtless should have gone on but for the delay consequent upon my illusion, we should most probably have been in the heart of the tunnel at the time of the explosion, and not one left to tell the tale.

Nevertheless, my dear friends, I do not believe, and I have made up my mind never to believe, — in ghosts.

HAWTHORNE'S FRENCH AND ITALIAN NOTE-BOOKS.

The interest which men of letters especially, but also every lay admirer of Hawthorne, have taken in the reading of his Note-Books, will find a fresh stimulus in the present volumes, * which, it is understood, will close the series. They complete the revelation of the man and his method which the admiration excited by his works imperatively demanded. We see here the same faithful and unassuming observation of men and nature which marks the "American Note-Books," but carried to greater perfection. Like the English Notes, these are less fragmentary and disconnected than the American, showing by their continuity of style the increasing inner demand of the author for rotundity and unity in every thing the least that he wrote. The polished skill with which he brings before us the greater or smaller objects of note along the route seems to reach the summit of artistic power. There is an interval of nearly twenty-three years between the date of the first entry in the American journals and that which heads the present volumes; but no diminution of force or refinement is visible in the operations of the writer's mind. They bring us, in the annals of Hawthorne's thought, to within a few years of his death, and show that to the last he was enlarging and putting forth; — a growing man.

The observation during the journey to Rome — his stay in Paris being brief — is rather more external than otherwise. He catches with miraculous ease the appearance and surface-charm of things; but can pierce with equal power to their heart, embodying in language their most intangible glamour. There is no straining after novelty; he never loses his simple, dignified identity in the mask of caricatured sensation, as travel-writers are too wont. The charm of this book is very simple; it consists only in the fact that, professing to be Hawthorne, it is Hawthorne, and neither an infusion of other minds dipped out with his own pen upon the page, nor a spicy decoction from the clear fluid of his real, simple impressions.

The notes of his experience while dwelling in Rome and Florence deserve admiration for more than this trueness to himself — the clear insight which they display in various subjects, the calm and trenchant precision with which his speculations go to the root of fifty different matters. There is in general throughout the book a more diversified mental activity and a greater play of fancy than in the "English Note-Books." This fact is in consonance with the different character of the work inspired by Italian influence and that which was the product of English soil. "Our Old Home" is a collection of articles dealing chiefly with local English topics, and treated with solid reality in the author's most genial mood; while "The Marble Faun," better known in England as "Transformation," is a profound speculation in human nature, under the garb of a most picturesque and imaginative romance. There is, perhaps, no more delicate comment on the exquisite sensibility of Hawthorne than this, that he should be so open to climatic influence in his writing. The quality of his genius may be compared to that of a violin, which owes its fine properties to the seasoning of tempered atmospheres, and transmits a thrill of sunshine through the vibrations of its resonant wood; his utterances are modulated by the very changes of the air. It is a pleasure to mark the responses of this finely-poised mind to each and every impression. The alternate insight and self-criticism with which he views the famous art in Italian galleries show how loyal he was with himself to the truth. He never goes against his grain to admire the prescribed, nor will he assume that his own judgment is correct. The questionings with which he qualifies each opinion ad-

* Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

vanced show us the smelting process by which he extracted truth by grains from the uncertain ore of thought. He turns a statement over and over, handles it in all moods, before he can consent to take a solid grasp, and incorporate it as belief. The flow of his thought includes both poles, as where he says: "Classic statues escape you, with their slippery beauty, as if they were made of ice. Rough and ugly things can be clutched. This is nonsense, and yet it means something." One must admire the frankness with which he disapproves superannuated pictorial art. Blotted and scaling frescoes hurt his mind, he says, in the same manner that dry-rot in a wall will impart disease to the human frame. In Rome he recoils as if wounded from certain dingy picture-frames and unvarnished pictures. On this point we must quote, to be fair, from the editor's note in explanation. She says: — "Mr. Hawthorne's inexorable demand for perfection in all things leads him to complain of grimy pictures, and tarnished frames, and faded frescoes, distressing beyond measure to eyes that never failed to see every thing before them with the keenest apprehension. The usual careless observation of people, both of the good and the imperfect, is much more comfortable in this imperfect world. But the insight which Mr. Hawthorne possessed was only equalled by his outsight, and he suffered in a way not to be readily conceived from any failure in beauty — physical, moral, or intellectual. It may give an idea of this exquisite nicety of feeling to mention that one day he took in his fingers a half-bloomed rose, without blemish, and smiling with an infinite joy, remarked, 'This is perfect. On earth only a flower is perfect.'"

The present volumes do not afford so many of those quaint suggestions for tale or romance which made a chief charm of the American Note-Books. In accounting for this, something may be allowed to the advancing age of the writer, and something to the rapid change of scene during travel, and the multitude of fleeting impressions showered upon the mind in sight-seeing. But from other sources it may be proved that the number of ideas intended to subtend future fiction was at this period in fact multiplied. Their absence from the journals must be ascribed to the natural increase of a tendency on the part of the author to expend all the labor in his journals upon materialities, actualities — upon the description of multiform nature, human and physical, and art, rather than upon imperfect hints at the dreams yet to be embodied. There is, we may conjecture, a more decided consciousness that the idea of a poet must develop itself in poem or tale much as the soul develops itself in a human body, and that for this reason he will do well to concern himself chiefly with producing the work's grosser substance, sure that the essence will imbue it, as certainly as the soul a new body.

No one falls more completely under the head of ideal writers than Hawthorne. At the same time, no one has more devotedly subjected himself to the study of nature in her every manifestation. What can surpass the delicate and wise humor of his study of pigs at Brook Farm, or the delicious reality of the ancient hens in the Pyncheon Garden? Hawthorne, in short, is a complete type of the artist, learning nature accurately, rooting his whole mental system in the solid foundation of the broad earth and its every-day life, yet projecting in his works an ideal truth that branches into airiest space.

COLONEL CLIVE'S WIFE.

I.

"SOMEBODY to see Col. Clive."

The words echoed and re-echoed through the long vaulted passages of Aberdeen Jail, as a lady, dressed in black and with her face closely shaded by a thick crape veil, followed the grim turnkey to whom they had been addressed towards the cell where Harold Clive, late colonel in her Majesty's Dragoon Guards, lay waiting his trial at the next assizes for the wilful murder of Philip Anstruther on the fourteenth day of October, 1865.

She kept strict silence till the noise of the man's key was heard grating in the door.

"What is the longest time that I may stay?" she asked in a low, composed tone.

"An hour's the outside time allowed," was the answer, given in rather a surly manner.

"I saw your wife yesterday, Keith, and shall see her again to-morrow," the lady continued. "Can I take any message for you to her or the children?"

The man looked up with a startled expression. It was wonderful to see how his stern features had relaxed at the sound of her voice.

"God bless me! it's never Miss Laura?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it is Miss Laura, and she wants you to do her a favor, Keith," she answered.

"There is na much I wouldna do for you, miss," said the man a little doubtfully; he wondered what was coming next.

"It's nothing wrong," she said in the same low quiet tone. "Only I have something of great importance to say to the prisoner, and I wish to be as little disturbed as possible during the hour in which I am allowed to be with him. Will you take care of this?"

"All right, my bonnie young leddie. Rules is rules, and canna be evaded, but I'll tak' care that the clock does na run on faster than can be helpit. Ye canna be alone with him, ye ken?" he added a moment after.

"I know that," she answered a little sadly.

"But I'll tak' the turn to watch mysel', and ye need has no fear that I shall listen to what ye shall say to the Colonel, God bless him."

He held the door open, while she passed without another word into the prisoner's presence, and then closed it softly behind her.

Col. Clive had been seated at the farther end of the cell, with his back turned towards his visitor, as she came in; but the grating noise made by the heavy door had aroused his attention, and he looked up absently from the book he was reading. I say absently, for though he rose instinctively from his chair and bent his head somewhat proudly to the lady, who was standing before him, he evidently did not recognize her in the least.

She put up her veil, and holding out her hand, walked quickly up to him.

"Harold, I have come to see you at last," she said.

He started back, looking utterly bewildered.

"Laura! *you* here?" he exclaimed. "This is more than I could have dared to hope." Then he took her offered hand, and held it fast in both his own; and so they stood together for the next few minutes without speaking another word.

He was a tall, strongly-made man, somewhere about forty years of age, though he was very often taken to be much older; for the lines about his lips and eyes were deeply marked, and his thick black hair and heavy cavalry moustache were thickly sprinkled with gray. It was not a handsome face; the features were rough and irregular, and the old scar of a sabre-cut was still clearly visible on one side of his forehead and cheek. But there was a certain manly beauty about it for all that. It was a face that children and women learned implicitly to trust — certainly not the face of one who was likely to have committed the awful crime with which he had been charged.

Time must have dealt very hardly with this man; there was a sad, weary look in his dark eyes which seemed to tell you that he had known much sorrow; that life had been to him one long struggle, and that he was willing to lay it down and be at rest as soon as ever his time should come. It was not often that Col. Clive was seen to smile, and his smile was not a very joyous one at the best; but there were a few women in the world, mothers, perhaps, who had watched him when he had been playing with their little ones, who would tell you afterwards that his smile was the most beautiful thing they had ever seen.

Unworldly and unselfish more than most men, brave as a lion, yet gentle as a little child, he had nevertheless made but few friends in his way through life, and still fewer acquaint-

ances; but except one mean soul here and there, who had come under the scourge of his righteous scorn, he had scarcely an enemy in the world; and there was not one among those few who had learned to know and love him well but would have gone through fire and water for the sake of doing a service to Harold Clive.

And this was the man who was kept close prisoner now in Aberdeen Jail, charged with the wilful murder of his own cousin, Philip Anstruther.

"Laura, my child, what good angel of mercy sent you here to-day?" he asked gently, as he let go her hand at last.

"No one sent me," she answered; "I came of my own free will. They would not have let me come if they had been at home; but they are all gone to Blagden Castle for the day, and so I came without their knowledge."

"You are with the Anstruthers still, then?" he said.

"Yes; it could not well be helped," she answered; "but I go back to Edward's wife to-morrow. Harold," she added in a different tone, "I should have been here long ago, only I have been so ill, so very ill, ever since that dreadful day."

"I don't wonder at that; the wonder is to see you here at all. You have never come alone, Laura?" he asked anxiously.

"No, not alone. Little Phœbe Macintosh, the keeper's daughter, who has been nursing me for the last ten days, came with me in the train; but I sent her on to her uncle's house, and she does not know what the business was that brought me into Aberdeen."

He looked at her for a minute or so with one of his own peculiar smiles, and then he said,—

"Laura Sartoris, I know that this is not the first time by many in your good life that you have been within the walls of a prison; but I think I may safely say, that never in all your life have you done so much good to any poor prisoner as you have done to me this afternoon. You have brought the first bit of sunshine into this gloomy den that I have seen for many a long day. Give me your hand again, Laura, my child, while I thank you for coming here; thank you as I would do on my knees, if I thought you would let me, for giving me the opportunity of swearing to you with my own lips that I am as innocent of the murder of that dead man as you are yourself."

"Hush, Harold!" she answered, shaking her head sadly; "there is no need to tell me that; that I am here to-day, holding your hand thus, is proof enough that I never doubted you for an instant. But you must forgive me if I say that I do *not* think you acted wisely at the time. Surely it would have been better for you to have given yourself up to the authorities at once, and told the exact truth of how it all happened, than to have kept such a strict silence about the awful accident, and given the world the impression that you intended to escape."

"You think, like the others, then, that I have been telling lies?" exclaimed Col. Clive, throwing his head back proudly, while the hot blood mounted slowly to his cheek. "You wrong me by that doubt, Laura. I spoke the truth, and nothing but the truth, that day before the magistrates, when I told them that I knew no more how Philip Anstruther met with his death than the child unborn. I said then, and I say now, we went half-way down the pier at S—— together, speaking passionate, revengeful words, I own, and parted at last with hot anger in both our hearts; but from that moment I never set eyes on him again. He went on to the end—to the unfinished part of the pier, as I believe—and I retraced my steps by the way that I had come; but whether he made a false step in the twilight, or whether the wind, which was blowing hard at the time, actually blew him over the low parapet—whether he died by accident, or by his own act, or by the hand of another, God only knows. I never even heard of his death till two nights afterwards, when, just as I was stepping on board the Havre steamer at Southampton, I was arrested on the charge of having murdered him."

By way of answer, Laura Sartoris laid her cold hand upon that of her companion.

"Poor Harold," she said softly, "it must have been very hard for you to bear."

He had placed her in the chair from which he had so lately risen, and they were now sitting side by side.

I have not yet told the reader what Laura Sartoris was like. Perhaps he may be fancying her all this time to be a tall, beautiful girl, of stately height, and with noble, aristocratic features. But she was nothing of the kind—not a girl at all, but a woman of three-and-twenty years old at least; not beautiful, not even pretty; a little *mignonne* creature, with a pale face, and gray eyes, and wavy auburn hair—hair that looked simply brown in the shade, but in the sunshine warmed into a sort of golden red. Many persons could see no kind of beauty in that face. Women seldom looked at it a second time; but there were some men who maintained that Laura Sartoris's face was better worth looking at than any other woman's in the world—that once seen, it could never be forgotten; and the gray-haired soldier sitting by her now was one of these. She was not looking her best just then, for her only claim to beauty at any time lay in the charm of her expression, in her glowing cheeks and laughter-loving eyes. But there was not a smile on her lips now; her cheeks looked thin and worn; and the dancing light in her eyes had been quenched as if by many tears. Harold Clive saw and noted all these changes with a heavy heart, and yet he thought she had never looked so nearly beautiful in all her life as she did that afternoon.

His hand closed fast upon her trembling fingers; that little hand of hers seemed a sort of sheet-anchor for him to hold on by. "And poor Laura, I might say," he resumed, answering her last words, "if you were not so unselfish that you have made me forget your sorrow in my own. Your goodness in coming here to-day would be simply incredible to me, did I not know that you acquit me of having, by thought, word, or deed, wilfully injured the man who was to have been your husband."

"We will not speak of that now, Harold, if you please," Laura answered, blushing a little for the first time. "I did not come to talk about the past, but of the future; and there is no time to lose. Tell me what you think yourself: how will it go with you at this dreadful trial?"

They had spoken in low tones from the first, but now their voices sank almost into a whisper, so that not one word could reach the ears of the man Keith, who kept his silent watch at the extreme end of the long room, pacing up and down like an automaton, and apparently taking no notice of what was passing before his eyes.

"How can I tell?" Harold answered, with a little bitter laugh, which grated strangely on his companion's ear. "If it were any other man than myself who was to be tried, I shouldn't hesitate to say he would be acquitted; but some men seem to have the luck of it in this world, and some don't. I'm one of the last. At school it seemed with some of the fellows that to wish for a thing was to have it, but with me it was always the reverse. It's been so ever since I can recollect. My mother died when I was a year old, and my father never seemed to care whether I was alive or dead. Except for the accident of having inherited a large share of worldly wealth, no one can call me a fortunate man. But I must have been born under an unlucky star indeed, if they can succeed in making me out guilty, upon the scraps of circumstantial evidence that they have got against me as yet. That we were both seen walking together down the pier,—quarrelling if you will,—that I was observed later to come back alone, looking worried and anxious; that poor Philip's hat and handkerchief, stained with a few drops of blood, were found the next morning wedged among the piles at the end of the pier; and that I was overtaken forty hours afterwards at Southampton on my way to Havre, having taken my passage nearly a week before, are not quite proofs enough, I should say, if I know any thing of Scotch law, to convince twelve honest jurymen that I murdered a man in cold blood whom I had known ever since he was a boy."

"There would be no fear at all of the result," said Laura,

speaking in a low, hoarse voice; "the lawyers all say so; except for the evidence that I must give."

"You give evidence!" he exclaimed, looking strangely startled. "What do you mean, Laura? I don't understand."

"Don't you know? Has no one told you? Oh, this is the worst of all!"

"I have not seen Leslie for several days, and this must be something new. Tell me, child, what can you have to do with it? We left you at the hall-door of his uncle's house, if you recollect. I saw there was something wrong between you and Anstruther, and I felt that when he seized your hand and kissed it in my presence, it was meant for a studied insult to you as well as to me. But that was all; you never saw us again after that moment."

"Unhappily I did," she answered, shaking her head sadly. "You must have wandered about the park for some little while before you went down to the shore; for I had time to walk quietly to the old boat-house, which they turned into a sort of arbor last year, before you and he went out through the little wicket-gate by the side of it, which opens on to the sands. I was sitting there reading when you passed out. You did not see me; but I saw you, and heard you too. I could not help hearing, for you were talking loudly, and O Harold! you were speaking passionate, angry words."

"What was I saying?" he asked abruptly.

"You both used high words, but he was the worst. He muttered something that I could not hear, and then you turned upon him and said that he should answer to you for those words before you parted from him that day. I would not let you know I was there. I thought it would make things worse perhaps if I interfered, but I would give all I have in the world now if I had spoken to you, or to have been anywhere else in the universe than in that wretched old boat-house when you spoke those dangerous words. You did speak them, or have I only dreamed that you did?" she asked eagerly.

"Hush; Laura, hush," he said, for she was growing flushed and excited. "I did speak them; I recollect it all now. He fancied that I had been telling you of something he had wished to keep from you, and I indignantly denied the charge; then he called me a liar and a coward, and I answered him in the very words you say. My old, hot temper has been the ruin of me, if, as you say, this should become known."

"It will be known sooner or later, if it is not known, as I much fear, already. I have been very ill, Harold," she added humbly, "and have been delirious at times. I may have told those words in my dreams, for I dream of nothing else, and I know that I have been watched — perhaps it is only natural that it should be so — by Philip's relatives. There have been spies about me who must have carried the tale to other ears — because — because" — her head sank lower and lower till it was fairly hidden in her hands, and she broke into a fit of passionate weeping.

"Because they have summoned you as a witness against me? Is that what you mean to say?" Col. Clive asked gently.

She only bowed her head in bitter grief by way of answer.

He let her cry on for a little while in silence, but the sad eyes grew sadder than ever as he watched her tears.

"O Harold! it is so dreadful. What can I do?" she sobbed at length.

"You can speak the truth, and leave the rest in God's hands, Laura, my darling," he answered, laying his hand for a moment on her head. "And that is what you must do. I would not have those pure lips sullied by a falsehood, though I had to die twenty times over."

"Yes, it is what I *must* do," she answered bitterly. "I know that well enough; I shall have to speak the truth, as you say, whether I will or not. It will be dragged from me, forced from me, word by word, by those cruel men. Ah, Harold, they will never let me tell them the other things I know about you; how good and kind you are; that you would never wilfully hurt any living creature; that I have known you to sit for hours and hours playing with a soldier's sick child; that you swam more than a mile once to save a dog's life. They will never let me tell them these things, but they will make me say those other dreadful words, which I know you never meant, over and over again, and they will be your ruin, — I know they will, — and then I shall always feel as if your blood were on my head!" she exclaimed, once more bursting into tears.

"Laura, Laura, you must not talk like this," he answered, speaking as calmly as he could; for his heart was beating violently, and he was deadly pale. "You are making yourself ill again, my poor little girl. It was no fault of yours that you were in the boat-house that day and heard my foolish words, which, as you say, meant little or nothing; and, perhaps, after all, you are exaggerating the effect they will produce."

"No, no, I am not;" she answered despondently. "What they will drive me to say will kill you, I know it will. I cannot, will not bear it," she added, lifting up her head, and choking back her sobs. "It must not be. There is one way, and only one way in which I can save you, if you will let me."

"There is *no* way," he replied a little sternly, "if it is to be at the sacrifice of the truth. I have told you before, Laura, and I tell you again, you shall not perjure yourself, even to save my life. If you are called upon to bear witness against me, you must just speak the truth, and then, — if it must be so, God's will be done."

There was silence between them for a few moments, and then Laura spoke again. "There is one way," she faltered, "by which" —

"The truth can be suppressed — not with my consent," he interrupted, scornfully.

"Harold, be patient, and hear me out," she pleaded. "There is one way by which not the truth, though it would only be a half-truth after all, but my evidence could be suppressed." She was speaking quite calmly, but her head was turned away from him.

"Laura, what *do* you mean?"

She might have been in the witness-box already for the close eager questioning of those eyes which were fixed on her; she could not look at him.

"Won't you help me, Harold? Can't you guess what it is I mean?"

He sat staring at her with a bewildered expression, and passed his hand wearily over his forehead once or twice before he answered: —

"I was never a good hand at riddles in my best days, as you know, and I should be worse than ever now. These two or three weeks in this dreary den have deadened all my senses, I think, and robbed me of the little wits I ever had. You had better not let me try to guess, or I might make such a wild hit as would frighten you away forever. Tell me plainly what it is you mean, Laura. Don't keep me in suspense."

I do not think that he was speaking the strict truth himself, then. I believe that he knew what her meaning was, long before her answer came, for he was trembling from head to foot, and, if possible, he was paler than before. She looked up at him then, with a face as white as his own, and in a low voice, which never faltered, she said, —

"If I were your wife, Harold, they could not make me give evidence against you."

He started up from his chair with every feature in his face quivering, and took one or two impatient turns across the room, before he could trust himself to speak.

"What mad, wicked folly is this, that some one has been putting into your head?" he said in a hoarse whisper. Then he stopped beside her, and once more laid his hand upon her head.

"You have been very ill, my poor child, and delirious, as you said. You are dreaming still, it seems to me, and don't know what you are saying. My wife?"

"No, I am not mad, as you think. Don't hate or despise me, Harold," she pleaded. "It is the only way."

"Despise you, my darling! If you only knew!"

She caught his hand as he was breaking away from her

again. "Once, years ago, you asked me to marry you," she said.

"I did. Five years and three months ago — I can tell you the day of the month and of the week, if you wish to know — I asked you to marry me, and you refused. You told me you did not love me, and so there was an end of it. What is the good of dragging my old folly into the light again to-night?"

"Because — because if you were to ask me the same question again, I should give you a different answer now."

"You would, Laura?" The color rushed up to his very temples, and his voice trembled so that he could scarcely articulate: "What kind of difference would there be? Could you tell me that you *do* love me now at last?"

It was a dark November day, and in the growing twilight he could not see her face clearly, or he would have known from the set expression of her features that there was no need for him to put such a question; no need for him to stoop over her as he did to listen for the whispered words he so longed to hear. The answer, when it came, was given in a low, clear voice, which trembled not half so much as his own.

"Ah, Harold, how I wish I could!"

"That is enough then!" he cried fiercely, and wrenching his hand away from her clasp. "Do you think I would let you sacrifice yourself on any other terms? Do you think my life would be worth having while the memory of the man you loved was coming between us every hour of the day?"

"There you are wrong," she answered firmly. "Philip Anstruther would never have been my husband even if he had lived. I loved him once, as you say, with a girl's idolatrous devotion; but he tried me too hard, and wearied out even my love. Our engagement had dragged on for weeks and months, simply because I lacked courage to cancel it, until the very morning of the day on which he died. Then certain facts came to my knowledge which raised an impassable barrier between us, and I told him plainly it must end. But my idol had come down from its pedestal long before that," she added with a weary smile.

"Thank God for that!" Col. Clive answered reverently. "It is not for me to speak hard words of the dead; but, Laura, he was never worthy of your love. Handsome as a god, he was nevertheless cruel and false of heart, and could never have made you happy. I say again, thank God that you found this out at last."

He only spoke the simple truth. His cousin, Philip Anstruther, to whom Laura had been engaged during the last two years, was a man not only hard by nature, but selfish and utterly devoid of principle; one who never let any scruples of conscience or honorable feeling interfere with the end he had in view. He was very handsome and brilliantly clever, and yet men had learned at last to dislike and suspect him; and few had of late years a good word to say for him, except his uncle, the old Laird of Anstruther, and his family, who had doted upon him and indulged his every caprice ever since he had been left to their care as a boy. With these Anstruthers, who had a large estate in the neighborhood, Laura Sartoris had been staying at the time of the supposed murder, and in consequence of her illness had been compelled, against her will, to remain with them ever since. It might seem strange that a man of Anstruther's stamp should ever have won the love of such a girl as Laura, but it was true. He was a consummate actor, and could feign well when he chose; and her affection, which for the time was akin to idolatry, had blinded her in the first instance to the grave faults of his character. But little by little the infatuation passed away, and she began with pain unspeakable to see him in his true colors. For his part he wearied of the prize he had won, almost as soon as it was within his grasp; but Miss Sartoris had some fortune of her own, and he was poor and very extravagant. Their marriage on some pretext or another was indefinitely postponed. Yet he held her to her promise, and Laura, over whom he still exercised a strange power, had, as she said herself, allowed the engagement to drag on, simply for want of moral courage to put an end to it.

And Harold Clive, her late guardian, the only man who could have helped her, was compelled to stand by, and see her ready to sacrifice herself to one whom in his heart he believed to be utterly unworthy of her; and yet, because of that "mad folly" of his five years ago, he felt himself bound in honor to hold his peace.

No wonder he thanked God, now that she had learned the truth without his help.

Once more there was silence between them, till Laura broke it with a painful effort. This time her voice faltered as she said, —

"And so, Harold, although perhaps I do not love you as your wife should, at least I can say that I love no other man in the world."

He only shook his head impatiently. "Laura, when I spoke to you before — you know the time I mean — you told me that it was part of your religion never to marry a man whom you could not love. What has become of your creed now?"

"This is an exceptional case," she answered, blushing painfully. "The end I have in view will justify the means. And, after all, my marriage vow would not be such a very false one; it would be true in spirit if not in the letter," she added, with the same weary smile; "for, Harold, I have honored and obeyed you ever since I can remember, and I would do my best to love you in the time to come."

"Do your best!" he said scornfully. "Perhaps you would; but that best will not do for me, or rather it would never do for you. My darling, this cannot be," he added, his tone suddenly changing to one of the most caressing tenderness. "God bless you for your noble thought, Laura; but I tell you it must not be. Listen to what I have to say. Five years ago I asked you to marry me. I must have been mad at the time, I believe; mad enough to think that the girl whom I had known ever since she was born, whom I used to carry in my arms when she was a little child; the girl who used to call me her uncle Harold, her dear old Harold, almost before she could speak plainly, and who had loved me in a sort of fashion all her life, could learn to love me well enough to be my wife; to give her young bright life into the keeping of a man nearly old enough to be her father. Well, the delusion did not last long. You refused me in a way that I don't believe any other woman could have done, making me love you only more dearly than ever, and teaching me to love every other woman in the world the better for your sake. But those few simple words of yours cured me of my madness at once and forever. You drew the veil aside with a firm, kind hand, and I saw then what a selfish, infatuated fool I had been. I have never loved any one else since, and I never shall love any other woman but you in that way; and yet now that you offer of your own free will to make the sacrifice I asked of you then, thank God, I have sense and manliness enough left to say no, for both our sakes. Ah, Laura, it would never do. We should only make each other miserable. Do you think that, loving you as I do, I could bear to see you unhappy, pining day by day for the freedom which I could not give you back? — to know that you were my wife in name, and yet never to see a wife's real look of love upon your face? No, little one, I could not bear this; better to die once, than to drag on in such a living death as that. Life is sweeter to me than I thought it was, even an hour ago; but, after all, it has not so many charms for me that I should sacrifice another's happiness for the sake of a few more years of existence. I shall leave no mother, or wife, or child, to break their hearts about me after I am gone. There are a few brave fellows whom I knew in India and in the Crimea who will be sorry to hear of Harold Clive's death — and the manner of it," he added bitterly, as a spasm of pain for a moment crossed his face. "But there's one comfort, and that is, that not one of them will ever be brought to believe that I did the thing they are going to hang me for. And so, Laura, my darling, I say again, God bless you a thousand times for your noble thought of saving me by this means; but I tell you it cannot, must not be. And if," he added, with his own sad smile, "if it is true, as you said just now, that you have obeyed me ever since you were a little child,

you must obey me in this one thing else. Put that thought, generous as it is, out of your mind at once and forever, and never tempt me again so cruelly as you have done to night."

Then Laura Sartoris raised her head and looked him full in the face; her checks were crimson, and there was a wild look in her eyes which frightened him. "You talk about selfishness, Harold," she exclaimed passionately; "but you never were so selfish in all your life as you are now. You have no thought for any one but yourself, it seems to me. You have forgotten what I told you just now; what I never forget for a single minute — that dreadful trial, and the part I shall have to take in it. There was a time — not so long ago, when I was a young conceited girl — that I used to say I should like to be put into the witness-box just for once, to see if I could not puzzle the lawyers by my answers; but oh, if you only knew how I dread it now! I never think of any thing else from morning till night; all day long that scene is before my eyes, and then I dream of it at night. I hear myself saying those words of yours over and over again, till I think by and by they will drive me mad. If they make me say those dreadful words at the trial, they will kill you, I know they will; and then what will become of me afterwards I dare not think. O Harold! think of all these things well before you determine to say no. It is the last chance — the only hope. Have pity on me, if you have none upon yourself."

Col. Clive turned away his head abruptly, and hid his face in his hands.

"God help me! You are trying me very hard, Laura!" he said in a broken voice.

She saw that her words had moved him at last, and she went on in a softer tone:—

"Listen to what my father said when he was dying — that father whose life you saved at Moodkee when I was quite a little child, and who loved you like a brother ever afterwards. 'I have made Clive your guardian, Laura,' he said, 'because he is the best and truest man I know. Your brother Edward is a good Christian, and means well; but he knows too little of the world to help and advise you as the other can. Make much of Harold Clive' (these were his own very words) 'for there are few men like him; and if ever the time comes that you can do him a service, remember that I owe him a debt of gratitude which I have never been able to repay.' Help me to keep the promise that I gave him then. Listen to that voice from the dead, Harold Clive, and let me save you if I can."

She waited for his answer, but none came; only the man's whole frame was shaken by a sort of tearless sob, and she felt that he was yielding fast. Rising up from her chair, she came and knelt beside him, and laid her head upon his arm. "Harold, dear old Harold," she pleaded, in a voice that might have touched the hardest heart, "don't say no to me again. Give me the right to call you husband, and I shall know that you are safe; and then — only have patience with me in the time to come; be kind to me, as I know you will; and it cannot be but that I shall learn to love you in the end."

She had conquered now. Col. Clive lifted his head and gave one long gasping sigh.

"I'm not fit to decide about this, Laura," he said, passing his hand wearily over his forehead as he spoke. "It seems to me that I have lost all power to tell right from wrong to-night. Ask your brother Edward what he thinks. He is a good man and a Christian, as your father said; let him, as a clergyman, be the judge in this matter, and then by his decision I promise you to abide."

"I have asked him, Harold," she answered eagerly. "I have told him (the first person I ever told in the world) of what passed between us five years ago, and he says that I am right. He it was who counselled me to come here myself to-day, and bade me tell you, if you asked me, that he gave his full and free consent."

There was no escape for him then. No one, not even her own brother, would help to save this noble woman from sacrificing herself for his unworthy sake.

"There is no time to lose," Laura went on in a broken voice, and still clinging to his arm; "the hour they allowed me must be nearly at an end, and then it will be too late. Don't let me feel that I have humbled myself before you in vain; don't break my heart quite, Harold; but, for the sake of him who is gone, for *my* sake, tell me that you consent."

He took both her hands in his, and looked at her for a moment as Jephthah might have looked at his devoted child before he led her away to the mountain. "Well, then, Laura," he said in slow, measured tones, "so let it be. Against my own better judgment, but for the sake of the woman I love best in the world, I consent." Then he lifted her from her knees, and held her for a moment in his arms before he placed her again in the chair from which she had risen.

"Now tell me quickly, how is this to be done?"

There was no answer.

"Good heavens! how ill you look, my child!" he exclaimed.

It was quite true; the reaction of feeling had begun. She was as pale as death again now, and trembling and shivering in every limb as if with cold.

"It is nothing," she answered faintly, but still leaning her head against his arm. "I am only a little faint. I have been very ill; and all this has been too much for me. It will pass off in a minute. There, I am better already. Yes, let me tell you quickly, for there is no time to lose. It can be done very easily. We are on the north side of the Border, remember, Harold," she added looking up at him with what was meant for one of her old saucy smiles, but was in reality a very sad one.

He shook his head impatiently. "You are English, and such a subterfuge ought not to satisfy your conscience," he answered.

"I thought you would say that; but it is the only way. We could not procure even a special license while you are in prison. Edward arranged with me that it must be so before he went away."

"What is your brother gone away for?"

She never once looked up in his face, and no one would have guessed, from the stern tone in which he spoke, of the look of mournful tenderness with which he was regarding her. That first breaking down of hers had seemed to him only a foretaste of all that was in store for him hereafter.

"He was obliged to go away to London for a day or two; his little boy has been, and still is, very ill at school. But he will be back on Thursday, and then, he told me to tell you, he would come with me here himself."

"Who are to be the two witnesses?"

"Rosa, my brother's wife, and Phœbe, the gamekeeper's daughter at Anstruther Grange. She loves me, and I can trust her."

At any other time, or if matters of less vital importance had been at stake, he could have smiled to hear the calm business-like way in which she gave these details.

There was one other question to be settled still.

"To-day is Tuesday," he said almost in a whisper, "and you said that your brother would be back on Thursday. Laura, *when* will you come again?"

"Any day after that. I can obtain another order of admission by the end of the week. On Friday, Harold, if you will?" she added, turning away her head.

"On Friday, then, let it be. The sooner the better, unless you want to find me gone mad in the meantime," he added, in a tone not meant for her to hear.

She heard it, however, and looked up at him then with sad, reproachful eyes.

"Uncle Harold, is your little Laura doing any thing so very wrong that you should look at her and speak like that?"

The old childish term of endearment was too much for him, and his calmness gave way at last.

"My own, my darling!" he murmured, as he lifted her hand reverently to his lips. "Forgive me, Laura. If you only knew"—

There was no time to say more. At that moment the man Keith suddenly stopped in his automaton-like walk at the other end of the room, and came towards them in an awkward, hesitating sort of way; from a mere machine he had become a man again.

"Time's up, Miss Laura," he said in a deprecating tone. The hour had been over indeed for more than five minutes before he spoke.

Laura Sartoris started up, and drew down her veil.

"On Friday, then, I will try to come and see you again with my brother," she said in a changed tone. "Good-by, Col. Clive."

"Good-by, Laura."

Their hands met again in one long clasp, and then she was gone. The door closed behind her, but still he remained standing where she had left him, looking after her, like one who had seen a vision of angels, and waked to find it nothing but a dream.

"God forgive me," he murmured in a broken voice. "I feel more like a murderer *now* than I did before."

Three days later, on the Friday of which she had spoken, Miss Sartoris again sought and obtained permission to visit Col. Clive. This time she did not come alone. Her brother was with her, and her brother's wife, and little Phœbe Macintosh, the gamekeeper's daughter, a girl with an honest Scotch face which invited confidence, but who looked scared and bewildered at the responsibility which had suddenly devolved upon her, namely, to be witness at the ceremony, if it could be called ceremony, which within the next half-hour was to make Harold Clive and Laura Sartoris man and wife.

Theirs had been a strange courtship, and it was a still stranger marriage; but, as far as the almost unprecedented peculiarities of the circumstances permitted, it was performed "decently and in order."

Edward Sartoris was, as his father had said of him, a good man and a Christian; but he was every inch a priest, with all a High-Churchman's love for the externals and ceremonials of religion. It went sorely against the grain with him to assist at such an informal Scotch marriage as this of his sister's was about to be; but the urgency of the case, and the love which he had felt through all his life for the man she was about to marry, prevailed for once over all other prejudices, and he had consented, without a word of expostulation, to give his countenance as a clergyman to the unorthodox proceeding. If, however, he had been reading the marriage-service beneath the vaulted arches of York Minster, he could scarcely have taken his part with more of solemnity and reverence than he did in Harold Clive's prison-cell. He had visited him late on the night before, and had then made all needful decisions and arrangements, and nothing farther remained to be settled now. Upon the entrance of the party, they spoke a few subdued words of greeting to Col. Clive, as they might have done if they had been in church; and then Edward Sartoris opened his prayer-book, and made his sister and Harold repeat after him in low, subdued tones, and in the very language of the English-Church service, the solemn words which, spoken thus in the presence of witnesses, made them man and wife in the eyes of the Scotch law.

Laura was dressed still in deep mourning, as she had been three days before, — for her mother had been dead not quite a year, — and in all other respects she looked much the same; there was the same languor and depression in her manner, the same heavy look about her eyes, the same expression of fixed resolution about her firmly-set lips. When she spoke, it was in the same calm, almost heartless tone, which she had used more than once to Col. Clive on that other day. If there was a change in either, it was in the bridegroom rather than the bride. Those three last days of suspense had told upon Harold Clive more than all the previous weeks of solitary confinement. He looked older by years than he had done before; he stooped as if from weakness; and his eyes were haggard and blood-shot from want of rest by day and night. The ring with which Mr. Sartoris had taken care to provide himself fell from Harold's trembling fingers, and when his turn came to repeat the sentences after the clergyman, he had to steady his voice once or twice before he could articulate a single syllable. Even after the words had been spoken which bound him for life to the woman he loved, he still looked at Laura with the same expression of mournful tenderness such as he might have bestowed upon some poor dumb creature whom he had been compelled to hurt or slay against his will.

The short ceremony ended, Edward Sartoris made them all kneel around him while he asked for a blessing (still in the words of the church) upon their future life; and the stern old Presbyterian Keith, who had again contrived to take the watch at the other end of the room, bared his head and joined in the prayer, little thinking in what sort of service he was taking a part; or, at least, if he had any suspicion of the truth, he kept it to himself.

As they rose from their knees, Harold Clive took Laura's hand in his and just touched her forehead with his lips.

Oh, how he longed to take her in his arms, she who was his wife now forevermore! But he dared not. He could not have said to her, as many another husband has said and thought so proudly, and none would have said more faithfully than he, —

"Lie there, my love, my darling; let the world's storms rage as fiercely as they will, no shadow of harm shall ever come near you so long as I have the power to prevent it."

No; in this case the wife was the protector rather than the protected. She had married him to shield and save him from an ignominious death, and, as she herself had owned, for no other reason. He was in a false position, and he felt it cruelly.

But she did not think of this, or she might have been kinder in her manner towards him. As it was, she seemed absorbed in her own thoughts, and simply indifferent to all that was passing around her. She submitted passively to his caress, neither attempting to resent or to respond to it. As he had prophesied, she was a wife, but without a wife's look of love upon her face. How changed she was from the bright-eyed laughing Laura of only a month ago! Was this change to last? If so, the life which she had saved for him would, he thought, soon become a burden too heavy for him to bear.

So they stood together — he still holding her hand, watching her with the same mingled expression of remorse and love; but she never saw it; she was looking beyond him, her eyes fixed intently upon the door of the room, as if she was waiting anxiously for the time of escape, or expecting every moment that some one would enter.

And, strange to say, at that very instant the noise of a warder's key was heard grating in the lock. Col. Clive started, and let go Laura's hand.

"The hour cannot be up yet?" he said impatiently, appealing to Keith.

No, the hour was not up; but the door opened nevertheless, and another visitor was ushered in, — about the last person in the world they had expected to see, — Major Anstruther, the uncle of Philip Anstruther, and the person who had been chiefly instrumental in procuring Harold Clive's arrest on the suspicion of his having murdered his nephew. He was a stern old Scotch laird, hard and uncompromising by nature, but a man of inflexible justice withal — one who, Brutus-like, would have condemned his own son if he had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. But his face was strangely agitated now as he advanced towards the prisoner with an open letter in his hand.

"Col. Clive," he said in a faltering voice, "I have come to do you tardy justice, and to ask for forgiveness at your hands. I have done you cruel wrong, but it has been done in ignorance and unwittingly, and I can only hope that the good tidings of which I am the bearer may dispose you to deal more mercifully by me than I have done by you. This letter will explain better what I mean. It is dated, as you will see, from New York, and comes to me from one whom we had believed to be dead — my nephew Philip, who is alive and well, well in health at least, but who owns himself a disgraced man, and who will from henceforth be to me as one who *is* dead. He heard of your impending trial fourteen days ago, and wrote at once, otherwise he had intended to leave us in ignorance of his fate for months longer. If the Great Eastern had done her work thoroughly last summer," Major Anstruther

added with a dreary sort of smile, "your imprisonment would have ended a fortnight ago. I can only say again, read this, and then forgive me if you can."

He held the letter out as he spoke to Harold Clive; but the latter passed it on to Mr. Sartoris.

"You can read it, Edward," he said; "I don't feel as if I could just now;" and staggering back, he fell, rather than seated himself, on the bench behind him.

As Edward Sartoris glanced in silence over the letter which had been given to him, Major Anstruther looked with a perplexed expression from one to another of the little group of persons who were standing round him.

"You do not seem either surprised or pleased at the intelligence I have brought," he said, still addressing the prisoner. "I had hoped that this news would have given you unmixed happiness, although to me it has brought but doubtful joy."

Then Harold Clive threw back his head proudly, and looked the other in the face.

"Knowing my own innocence, as I have done from the first, Maj. Anstruther," he said, "it is no such great matter of surprise to me that I should find it proved at last; and as I believed in the justice of God, so too I have never doubted but that the truth and the right would triumph in the end. Now, Sartoris, will you let us hear what Philip Anstruther has to say for himself?"

Thus appealed to, Edward Sartoris read the letter aloud from beginning to end. It was a strange, rambling sort of composition; the letter of a reckless, desperate man; but it made two facts tolerably clear to the minds of those who listened, namely, that the writer had fled from Scotland to escape impending disgrace and imprisonment, and that he had not gone alone; for a girl of doubtful character, with whom he was known to have associated for some time, must evidently have sailed with him, as he owned to having married her two days after his arrival at New York. With respect to the details of his flight, it is only necessary to say that he had made his escape, after leaving Clive on the pier at S——, by means of a little boat, which he had rowed there himself and fastened to some of the piles earlier in the day, and which, in the dusk of the afternoon, had not been noticed. The fact of his hat and stained handkerchief having been found, he accounted for by stating that he had grazed his hand severely while descending to the boat by a flight of slippery, almost perpendicular steps, used chiefly by the sailors, and had taken the handkerchief to stanch the blood, and thrust it carelessly into his hat. The hat had been blown off a minute or two after by the wind, which was high; and as he had a cap in his pocket, he had not waited to recover it, but had let it float on to the end of the pier, where it was discovered on the following day. From the rowing-boat he had landed at a small village on the coast, near Aberdeen, and thence made his way across country by train to Liverpool, and embarked on board the Scotia for New York.

The letter, with its selfish, defiant tone, was so eminently characteristic of the writer, that no one would have doubted its having come from Philip Anstruther, even if his handwriting and signature had not been there to attest the fact.

When Edward Sartoris ceased reading, a long silence ensued, which was broken by Maj. Anstruther.

He went up to Laura, who was leaning on her sister-in-law's arm, and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"This is a heavy blow for you, Laura," he said kindly, naturally attributing her almost death-like paleness to the shock her pride had just received; but something tells me that you will not feel it so much as you would have done some time ago. You have not been quite such good friends with me of late, my dear, as you used to be; but I am glad to see you well enough to be here to-day."

Laura looked up at him with mournful eyes, and repeated his words mechanically:

"Yes, thank you; well enough to be here to-day."

Then the old man turned to Harold Clive.

"I have communicated the contents of this letter to the governor," he said, "and he is only waiting for proper authority from the magistrates to visit you with the formal order of release. Before nightfall you will, I hope, be a free man again. Now I will leave you; for I feel, to my sorrow, that my presence is a restraint upon you all. It cannot be otherwise, I fear; but before I go it would make me a happier man, Clive, if you would shake me by the hand, and say that you will try to forgive me for the harm I have unwittingly done you."

Generous as he was by nature, there was a sharp struggle in Harold Clive's breast before he could bring himself to give the right hand of fellowship to the man who, for weeks past, had been thirsting for his blood. But he was a Christian in heart and life, and had long since learned the lesson how to forgive. Moreover, the sight of the hoary head bending before him in almost abject entreaty was a more powerful argument than many words could have been; and after a minute's pause he yielded. Holding out his hand to the old man, he said, in a voice in which there was little of resentment, but much of sorrow,—

"May God forgive me, Maj. Anstruther, when my time comes, as fully as I forgive you now! Heaven knows I am not so faultless myself that I should be extreme to mark what others do amiss; and, after all, the world no doubt will hold you justified for acting as you did. But you do not know—perhaps to your dying day you never will know—how much harm your cruel suspicion has done, not only to me, but to others besides myself."

With a look of deep dejection, Maj. Anstruther wrung his hand in silence, and turned away. A minute afterwards he was gone.

The turnkey who opened the door for him, and who, of course, was supposed to know nothing of what had transpired, signified to the others that their time was nearly up: they had only five minutes more to stay.

Only five minutes more! Harold Clive turned to his wife. She had never moved or spoken but that once since Maj. Anstruther's entrance, and was standing in the same attitude, apparently utterly indifferent to all that was going on around her.

"Laura," he said in a hoarse voice, "my darling, won't you speak to me?"

She raised her eyes to his with a bewildered look, but gave him no other answer.

"Don't look at me like that, little one," he pleaded. "Don't let me think I have broken your heart. Say one word to comfort me before you go. It is not my fault, Laura, that this news did not come an hour ago."

As he spoke he put his arm round her waist; but she shrank away only too perceptibly from his touch.

"I don't suppose it is anybody s fault exactly," she said, in a strained, unnatural voice, answering his last wo ds; "only I am so very tired, and I feel as if I were going to die. O Edward, Edward, take me home!" she cried, breaking away from Harold, and throwing herself half-fainting into her brother's arms.

How *could* she be so cruel? His cup of sorrow had been full enough before, without that last drop of bitterness being added to it; and Edward Sartoris pitied Harold from the bottom of his heart.

"Better leave her so for the present, Clive," he said, as he supported the almost insensible girl in his arms. "She does not mean it; she is far from strong, and all this has been too much for her. Give her a little time to recover herself, to realize her new position as your wife, and I will answer for it, it will all come right in the end."

There was no time to say more, for at that moment the summons was given for them to leave. Mr. Sartoris just nodded his farewell to his new brother-in-law, and then led Laura away without another word; while Phœbe, in deep distress, supported her mistress on the other side.

But Rosa Sartoris stayed behind. She went up to Col Clive with the tears streaming down her cheeks, and gave him both her hands.

"Oh, I am so very, very sorry for this, Harold," she said. "What can we do?"

He took her hand and lifted it respectfully to his lips.

"You can pity me and pray for me, Mrs. Sartoris," he said; "for it is my wedding-day, and yet I am a broken-hearted man."

And when she was gone, and he was left alone, Harold Clive sat down beside the small deal table in the centre of the room, and, hiding his face in his hands, wept like a little child."

II.

A BRIGHT sunny morning in December; one of those deceitful mornings which we do have sometimes at that time of the year, which cheat us into the belief that winter is still a long way off, and almost tempt us to forget that we have to battle through the snows of Christmas and the icy winds of March before we can hope to see summer again.

But for the leafless trees and the silence of the song-birds this might have been a day in spring.

The view from Richmond Hill looked very nearly as lovely as it would have done in June. Except in the immediate foreground, the absence of foliage was but little noticed; the sun was shining out of a cloudless sky; and the river, sparkling in its light, wound like a glittering silver band at the foot of the hill, on through the green meadows, past Ham House and the old church at Twickenham, till you lost sight of it near Pope's Villa, before it reached Teddington Lock.

There was just air enough to move the trees to and fro, but not a breath of frost in the wind. Indeed it was quite hot in the sun; and at first sight one might have been tempted to think that Laura Clive, as she sat, or rather reclined, on one of the benches that are placed at intervals along the terrace which leads from the park-gates to Earl Russell's house, might easily have dispensed with some of the soft warm furs in which she was enveloped. But on second thoughts you would have agreed that those who loved her were quite right in taking every possible care of one who looked so frail and delicate — so little fitted to cope with either the rough winds of winter or the storms of this troubled life.

Since the time that we last saw her she had been seriously, indeed dangerously, ill. On the very night that her brother had led her away, in an almost unconscious state, from Harold Clive's prison-cell, her illness had commenced. She had borne up bravely so long as there was any thing for her to do; but when it was all over, and the reaction had begun, — worst of all, when she had learned that the sacrifice she had nerved herself to make had never been needed after all, — then she broke down at once. A few hours later the brain-fever which had been threatening her for weeks laid fast hold upon its prey, and for many days and nights there was a hard struggle between life and death. Life conquered in the end; her own good constitution, and the careful nursing of those around her, carried her through the worst time of danger; and Edward Sartoris found her one morning, about a fortnight later, lying, weak as an infant indeed, but safe, and with the look of consciousness on her face which at one time he had never thought to see again.

She recovered with unusual rapidity up to a certain point, and as soon as she was able to bear the fatigue of travelling, they had brought her from Scotland to her brother's house at Richmond.

There were so many painful memories associated with Aberdeen, that it was pronounced desirable to remove her from the neighborhood at the earliest possible opportunity. Since her arrival in England, however, she had not made such quick progress; not that she was any longer really ill, — she would hardly allow herself to be treated as an invalid, — but there was a languor and depression about her which she could not shake off; and she looked thin and fragile, like some tender hothouse plant on which the rough winds of heaven ought never to be permitted to blow.

And yet, perhaps, she had never looked so girlish or so nearly pretty as she did then, sitting on the wooden bench under the grand old trees of Richmond Park. Her illness had not aged her in the least; on the contrary, she looked far younger than she had done that day in the Aberdeen Prison — six weeks ago now. The expression of anxious perplexed thought was gone from her face; there was a delicate, almost hectic flush on her cheeks; her forehead was no longer contracted as if by pain, nor her lips compressed with that look of despairing resolution which they had worn then. But that they seldom broke into smiles now, but that the dancing light was gone from her eyes, she was more like the Laura Sartoris of old.

She was quite alone; for her sister-in-law had driven her there in her pony-chaise and left her, promising to return in about an hour's time and pick her up again, if she had not already walked home to her brother's house, which was only a few hundred yards from the park gates.

She had a book in her hand, but she was not reading it, thinking rather over her own strange life, and of the fate which was awaiting her in the years to come. No story, whether of history or of fiction, could be so vividly interesting to her as her own. Since her illness she had never been able to fix her thoughts on any book except one.

Laura Clive had never once seen her husband since the day of their strange marriage. He too had been ill — struck down with fever and utter prostration of strength almost on the very day that her life was pronounced safe. His attack was more lingering than dangerous, yet it kept him a prisoner to his sick-bed at his own estate in Scotland for a week after his wife had been removed to Richmond. But of this she had heard but little till within the last few hours. The mere mention of his name in the early days of her recovered consciousness had caused such an amount of painful excitement, that Mr. Sartoris had judged it wiser to avoid the subject altogether, till she chose to allude to it of her own accord; and since then she had been strangely silent and incurious with regard to her husband and his movements.

She knew that he had been ill, but that was all. Of the duration of his illness or of its serious nature, she had not the least idea. Wife as she knew herself to be in name, and in the eyes of the law (though, as yet, the secret was known only to two or three persons), she never asked why Harold had made no effort to see her again during the past few weeks, or taken no measures to establish the fact of their marriage. Her faculties seemed still in some sort dulled and blunted by the illness she had gone through; and she accepted her present position with a kind of dreamy resignation, without seeming to have either the wish or the energy to concern herself with what the future might bring forth.

And yet she thought of him morning, noon, and night, this husband of hers, whom she had married without loving, except indeed as the best and truest friend she had ever had — the man who had taught her all she knew worth knowing, and had helped to make her the noble woman that she was.

She had, however, heard news of Col. Clive that very morning. Her brother had received a letter from him to say that he was well again, at last, and was going to travel south in a day or two. He should come to Richmond, God willing, on the following Friday (this was Thursday), to see Laura, and to wish her good-by before he went away. Then he had gone on to unfold to Edward Sartoris a plan which, after calm and mature consideration, he had decided would be the best calculated to promote Laura's happiness, and, through hers, his own. He meant to go abroad for six months, perhaps longer; he had suffered much, and his health needed recruiting by change of air and scene. He did not ask his wife to accompany him, but suggested that she should continue to live with her brother as she had done before, or wherever else she might choose. At the end of six months, if alive, he would return to England and learn his fate from his wife's lips. Whether or not their marriage should then be made public, Laura should decide. Tenderly as he loved her, her happiness was yet dearer to him than his own. The generous impulse of a moment, which had prompted her to sacrifice herself for his sake, — a sacrifice which had only too plainly been repented of almost as soon as it was made, — should not, if he could help it, be suffered

to blight and wither her whole young life. The one thing he could not give her back was her freedom; but so long as she showed the faintest repugnance to the acknowledgment of their marriage, so long should it be kept a secret, even though it might be to their dying day.

Such were the contents of Col. Clive's letter; and Edward Sartoris, with many grave doubts and misgivings, had communicated them to his sister Laura, as he had been requested to do by the writer.

She was pondering now over what she had been told, trying to realize the fact that for the next few months her fate had, as it were, been settled for her, and would involve but little outward change in her mode of life. She was glad of this. Laura was not a very self-dependent woman, and, except in one or two instances, she had very seldom acted on her own responsibility. As she had told Harold Clive, she had been accustomed to obey him ever since she was a child, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should decide for her now.

The one thought which was uppermost in her mind was the fact that she was to see her husband on the following day. He had written on the Monday, and said that he would come to Richmond on the Friday. But the letter had evidently been delayed in the post, and it was already Thursday. To-morrow, then, she would see him. How had she best meet him, and where?

Then suddenly she lifted her eyes, and saw at only a few yards' distance the very man of whom she was thinking, walking slowly along the terrace towards the bench on which she was sitting.

He had taken her by surprise, and come a day before he was expected; but it was better so, far better. She would have made herself ill and nervous during those intervening hours by thinking about his coming; but, as it was, she had no time to think of any thing. At the sight of him she forgot all that had happened during those last two months; she forgot even for the instant the strange relationship which existed between them; she forgot every thing except that her "dear old Harold" stood there before her, looking worn, and ill, and weary, stooping from sheer weakness; and, acting upon the impulse of the moment, — the truest, noblest instinct she could have obeyed, — she started up, and came to meet him with glowing cheeks and outstretched hands.

"O Harold dear, I am so glad to see you after all this long time."

"God bless you, my darling!" was his answer, spoken in a faltering voice.

Her welcome had been so much more cordial than he had dared to hope, that it almost unnerved him; but he had schooled himself well, and no one would have thought from the quiet, matter-of-fact way in which he took her hand, and led her back to her seat, but that they had met within a day or two, and few would have guessed at the passion of love which this man felt in his heart for the young girl beside him.

"And you are looking so well, too, Laura; so much better than I had expected to see you. The old roses are coming back again to your cheeks," he said.

She made no answer to his words; she had never taken her eyes off his face, and now as she spoke, they filled with tears.

"Harold, how terribly ill you must have been! You are so thin and changed, I scarcely recognized you, and yet what nonsense I am talking; as if I should not have known you anywhere! But I don't think I knew properly till this morning that you had been ill at all. No one ever told me."

"They had orders not to," he answered, with his old sad smile. "I was not going to have you fret yourself about me as you always used to in your young days, when 'Old Harold' was ill. So you are glad to see me, little one," he added, bending his kind eyes upon her face, and stroking his gray moustache (grayer than ever now) with his hand.

"Yes, very," she answered simply. "But what made you come and look for me here?"

"They told me at the house that you had gone out with Mrs. Sartoris about half an hour ago, and that I should most likely find you on this terrace. So instead of waiting, I just walked up here on the chance of finding you, and you see I have been rewarded for my pains."

"But we did not expect you till to-morrow."

"No; I said to-morrow when I wrote; but I came up to town a day sooner than I intended, and — well, I could not help coming here to-day."

Then they were silent for a few moments, and the color on Laura's cheeks deepened painfully under the steady gaze of those dark eyes, which were bent on her with such a depth of tenderness in their expression.

"You know what I have come for, Laura?" he said presently, very gently.

She bent her head without speaking.

"Did Edward give you my letter to read?"

"He read it to me, which comes to much the same thing. Why did you not write to *me*?" she asked abruptly, as she raised her eyes to his with a reproachful look, which somehow made him feel rather happy than otherwise.

"Because," and as Harold Clive spoke he took one of her little soft warm hands out of her muff, and held it in his own, "because I did not know that this little woman would be strong or well enough to read such a long letter as that for herself, and because," he added, with a touch of bitterness in his tone, — "I think, Laura, you might guess why I did not write to you, if you will give yourself the trouble to remember how we parted."

Whereupon Laura began to tremble, and to feel that with a little more of this sort of thing she should break down altogether. And forbearing as Harold always was, and always had been with her, she knew that any thing approaching to a scene would be inexpressibly annoying to him. Prudence therefore suggested a timely retreat, if not an actual flight. She gently disengaged her hand, and rose up from the bench. "Do you think you would be too tired to walk back with me to the house, Harold?" she asked. "I have been sitting here almost too long, and am beginning to feel quite cold."

So they walked back together slowly side by side, and as they went he told her little by little, in a matter-of-fact, almost cheerful way, about his plan of spending the winter abroad, which he had sketched out in his letter to her brother.

It was not a long walk, but the distance was about as much as either of them could manage; and Laura, as she seated herself in a large easy-chair in Mrs. Sartoris's drawing-room, looked half ready to faint; while Harold began to think he had been a little premature in saying that the roses had come back again to her cheeks. They were pale enough now, poor child!

They had the room to themselves, for Mr. Sartoris had gone into the district for the whole morning, and Rose had not yet returned. Laura threw off her wraps one after another: her little hat with its drooping feather, her furs, her gloves, and then, clasping her white hands together nervously she looked up in her companion's face.

"Harold, do you really think you are right in doing this — in going abroad, I mean?" she said.

"I do really think I am right in going," he answered, sitting down beside her, and laying his hand on her shoulder, "and I will tell you why, if you will listen to me. If I were to stay on in England, things could not remain between us as they are now. Our marriage must be acknowledged and I must claim you as my wife whether it would be for your happiness or not. And until you give yourself to me of your own free will, Laura, I will not believe, or at least I cannot bring myself to realize, that those few words spoken in haste, spoken altogether under a misapprehension, can give me any moral right to bind you down to what, without love, would be to you a mere life of bondage. Do you recollect what I told you when you came on that first day like an angel to visit me in my prison, — that the one thing I could not bear would be to see you miserable, pining and fretting day by day for the liberty which I could not give you back? And then, little one, do you remember what you said to me? You told me that if I would be patient

with you, it could not be but that you would learn to love me in the end. Now I am just going to take you at your word, for I have lived upon that hope ever since. I am going to be very patient, Laura; it seems to me that I could wait through half a lifetime with that end in view; and when the day comes, as come it will, I do believe and hope, though it may be six months, or even six years hence — when the day comes that my wife can put her hand in mine, and tell me she has learned to love me, if only a little, then my patience will have had its full reward. But in the meantime it is better that we should not meet often as we do to-day. That is why I am going away. And, Laura," he said a moment after, "you will try to think kindly of me while I am gone, dear, will you not?"

"There is no need for me to try," she answered simply, speaking more calmly than he had done; "I *could* not think of you in any other way. But, Harold, what a long time you will be away! Six months! I have never been so long without seeing you in all my life."

"It will not seem so very long," he answered, while a happy smile, like a gleam of sunshine, flashed across his lips. "And if you should miss me a little bit, it will only make you the more glad to see me when I come back, if I ever do come back, that is to say. And in case I should not, Laura," he went on more gravely, and taking a letter out of his pocket-book, "I want you to understand about this."

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed, looking at him out of her large gray eyes. "Why should you not come back?"

"Well, you see I shall be a very idle man, and if there should be any struggle for liberty going on in Poland or Italy, as there is very likely to be within the next few months, I might join the patriots for want of something else to do, and then I might get shot down, like many a better man."

"O Harold, don't!"

"But in any case," he went on, without heeding her interruption, "life is uncertain at the best; and one can never say what a day, much less what six months, may bring forth. If any thing should happen to me, Laura, you will find that you have been my first thought and my last. This letter, which I wish you to read quietly when I am gone (*it will tell* you more than I can say in words), contains an enclosure for your brother about business matters. You know that, as the world reckons, I may call myself a rich man; and if I should die before you, my little Laura will find that she has become a rich woman. I am glad so far of this — glad that you have given me the right to leave you all I have; you will make a better use of the money than I have ever done, my darling."

She interrupted him almost pettishly: "Don't talk like that, as if you were going to die. I cannot bear to hear you say such things. Let us speak about something else. I cannot feel as if I were doing right in letting you go away at all."

He made no answer, but sat gravely watching her. She had not given him one word of thanks for that generous purpose of his which he had just confided to her, but it was not *this* that troubled him.

Presently she raised herself and sat upright in her chair, her hands clasping and unclasping each other in a nervous way, which had become habitual to her of late.

"Harold," she said, in a low trembling voice, "I will go abroad with you if you wish it. I want to do my duty as your wife, indeed I do."

"Your duty!" he cried indignantly, starting up from his chair, and taking one or two rapid turns up and down the room. "*Merci!* but I look for something more than duty from the woman who is to be called my wife. It will not do, I *tell* you, child. To watch you doing your duty towards me, as you call it, would be simply torture. I could never bear it for a week, and if I were once to see you shrink from me again as you did that night, I believe it would drive me mad. There, there, Laura, forgive me; it was not your fault. What have I said? You could not help it, my poor little girl. How could I be so cruel!"

For Laura had hidden her face in her hands, and was crying bitterly.

"It is for you to forgive, Harold, though I did not mean to be cruel either," she sobbed. "But I was so ill, I did not know half that I did or said that dreadful night. I must have been almost delirious even then. Don't think of that time any more.

"Hush, hush! you'll make yourself ill if you cry like that, Laura," he said, laying his hand on her head, and speaking in the same chiding tone he would have used to her in the days gone by. "I forgive, if there was any thing to forgive, but I say again it was not your fault. Let us talk about something else. It seemed to me that I had so much to say to you, and now I must be off in a few minutes, if I am to catch the one-o'clock train."

"But you will come and see me again before you go?" said Laura, dashing away her tears.

He only shook his head.

"Why not?"

"It would only make us both miserable, and besides, there is no time."

"But you are not going till next week," she pleaded.

"I go by the half-past eight-o'clock express from Charing-cross to-night."

"To-night? Harold!"

Even then he might have yielded, but it so happened that his eye fell at that moment upon her hand, which she had laid upon his arm, her ungloved left hand, where her wedding ring should have been, and was *not*. He saw that it was not there, and she saw that he had missed it. Their eyes met for one instant, and she crimsoned beneath his reproachful glance. It could not well have been otherwise. She could not have worn it so long as their marriage remained a secret; but her heart ached for him then, when she saw the look of pain which came into his face, and after that she felt that she might as well have tried to move a rock, as to move him from his resolution.

"I go by the mail-train to Dover to-night," he repeated not unkindly, but in a tone of decision which left no room for appeal, "and shall be in Paris to-morrow morning by daybreak, I hope, as I have business to do for a friend before the week is out."

"You will write to me?" she asked humbly.

"Yes, I will write some day — not just directly. Don't try to write to me till I send you word. You must say good-by to Edward and his wife for me," he went on; "for they are not in, it seems, and I cannot wait to see them. Bid them take good care of you for my sake, that you may look strong and well when I come back to England to see you again. And now, Laura, good-by."

It was abruptly said — he could not trust himself to say one other word. He was standing straight before her, holding out both his hands. She put hers into them, and looked up at him with a sort of pitiful frightened look. There were no tears in her eyes now; but she was very pale, and was trembling from head to foot.

"Laura, I am going away from you for a long time, and you *are* my wife," he pleaded, almost in a whisper. "Try not to shrink from me darling. I want you to give me one kiss before I go, it is so very, very long since I felt the touch of a woman's lips; and I should like, while I am away, to be able to dream of what my wife's kiss was like."

Then she put her arms about his neck and kissed him once, twice, upon his scarred cheek, simply and naturally as a child might have done. Even then, I believe, he was not quite content; but it must be owned he was hard to please.

"Harold, don't go away," she whispered — "indeed there is no need."

"Leave me to be the judge of that," he answered, almost sternly. "We have both made a mistake. Yours was the noblest mistake that a woman ever made perhaps, but still it was a mistake; and mine — well, it is too late to talk about mine now. Say no more, child, for I believe in my heart that I am acting for the best. Now, once more good-by, and God bless you, my darling! Laura, little wife, learn to love me before I come back again."

He held her to his heart for one instant, and then, before she could look up again, he was gone — gone with that broken cry upon his lips, with the same thought of blessing

in his heart with which he had first greeted her. But in spite of all that had passed between them, in spite of the cruel pain of parting, Harold Clive went out from his wife's presence a happier man, with a lighter heart and a more hopeful spirit than he had felt before.

And Laura?

Half an hour afterwards, when Rosa Sartoris came back from her drive, she found her poor little sister-in-law lying on the sofa, with Harold's open letter clutched convulsively in her hand. Her head was buried in the sofa-cushion, and she was crying and sobbing as if her very heart would break.

There was the usual amount of confusion and excitement at the Charing-cross station at about a quarter-past eight o'clock that evening. A little more than the usual amount perhaps; for it was getting on towards Christmas, and there were more travellers going out of London and to the Continent than there had been for several weeks past. The Dover mail was to start in about ten minutes; the passengers were crowding in great numbers on to the platform; porters were running to and fro, some wheeling heavy trucks piled up with luggage slowly before them, others driving empty ones at a tremendous pace along the slippery pavement. The weather had quite changed since the morning — it was raining fast outside, and blowing hard as well; and every now and then the wind came in such a sharp, stormy gust, that it sounded like thunder, and seemed likely to blow off the roof of the station altogether.

"You'll be having a nasty night, Colonel, I'm afeard," said Harold Clive's servant to his master, who was already seated in one of the corner seats of a first-class carriage.

"Perhaps I shall, Brown," he answered; "but you and I have braved worse nights than this together before now."

"That's true, sir," said the man.

He was to follow his master to Paris in less than a week, but he seemed as if he hardly liked to lose sight of him even for those few days. Col. Clive was a man who knew the art of making himself loved by his dependents. He was a thoroughly kind and considerate master, though a strict disciplinarian. This man Brown had been a private in his old regiment, and had served with him in India and the Crimea. He had had his foot shot off at the Redan, and Clive, when he went to see him a week or two afterwards at Scutari, was so touched with the man's gratitude and devotion to himself, that he promised to take him into his own service when he received his discharge. Brown had remained with him ever since as his personal attendant; he had nursed his master night and day through his last illness, and very likely knew more of Harold Clive's secrets than that gentleman had the least idea of. He by no means approved of this sudden mania for travelling on his master's part, and hinted as much in his character of nurse; but the Colonel's answer was simply an order to pack his portmanteau and meet him at Charing-cross at eight o'clock that night, and the soldier's old habit of obedience prevented him from offering any farther remonstrance. He was still standing with his hand on the carriage door, when suddenly he touched his hat with a pleased smile, and retreated from his position to make way for a new-comer, who came running up to hold speech with Harold Clive.

"Mr. Sawtris a-coming, sir," said Brown as he stepped back.

"Edward, this *is* kind," exclaimed Harold, as "Mr. Sawtris" came up and thrust his hand into the carriage in silence; for at the first moment he was too much out of breath to speak; "quite unexpected, too."

"I did not hope to see you again, after being so unlucky as to miss you this morning."

"And I have been chasing you about all over London through the whole afternoon, as Brown there can tell you," was the reply. "I could not bear the thought of your leaving England without shaking hands with you again, Clive," he added; "and besides, Laura made me come. She had a message to send you."

"Laura had? A message! What was it?" asked Clive, his heart beating very fast.

"Well, it is not exactly a message, it's this. You were not to open it till you were alone."

And Mr. Sartoris held out to the other a little white-paper parcel, with something written on the outside.

Harold did not offer to open it, he did not even look at it; but his fingers closed over it with a sort of loving clasp, as if it had been Laura's own hand he was holding.

"Tell her, whatever it is, I thank her," he said in a low voice.

"How are you, Clive?" asked Edward Sartoris, peering into the carriage to see the other's face. "You look terribly pulled down, old fellow, not quite fit to be travelling alone. — How is it you are not going with him, Brown, eh?"

"Colonel's own orders, sir," replied Brown grimly.

"Brown follows me in less than a week," said Harold, smiling. "I have something for him to do in London before he leaves. I know this illness has made me look like a scarecrow, but I'm all right now, and quite able to look after myself. Don't stand so near the carriage, there's a good fellow," he added, as the engine gave a preliminary shriek; "it makes me more nervous to see a man do that, than it would to see him lead off a forlorn hope."

"I dare say it does," replied the other, laughing and stepping back; "you're better, Clive, I can see. I think you'll do now."

"I think I shall."

It was close upon half-past eight o'clock, and those few passengers who are always late for every train were being hurried along the platform and thrust into carriages by divers guards and porters. A large party with nurses and children (one of the latter screaming aloud); a lady in a scarlet hood, followed by a young woman who looked like a servant; an old gentleman who seemed very deaf, and was decidedly very cross, ran past and were swallowed up somewhere in the fore part of the train. All except the deaf gentleman, who came back and got into Harold's compartment. Then the guard sounded his whistle, and the train began to move.

"Now you're off, Clive. Good-by," exclaimed Mr. Sartoris; "take care of yourself, and come back to us again all right in the spring."

"That is what I mean to do. Good-by, Edward; good-by, Brown."

One more wave of the hand, and the train had carried him beyond sight of those familiar faces.

Col. Clive threw himself back in the corner of the carriage, and for about the space of a quarter of an hour neither spoke nor moved; but he held his little precious packet in his hand all the time as carefully as if it had been the Koh-i-noor. He never attempted to look at it even, until the old gentleman in the other corner, after grunting out one or two surly remarks, had covered his head with a yellow-silk pocket-handkerchief, and composed himself to sleep for the rest of the journey. Then, to all intents and purposes, he was alone; and Harold moved a little more into the middle of the carriage, so that the flickering light of the centre lamp might help him to see what his treasure really was — a little parcel in white writing-paper, neatly folded and neatly sealed, with this written upon it: "Col. Clive; with Laura's love."

Dear little girl! Harold's first impulse was to kiss passionately those few precious words which Laura's hand had so lately traced. Not that it was by any means the first time he had received from her such a gift with such a message. He had more than a score of similar wrappers put by among his own peculiar treasures, with much the same words written on them, except that those of earliest date bore the inscription, "For Uncle Harold, with little Laura's best love," traced in a child's large text-hand. It was nothing new, therefore, for him to receive a present from his young ward. But this was something different. There was a deeper meaning in the words now. Laura would never have sent her love to him that night, if she had not meant him to understand that there was at least a kind feeling in her heart for the man who was about to exile himself from his country for nearly half a year, that she might be the happier.

"Dear little girl!" What had she sent him? He cut open the packet carefully (for he could not bring himself to break through the neat black seals), and found the contents to be a small morocco jeweller's case. She had prepared for him a keepsake, then, lest he should forget her while he was away. No fear of that. But what was it? He hoped that it might be a locket, with her portrait enclosed in it, so that he could wear it always, and see her dear face at every hour of the day! It *was*. A large gold double locket of simple device, like one he had often seen her wear. On one side the reversed letters, H. C. and L. C., were engraved; and it contained a vignette likeness of Laura, taken in Scotland just before her illness.

This was all that he had wished for; but it was not all that was there.

On the other side of the locket, in the place destined for another portrait or for hair, lay a little piece of thin white paper, folded and folded into the smallest possible compass. There was writing upon this; and Harold opened it, and held it up to the light. It was in Edward Sartoris's handwriting, and it was a certificate of Harold Clive's marriage with Laura Sartoris at Aberdeen, on the tenth day of November, 1865.

I will not say what Clive did or said after that. It was as well, perhaps, for some reasons, that the old deaf man in the other corner slept peacefully under the yellow bandana; for he had eyes at least, if not ears. But this much may be told. Although the Colonel contrived to fasten the locket securely on his watch-chain, he nevertheless held his hand lovingly over it during the rest of the journey.

It seemed to him that every one *must* know of its inestimable preciousness in his eyes, and that somebody, possibly the old man opposite, would inevitably try to snatch it from his grasp before the night was over. That locket was worth a good deal more than the Koh-i-noor to him now.

Meanwhile the train sped on at a tremendous pace through the darkness and the rain and the wind. In spite of the obscurity, the black clouds could be seen scudding rapidly across the sky. Once or twice there was a slight break, and the moon made a desperate effort to show herself for a few moments; but then there would come a fiercer squall than ever, and the rain would beat in a perfect deluge against the carriage windows.

On they went, through the chalk-hills of Croyden and Reigate, through the beautiful hop-gardens of Kent, the bare stacked poles looking weird and desolate enough now, in the fitful fantastic light thrown upon them by the engine-lamps.

On they went, never stopping once, never slacking speed even, except now and then as they passed through some brightly lighted station, which looked as cheerful as an oasis in the desert compared with the surrounding darkness. Past Folkestone; and as the train dashed on by the side of the sea, they could hear, above the noise of the wind, the roaring of the waves as they fought together which should be the first to break upon the little bit of shingly beach which lies under Shakspeare's cliff and the high chalk-hills of Kent.

On through Dover station; then more slowly past the Lord Warden, where the glare of a hundred lamps, streaming through the uncurtained windows of the coffee-room, threw a blaze of light for at least fifty yards around in every direction; till at last they came to a full stop half-way down that grand work of modern times, the Admiralty Pier. Oh, what a comfort it was to stop at last and breathe!

The tide was ebbing fast, and the two mail-boats were moored a long way down the pier, on the harbor side. Happily for the Ostend and Calais passengers, just at the moment when the train discharged its living freight, there came one of those breaks in the clouds of which I have spoken, and they had the benefit of—

"The struggling moonbeam's fitful light,"

as well as that of the flickering gas-lamps, to assist them in the descent of the slippery, sloppy, sea-weedy steps which led from the pier to the mail steamers.

When Col. Clive, after standing for a minute or so by the carriage he had just left, walked slowly on, and reached the top of this flight of steps, he found his farther progress arrested by a lady and gentleman, who, after the fashion of nervous travellers, were putting a number of questions to a seafaring man who was standing by, about the state of the weather, and receiving rather a larger amount of truth than usual in reply.

"What sort of a passage do you think it will be, sailor?" asked the lady timidly.

"Tidy passage, marm; you'll find it a leetle roughish on the other side."

"You don't call it a *very* bad night, I suppose?" remarked the gentleman.

"Well, it *be* a dirty night; I can't say that it b'ain't," replied the sailor in a confidential tone. "There's been a nasty 'popple' on the sea all day, and the wind's a getting up." He would have spoken more correctly if he had said it had got up.

"What boat is going?"

"The Samphire (pronounced '*Sarm*phire' in the man's broad Kentish dialect).

"Oh, dear! isn't that a very bad boat? Does not she roll very much indeed?" suggested the lady humbly.

"Best boat on the station, marm; that's what *she* is," said the man, turning away indignantly.

"O Charles, don't you think we had better stop at the Warden and go over by daylight?" the lady pleaded, turning to her husband.

"My dear, my dear, you really are so very nervous," he replied, "you should have thought of all this before we left town. Of course we can do as you please about stopping here to-night; but if we do, it will be entirely on your account. For my part, I don't mind how rough it is."

(He *did*, though. In less than half an hour afterwards he was rolling about in the agonies of sea-sickness, anathematizing his poor wife, who was suffering more silently on the next sofa, for ever wanting him to go to France at all, and devoutly wishing himself every few minutes at the bottom of the sea.)

"Now then, marm," said the sailor not disrespectfully, "please to step aside, and let these other ladies and gents go by."

While the undecided couple still lingered, discussing the advisability of crossing that night or not, some of the other passengers by the south-eastern train slipped by and went down the steps, among them the old deaf gentleman, the lady in the red hood, and the party with the nurses and children, the baby still shrieking vociferously, as it had probably shrieked the whole way down in the train.

Harold Clive followed leisurely, carrying his travelling-bag, and with his shepherd's plaid flung over his arm.

"Please to step on, sir," observed the sailor, accosting him. "We ain't got no time to lose."

"How's that? What's all this hurry about?" inquired Clive. "We were seven minutes before our time at the pier."

"I know you was, sir," replied the sailor, speaking in a different tone when he found he had a different sort of man to speak to; "and the Victoria people has been aboard better than a quarter of an hour already; that's because we telegraphed hup. But we shall shove off the moment the luggage is got aboard, for fear of missing the tide at Calais."

"I thought you could always make the pier now," remarked Harold carelessly.

"So we can, mostly always; but there's just a time nows and thens, when the tide's a-running out of the harbor fast and the wind's a-blowing in one *par*ticular direction, when it ain't no mortal use a-trying to shoot the bar. And it's a-blowing in that *par*ticular direction now."

Harold walked on rather faster after hearing this, and

overtook some of the other passengers before they had reached the bottom of the stairs. The water even in the harbor was rough, and the steamer was rolling uneasily from side to side. The gangway, poised at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, rolled with it, and afforded an unsafe footing for the passengers in the uncertain light.

As Col. Clive was crossing it the lady in the scarlet hood, whom he had noticed before, and who was just in front of him, made a false step, and almost fell. But for his arm, which was instinctively stretched out to save her, she *would* have fallen.

"I hope you have not hurt yourself," he exclaimed.

She murmured something in reply, whether in French or English he could scarcely make out, and then, without even turning her head to thank him, walked straight down the companion-stairs and into the ladies' cabin. Her manner struck him as being a little uncourteous, but he fancied she might be ill; indeed, he did not trouble himself much about it, for the next moment his attention was engrossed by something quite different.

A gentlemen had run on board the boat just after him, and was calling out to the sailors in a loud voice.

"Here, Jack!" he cried, "I've got my little lame boy in his carriage on the pier up there. We've managed to get him to the top of the steps, and now I want four of you fine fellows to carry him on board. You'll do it better than the landsmen. I'll give you a shilling a wheel. Which of you'll go?"

Fine fellows he might well call them. A dozen of them would have gone, with or without the shilling; they never would have stood for that. They went scrambling over the gangway and up the steep, slippery stairs like a swarm of bees, and in another minute four of them had lifted the little lame boy in his invalid-carriage on their strong shoulders, and were carrying him down to the steamer.

The poor little lad, — a child of about seven or eight years old, who had been lame from his birth and quite unable to walk, — startled at the sudden change of position and at the strange faces round him, put on a very frightened look, and seemed just ready to cry. In vain the bright, merry-looking sailors nodded at him and told him to cheer up. The little lips only quivered more and more, until a hand was held out to him between the sailors' shiny caps, and a voice he knew and loved well called out, "All right, Tom, my lad; here I am close by!" And the poor little fellow looked round, caught hold of his father's hand, and was comforted.

Harold watched the father when, after thanking the men, he lifted the child out of the carriage and carried him in his own arms down the cabin-stairs; and the thought struck him that, except under the pressure of necessity, it would have been wiser to have made the passage with an invalid like that on a calmer sea and in the daylight.

The last passenger was on board now, and the captain sang out in a loud voice to let go the ropes. Then, without another sound, the Samphire slipped quietly from her moorings and steamed away to France.

Away — past the last stone of solid masonry, past the forest of piles beyond, where the diving-bells go up and down twice in a day, and the great steam-engine above goes on snorting and puffing from morning till night, sending the air, which is the very breath of life, through the tubes to the poor fellows at the bottom, who work for six hours at a stretch, fitting together those great blocks of granite at a depth of sixty feet below the sea. There was nothing going on there now of course; there would have been nothing doing even in broad daylight in such a sea as that; for the waves were dashing and tearing through the piles as though they would uproot them, strong as they were, from their very foundation. Harold watched them as he stood on the deck with a curious sort of smile. It was just among such piles as these that Philip Anstruther's hat had been found wedged the morning after his strange disappearance.

If that hat had never been found, how different the current of his own life might have been!

He would have been a happier man in some respects perhaps, but then he might never have come into possession of that same precious locket which his fingers closed upon instinctively.

He watched the long line of gaslights — which make the Admiralty Pier, when seen at night from the western heights, look like a great illuminated serpent lying upon the sea — go out one by one; he saw the red lamps of the engines move slowly back along the ground, like creeping fireworks, to their respective stations (they would not be wanted again till three o'clock the next morning, when the return boat from Calais was due); and then at last he could see nothing more except the few flickering lights upon the old Castle-hill; and he turned away his head, wondering a little sadly how long it would be before he should see that English shore again.

The moon had disappeared once more behind a cloud, and, five minutes after, down came another blinding shower of rain and sleet. At the same moment a wave struck the Samphire, which drenched the boat from stem to stern, put out Col. Clive's cigar, and sent that gentleman, for prudential reasons, to seek the shelter of the black hole below stairs, ycleped the cabin. He was too good a sailor, and had been tossed about on too many stormy nights at sea, to care much about the short Channel passage, trying as it unquestionably is; but the sights and sounds which greeted him when he entered the cabin might have driven him in desperation to the wet deck again, but for something which attracted his attention during his brief glance around.

The little lame boy he had seen carried on board was lying on a sofa exactly opposite the door, and, with the instinct which made all children love Harold Clive, he turned his eyes wistfully upon the new-comer, and seemed silently to entreat him to stay. The child did not appear to be seasick; but he looked very scared and lonely. His father had already succumbed to the prevailing malady, and seemed very helpless and unable to speak to him. Still, one of his hands was passed lovingly round the child's neck, and Col. Clive saw that on the little finger of this hand there was a plain gold wedding-ring. He was a widower then, though still a young man, and perhaps this was his only child. Harold's heart warmed towards the poor little motherless cripple, and, going up to the gentleman, he said kindly,—

"If you were to lie down altogether, sir, and shut your eyes, you would suffer less. I'll look after this little lad, and see that he comes to no harm. I'm a good sailor myself, and used to children."

The father looked up into the speaker's face, and trusted him, without any other letter of recommendation; he made a mute gesture of thanks, and did at once what he had suggested.

Then Clive dropped into the seat he had vacated, and in five minutes more the boy Tom and he were fast friends.

He told him stories of elephants, of tigers, of snakes, and of all the wonderful creatures and things he had seen in India and other parts of the world. The little fellow listened eagerly, with eyes wide open, and full of interest. All of a sudden he caught sight of Harold's bright new locket, and laid violent hands upon it.

"Let me see!" he exclaimed, with all the pretty wilfulness of a child.

There was a moment's struggle in the owner's heart before he could bring himself to exhibit his treasure to those little eager eyes; but presently he touched the spring and opened it.

"Oh, what a pretty lady!" said Tom.

"Isn't she pretty?" said Harold warmly, pleased even with the child's praise of his darling; "and she is as good as she is pretty too. She would be so kind to you, Tom, if she knew you."

"Would she?"

And then the two went on talking again of other things till it ended by Tom's falling fast asleep on his new friend's shoulder, his face almost hidden in the soft warm fur of Harold's coat.

When at last they arrived, and the steamer, after two hours of rocking and pitching to and fro, came to a sudden stand-still in Calais harbor, Tom's poor father picked himself up, and came to thank Harold for his care of the boy

But Harold only nodded at him over the child's head, and carried Tom, still sleeping, up the companion on to the deck, and laid him in his little carriage.

There he left him, and he never saw him again; but the touch of those clinging arms about his neck had been very sweet to him, and had done his aching heart more good than a whole week of worldly distractions could have done.

The tide was nearly low when they reached Calais, and consequently the passengers had a long walk up the pier before they arrived at the railway station. And very cold and wet and cross and miserable did most of them look as they entered the warm, brightly-lighted Salle d'Attente. The shelter was welcome indeed. The "buffet," after all the hardships they had just gone through, looked especially inviting; and within five minutes of their arrival nearly every one of the little tables with snowy table-cloths which stood about the room was occupied by its own little group of travellers, who were busy discussing steaming soup or cups of coffee. It is a strange fact, but it is nevertheless true, that the first thing nine persons out of ten do upon landing after a sea voyage is to begin to eat.

"How long before the train starts for Paris?" Col. Clive asked of a railway official standing by.

"*Une bonne demi-heure, monsieur*" (Rather more than half an hour), was the answer he received.

He was not hungry; but he felt faint and wearied. Carrying little Tom up those steep stairs had tired him more than he could have believed possible. So he walked up to the neat-looking young French woman who was officiating behind the counter, and asked for a glass of cognac and a biscuit. As he did so, he heard some one on his left-hand side make a request, in a low voice and in very fair English-French, for a cup of hot coffee.

"Madame" smiled, and promised prompt attention to both customers, and then went away to execute the orders.

The very moment her back was turned a hand was laid on Harold's arm, and the same voice, speaking in English, now said, —

"I should be glad to speak to you, Col. Clive, if you could spare me a few minutes."

He turned quickly round, and saw that it was the lady in the red hood, and that the lady in the red hood was — Laura!

Laura's very self, and not a mocking apparition, as he had been tempted to think at first. His heart gave one great bound, and then it seemed of a sudden to stand quite still, so utterly astounded was he to see her at such a time and in such a place.

But he made no loud exclamations.

"Laura! you here?" he said with a sort of gasp.

"Hush! don't say any thing more, don't take any notice. How all these people do stare!" she said in a hurried whisper, and turning away her head. "Follow me presently on to the platform. The train is not to start for nearly an hour, and there is not a soul there. I *must* speak to you, Harold."

She slipped quietly away from his side, was lost for a moment among the crowd of other passengers, and then passed through the glass doors of the waiting-room on to the platform beyond.

Harold stood some few seconds just where she had left him, wondering whether it was all a dream. But she was singularly calm, considering that his heart was beginning to beat with a wild hope that he dared not stop to analyze. He swallowed down the little glass of cognac which was handed to him, for he had need of some such stimulant, paid for it, and then slowly walked away, and followed Laura on to the platform, as she had bidden him do.

The train was already in waiting which was to bear the English mails and passengers to Paris; but there seemed no one about, except that at the extreme left, under the last lamp-post, stood the lady in the red hood.

Harold went straight up to her, and without even holding out *his hand*, said, in a voice which sounded strangely stern, —

"Laura! what in the world has brought you here?"

It was the old Laura Sartoris who looked up at him then; the Laura of the dancing eyes and sunny smiles; the bright, loving Laura who had stolen his heart away from him years and years before.

"The South-Eastern Railway and her Majesty's steamer '*Sarm*phire, the best boat on the station,'" she said, giving him one of her old saucy smiles.

Still there was no unbending on his part.

"Do they know at home that you are here?"

"Edward doesn't. I sent him to town to get him out of the way. Rosa aided and abetted me in my wickedness."

"She never let you come alone?"

"No, Phœbe is with me — in the body at least; but she has been so wofully sea-sick for the last two hours, that I believe in spirit she is still tossing up and down in the cabin of the steamer. One of the sailors had almost to carry her on shore, and I left her just now sitting by the waiting-room fire, utterly oblivious of all things in heaven and earth."

But she could not bring a smile to his lips even yet.

"Now, Laura, tell me what this all means," he said, in the same stern tone.

She clasped both her hands about his arm, and her voice trembled for the first time as she made answer: —

"It means this, Harold; that either you must go back to England with me, or I am going on to Paris with you, for I never mean to leave you again."

"Does it mean any thing more than that, Laura?" he asked, in a low, pleading voice: he was shaking like a man who had the ague now, but he could not bring himself to put the question in a plainer form, as he had done that time in the Aberdeen prison. Could it be that the cup of happiness, which once more seemed so near to his lips, was to be dashed away again, as it had been that night? No, not this time. She hid her blushing face upon his arm (she could not have reached his shoulder if she had tried), and then came the whispered words which his very soul had longed to hear: —

"Yes, Harold, it does mean something more than that. It means that your wife has come to her senses at last, and has found out that she loves you with her whole heart."

The station and every thing in it began to swim round and round before his misty eyes, and something seemed to come up in his throat and choke him. But he had manliness enough left to take her in his arms, and hold her in such a close embrace that she could scarcely breathe.

"And how did my wife come to make this wonderful discovery?" he faltered out at last.

A voice came from somewhere among the folds of his fur coat: "Don't hug me to death, you dear old bear, and I'll tell you if I can."

"Stop a minute!" and Harold Clive gave a little low happy laugh, such as no one who knew him had heard him give for years before. "Come out of that, little one; I want to kiss you first."

But the little one did not seem disposed to come "out of that." She only clung the closer to his arm; so he took her blushing face into his hands, and kissed her on the eyes and cheeks and lips, till she fairly cried for mercy.

"Now, tell me how it was."

"There is not much to tell," she answered, gasping for breath, "except that I must have been blind and deaf and dumb, and mad too, I think, when you were with me this morning. I forgot every thing, forgot the locket which I had had ready for you for a week. I let you go, knowing all the while that I should be miserable while you were away, and yet I had not the courage or the wisdom to stop you, as I should have done. But when I came to read your dear letter afterwards, then I thought my heart would break. It would have broken, I believe, if I had not thought of this. I could not write to you, and so, you see, I came."

"Brave little girl," he murmured, stroking her hair, for the red hood had fallen back. "How did you manage it? Tell me."

"Well, there was no time to lose. The first thing was to get rid of Edward, and Rosa helped me, as I said. Phœbe packed just a very few things in a carpet-bag (you will have to buy me some new dresses, sir, the moment we get to Paris), and then she and I came up by an evening train to London.

I meant to have been at Charing-cross in good time, but our cab broke down in going from station to station, and we only arrived just before the train started. I should never have known you were there, if I had not seen Edward and Brown speaking to you at the carriage door. I was so frightened of being seen, not by Edward, dear old blind thing, but I thought your sharp eyes would find me out; however, you were busy talking, so I slipped by. And then again at Dover, when I made that false step in going on to the boat, it gave me such a turn. I thought it was all over with me; if I had fallen, you must have found me out, for I knew you were close behind. I felt somehow that you were there. How awfully rude you must have thought me, Harold, never to thank you for saving me!"

"Yes, very rude," he answered dryly. "I took you for a delicate old lady, and thought the roll of the vessel was too much for you, you darted off in such a hurry to the cabin."

"Yes, into the cabin I went, as you say; and there I lay all the way over. I was not ill, but I could not move hand or foot. I could use my eyes though, and to some purpose too. From where I was lying I could see straight into the larger cabin, and I saw *you*, sir, up to old tricks as usual, with that poor little boy. Harold, if I had never loved you before, I believe I should have learned to love you then; but he made me quite jealous once, when you were carrying him up stairs; he was in my place, you see, and I knew that he had driven me out of your thoughts for the time."

"But I can't conceive why you should have avoided me so carefully all the way, when your object was to come up with me at last. Why did not you stop me at Dover?" said Clive.

"And be sent back by the next train, like a naughty child. Thank you, that wouldn't have suited me at all. And a nice scene there would have been on Dover pier, with all the porters and the sailors looking on. Besides, you never would have known how much in earnest I was. You *can't* send me back alone now, Harold," she added, giving her head a little defiant toss. "I have compromised myself too much."

"Yes, you have compromised yourself finely," he answered, looking down upon her with a curious sort of smile. "What will the world say to this escapade of yours, Laura, I should like to know?"

"Say? 'What say they? Let them say,'" she answered indignantly, quoting the well-known old Scottish motto. "What *can* they say, Harold," she went on, "except that I have run away to France with my own husband; and there can be no great harm in that."

"Your old husband, you mean."

"Old!" she exclaimed. "How dare you call yourself old?"

"You called me an old bear yourself just now," he said, laughing, and evidently glorying in the recollection.

"That's quite a different thing. *I* may call you what I choose. But you are not old, Harold; you were only forty on your last birthday, I know; and what's that? The very prime of life; quite a young man, in fact. Never call yourself old again, if you *please*."

"Too old for you, my darling," he answered fondly. "You look ten years younger than you did at Aberdeen, Laura."

"And so will you very soon, if I take you in hand. I'll answer for it, Dr. Laura will do you more good in a week than the whole College of Physicians could."

"Very likely, Mrs. Clive."

"My new name," she said, with a little blush; "no one has ever called me so before. And O Harold, that puts me in mind. Come here with me; I have something to show you, something for you to do."

She drew him with her towards the nearest lamp, so that the light might fall on something she was holding in her hand beneath her cloak. It was a gold locket, the fac-simile of the one she had sent to him by her brother."

"See here," she said; and as she spoke she touched the spring, and it flew open.

On one side was an old vignette likeness of her husband; on the other, hidden beneath a lock of dark hair tinged with gray, lay her wedding-ring.

"Harold, I told you that I was dumb to-day, and so I was — spell-bound, as it were. My heart ached for you when I saw your eye rested on my finger, and missed this from its proper place, and yet I could not tell you then, that I have worn it here" (touching her bosom) "ever since you gave it to me. Night and day I have never parted with it; and they tell me, that when I was ill and delirious I never would let it out of my hand. I did think I would wear it to-night," she added in a lighter tone. "I fancied it would look more 'proper' perhaps, if any one watched me travelling alone; but then the thought came into my head that no one, not even I myself, had any right to put it on again except you. And now, Harold," she whispered caressingly, "you must marry me over again. Put on my ring, dear, and say the right words once more; for we did not say them quite properly that day, I think."

"We did not do or say any thing quite properly that day, Laura. We will have the Church's blessing on our marriage before many more hours are over. The next boat shall take us back to England," ("Poor Phœbe!" murmured Laura), "and we shall be at Richmond early to-morrow. Edward shall marry us in his own church, the next day, by special license, if necessary; and after that — you shall go to the end of the world with me, if you will. In the meantime, you shall have it your own way, little one, as you always do."

He held up her left hand; and as he slipped the ring on to the wedding-finger, he repeated, half playfully, half seriously, the words of the marriage service: "With this ring I thee wed; with my body I thee worship; with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

"*That's* lucky!" exclaimed Laura, breaking into a merry little laugh; "for I lost my purse coming off the boat, and I have only a fourpenny piece and three sous in my pocket; and how ever I should have paid for that cup of coffee I had the audacity to order just now, if you hadn't been here, I have not the least idea."

That laugh was the sweetest music that had sounded in Harold Clive's ear for many a long day; but it was too much for his poor little wife. Before the last words were out of her mouth, she broke down, and burst into tears.

"O Harold!" she cried, throwing her arms round his neck, and hiding her head upon his breast, "my husband! — mine to have and to hold, in sickness and in health; mine to cherish and obey; and, thank God I can say it now, mine to *love* till death us do part."

And Col. Clive bent his head until his gray moustache touched his wife's face; and as he pressed his trembling lips upon her cheek, he said, "Amen."

FOREIGN NOTES.

YOUNG Paris is grumbling because no public *bals masqués* are allowed in the capital this winter.

THE first volume of Forster's "Life of Charles Dickins" has caused a general re-reading of "David Copperfield."

LONDON *Fun* thinks that Tennyson's last poem ought to have been published in the *Law Journal*, because it's a power of a tourney!

THE revisers of the New Testament have proceeded in their labors as far as the second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel.

WE learn from a foreign paper that an American missionary, sent to Calcutta to convert the Hindoos, has become a disciple of Keshub Chunder Sen and been formally received into the Brahmo-Somaj church. It appears that the American missionary has caught a theological Tartar.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, having mistaken Mr. F. W. Loring for the gentleman who pulled the stroke-oar of the Harvard crew in its competition with Oxford, corrects its error, and falls into another by saying that the late M

Loring was the author of a poem entitled "Fair Harvard," having reference, probably, to Mr. William Everett's clever little story with that title.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been opened in Paris for the benefit of the widows and children of the unfortunate gendarmes who were so cruelly shot by the Communists in the Rue Haxo, after having been kept in prison more than two months. The credit of opening this subscription belongs to M. de Villemessant. The Government, which compensated the President of the Republic so handsomely, seems to have done nothing for these unfortunate and innocent victims of the late contest in the streets of Paris.

M. COURBET, the artist, who extinguished himself during the reign of the Commune, receives a great many visits in St. Pélagie; but does not get all the indulgence he asks for. He wanted space for a large studio, which has been not unnaturally refused. He has a palette, paint brushes, and a box of colors; but complains of want of light. A request that a particular model might be allowed to attend him daily was not complied with. He is consoling himself at present by painting flowers, and expresses a hope that in his dark room he may not forget the effects of sunlight. He has only three months more to remain in prison.

LAST month died one of the most remarkable singers who belonged to the French Opera during the Meyerbeer period, — the celebrated basso Levasseur — called in his early days "basso cantante," to distinguish his style from that of the ordinary bass of that time, who took part in concerted pieces, but was never intrusted with a solo. Levasseur was the original Bertram in "Robert le Diable," his associates being Nourrit, Mlle. Falcon, and Mme. Dorus Gras; and some idea of his versatility may be formed from the fact that he "created" the parts of Bertram in "Robert le Diable," Ankastrom in "Gustave III.," Marcel in "Les Huguenots," Olifour in "Le Dieu et la Bayadère" Fontunarose, the quack doctor in "Le Philtre" (the original of "L'Elisir d'Amore"), and (at least at the French Opera) Leporello in "Don Giovanni.

THE unrestrained gushing of the English press over the illness of the Prince of Wales is not less surprising than the poor gentleman's unlooked-for recovery, if he has recovered. It has long been understood that the heir apparent was by no means popular with the English people; his private character is none of the best, and he has shown few of those winning qualities which make royal sins seem amiable. Yet the entire press of England, and especially the London press, has kept up one surprising wail of lamentation, as if it were the blameless King Arthur or Tennyson's "Albert the Good" who lay at the point of doom. The Irish papers do not appear to take in the situation. Discordant voices come from Ireland. That "the young man known as Albert Edward, Prince of Wales," didn't die when he was expected to, is looked upon almost as an addition to Ireland's accumulated wrongs.

IT would seem as if science were about to make cows superfluous. Artificial milk has been prepared by a French chemist from sugar, dried whites of eggs, carbonate of soda, olive-oil, and water. By substituting gelatine for the whites of eggs, and with less admixture of water, cream is obtained. Another chemist, Gaudin, in discussing the preceding suggestion, gives his testimony as to the depriving fats of all unpleasant odor by mere subjection to an appropriate temperature. He also states that very good artificial milk can be prepared from bones rich in fat, by purifying this fat by means of superheated steam, and combining the fat thus obtained with gelatine. This milk is, he says, almost like that of the cow; and when kept, acquires first the odor of sour milk, then that of cheese. The gelatine in it represents the caseine; the fat, the butter; the sugar, the sugar of milk. It serves for the preparation of coffee and chocolate, of soups, and creams of excellent flavor, and its cost is but trifling. Artificial chops and pieces of beef for *roasting* will come next.

THE Duke of Ripalda is lucky enough to be the owner of a Raphael (now exhibiting in London) which at first he valued at £40,000 ($200,000), and now offers for £25,000. The *Athenæum* says that "the latter sum is probably about double the value of the painting; £12,000 or £13,000 would be an enormous sum for a picture which has been so severely rubbed and unfortunately repaired in many parts as this one. Nevertheless, it has many qualities of inestimable beauty; few Raphaels of this size are likely to come into the market, and the history of this one is complete, if that is worth any thing in a case where all we care about is the proper merits and the condition of the painting. A correspondent urges that the well-known Murillo was bought from the Soult collection for the Louvre for £24,000, as if that were any thing but a 'fancy price,' one far beyond the true value of the picture. There is a superb little panel, with a man's head by Antonella da Messina, in the Salon Carré of the Louvre, which cost £9,000; but this is one of the very rarest treasures of art, much scarcer in its kind than the Raphael, and quite perfect. Besides, £9,000 was an absurd price, even for the panel. The Garvagh Raphael was bought for the National Gallery a few years since at a price compared with which even £25,000 is moderate for the much more interesting work which is now in question. But because we were extravagant with regard to the little 'Virgin and Child,' and the French were outrageously lavish in the case of the showy Murillo, it does not follow that we shall give £25,000, much less £40,000, for the St. Antonio Raphael. Besides, it is averred by many that the published price of the Murillo was not the true one."

THE correspondent in Lorraine of a Berlin paper (the *Landeszeitung*) reports that the census lately ordered by the authorities in that province gave the French inhabitants a fresh opportunity of showing their animosity towards the German Government. Only two persons in the whole of the province volunteered to act as census clerks, and the people seemed to be under the impression that the inscription of their names on the census lists signified that they were registered as Prussians, and would be compelled to accept the Lutheran religion "and become Freemasons." One of the agents, on coming to a peasant with his list, was received with the following words: — "What do you want of me? Are we not already Prussians, and is it necessary that this should appear on paper? I won't answer any of your questions." A second peasant exclaimed: "Are you not ashamed of yourself, as a Frenchman, to go about with a Prussian list in order to give us up to Prussia?" And a third, on being asked the place of his birth, said he was born at Gravelotte, "where the Prussians were well thrashed." The census clerk next went to a devout woman of the village. On seeing him, she rose from her chair in great excitement, saying, "What do you want? Is it true, then, that they wish to rob us of our faith and sell us to the Freemasons? For God's sake don't put my name on that paper!" — "No, mother," added her daughter, "you will not give your name. They want to betray us; we will not become Lutherans, or Freemasons either."

"ENGLAND," says the Paris *Temps* "is the only country in Europe where the Government is sufficiently firmly established, and where respect for the liberty of citizens has so far become a custom that orators may, without making any one uneasy or being themselves disquieted, go from town to town carrying on publicly a campaign against the Government of the country. It is known that a young member of Parliament, Sir Charles Dilke, has been making a tour through England, attacking at meeting after meeting Queen Victoria, the administration of her household and the Civil List, and in short, preaching the Republic. At Leeds, as at Chelsea and Bolton, it was the police who protected the Republican orator against the crowd by maintaining some kind of order at those meetings. Sir Charles Dilke is now preparing to renew his campaign in London itself, and this time under the auspices of the Internationale, of which he has just been elected a member. Mr. John Hales, the secretary of that society, has officially declared that in the Internationale 'Citizen Dilke was generally admitted to have a claim to be the first President of

the Republic.' Some members had thought of Citizen Gladstone, but the young baronet was preferred to him." For all this, England is not particularly gracious towards its Fenian orators.

CERTAIN passages in Mr. Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens," touching Dickens's early literary relations with Richard Bentley, have drawn forth a letter from George Bentley, the son of the famous old publisher. "I should mention," writes Mr. Bentley, "that on my father's death, his papers coming into my possession, I made overtures through a mutual friend of Mr. Forster and myself, for the destruction of any letters that bore reference to a former disagreement between Mr. Dickens and my father. I desired this, because I knew that the most cordial relations existed between Mr. Dickens and my father for many years prior to their death, and I felt sure that nothing could be more opposed to the genial temper of both parties than the public discussion of a disagreement that each party had long forgotten. My application to Mr. Forster was without result, and Mr. Forster professed not to understand the meaning of the application itself.

I will give, in as brief a manner as I can, the details of the connection between Mr. Dickens and my father. It was in March, 1836, that Mr. George Hogarth first introduced Mr. Dickens to him. At this time Mr. Dickens was little known to the public, and at this interview my father, who had read some papers of his, the famous *Sketches*, proposed to Mr. Dickens to write two works of fiction for £1,000, and an agreement to this effect was entered into and signed on August 22, 1836.

In October, 1836, my father projected his *Miscellany*, which was to be a monthly periodical devoted principally to papers of a humorous kind. On the 4th of November, 1836, Mr. Dickens entered into an agreement with him to edit this periodical for £20 a month, this sum of course not to include payment for any of his own contributions.

The work became a success, that success, in my opinion, having been not inconsiderably heightened by the famous illustrations of Mr. George Cruikshank; and in March, 1837, Mr. Dickens showing symptoms of dissatisfaction with his agreement, my father agreed to modify the arrangement. A new agreement was drawn up on March 17, 1837, and Mr. Dickens therein agreed to edit the *Miscellany* for a further £10 a month, conditional on the sale, and signed an agreement to that effect to be in force for five years.

These concessions, however, so far from producing the desired effect on Mr. Dickens, led to a further demand for a change in the month of September, of the same year; Mr. Dickens, taking offence at an alleged interference on the part of my father in the editorship of the *Miscellany*, demanded fresh terms. This difficulty was got over by a fresh agreement, the fourth, in which the *Miscellany* was to be edited for £360 a year, and the two novels were to be paid for at the price of £750 each, instead of £500 as first agreed, or £600 as by Mr. Dickens's own proposition in his letter to my father, dated July 14, 1837. On the 22d of September, 1838, a new agreement *under seal* was executed, and it was supposed by my father that this would really be final. But it was not so, for in the month of February, 1839, Mr. Dickens again became dissatisfied, and refused to continue the editorship of the *Miscellany*. After a good deal of discussion and correspondence, fresh agreements were entered into, one for *Oliver Twist* and the *Miscellany*, and the other wholly referring to *Barnaby Rudge*, for which my father agreed to pay £4,000. By these agreements Mr. Dickens stipulated that he would complete *Barnaby Rudge* by the 1st of January, 1840, and that he would not commence any other work until such time as the work which he had agreed to finish for my father should be completed; and in the same agreement it was stipulated that it was the intention of both parties that the work in question *(Barnaby Rudge)* should be the next work written and published by Mr. Dickens. In December, 1839, my father announced *Barnaby Rudge;* on the 16th he received a lawyer's letter, stating that Mr. Dickens would not be ready for three or four months, and an advertisement appeared showing that Mr. Dickens was about to publish elsewhere a novel, which, according to his arrangement with my father, he was not at liberty to do, until he had completed *Barnaby Rudge*. The separation between them then took place, and Mr. Dickens bought back the copyright and stock of *Oliver Twist*, and discontinued the editorship of the *Miscellany*.

The remuneration to Mr. Dickens, judged by his after-success, might appear inadequate, but it must be borne in mind that when my father signed an agreement for two novels of Mr. Dickens for £1,000, he had not then written any work which showed the power of a novelist, and that a great literary journal itself compared the young author's reputation to the flight of a rocket, and predicted that it would come down like a stick. Supposing my father had held Mr. Dickens to his original agreement, he might have been thought to act with illiberality, but he would have been still within his rights; and without the imputation of casting "a network of agreements" around Mr. Dickens. This he did not do, and that succession of agreements followed of which complaint is made in the biography, but every one of which was more in favor of Mr. Dickens than the last — a conclusive proof at whose instigation they had been changed."

SHALL WE EVER MEET AGAIN?

SHALL we ever meet again
In the woodland by the sea?
Will the moment bringing pain
To the heart, and to the brain,
Come again to thee and me?
Shall we hear again the moaning
Of the ocean to the shore,
Like the ever low intoning
Of a celebrant, Lenore,—
Shall we ever meet again?
Ah me, that Joy should borrow
A thorn to wound the heart
From the pale-red rose of Sorrow!
Adieu! for we must part.

We may never meet again
In the woodland by the sea;
But the song, and the refrain,
Which we sang beside the main,
Will be ever dear to me.
There is no sun that shineth
But hath its spot of shade;
The brightest day declineth,
And sweetest roses fade.
We may *never* meet again.
Ah me, that Love should borrow
A thorn to wound the heart
From the pale-red rose of Sorrow!
Adieu! for we must part. EDWARD CAPERN

BURNETT'S COCOAINE promotes the growth of the Hair. Fre from irriatting matter.

"A SLIGHT COLD," COUGHS.—Few are aware of the impor tance of checking a cough or "SLIGHT COLD" which would yiel to a mild remedy, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. *"Brown' Bronchial Troches"* give sure and almost immediate relief.

TRIALS are the common lot of humanity. Among thos best to be endured is a trial of the AMERICAN HOUSE, b tourists or business men, when visiting Boston. Few who hav tried the American ever seek another hotel, finding *that* centra quiet, and replete with all that pertains to comfort and luxury.

DR. LOUIS A. SAYRE, one of the most eminent physician in the city of New York, has carefully examined the analysis mad by the BOARD OF HEALTH, of Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth, pronounced it entirely free from any material injurious to healt for beautifying the skin, and removing all blemishes. It is t best preparation in the world. Depot, 5 Gold Street, New Yor

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.—MRS. L. SLOPER, Cotto wood Falls (formerly of Leavenworth), earned, in dressmakin with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, in 65½ months, $13,34 in 1866 she earned $4,250; in December, 1867, $435. T machine has been constantly employed since 1861 without cent for repairs.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1872. [No. 3.

CITY LIFE IN THE CAPITAL OF THE OEZBÉGS.

BY ARMINIUS VAMBERY.

WHERE the boundless Hyrcanian desert approaches the Oxus, a river in central Asia, celebrated far back in ancient history, which, bending here at a right angle, takes its course northwards to Lake Aral, lies Khiva, the capital of the Khanat Khiva, situated on the right bank of the channel or arm of the Oxus, called Hazreti Pehlivan. Striking, indeed, is the contrast between this tract of land, on the right bank of the river, so famous for its fertility, and the deserts and fathomless oceans of sand, which extend on all sides as far as the eye can reach; but quite as striking and remarkable is the difference between the social relations of the Oezbegs, as exhibited in Khiva, their capital, and those of all the other Asiatic nations, not excepting their immediate neighbors in Persia and Bokhara.

Restrained by the formidable barrier of this perilous desert, Asiatic conquerers have seldom, and then only for a short time, made the ancient Khahrezm the arena of their savage deeds of arms. Whilst its eastern neighbor, the ancient Sogdiana, lay on the high-road along which the mighty waves of Altaic nations rolled westward from the valley of the Thian-Shan Mountains, or the inspired sons of Arabia once advanced victorious as far as Kashgar and Yarkend, leaving behind them on the Zerefshan traces of their power, Khiva, situated farther distant, has been comparatively exempt from foreign influence. Dshingis and Nadir alone sent hither a portion of their troops. The former maintained his supremacy a few short months, the latter only a few weeks. The rude and impetuous nature of its inhabitants, and the still ruder spirit of the nomadic tribes on its borders, have always been powerful obstacles to foreign invaders. No wonder then, that in spite of Islamism, and a few surviving traces of Iranic refinement, we discover in Khiva the genuine spirit of ancient Niguric civilization, and the impress of that primitive Turco-Tataric life, which at the present day we meet with nowhere in Turkestan, nowhere in western Asia, nowhere else among the Turco-Tataric tribes but here. It is, therefore, well worth the trouble to make a small excursion to Khiva, in order to obtain a nearer view of this picture. In books of travel a reader finds but faint and meagre outlines. Two Russians, Muravieff and Butenieff, and five Englishmen, Abbott, Conolly, Shakspeare, Richmond and Thompson, who have been my predecessors in the present century, have not been able to furnish us with more than scanty reports, in consequence of the thick veil of mistrust and reserve which, on their diplomatic mission, obscured their area of observation. They dwelt at some distance from the town, in the summer-palace, called Abdul Aziztöre Havlisi, the usual residence of ambassadors, and could observe Oezbeg life only so far as it presented itself to them within the narrow circuit of their official abode. They were not allowed to move freely about, to have intercourse with the people, or to gain even an occasional insight into their daily life. Can I then be blamed, if from among my reminiscences of the part I played of a pilgrimed Mollah, an honored guest from Constantinople, I should wish to give some particulars of daily life at Khiva?

As Constantinople must be seen from the Bosporus, to make the most favorable impression, Ispahan from the southern mountain-range *vid* Majan, Herat from the road through Khodsha Abdulla Ansari, Bokhara from the road at Karakul; so a traveller should approach Khiva by the road from Merv or Deregöz through that part of the Karakum (black sand) which extends, like a tongue, to the walls of the town. Here we come at once from a bottomless waste of sand to verdant meadows, from the region of tamarisks to delightful elms and poplars, from the chilling aspect of death to the luxuriance of life and vegetation. The outward appearance of this capital, together with the square citadel, rising in the centre, and separated by four gates from the rest of the town, offers little or nothing of interest to the eye accustomed to Asiatic memorials, or of what would satisfy his expectation of a capital. To wander through this chaos of houses and crenellated courtyards would not repay the trouble. We will merely present the reader with a bird's-eye view, and make him in this manner acquainted with Khiva.

Let us go aloft. The compact mass of houses, in which a couple of narrow and crooked streets are distinguishable, is the citadel, just mentioned, Itsh-Kale, the residence of the sovereign and some of the principal functionaries, and where the bazar and the higher order of medresses are situated. Round this inner quarter of the city extend far and wide the gardens and public squares. Eastward lies the quarter Or Rehin Bendi, and farther off, to the south-east, the reservoir Bala Hauz, with the bazar of the barbers contiguous to it, just as in Bokhara, and, if I am correctly informed, in Khokand and all the larger towns of central Asia. Looking southward, we see, in all its extent, the large quarter Jeni Bazar; to the west, Jeni Kale and Rafenek; to the north, Bahdshe, with the reservoir of the same name. This confused mass of large and small buildings, seen from above, may be any thing, but does not convey the impression of a capital; and, but for the few scattered monuments, marked by their ornament of glazed tiles, which rise from the multitude of yellow clay dwellings, there would be literally not a single point on which the eye could rest, for a change from its fatigue.

The finest view is from the short tower of the Medemin College. This tower was intended to have been a third part higher than it is at present, but the death of its builder frustrated his plan. From this point appear the dome-shaped roofs of the medresse Ali Khuli Khan, the elegant dome of the Hazret i Pehlivan, and some private dwelling-houses. Farther south-east, the mosque Shaleker strikes the eye. The public squares, the tanks of dirty water, and the subterranean baths, form a very disagreeable prospect, and it is a refreshing relief to the spectator to look beyond these ancient and modern monuments of Oezbeg architecture, upon the chain of pretty summer-houses on the right and left, with their gardens luxuriant with vegetation, which skirt the fore-ground of the horizon. Nature often puts art to shame, but nowhere more conspicuously than in Khiva. So much for the external aspect of the capital; we will now make a small tour round the interior, and inspect the daily life of its inhabitants.

A summer's morning in Khiva! how infinitely its charms surpass the poisonous atmosphere of low-lying Bokhara, and many other places in Turkestan, familiar to me! The air, although only for a short time, is of marvellous purity. An indescribable, solemn stillness reigns throughout all nature; and it seems as if the silent image of the surround-

ing desert were reflected in this oasis during the hours of the early morning.

By three or four o'clock everybody has crept forth into the open air from out the square mosquito-nets, which even the poorest person draws over his felt bed. Attendance at mosque is not here, as in Bokhara, a matter of obligation; only thick-headed Mollahs, and the orthodox who pay court to them, are seen there at morning prayer. Stir and activity, but only sparsely, can be seen at this time on the banks of the canals and the public water-tanks, where all are engaged in performing the sacred ablutions, and arranging their toilet as their religion prescribes. The time occupied by prayer is shorter than in Bokhara, but all the longer is the duration of the breakfast which succeeds it. Whilst the *beau monde* there, on the Zerefshan, are refreshing themselves with tea, here, in Kiva, people, at this early hour of the morning, lay hold of the huge bowl full of rice swimming in fat, or the strengthening dish börck, or a savory cutlet of mutton or horseflesh; nor does any one, not excepting the prince himself and grandees, go to his work until he has thoroughly eaten his fill, a business with which the day invariably begins.

In the bazars, also, and public streets some signs of activity and life are at this hour perceptible. Activity, indeed it is, but how different from the bazars at Bokhara, Karchis, and Samarkand! How striking is the contrast between the Tadshik element animated by the lively Iranic blood, and the sleepy sedateness of a group of clumsy and ungainly Oezbegs!

It is not merely in the fiery expression of the eye, not merely in the quickness of gesticulation, the picturesque turban, the light *chaussure*, the short upper tunic, the brighter colors, but in all and every particular, that the ease and lightness of the aborigines of Turkestan forcibly contrast with the Turkish race, for centuries their close neighbors. The Turk sees only something ridiculous and humiliating in any eager and impetuous movement, any outward manifestation of feeling or excitement, any supple and graceful turn of the hand or foot. On the contrary, he presses upon his brow a cap, several pounds in weight, and shaped like a stuffed sheep-skin; he wears, even in the height of summer, a wadded over-coat, which reaches down to his ankles, and is buttoned up and hermetically sealed from top to bottom; his boots are so clumsy and capacious as to hold at least one large bundle of straw and three yards of linen; nay, even the women are allowed to make but a slight difference in their head-dress and *chaussure* from that of the men. The idea of heaviness, in whatever manner represented, affords them pleasure. It is only in the image of a marble-like impassiveness and gravity, that an Oezbeg can discover a state of perfection.

Twice a week only, on the customary market days, is Khiva the scene of more animation. Among the crowd of town-traders and hawkers, who throng the narrow space of the bazar, move men and women from the country selling their wares. It is chiefly natural products and those of primitive industry which are exposed for sale. In the spring you see long pieces of linen, of a thin, loose texture, colored silk stuffs, and under-garments, which have been made during the long winter evenings. Some people are walking about with large pitchers, similar to that of Rebekah, which has become historical. These pitchers cannot be put down on the ground, but only placed in a leaning position; and, on account of the narrow opening, the vessel has to be broken in order to reach its contents, — a kind of syrup called *shire*, which is prepared of the finest fruits of the country, such as mulberries, marillas, melons, and some sort of small plums. Bread, vegetables, and any other victuals are sold only in the early morning and the evening, and never in such large quantities as in other Asiatic towns, since every Oezbeg house-keeper, however high in rank, herself prepares daily what is required for the house.

About ten o'clock a perceptible silence creeps through the cool rooms of the bazar and the public streets. The sun in Khiva is hot, burning hot, and the *siesta* of the Oezbegs, addicted as they are to an immense amount of rest and ease, begins earlier and ends later than in any other sister-town of Turkestan. Long before this hour the caravan has been ready for the journey, and has left the town; the trades-people have returned from the market; the artisans in their workshops and the students in the medresses have finished their morning work. Even the Kahn has to discharge his duties as ruler at an early hour of the day. All withdraw, and at noon scarcely any one is seen in the streets of Khiva, except an occasional slave, or perhaps some wandering madman, running about in the garb of nature, despite the burning sun.

I preferred generally to survey the scene of public life from some tea-shop, in the cool interior of which many a loquacious Oezbeg or poetical *bel esprit* would endeavor to kill time; but often I felt delighted when the fourth hour of the afternoon arrived, and I could resume my study in the open air. The best and most faithful representation of life and customs afforded to the stranger, is witnessed along the banks of the Balahanz, a small piece of water to the north-east of Khiva. This pool, and indeed the whole neighborhood, are said to resemble, on a larger scale, the Rigistan in Bokhara, but it is not kept with the same care, and is less frequented than the latter. Several tall and shady elms fringe the water's edge, and here and there are plots of ground laid out in flower-beds, but I never met here with life so varied or animated as in Bokhara.

Here you perceive a knot of elderly Oezbeg gentlemen, seated in a close circle upon a reed mat (*buria*), and reaching to each other the short-tubed *tshilim*, the pipe of central Asia, whilst the most honored among them is serving out tea from a teapot covered over with a pocket-handkerchief. The heat of the day and the warm beverage produce together a visible effect. One of the party wipes off the perspiration with the wide sleeve of his coat; another rubs his brow with his skin cap, which may occasionally be slightly raised, but which for propriety's sake is seldom taken off in public places. The conversation is carried on calmly and quietly; the subject is generally politics, that is to say, stories of robbers and brigandage, court intrigues, and the small affairs of officials. Religion is here, as in the sister Khanat, confined solely to the abodes of the learned and recluse. Often, when I have been standing in my disguise before such a group, shaking my *keshkul* (beggar's tray) before them, and begging alms, the admiration I have felt for the dignified and earnest demeanor of these people has kept me staring at them, even after several among them had untied their long purses and thrown a few coins towards me.

At some little distance from this group is seen a number of young dandies. Their garments are of lighter and more gaudy colors; their girdle consists generally of a red Russian kerchief, and the small articles of daily use, which hang down from it on the left side, denote clearly the rank and age of the wearer. Their conversation is more lively than that of their elders. They examine each other with care and minuteness; but the remarks on this Oezbeg boulevard are chiefly directed to the handle of the weapon worn at this public parade, which is inlaid with precious stones, or to the quality of the blade, or they talk of horses and horsemanship, of the "lions" of the day, renowned for their bravery, of the deeds of heroism on marauding expeditions (*alamans*), and so forth.

In another spot are gathered the youths of hope and promise, for age alone, and not rank, forms here the line of separation. One of them has brought with him a falcon and is diverting the company by letting it loose among some harmless sparrows. Others again find pleasure in watching an encounter between two rams, or a partridge fight, — a sport confined to Khiva, — for which the birds are early tamed, and provided with sharp spurs. There there are a number of blind men, sturdy beggars, reciting the Koran, and especially *Bachshis* (troubadours), who move undisturbed from one group to another, performing either their own or other people's compositions, and giving life and animation to the scene by the inspiriting strain of their music.

In this manner the inhabitants spend some three or four

hours together, until at last prayers and the approach of evening send them to their homes. The streets in Khiva, as in all the towns of central Asia, soon become deserted, and solitude reigns almost unbroken in the early hours of the evening. The *pashebs* (watchmen and policemen) perambulate every part of this labyrinth of houses, beginning their round from the eastern gate of the citadel, and brandishing with martial ardor their huge sticks, armed with iron rings. Woe betide the man whose way lies past them, if he has ventured out without a lantern, or is passing along the street in a noisy manner or a somewhat jovial mood. Nay, their quiet but authoritative glance of security penetrates even into the interior of the houses. They know exactly those youthful knight-errants of society, who carelessly sally forth on some forbidden love-adventure, or join in carousals and other amusements, contrary to the national ideas of morality. And since they are tolerably well rewarded for the discovery of any supposed crime or offence, it is easily explained why they devote themselves with such unobstructed zeal to their business of *espionage*, and take such immense pains to effect the publication of a scandal. But a terrible fate awaits the delinquent thus captured, for even the most trifling offence, as we should esteem it, is there punished with death.

On some occasions Khiva assumes the appearance of more than ordinary stir and excitement; as, for instance, when the army sets out on service, or some high officer of state departs to take the field, or especially when the Khan leaves his residence in town, however short a period he may be absent. Even when he takes his ordinary rides he is subjected to certain ceremonies which are strictly observed. Two hours before his departure the loud and shrill sound of trumpets from the tower announces to the people that soon they will be permitted to refresh themselves with a sight of their sovereign's countenance. Quickly those shops in the bazars, past which the procession will go, are decorated with bright-colored cotton stuffs and kerchiefs; every one takes his position, ready to make deep obeisance, and should even the royal company pass daily through the same street, still the same profound gravity and solemn devotion is uniformly manifested by the populace. For centuries this ceremony has remained unchanged, and whoever has seen the present Khan of Khiva in public will realize exactly the appearance of the solemn procession of a Timur, Sultan Mahmud of Giznee, and other central-Asiatic princes, celebrated in the Middle Ages. The procession is headed by two, four, or six trumpeters, marching in file, the horrible noise of whose instruments would pierce the tympanum of even an Oezbeg rustic. Behind them are several *shatirs* (runners), who wear bells on their ankles and thighs, and look very strange in their red garments and pointed head-gear. Then follow three or four *jettek* (led horses), richly caparisoned, which are led by the bridle, and step proudly along; and next appears the *mehter* — a kind of minister of the interior — on horseback, attended by a small retinue. Behind him comes the minister of police, who is also chief executioner; he is likewise on horseback, and brandishes a huge, silver-studded bâton. Immediately after him rides his Majesty the Khan, generally in a sleepy attitude, without a sign of majesty, or of what passes in Europe for chivalry and stateliness. Sometimes two servants walk by his side, on the right and left, who answer the greeting "Selam aleikum" of his subjects, with an "Aleikum e seleam," since his Royal Highness thinks the trouble too great to respond in person, by a slight movement of the head, to the salutes and acclamations of welcome that await him. Behind the Khan walk the *Inaks*, four grandees of the Khanat, in company with the children and male relations of the reigning prince. A whole crowd of servants conclude the procession.

In addition to such moments of popular excitement, life in Khiva presents an extremely animated and solemn aspect at the time of the *Noruz* (the festival of the New Year). This festival is of Persian origin, and is celebrated with well-known solemnity in Iran; and for this reason it is held in great estimation throughout central Asia, and especially in Khiva, because here Islamism was comparatively far less successful in effacing the ancient manners and customs of Parsee civilization than in Bokhara, where the *Noruz*, although considered of high importance as late as the period of the Samanides, is now almost entirely prohibited, on the ground of its being contrary to the Islamitic law.

In Khiva, as in Iran, this festival is celebrated at the time of the spring equinox; but with less astronomical exactness here than in the Persian capital, for want of an accurate calendar. A few days before the appointed time, the city magnates repair to the Khan, in order to obtain his permission to celebrate the feast. They bring with them, as presents, either fruit or sweetmeats, served upon large wooden saucers (*kondsha*), and receive other presents in return, mostly knives with ornamented handles, handsome robes, or pieces of cloth. The whole of this interview is, of course, a formal affair of civility, and his Majesty the Khan condescends accordingly, with a due regard to the state of his political relations, to fix the duration of the festival for either five or seven days. Before the appointed time arrives, tents are erected, in all the public squares. By so doing, the inhabitants of Khiva pay homage to a national passion, viz., to leave their dwellings, which, being built, are stationary, and therefore distasteful to their ideas for at least a few days, that is, as long as the festival lasts. In this manner they turn nomads for a time. Whatever their houses possess in the way of elegance or comfort, whatever savory food or sweetmeats are contained in their store-rooms, all is removed to the tent; the great and wealthy even erect tents for their guests; in a word, it appears as if some influential guest were expected by each and all. This guest, whose arrival is thus eagerly awaited, is the *Noruz*, the beginning of spring, the awakening of nature, — that nature, which to an Eastern, destitute of art and industry, is of far greater importance than to the nations of the West, and on the regulations of which his food and clothing, his welfare or misery, his very existence depends.

The court astrologer having signified the change of the year from the pages of an old torn almanac, quite out of date, and which he himself does not understand, the grandees of the land repair on a solemn visit to the Khan. He awaits their arrival, robed in his festival attire; and after his lips have pronounced the "Hait kutlug bolgai" ("May the festival be propitious!"), and they have returned the customary salutation, the feast begins. During the first three days uninterrupted carousals, incessant feasting, and the everlasting drinking of tea embarrass even the most active of Oezbeg stomachs. The children are busy coloring eggs, with which they divert themselves at spring-time here in the far East, in Islamitic Asia, in the same manner as with us at Easter in Christian Europe; a remarkable coincidence, and a fact which lends additional interest to the origin of this very ancient custom. In some tents, it is said, the table is spread, and eating carried on incessantly, except when momentarily interrupted to receive a visitor, or for the performance of some solemn act, as, in particular, that of giving a slave his freedom. As with us in Europe, the faithful servant receives a New-Year's gift, so in central Asia, on the arrival of the *Noruz*, the master is in the habit of emancipating a slave. The Khan also provides public amusements from his private purse. Musicians are stationed in various places, as well as the favorite *Bachshis* and popular rhymers; here and there gigantic cauldrons are kept in readiness, filled with rice swimming in mutton-fat; tea also is served out at the expense of the State; and after the whole assembled population have taken their fill, wrestling acrobats, rope-dancers, and camel and ram fights are provided for their amusement. Illuminations even are not forgotten, but these evince an extremely primitive power of invention. Old worn-out overcoats, women's garments, and other material of the same kind, are dipped in rancid fat, and are then hung up on tall poles in various parts of the town, and set fire to at an appointed signal. The crackling noise of the flames affords peculiar delight to Oezbeg ears, but our European public would ill brook this foul-odored display of

pyrotechnics. Similar exhibitions are said to take place at the celebration of a victory. On these occasions musicians are placed upon all the town gates, and for several days in succession, from sunrise to sunset, delight the multitude assembled below with the deafening noise of their instruments. After the capture of Merv, where the Sarik-Turkomans suffered a signal defeat, the celebration of this victory lasted in Khiva twelve days.

Together with the above details, which contribute to form a picture of the capital of the ancient Kharezm we will give, in conclusion, a *résumé* of the difference in the character of its inhabitants from those of Bokhara.

Khiva bears the stamp of the roughness of disposition so characteristic of ancient Tâtars, but offers a striking contrast to their taste for music, poetry, and trivial amusements. Islamitic culture and refinement of manners, according to the general idea in Turkestan, have little interest for the inhabitant of Khiva. He, on the contrary, loves to absorb himself in the contemplation of the warlike pictures of old times; his types of manly virtue are Timur, Mohammed Shah, the Kharezmian and Ebu Muslim: in a word, he is characterized by a strange mixture of primitive nomadic life and martial impetuosity, of feelings of compassion and un-heard-of cruelty, of an idyllic tranquillity of mind and a lust for universal conquest. He cares little for the outer world; the inner relations of daily life interest him perhaps for a day; and although extremely happy to be in possession of the fertile lands on the lower Oxus, yet neither the prince and the grandees, nor the mollahs and the country people have hitherto exhibited much alarm or disquietude at the threat of Russian occupation, which hangs, like the sword of Damocles, over their heads. Like his kinsman on the Bosporus, whose exclamation is, "Nasib baka lûn" ("Fate we shall see"), so he comprehends his whole thoughts and cares in the sentence, "Khudar kala gani" ("As God wills it").

In Bokhara, on the contrary, where a desire for Iranic culture is united with a truly Islamitic and ungovernable religious fanaticism, the *tadshik* (i.e., Iranic) population has always longed for the flourishing period of the Bagdad Khalifat, or of a Sultan Hussein Mirza Beikeras, to return. The civilization of Khiva is considered identical with a Kirgiso-Turkomanic rudeness and absence of refinement; instead of war, Bokhara seeks for learning and erudition; the charms of poetry and domestic contentment give way to the attractions of outward show and splendor. And just as the population itself contains a large admixture of Irano-Turanic elements, so the portrait of their character is crowded with the most unmistakable features of these two races.

THE BOYHOOD OF CHARLES DICKENS.

No biography has ever taken its readers so much by surprise as Mr. Forster's life of Dickens. That early observation must have supplied Dickens with a great part of his wonderful knowledge of that struggling poverty which, as Mr. Forster truly says, "is nowhere more vividly shown than in the commoner streets of the ordinary London suburb," was plain. That he had introduced more recollections of his own life into "David Copperfield" than into any other of his books was plain also. But the most careful and sympathizing reader of this novel could not have guessed that the two most striking chapters in it were a mere extract from an unfinished autobiography written long before the fancy of "David Copperfield" had even "begun to take shape in his mind." Considered in connection with the first and second chapters of Mr. Forster's life, these two chapters stand alone in literature. They are remarkable for the restrained passion which runs through them; for the wonderful keenness of insight which originally stored up the materials; for the retentiveness which could recall every memorandum made on the mind of a child of ten; for the passionate self-commiseration which underlies even the most humorous passages. They supply the foundation of parts of almost every book he has written. They serve to explain the limits by which his genius was marked off on all sides. They show that Dickens was never at his best except when describing scenes and characters which he had seen in his earliest childhood, or on which his childish fancy had been exercised. The same experience could not have had the same results if it had come any earlier or any later in his life. If his father had been in the Marshalsea at the time of his son's birth, Dickens would not have had the same sense of having fallen from something better; and in losing this he would have lost that insight into the poverty he describes, which, while it requires absolute acquaintance with the thing described, requires also an external stand-point from which to survey it. To men born in rags, as to men born in purple, their surroundings come too naturally to make much impression on them. If his father had kept out of the Marshalsea two or three years longer, Dickens would never have had the same hopelessness of conviction that he was never to rise from the degradation he so loathed and resented, and so would have been less open to the impression it made on him. The iron that stamped his memory with every particular of the old house at Hungerford-stairs was, and needed to be, an iron that had first entered into his soul. It is a noticeable feature in this fragment of autobiography that wherever it differs from the version of it published in "David Copperfield" it differs from it by being more wrought up. Most men having thus to deal with a chapter from their own life would have found it necessary to dress it in more vivid colors, to make the feeling more intense, to strive to excite in the reader's mind a stronger sympathy for the hero of the novel than could be created by unvarnished facts. Dickens felt no such need. Wherever the autobiography and the novel part company it is by reason of omissions or softenings down in the novel. It is worth while to compare a few passages. This is David Copperfield speaking:—

> It is a matter of some surprise to me even now that I can have been so easily thrown away at such an age. A child of excellent abilities, and with strong powers of observation, quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt bodily or mentally, it seems wonderful to me that no one should have made any sign in my behalf.

This is the autobiography:—

> It is wonderful to me how I could have been so easily cast away at such an age. It is wonderful to me that even after my descent into the poor little drudge I had been since we came to London, no one had compassion enough on me—a child of singular abilities, quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt, bodily or mentally—to suggest that something might have been spared, as certainly it might have been, to place me at any common school. . . . My father and mother were quite satisfied. They could hardly have been more so if I had been twenty years of age, distinguished at a grammar school and going to Cambridge.

Or take the sentence in which David Copperfield describes his loneliness. "From Monday morning to Saturday night I had no advice, no counsel, no encouragement, no consolation, no assistance, no support of any kind, from any one that I can call to mind, as I hope to go to heaven." And compare with it the parallel sentences in the autobiography. "I suppose my lodging was paid for by my father. I certainly did not pay it myself; and I certainly had no other assistance whatever (the making of my clothes, I think, excepted), from Monday morning until Saturday night. No advice, no counsel, no encouragement, no consolation, no support, from any one that I can call to mind, so help me God." Again, in "David Copperfield," the chapters which deal with his life at Murdstone and Grimby's are thus introduced:— "I now approach a period of my life which I can never lose the remembrance of while I remember any thing; and the recollection of which has often, without any invocation, come before me like a ghost and haunted happier times." This retains the purport of the corresponding paragraphs in the autobiography, but the details given in the latter convey a far stronger impression of the extremity of horror which the recollection always awakened in him:—

> Until old Hungerford Market was pulled down, until old Hungerford-stairs were destroyed, and the very nature of the ground

changed, I never had the courage to go back to the place where my servitude began. I never saw it. I could not endure to go near it. For many years when I came to Robert Warren's in the Strand [the rival blacking warehouse] I crossed over to the opposite side of the way to avoid a certain smell of the cement they put upon the blacking corks, which reminded me of what I was once. It was a very long time before I liked to go up Chandos Street. My old way home by the Borough made me cry after my eldest child could speak.

This feeling has nothing in common with that which sometimes leads successful men to put aside from them all recollections of their less fortunate youth. On the contrary, upon every other part of his childish life Dickens seems always to have dwelt with extreme pleasure. The sense of repugnance excited by the thought of these particular incidents is strangely strong, considering that Dickens sustained no permanent injury from having undergone them. It is more like the feeling with which a man looks back to a period of poverty which cost him the life of a wife or child. There is something vindictive about his compassion for his childish self, something of that overmastering sense of injustice which many men feel when they see present wrong done to others and have no power to help them, but which few retain in regard to wrong done to themselves of which no trace has remained by them. One instance of this is his reference to his mother's wish that he should go back to the blacking warehouse after his father had quarrelled with the proprietor. "My mother set herself to accommodate the quarrel and did so the next day. . . . My father said I should go back no more, and should go to school. I do not write resentfully or angrily, for I know how all these things have helped to make me what I am; but I never afterwards forgot, I never shall forget, I never can forget, that my mother was warm for my being sent back." To those who look back at the part played by Mrs. Dickens, it seems not unnatural that a woman accustomed to difficulties of all kinds, having but just seen her husband set free from a debtor's prison, and probably thinking it quite on the cards that he might soon return thither, should think it unwise to take a boy of twelve from an employment where he was at least earning seven shillings a week. No doubt if she had known the value of the child she was dealing with she would have judged differently; but prophets of twelve are even less honored in their father's house than prophets of riper growth, and some allowance might fairly have been made for her blindness. Dickens, as we have seen, can make none. His relations to his father are another illustration of the same thing. That the elder Dickens was in any sense of the word a good father no one will believe. His son probably presented him in the best possible light when he said to Mr. Forster, "Every thing that I can remember of his conduct to his wife, or children, or friends in sickness or affliction is beyond all praise." But the care which was present when the objects of it were sick or sorry was wanting when they were well. His description of his son's education — "Why, indeed, sir — ha! ha! — he may be said to have educated himself" — was strictly true. Still this is hardly enough to explain the use his son made of him in fiction. Mr. Micawber is not an unamiable person, indeed the reader contracts by degrees a considerable affection for him of a certain kind. But, according to prevalent ideas, this is scarcely the portrait a son would like to hand down as a life study of a father. Yet this is what Dickens has done. "The interval between the sponging-house and the prison," says Mr. Forster, "was passed by the sorrowful lad in running errands and carrying messages for the prisoner, delivered with swollen eyes and through shining tears; and the last words said to him by his father before he was finally carried to the Marshalsea were to the effect that the sun had set upon him forever. 'I really believed at the time,' said Dickens to me, 'that they had broken my heart.' He took afterwards ample revenge for this false alarm by making all the world laugh at them in 'David Copperfield.'" Certainly the revenge was ample; but the "sorrowful lad" delivering his messages "with swollen eyes and through shining tears," is a more engaging picture than the same lad sitting down in his famous and successful manhood to move thousands of expectant readers to laughter by the narrative of his father's weaknesses. Micawber's reception of David on his first visit to the prison gives one a different impression when we read it in the autobiography thus: — "My father was waiting for me in the lodge, and we went up to his room (on the top story but one) and cried very much. And he told me, I remember, to take warning by the Marshalsea, and to observe that if a man had £20 a year and spent £19 19s. 6d. he would be happy, but that a shilling spent the other way would make him wretched." If his father had had no hand in sending him to the blacking warehouse, it may be questioned whether Micawber would ever have been created except in a few fragmentary touches distributed over various characters. It may seem ungrateful thus to look so admirable a gift horse in the mouth, but in estimating Dickens's character this side of it cannot be left out of sight. In a much smaller way the reproduction of the Dora of his youth as the Flora of "Little Dorrit" is another example of the same tendency.

Yet, when all these deductions have been made, what a wonderful picture of childish feeling and observation the first chapters of this Life present! His novels give ample proof that, "neglected and miserable as he was, he managed gradually to transfer to London all the dreaminess and all the romance with which he had invested Chatham." Perhaps no element of his genius has given more pleasure than the way in which he makes commonplace neighborhoods interesting. In "Bleak House," for example, an involved and exciting plot is drawn out to its catastrophe in and around Chancery-lane. He surrounds London with the charms of association which educated men may impart to it from their knowledge of its past, but which uneducated men must derive if they are to enjoy it at all from their fancies with which they invest its present. The seeds of the power which enabled him to do this were planted during those walks to look from Camden-town "at the cupola of St. Paul's looming through the smoke," which "served him for hours of vague reflection afterwards." The local color of "Oliver Twist" reproduces "those wild visions of prodigies of wickedness, want, and beggary" which arose in his mind when he could "induce whomsoever took him out to take him through Seven Dials" and make him "supremely happy." The visits to his godfather, who lived at Limehouse, and was what is called a rigger and mast, oar, and block-maker, and his acquaintance with the honest boat-builder who pronounced him a "progedy," have left their mark on those descriptions of the Thames side in "Dombey and Son" which breathe the very flavor of a great tidal river, and, in conjunction with his visits to Sheerness with his father when he lived at Chatham, on one of the most striking bits of pure narrative he has written — the boat journey down the Thames in "Great Expectations." He himself wonders, when he looked with his mind's eye "into the Fleet Prison during Mr. Pickwick's incarceration, whether half a dozen men were wanting from the Marshalsea crowd that came filing in again to the sound of Capt. Porter's voice. I made out my own little character and story," he goes on, "for every man who put his name to the sheet of paper [the petition drawn up by his father for a bounty to the prisoners to drink the King's health on his birthday]. I might be able to do that now more truly; not more earnestly or with a closer interest." If the first ten years of Dickens's life had been wiped out of his memory by sudden shock or violent illness, it is impossible to say how much might not have been lost to the world. This accounts for the faltering and uncertain step with which he treads whole fields of character. He is seen at his best in nothing which had not come to him directly or indirectly from his own childhood. Few men saw more of society than he did in after-life, but his pictures of society were untrue to the pitch of absurdity. The sphere in which his wonderful genius, his almost unapproachable humor, shone supreme was to the last that "struggling poverty with which he was familiar in almost infancy." Wherever Dickens was greatest the child in him was not only father to the man, it was the man himself.

OLD-FASHIONABLE LONDON.

IT is not generally known, or perhaps we should say it is not very well remembered, that Horace Walpole once intended to become the historian of London. For a long time he contemplated drawing up some exposition of the metropolis, after the manner of the "Rues de Paris" by St. Foix. He had even made some collection of materials. A hundred and three years have elapsed since Walpole wrote to Cole: "I wish you would be so good, in the course of your reading, to mark down any passages to that end — as where any great houses of the nobility were situated, or in what street any memorable event happened. I fear the subject will not furnish much till later times, as our princes kept their courts up and down the country in such a vagrant manner."

This passage came into our memory the other day as we stood, looking for bits of Old London, in a corner of Aldermanbury. It is not a place where one would now look for a king, but a very renowned monarch once had his palace in it. King Athelstan lived in Addle Street. In old times the street was called King Adel (or "the noble king") Street. His residence was at the east end of the church, which was taken down in the early part of the reign of Charles I. "The noble king" could probably pass from his residence into the church. The sacred edifice built on the site of Athelstan's traditional church, dedicated to St. Alban, was destroyed in the great fire. The present church — St. Alban's, Wood Street —is one of Wren's. Every merchant who passes through Adel or Wood Street should mentally salute the great king who dignified trade. It was he who enacted that the merchant who accomplished three commercial voyages from and to England should, by that very fact, become noble.

There are many persons now living who can remember the Old Bell Yard. It was swept away, with other incumbrances, in order to make the existing road, on the Middlesex side, to London Bridge. It was a poor place, but it had been trodden by as much nobility and beauty as ever gathered together in London. As the Old Bell Yard, indeed, it was a relic of the "Old Black Bell Inn;" but that "Black Bell Inn" formed a part of the palace which was the London residence of the Black Prince and his beautiful but somewhat corpulent wife Joan.

The day that found us communing with Athelstan in Addle Street, found us also on the site of the old town-house of Edward of Woodstock. Stowe describes it as above Crooked Lane End, upon Fish-Street Hill. Let a man now stand with his back to the Monument, looking northward, and he will have before him the site of — or he may build up again in his fancy — that glorious mansion. The princely couple led a life there of such extraordinary splendor — there were such banquetings and dancings and gorgeous revelry on the spot now driven over by carts, wagons and omnibuses, or paced over by weary combatants in the struggle for life — that, rich as the august couple were, the magnificence was too costly for their purse. They actually went to France for economy's sake, but they lived in the same style in the Prince's government of Aquitaine, and did not return to Fish Street Hill till Edward was in a dying state. Even then he only sojourned for a few days in the then royalest part of all London. When Joan became a widow, she took up her abode in two localities where widowed princesses are not now to be found. She had a royal residence at Kennington; and when this gracious princess was in town, she lived in that now very unprincely locality, Carter Lane. In that lane was the King's Wardrobe. Joan dwelt there for safety, after the attack on her apartments in the Tower by the rebels, when her son, Richard II., became king. She was conveyed thence fainting, in a covered barge, to Carter Lane, up the river. In the sixteenth century, Quyney addressed from that lane the only letter addressed to Shakspeare which is known to exist. The subscription has, "To my loving good friend and countryman Mr. William Shakspeare, deliver thus." Quyney wrote from an inn. The lane had still more decided marks of deterioration. In Elizabeth's reign lived there the "mer cobbler," to whom Tarleton said that the devil was Spaniard by birth, as the Spaniards, like the devil, tro bled the whole earth. Tarleton would find stronger proof the affinity in the present day, when the Spaniard, like t devil, cheats every creature who has been unlucky enou to trust his word.

That Fleet Street should be a trifle too noisy for bishop, even in the seventeenth century, is a matter eas understood; but that he should go thence to Aldersga Street, because of its privacy and freedom from noise, and aristocratic houses and pretty gardens, does surprise us. Bo streets now are where the London roar is at its loude But Aldersgate Street, in its day — its long day — was o of the most fashionable streets in the metropolis. Bry Walton, the bishop above referred to, had Chester for h diocese; but he was a prelate for less than a year — 166 61. The street was nobly inhabited long before his tim Harry Hotspur is to be looked for in Aldersgate Street, a not in the Strand. Percy House became a printing-hou The famous Countess of Pembroke, "Sydney's sister, Pe broke's mother," took the sweet air at her window in th street, and walked in the contiguous meadows. The nob Pierponts, Marquises of Dorchester, kept the noble stre alive with their splendor. The first of them had scholar as well as gallants, about him. Henry Pierpont was skilled in anatomy that he was admitted a fellow of t College of Physicians. One would think that the Colle of Surgeons would have been more appropriate. T marquis left his library to the former college, out of gra tude. It is even said that his lordship practised medici by virtue of his fellowship. If he really was so far profe sional, he is the only peer who ever followed the heali vocation. Those who are circumstantial on this point sta that the marquis was thorough marquis in Aldersga Street, but that he received patients for consultation his country-house at Highgate. We may add here, th it was not unusual, in the last century, for the universiti on great occasions, to make a peer a "doctor of physic *honoris causâ*.

In Aldersgate Street we are also to look for the sha of those Tuftons, Earls of Thanet, who were proud a largely-spending fellows, and who were old baronets be they were new earls. After the eleventh and last of th died, a bachelor, the good-natured Government of the conferred the baronetcy on his illegitimate son, and th is a rumor that the old earldom of Thanet is to be revi in favor of the present baronet, the grandson of the earl. An old Cornish baronetcy has been kept up in same way; and not many years have elapsed since natural son of an earl was created a baron. The Sha burys, too, kept house in Aldersgate Street, where Chancellor Shaftesbury kept the seals. There dwelt philosophic lord who remarked on one occasion that men of sense were of one religion; but when a pressed him to name the religion in question, he inf her that that was what men of sense never told.

Lord Chancellors, aye, dukes, have — one duke, at has — lived in Aldersgate Street. But the Duke of erdale, after all, was not the equal of such earls as th Earls Percy. Whenever his biography is written a s story will be told, and perhaps as strange a one will be fied or explained. We allude to the duchess who from Aldersgate Street to visit Cromwell at Whi The object of the visit was to obtain her worthles band's pardon after Worcester fight. The traditiona is that she bought the duke's life by becoming the ge mistress. There were nobles of far higher race tha we have named, except the Percys, who glorified A gate Street — the Nevills, Earls of Westmoreland splendid race who had in them the blood of John o' whose daughter Joan married Ralph, the first earl. and Joan had one-and-twenty children. Wheth christenings of any of the illustrious babies set wi ing in Aldersgate Street, we cannot say. What know is, that the youngest of them was born in the

She was Cicely, the White Rose of Raby, and became the wife of Richard, Duke of York, and the mother of two kings —Edward IV. and Richard III. When the latter prince, before he was king, lived in Bishopsgate Street (at Crosby place), he probably often invited his mother to dine; and we may fancy the Duchess of York riding along Cheapside, or the Duke of Gloucester — with his arms crossed, like Edmund Kean in that character — strolling up Aldersgate Street, to invite his mother to come and see his new company of players act in Crosby Hall. Or we may fancy them standing amicably together, watching the progress of the chapel which good Richard was adding to Allhallow's Church. Or we may follow them riding side by side along Holborn, on their way to have a day's hawking on Richard's pretty manner at Notting Hill. The sixth and last Nevill Earl of Westmoreland had to escape from Aldersgate, and leave all his possessions there and in the North to the despoilers. He forfeited all by his attainder in 1570, in which year he hurried to the Low Countries, where he lived meanly and miserably, till old age carried him off. At that period there was a family of Fanes, or Vanes, in Kent, the head of which had a long purse and some pride. He looked at the palace in Aldersgate Street, and at the estates in the county of Durham, and the latter he preferred and purchased. In about half a century the old title was restored in the person of Francis Fane, whose mother was a Nevill. Since then a dozen earls of the later line have enjoyed the title, and sent down whatever of the John-o'-Gaunt blood they may have had in them. These earls have, however, suffered in dignity, like their predecessors the Nevills. The latter lost the land title by attainder; the fortune of the Fanes has been absorbed by the turf.

Let us go eastward. As we reach Austinfriars we begin to speculate on the changes it has undergone since religious brotherhoods and noble peers lived on that spot. If the first Paulet who was Marquis of Winchester could revisit the pale glimpses of the moon in Austinfriars, he would not know the place again. A good deal of it was lost in his grandson's time — that third marquis who, besides the son and three daughters he had by his wife, the daughter of Lord Howard of Effingham, left four natural sons by a mistress Lambert, all of whom became knights. They were Sirs William, John, Hector, and Hercules. The Marquis had them at his house in Austinfriars, and he sent them thence joyous enough, with leases of lands for a hundred years, worth nearly £4000 per annum. They long retained, and perhaps in the locality are still known by the name of Bastard lands. In the olden days the term was not an offensive one. Legitimate and illegitimate children recognized kinsmanship.

If Austinfriars has changed, how much more so has Clerkenwell! At the bottom of some of its courts may still be seen a house, which was evidently built for contemplation of the magnificent view which was once to be enjoyed there. The old Earls of Ailesbury were far more magnificently housed in Clerkenwell than their descendants, the Marquises, have been in Grosvenor Square. Earls are now no more to be looked for in Clerkenwell than bishops in Shoe Lane. Above two hundred years have elapsed since Dolben was the last of the Bishops of Bangor who took in that London thoroughfare. The episcopal palace stood on the site on which the Messrs. Bentley subsequently had their printing-office. So, Earls of Suffolk and Barons Willoughby of Eresby had their mansions and gardens in Barbican, where now humble tradesmen expose their wares, and chiefly tempt buyers who are in lack of comments. But the noblest human creature that ever had home in Barbican was a man above titles — John Milton. The poet was engaged in setting in order his new house in Barbican, while his wife remained with a friend, waiting till the house should be ready for her reception. How many places in and out of the city has not Milton made famous! He was in Bartholomew Close, hiding till the Act of Oblivion came out; and all that was mortal of him lies with his father's dust, in old Cripplegate Church-yard. Then ancient Grub Street which is now called by the poet's name, to commemorate his adjacent Bunhill residence, still exists: that is to say, it exists as a man may be said to exist who has been deprived of every limb which he could lose, and yet live. The corner houses of Milton Street belong to ancient London. They are old enough, and evidently were once grand enough, to have had bevies of ladies and joyous company of lords banqueting and love-making beneath the roof, long before the houses of less dignity in the street were possessed by the hired rhymers and minstrels. Any one who is curious to see a genuine bit of our old metropolis should hasten to look at houses in either of which Fox the martyrologist may have lived. He certainly lived in Grub Street, and may have resided in one of the corner houses still intact. "Hasten" is the word, for old London is rapidly disappearing. It was only as yesterday that there still stood on Tower Hill the house to which the Lords Balmerino and Kilmarnock were conveyed from the Tower, and where they were prepared for the scaffold, which was erected adjacent to the house. Not many months ago, you might still ascend the break-neck steps into Green Arbor Court, which poor Goldsmith had so often ascended or descended when he wished to avoid the opposite gate-way between the court and the Old Bailey. The London, Chatham and Dover Railway has swept away three-fourths of the court, and necks are no more in jeopardy from the classical steps. So, again, what is Queen Victoria Street not guilty of in this respect? Fancy Archbishop à Becket looking for the sign which distinguished his father's house in Cheapside, — the "Becquet," or "Woodpecker," — and failing to find it, attempting to make his way by the old paths to the river-bank, and coming to helpless confusion and bewildering reliance on "X. L. 64" in Queen Victoria Street!

As we pass and repass the streets, look into alleys which exist, and search unsuccessfully for many which have passed away, there seem to arise around us and to accompany us the spirits of those who once sojourned within the city walls, and whose magnificent style of living has no comparison in even the palaces where sovereigns keep their state in these simpler times. Among those, there was scarcely a noble who made the citizens stare more astonishedly at his approved profusion than the Earl of Warwick.

Warwick Lane is one of the old-fashionable London localities which has nearly altogether disappeared. It formed the site of the house and gardens of the haughty Earls of Warwick. The gardens became those of the College of Physicians; prisoners on the east side of Old Newgate could easily look through their windows and converse with the gardeners. The grand days of the locality were those when the Warwick Earls housed there. The mansion was as large as a barrack. Six hundred men in scarlet liveries, with the rugged staff embroidered on front and back, were their lord's retinue. No wonder that six oxen were eaten there at one breakfast! Nor was that all; household servants of the lowest degree, and people coming on business, took their meals in adjacent taverns, in every one of which was the Earl of Warwick's meat. "He that had any acquaintance in that house," says Stowe, "might have there so much of sodden and roast meat as he could prick and carry upon a long dagger."

Compare this with the little quiet house in St. James's with the brass plate on the door bearing the name of the Earl, as if he were a professional man — how great is the difference! But the calmer way of life is perhaps the happier, as many a noble, keeping house in London, has found, when the discovery was useless to him. In some cases the city streets owe less to lords than to humbler persons of a really nobler quality.

Perhaps Bread Street, Cheapside, is as illustrious a street as any in London. Even now, a visitor may look into it, and confess that the Earls of Wiltshire and the Dukes of Buckingham were not the most famous of its inhabitants. The last of the earls died childless. The three ducal Staffords came to violent ends; Humfrey was slain at Northampton, Henry was beheaded, and Edward, his son, suffered the same hard fate. About half a century after his death, the last male representative of the great duke

was born. He was refused the inheritance of his family honors on the ground of his poverty. He sank into obscurity, bearing the name of Fludd; and hanging about the Bread Street where his ancestors had lived in princely magnificence, he died a beggar. We may fancy the spirits of Chaucer and of Occlive looking into the old street, where once was held the joyous club of Henry the Fourth's time, called "La Cour de Bonne Compagnie," of which both men are said to have been members. This was the proto-club of England, and it could have had no more illustrious member than Chaucer, one of the noblest of Londoners. But Bread Street is still more ennobled. There are several places within or close adjacent to the city, where we seem to meet bodily, as it were, with Milton; but nowhere do we come upon him with more sympathy than in Bread Street, where he was born in December, 1608. The "Spread Eagle" — the Milton crest — distinguished the house of his father, the scrivener. Dwelling-places were not then numbered; but men had ceased to be called, as à Becket was, from the sign of the house in which he was born. The Bread Street of to-day (there is not much of that) resembles no more the Bread Street of the days of Milton's father, than it does that of the time when the Staffords and others dwelt in palaces there surrounded by gardens, before merchants, and then innkeepers, occupied the ground.

As Spread Eagle Court, Bread Street, served down to our own times as a memorial of Milton and the family armorial bearings, so Duck's Foot Lane, near Upper Thames Street, is believed to have been a similar memorial of the time when the De la Poles, Dukes of Suffolk, held rich possessions in the neighborhood. The lane, it is suggested, was first called Duke's Foot Lane, a name given to the private path by which he could pass to his own mansion in Suffolk Lane. The De la Poles, who lived sumptuously in Suffolk Lane, rose from merchants to be near the throne: and they fell into mere respectability, but comparative safety, after Suffolk Lane and all other possessions had been forfeited. A lucky loan of one thousand pounds made by William de la Pole, merchant and mayor of Kingston-on-Hull, to Edward III. — who was, so to speak, in pawn at Antwerp — lifted William to honors and fortune, which his successors can hardly be said to have enjoyed. They were not forever — it may be said that they were seldom — leading the revels in Suffolk Lane. Of the earls, the first died in exile, the second in camp, and the third fell at Agincourt. The brother of this third De la Pole, was William, the first of the Dukes of Suffolk. It was to his keeping that Charles, Duke of Orleans, poet and prince, taken prisoner at Agincourt, was consigned. Thirteen shillings and fourpence a day, allotted for the prisoner's keep, would not go far towards maintaining a duke in the present day; but the shillings which the duke spent in the city would be represented now by nearly as many pounds, and doubtless all Thames Street rejoiced at the liberal way in which the money was spent. The inhabitants rejoiced, too, when this Duke of Suffolk married Alice, the granddaughter of Chaucer, and for the second time a widow — now of a late Earl of Salisbury. This was the Suffolk, too, with whom the glory of Suffolk Lane passed away. He was beheaded at sea. His son, Duke John, died of grief at the ruin of his family; and yet he may have thought that the city had never seen such glory as he was likely to bring to it, after his marriage with Elizabeth Plantagenet, sister of Edward IV. and Richard III. The eldest son of this marriage (John de la Pole) was thought of by Richard for his successor as King of England; but the battle of Stoke, at which Richard's nephew was slain, fighting against Henry VII., prevented England from chronicling the reign of a John the Second. John's brother Edmund, known as Earl of Suffolk, was the fugitive whom Spain, with almost as little honor and honesty then as she has now, basely surrendered to Henry VII., who murdered him on the scaffold to get rid of a possible pretender to the crown. Edmund had three brothers surviving him: Richard, who fought under France against England; and Humphrey and Edward, who were quiet scholars at Cambridge, and published no pretensions even to be lords of Suffolk Lane. Edward attained no higher dignity than Archdeacon of Richmond, in Yorkshire. Humphrey died without a history. The name of a lane in the city, if the lane still exists as we write, is all the memorial left of the brilliant fortunes and the gloomy fate of the once powerful family of De la Pole!

That family ennobled Suffolk Lane. It sufficed for a lady alone to glorify Puddle Dock. In that place once stood a mansion inhabited by no less distinguished a personage than the Lady Arabella Stuart, the first cousin of James I., and so near to the crown besides, as a descendant of Henry VII., that James, unable to get rid of her by the scaffold, killed her by slow degrees and long confinement in the Tower. When Arabella lived in Puddle Dock, it was, of course, a fashionable locality. Hilliard, the first of that noble line of English miniature-portrait painters which died out with Sir William Ross, — photography having barred all further succession, — might be seen going proudly to Puddle Dock to paint the portrait of that semi-royal lady. Sometimes he had to return disappointed, the vivacious Arabella having gone off to her distant country-house at Chelsea, without letting Hilliard know of her absence. It was near Puddle Dock that Shakspeare's London house stood, which he left to the best-loved of his children, Susannah Hall. The fashion of the place waned; but as late as the reign of Charles II. it had its admirers. When *Clodpate*, in Shadwell's comedy "Epsom Wells," refers to London as "that stinking town!" *Lucia* exclaims: "That stinking town! I had rather be Countess of Puddle Dock than Queen of Sussex!"

From Puddle Dock to the Tower was, in the olden time, the chosen abiding-place of noble personages. There were buildings there so magnificent in their solidity and age that the common people, who had no doubt about Julius Cæsar having been in London, ascribed them all to that illustrious stranger. When the native princes of Wales came up to the metropolis, they were superbly housed in this locality. The fact was long kept in memory by the popular name given to the place — *Petty Wales*. In like manner, Scotland Yard, now headquarters of the Metropolitan Police, has its name from the circumstance of it having once been the spot where Scottish princes dwelt, on their repairing to London, on business or pleasure. Keeping closer, as we wish to confine ourselves to the city, we must not omit to mention Little Britain. The earls of dukes of Brittany, when they were intimately connected with this greater Britain, resided in that vicinity to Aldersgate. When those great personages ceased to live there occasionally, and to gather fashionable crowds around them the place fell into the hands of the sellers of old books. The shops were morning and afternoon clubs, where scholars and wits, and the booksellers themselves as witty and scholarly as their visitors, made the day pass gloriously while business went on none the less briskly. Earls and bishops, and other members of the higher classes, long continued to resort to Little Britain, though they may not have had dwelling-houses there. It was in or near Little Britain that Izaak Walton met Bishop Sanderson in sad-colored clothes. The prelate had been looking for books, and was glad to have a gossip with Izaak. They stood talking in the street, till wind and rain drove them for shelter beneath a pent-house. They were driven thence by increase of the storm, and they found genial shelter in a "cleanly house where they had bread and cheese and ale, as they sat and continued their conversation by a good fire! We all know how Walton could talk, and we may judge of Sanderson's gifts by the double testimony of Izaak and King Charles. When Sanderson, as chaplain to that unlucky king, used to preach before him, Charles once said: "I carry my ears to hear other preachers, but I carry my conscience to hear Mr. Sanderson, and to act accordingly." Before that time Sanderson was only rector of Boothby Pagnell. Walton described him and his charge in these words: "His parish his patron, and he lived together in a religious love and continued quietness." Quaint must have been the gossip of the bishop and the Fleet Street hosier and angler. But what would be now said if the world were told that the present Bishop of London, and even such an accomplished fisherman as Mr. John Bright, had been, any night or

in the year, drinking their ale, eating their crust of bread and cheese, and gossiping over the fire at any tavern within the most refined part of the metropolitan district?

But more fruitful of good results was the accidental visit of the Earl of Dorset to the once aristocratic Little Britain. He went thither, like Bishop Sanderson, in search of books to his taste; and it was while they were being looked out for him that the earl, by the merest chance, took up a volume which happened to lie before him. Dorset opened the book and his eye fell upon passages which arrested his attention, and excited in him the utmost delight. He bought the work. He had never heard of it, but there was something in this "Paradise Lost," by one John Milton, which induced him to think he had discovered a treasure. "If your lordship," said the bookseller, "can say any thing in favor of the book, after reading it, I shall be glad, for the copies lie on hand, like waste paper." My lord did read, did like, and did talk of this marvellous poem — which is now much more talked of than read. He sent it to Dryden, and Dryden returned it with the remark, "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too!"

Old fashion and present fact present themselves to our mind as we pass through Throgmorton Street. It acquired its name from Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, the poisoning of whom is as naturally laid to Dudley, Earl of Leicester, as the desecration of churches is charged on Oliver Cromwell. In an earlier period of the locality, Sir Thomas Cromwell, desiring to live like a noble,— which even the earldom of Essex could not make him,— built himself a stately mansion here, with a garden running northward. The garden was not spacious enough for either his mind or body. It abutted on the garden-grounds in which stood humbler houses than his own, and these Sir Thomas coveted, to do as he pleased with. Sir Thomas was quite as high-handed a man as his master, as the sequel showed. A host of diggers and delvers and builders suddenly took possession of the place. They lifted Sir Thomas's pales, and struck them in two and twenty feet farther north, taking so much of other men's land without caring to ask their consent and without any fear of their displeasure. A house stood in their way: it was that of the father of Stowe the chronicler, and it stood in a pretty garden, close to Cromwell's pales. While the owner was absent, Cromwell's men lifted this house out of the ground, placed rollers under it, and moved it above a score of feet northward. When old Stowe returned home, his house and garden seemed to have been turned round. So did the old man's head; but when that recovered from the confusion into which it was temporarily thrown, he went to the surveyors of the work, and begged to know by what right they had moved his house and cut off a full half of his garden. While the *navvies* of that day drew their line, cut their trench, laid a foundation, and built thereon a high brick wall, the surveyors told Stowe that they had done what they had done because their master, Sir Thomas, had commanded them so to do. "No man durst go to argue the matter," says the son of the despoiled; "but each man lost his land, and my father paid the *whole* rent, which was 6*s*. 6*d*. a year, for that *half* which was left." Stowe speaks of his own knowledge, and assigns as one of his reasons for so speaking (having both the rise and fall of Cromwell in his mind), to remind good folk that the sudden rising of some men causeth them in some matters to forget themselves."

It would require a volume, and a large one, to point out all the spots in the city which were once the seats of fashion and of fashionable people. We have suggested a few only, our space not permitting more. The course of fashion has set in westward. There was a time when the proper thing to do was to "ride in a coach" round and round Covent Garden. For a time after that now melancholy-looking thoroughfare, Tavistock Street, was built, fashion took such possession of it that the block of carriages in the afternoon was worse than any thing to be witnessed in that way, at the highest of the season, in Hyde Park. Bond Street succeeded, till Regent Street ousted Bond Street from the proud pre-eminence. The nobleman who now lives most to the eastward is the Duke of Northumberland. A duke in the Strand seems *infra dig.;* but when the strand was really the open strand of the then silvery Thames, dukes and earls were by no means uncommon there. It is not very many years since we had a king and queen living nearer to Temple Bar than the Duke of Northumberland. It must be confessed that the royal pair were of a fishy quality. They were the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands, and they lived in the hotel at the corner of Adam Street, Adelphi. On their first visit to the theatre, Covent Garden, bills printed on satin lay in their box. The royal pair took them for silk pocket-handkerchiefs, provided for them as a delicate sort of attention, and they put them to present use accordingly.

A REMINISCENCE OF ETON LIFE.

I.

I THINK it best to premise that this tale is not destined to commemorate adventures of my own, but those of a fellow-fag called Jickling — Jickling, who had already been at the school a year when I arrived there, and was by common consent accounted the most idle, unkempt, incapable, and, in a general way, the least promising among the six hundred and fifty of us. It is a painful thing to say, but nobody esteemed Jickling. His house-fellows were ashamed of him and regarded him as a black sheep in their small, eminently tidy fold; our tutor viewed him with a cool and careful eye. If it had been put to anybody in the school whom it would have been the least desirable fellow to mess with, or indeed be intimately associated with in any way, the answer would have been, "Jickling;" and this impression was more than doubled by the cynicism, not to say effrontery, with which Jickling bore off his short-comings. For of shame at his own unworthiness Jickling possessed none. Thus I had not been five minutes in his company on the night of my arrival, before he informed me — not a little to my consternation, when I understood what he meant — that he expected to be "swished" on the very next morning for having, in the train down from Paddington, blown a mouthful of peas into the face of an engine-driver, and been "nailed" in the act by a master who had got into the carriage next his at Ealing; and this communication was quite of a piece with Jickling's habitual confidences respecting himself. He was continually playing a part in those short but painful interviews with the head master that are conducted in the presence of the sixth-form præpostor and two "holders down;" and nobody would have ventured to assert that he came out from these interviews otherwise than hardened in spirit, — however it might be in person, — and steadfastly minded to be peccant again as soon as he had the opportunity. He was one of those unfortunate boys who seem pre-doomed to go wrong. Though provided with good clothes enough, his dress was always shabby and ill-matched, the trowsers of one suit doing duty with the waistcoat of another; and though he was supplied with money sufficient, and more than sufficient, for all his needs, yet he never had a sixpence, and was always in debt.

In school, Jickling was as unsatisfactory as out of it. When called up to construe, he never knew where to go on; often he had brought the wrong book; and, somehow, he generally contrived to get himself weighted with a sentence to write out and translate the lesson before he had fairly started. And when he had started, who shall describe the torrent of solecisms, false quantities, and hideous errors of translation that flowed imperturbably from his mouth? Needless to add that, although Jickling was in lower fourth, that is, in the last division of the upper school, he had only arrived there after failing to pass his first examination out of the lower school. It was even rumored that he would have been rejected the second time had it not been for the Machiavellic determination of the lower master to get rid of him at any price, as a boy whose incurable idleness was contagious, and likely to corrupt the whole form. So there was Jickling, at the very bottom of his division — a boy of

about twelve, with lank hair of a muddy flaxen color; fingers permanently ink-stained; Balmoral boots that were never laced; and a curious white face, that looked inquiringly at you, out of a pair of eyes so wild, shifty, and defiant in their expression, that it was a wonder Nature had not taken them to put into the head of a polecat.

Now, that Jickling should have flourished in our midst was a circumstance astonishing enough, seeing that of all the staid and proper youngsters I had ever met with, we Etonians were certainly the most exemplary; but that he should have been the fag of such a fellow as Asheton was a downright puzzle; for Asheton being captain of the house, and entitled to four fags, might have chosen any one he pleased, and was under no compulsion whatever to select Jickling, who blacked his toast for him, spilled the gravy of sausages over his trowsers, and when sent to carry a note, invariably took it to the wrong place. There could have been no community of thought or sympathy between Asheton and Jickling; for the two were simply as opposite to each other as white is to black, or coal to sugar. What Jickling did wrong, Asheton did well; and what Asheton did well, Jickling was morally certain to do wrong.

About eighteen years old, lightly built, and rather above middle height, he had a handsome aristocratic face of essentially English mould, though, perhaps, a little too serious for his age, and a figure that was fitly set off by the absolutely faultless style in which he dressed. His white cravat, tied as only Etonians used to tie them; his speckless linen, glossy hat, and trimly folded silk umbrella, were things to see, admire, and copy.

This said by way of introducing my *dramatis personæ*, let me, with your leave, take up the thread of my narrative at the point where, having just arrived at Eton in the month of September of the year 185–, I learned that untidy Jickling and I were to be fag-mates.

It was not Jickling himself who brought me this piece of news, but Stumpes minor, brother to the Stumpes in the Eleven, who entered my room on the next morning but one after my arrival, holding a copper kettle in one hand and a plate of muffins in the other, and said, "Rivers, you're to come down with me to Asheton's room."

I cannot say this summons caused me any thing like a great pleasure, for at the private school whence I came the word fag had been held up *in terrorem* over me by everybody who had ever pronounced it. Certain of my schoolfellows, amicably jealous, no doubt, of my going to Eton, had given me clearly to understand that, as a preliminary to all further relations with me, my fag-master would begin by having me tossed in a blanket, then set me to blacken his boots for him, and that, on my failing to polish these to such a degree of perfection as would admit of his shaving himself by their help instead of in a looking-glass, he would order me to stand on my head in the middle of the room and take shots at me with a toasting-fork. Jickling, who had apparently divined the existence of these fears in the course of our first conversation, had, on the second occasion of our discoursing, taken benevolent pains to develop them; and he was in the act of gloomily relating to me how this very Asheton had once fagged him to go to the top of the "Long Walk," a distance of four miles and a half, walking all the way on his hands, legs uppermost, when he was severely interrupted by one Greegleby, four foot high, but irascible, and protector of the weak, who joined us on the pavement outside our tutor's house, where the interview was taking place, and cried out indignantly, "Shut up, Jickling: it's a chouse greening new fellows."

"You're always doing something caddish," followed up young Blazepole, whose head was like an orange-colored mop, and who, leaning against a door-post, was gravely counting what remained of three pounds he had brought back with him after an equitable settlement of all his debts.

"None but a snob would tell such confounded cracks as that to a fellow who's not been here a week," pursued Greegleby, still very wroth, for it was evident that it went sore against his notions of morality that anybody should be deceived until he had been at school long enough to be prepared for it.

"If I waited a week he wouldn't be greenable," answered Jickling, coolly; and saying this, he turned one of the pockets of his trowsers inside out, and proceeded to remove a piece of Everton toffee that was sticking in a corner thereof. "New fellows," added he, sucking the toffee, "are like puppies — they begin to see clear towards the ninth day."

"Don't mind what he says, Rivers," exclaimed young Greegleby, loftily. "Nobody pays any attention to him."

"No, nobody," assented Blazepole, who had just ascertained that his resources amounted to one pound sixteen shillings and a penny, and was restoring this wealth to his pocket-book.

So I was informed both by Greegleby and Blazepole, the one corroborating the other, that I had nothing to fear of Asheton, that he was a good fellow, and that he never bullied, because bullying was a blackguardly thing, only practised at "low shops" (and here Greegleby mentioned the public schools which he regarded as "low shops"), but never at Eton. Yet somehow these assurances must have left me not altogether convinced, for it was with something very like a feeling of being about to suffer tribulation that on the following morning I obeyed the summons of Stumpes minor, and followed him, the copper kettle and the muffins, down to the room where Asheton lodged.

I remember this room as if I were still standing in it now, on that bright September morning, with my heart going thump, thump, against my brown waistcoat, and my cheeks flushed with anticipatory emotion. It was a largish room, perhaps twenty feet by fifteen, and had two windows, both of which were curtained with some warm purple stuff, which I took for silk, but which was probably not that, and filled with flower-boxes, where glowed some scarlet geraniums, whose showy coats stood out bravely against the dull bricks of the boarding-house opposite.

In the way of furniture, provided by our tutor, and destined to pass along with the room itself to successive owners, were a shut-up bedstead, which had done unmistakable service already, if one might judge by its venerable oaken complexion; a bureau, on the leaf of which Asheton had (presumably in the lower-boy phase of his existence) carved his initials and crest; four Windsor chairs, also carved and chipped; a shut-up wash-hand-stand, with a piece of oil-cloth in front of it; and a square deal table, covered with a red flowered table-cloth, and like the chairs, carved to any lengths, if you were only prying enough to lift up a corner of the table-cloth and see. But all these items played only a subsidiary part in the adornment of the chamber, for it is not to his tutor that an Eton boy looks to make his room cosy. From the day when he is installed in the small apartment, which is his to do with as he pleases (blessed privilege!), the boy's one thought is how to give it that habitable look which smells of home; and in Asheton's case this preoccupation, extended over six years, had taken shape in pictures, stuffed-bird cases, and useful knicknacks, in such numbers as to make the room seem almost alive with comfort, color, and cheerfulness. By gazing with a little attention, too, one could detect at what different dates the things had been bought, and so follow the boy through the various gradations of taste and culture engendered by his public-school training. Those flashy-looking sporting cracks, now relegated to an obscure corner, had clearly been purchased when a love of paint predominated over other considerations, and when the chief thing to be aimed at was the making of much effect with little money. By and by taste had improved; the fourth form was abandoned and the remove was reached. The young invester had said: "Instead of these staring things that are too cheap to be good, I'll lay out a couple of pounds at one sweep." Yet not daring to trust his own taste so far as to select something quite original, he had resolved to buy what he had most often heard praised: hence, "Dignity and Impudence" and "Laying down the Law," by Landseer; "My Dog," "My horse," "The Rent Day," and a few more prints as well known and popular; intermingling with which were a case of stuffed frogs playing cricket, and a case of stuffed squirrels fighting a duel, the blood of the worsted squirrel

being realistically represented by a blotch of meandering sealing-wax.

I took in all this at a glance, though I have been five minutes describing it; and I had leisure to examine the whole room in detail, while Stumpes minor, to whom, presently, was added Blazepole, began laying his master's breakfast-things. For Asheton had not turned round on our entry; he was seated at his bureau, reading up his seventy lines of Horace for eleven-o'clock school, by the aid of Mr. Smart's translation; and as Stumpes did not see fit to call his attention to my presence, neither, of course, did I. Stumpes directed me to take my stand against a wall,—which I did meekly,—and to watch how he "did the things, so as to be able to manage like me, you know, in a fortnight's time:" which I also complied with, for to see a cloth laid by so extremely small and dignified a person as Stumpes was somewhat of a novelty to me. First, Stumpes removed the scarlet table-cloth, and threw it to Blazepole, who folded it; then the pair between them laid the white cloth, which Stumpes had extracted from a cupboard, smoothed it, and set upon it a cup, saucer, sugar-basin, milk-jug, slop-basin, and two plates of a white pattern with blue rims. Then Stumpes possessed himself of a Britannia-metal teapot, and put therein three powerful spoonfuls of tea, holding out the pot at the same time for Blazepole to pour in boiling water *quantum suff.*; this done, out from the cupboard came a metal spoon, a knife and a three-pronged fork with white handles, three new rolls and a pat of butter,—edibles that were promptly followed by a ham, drawn out of an open hamper, and laid by Stumpes upon a dish which Blazepole was sent to fetch; a Yorkshire pie and a pot of marmalade, the bladder covering of which Stumpes deftly removed with a knife, as if used to such work. The muffins came last, but were advantageously planted beside the teapot, along with a hot-water contrivance that had been employed to keep them from cooling. Then Stumpes, having cast a searching glance to assure himself that there was nothing wanting, he and Blazepole were seized with a violent fit of coughing, which would have effectually precluded all further work on Asheton's part, had he not understood the hint, and risen. It was then his eye lit upon me.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said civilly; "I didn't know you were in the room. Why didn't you tell me, Stumpes?" With which words he seated himself at the table, and pointed silently to the ham, as a hint to Blazepole that the carving knife and fork had been forgotten. Both fags rushed togther towards the cupboard, exchanging mutual reproaches *sotto voce*. "Your name's Rivers, I believe?" added Asheton, buttering a roll. "Northamptonshire or Somersetshire Rivers?" And he made a second gesture towards the ham, thus intimating to Stumpes to begin carving, which that model fag proceeded to do on the spot with the expertness of a professional.

"Somersetshire," I answered, feeling very much like adding, "Sir."

"And in what form are you placed?" continued Asheton, receiving on his plate a slice of ham half a foot in diameter, and thin as a wafer.

"Blazepole, you've forgotten the mustard," whispered Stumpes, sepulchrally.

"It was you that forgot it," retorted Blazepole, in the tone of a conspirator; but he made a dive at the cupboard for the empty mustard-pot, and vanished out of the room with it, scrambling down the staircase four steps at a time, *en route* for the kitchen.

"In lower fourth," I replied to Asheton's question, feeling more and more like saying "Sir," and unable to take my eyes off him, as he ate a muffin, waiting till the mustard had arrived.

"Well, you are excused fagging till next Thursday week," he rejoined, cutting up his ham; "and after that you'll fag for me, along with Stumpes there, Blazepole, and Jickling. But, by the way, where is Jickling? Has he shirked fagging?" And Asheton looked up from his plate and round the room inquiringly.

Stumpes did not immediately answer. He had no respect for Jickling, but he had a great deal for those time-honored principles that prohibit tale-telling; so, with more solicitude for the interest of these principles than for those of abstract truth, he proceeded to invent an excuse for his absent fag-mate, not knowing more than the man in the moon to what that absence was due.

"I think my tutor sent for him after prayers," he said.

"What about?"

"Probably for not being at prayers," responded Stumpes, bravely.

"But he *was* at prayers," remarked Asheton.

"Then it must have been for something else," said Stumpes, perplexed; but he was spared the trouble of drawing further on his imagination, for at that moment there was a precipitate shuffling of feet in the passage, and a double entry, — Blazepole with the mustard, and Jickling himself with nothing.

It was the first time Asheton had seen Jickling that half, so he held out his hand.

"How do you do, Jickling?" he said.

"'Do, Asheton?" mumbled Jickling, extending a dusky paw.

"Late, of course," pursued Asheton.

"Yes," returned Jickling, withdrawing the paw, and thrusting it deep into a trowser-pocket, where, finding some coppers, it began to rattle them.

"And what's this I hear," asked Asheton, helping himself to mustard, and speaking without a smile, "that you've already been flogged, by way of beginning the half well?"

"Yes," said Jickling, gloomily; "I had seven cuts."

"For shooting peas?"

"They were small peas," remonstrated Jickling. "Besides, I don't see what right a master has to nail me when I'm in a colored tie. I was in the train — hadn't yet reached Eton, nor put my black tie on. The train stops at Hanwell. I fish out a pea-shooter, and let fly at the engine-driver of a neighboring train. A master pokes his head out of the next carriage-window, and says, 'What's your name? Where do you board? I shall complain of you.' I call that snobbish."

"What do you call shooting the peas?" asked Asheton, quietly.

Jickling stared; but, after turning the matter over, declined to take any notice of this question. He recommenced to rattle his coppers.

"Ah! that reminds me," broke in Asheton; "before you've spent all your money, please to pay me your football subscription."

Jickling pulled an excessively wry face; not so Stumpes and Blazepole, who, with the alacrity of habit, and without being asked, drew out their purses, and laid on Asheton's table the sum of three shillings and sixpence apiece.

"It's for the footballs, the goal-sticks, the cad who takes care of the balls, and the beer we drink after playing," explained Stumpes to me in a whisper. "Fork out yours too." And under Stumpes's direction, I forked out 3*s.* 6*d.*

Jickling, meanwhile, had rummaged in his pocket, and produced a sovereign, which he gazed at with an eye of affection, as apparently his last. Then, after a good deal more fumbling, he managed to scrape together the requisite smaller sum, parting, however, with all his copper money to effect this total, which formed a brown heap on the table. Asheton had been silently disposing of his ham. He now looked up fixedly at Jickling, and said, "Have you paid all your debts, Jickling?"

"What debts?" asked Jickling, sulky and embarrassed.

"Your ticks to Spankie, Jobie, and the other men at the wall. You owe l them all something."

"Yes," grumbled Jickling, more and more sulky.

"Then, you owe no one any thing now?"

"Nothing," answered Jickling, in a tone and with a morose look that bore an economy of truth on the face of them.

"Well, then," returned Asheton, either believing or pretending to believe, "you are free to make a fresh start now, and to turn over a new leaf for the future; and you must try and do it for your own sake. I don't want to say any

thing unpleasant, mind you," added he, in a voice which I think took us all aback from its sudden seriousness; "but up to this time, Jickling, your life at Eton has been a failure; and as we all in this house are concerned for our own honor in not seeing you go to the bad, I mean to keep a sort of a lookout over you this half. Yes. I don't mean to spy over you or pry about you, or any thing of that kind; but I shall make an attempt to render you fit for something, as you've hitherto been fit for nothing. Last half, and the half before, you never played and never worked. You spent your time mooning about, with your face unwashed, your lessons unlearned, and no sort of object in life but to catch flies, count the dogs in Fisher the birdman's yard, run into idiotic mucks, and get swished. That won't do. Be any thing you please, — a sap, a dry-bob, or a wet-bob,* — but be something. Going on as you're doing, you'd be a confirmed muff, and perhaps a leg, by the time you're twenty; and then, of course, you'd lay it half to me, and say that if Asheton, who was your fag-master, had done his duty, you wouldn't be where you are. And that's true. If I had a brother here, I shouldn't let him follow the road you're treading, so I don't see why I should allow you. I'll say more, — I don't think it would be honest or fair to allow you. And now that's enough," concluded Asheton, quietly pouring himself out some tea. "You may run along, all of you; and as for you, young man" (turning his eyes on me), "bear in mind what I've just said to Jickling. Be something: give yourself an object, and, if it's an honorable one, you won't be sorry for it by and by."

In another minute we were all standing outside Asheton's door, and I, whom my fag-master's few words had impressed more than any pulpit-sermon I had ever heard, drew a sigh of relief to think what my fears of the morning had all come to, and what manner of a fellow it was I was going to serve.

"Is he always like that?" I asked of Jickling, with some emotion.

"Yes," answered Jickling, in huge indignation; "he's always fond of jawing. What business has he to question me about my ticks? they don't concern him. And why does he say he shall spy and pry into me all this half? He hasn't the right to do it. No, he hasn't. And it's hateful snobbishness of him to pretend he has."

Whereat Jickling turned round facing the door, and raising his hand to a level with his countenance, made, I regret to state, with his displayed fingers, that gesture which in all times and in all countries has been expressive of contemptuous defiance.

II.

Jickling was not only one of those boys who are bent upon going wrong themselves, but he dearly loved to drag others into scrapes with him. I was warned of this fatal propensity on his part both by Greegleby and Blazepole; Stumpes minor also conveyed a friendly admonition to me on the subject, and Asheton one morning sent for me on purpose to say that I must be careful what I did when Jickling was by to advise me. But these counsels, though they kept me from falling into any of Jickling's more dangerous snares, did not remove him from my company. He was always with me. He acknowledged with a candor that did him honor, that he liked "fellows whom you could humbug till all was blue;" and on my soliciting an explanation, abruptly and gravely asked me when my birthday was.

"In October," I answered, naïvely.

"Next month?" said he. "Well, it's to be hoped" (and his eyes glared on me half-intimidatingly) — "it's to be hoped that you'll do what's usual, and not be mean and shabby as some new fellows are. Every new fellow who's worth his weight in rags, goes to Goodford and asks him to give the whole school a holiday on the first birthday he spends here. Only the rule is to ask a month in advance, so as to prevent mistakes, and allow Goodford time to order the fireworks."

"What fireworks?" I inquired.

"Why, the fireworks that are let off in the playing-fields on a new fellow's birthday," answered Jickling. "And then there's the ginger-wine. After the fireworks, ginger-wine's handed round, and everybody has a glassful. Fifth form, two glasses full. You'll have to see to all that."

Now there was nothing improbable in any of this to my fresh and unsuspecting mind. At my private school (we had numbered twelve there) every birthday had been an occasion for festivity, and ginger-wine had always formed a prominent feature in the day's entertainment. I saw no reason why it should not be so at Eton; nay, I considered that Eton, being the worthier place, would probably hold the more strenuously to a worthy custom. So, to be brief, that self-same afternoon I was standing, by Jickling's direction, under the colonnade of the school-yard, in the presence of Dr. Goodford and of all the school præpostors, gathered together, as was the rule, to deliver their bills of absentees, or of boys on the sick-list, after three-o'clock chapel. Dr. Goodford, seeing me stand beside him with my hat on, began by asking me, with stately courtesy, whether I had a cold in the head.

I was about to answer that a tiresome cold, which had afflicted me some six weeks before, had happily disappeared, and to thank him for so kindly inquiring after it, when an opportune nudge from a præpostor to the right, and a cavernous whisper of "Hat!" from a præpostor on the left, brought me to a vague sense of the situation. I uncovered, reddening; and Dr. Goodford then begged to know, with the same high politeness as before, to what he was indebted for the pleasure of my visit.

I spoke without a shadow of diffidence, and asked for a *non dies* for the whole school (Jickling had furnished me with the precise words) in honor of my birthday, which fell on the 25th of October. . . . .

I have not forgotten the interminable laughter that followed, nor the convulsions of one particular præpostor, aged eleven, and habitually mournful, who rolled about against the colonnade pillars, holding his hand to his waistband, and shrieking "Oh my!" from the intensity of his feelings. I was known by the name of *Non Dies* ever afterwards, and Heaven knows what never-ending jokes this first successful and cruel hoax of Jickling's entailed upon me.

The only one who did not laugh at it was Asheton; and as he had seriously set himself to the regeneration of Jickling, he told that youth roundly and firmly at fagging next morning that he meant to have an end of this. Jickling sulked. Ever since that disagreeable morning when Asheton had hinted at the necessity of his turning over a new leaf his life had not been happy. Asheton insisted now upon his washing his hands and face properly, brushing his clothes and keeping his room in order. Nothing could be more distasteful to Jickling. On the whole, Jickling began to see that a firm hand was exercising its sway over him. Asheton went the length of seeing for himself every evening that Jickling learned his lessons for the next day, and did not pass his time tracing patterns on his bureau with a red-hot poker, as he much preferred to do.

But there was one point on which the feud between the two was ceaseless and terrible. Every day, or at least every half-holiday (and there were three of these a week), a game of football was played in our tutor's field, and everybody was expected to be present at it. The object was, in the first place, to train good football-players for the House Eleven, and in the next, to make the games really pleasant, which they would not have been had the attendance been fitful and limited. Now, nothing would induce Jickling to play. Most solemnly was he told that if he were not at his post in the field at the time when the game began, it would go hard with him. He declined to take any notice of these menaces, and when the game began he was invariably wanting. "What's the use of my going to football?" he pouted angrily, as Asheton caught him in the very act of bolting up the High Street one morning after eleven-o'clock school. "I never touch the ball once during the whole game. It's always you swells who have it; and then, when the game's over, you drink all the beer, and I get none."

* "A sap," "a dry-bob," or "a wet-bob," *Anglice*, "a bookworm," "a cricketer," or "an oarsman."

"That's not true, Jickling."

"It is. I turned the can upsidedown yesterday; there was nothing in it. I ought to know."

"You're teaching Rivers to be as disreputable as yourself. What are you doing with Jickling, Rivers?"

"He was going to show me a dog," I stammered.

"A mangy brute you swore you had got rid of at the end of last half," said Asheton, indignantly, to Jickling. "Now, I'll be bound you meant Rivers to buy this dog of you. Did he, Rivers? Tell me the truth."

I hung my head. Such was indeed the aim of our expedition. Jickling had consented to sell me a mongrel cur, which I didn't want, nor he either, for fifteen shillings and sixpence. He had assured me that it was part of established and insurmountable usage to possess a dog, and that by not having one I should be holding myself up as an object of scorn and derision to the community. We were on our way to the bird-fancier's where Jickling kept the brute.

Asheton guessed much of this by our faces, and though we were standing in the most frequented part of the street, and though, as I have already stated, it was not his habit to take the slightest notice of a lower boy in public, he dealt Jickling such a box on the ear as almost sent him backward into a shop-window. "A fellow who will sell a worthless dog to a credulous school-fellow at twelve, will sell spavined horses at twenty, and be kicked off race-courses at twenty-five," he exclaimed, pale with anger. "Now cut along both of you in front of me to Fisher's and I'll follow. We'll just see into this matter."

The pair of us trooped on together without a word — Jickling dogged and sullen, but not crying, for he was not the fellow to shed tears at a slap of the face, or indeed at any other physical mishap. Asheton walked at a safe distance behind — near enough to preclude all idea of escape on Jickling's part, far enough not to let it be seen that he had us both in custody. In this way we reached a small and dark bird-case shop, which we entered, and so passed down a long and narrow passage at the back into a yard, which was, like all bird and dog-fanciers' yards, filled with curs chained to kennels, plaintive terriers who had their ears cropped and were whining shiveringly; wool-stuffed and pin-trussed bird-skins, set up in the sun to dry; melancholy rabbits in hutches, and so on. Jickling's dog, conspicuous by a total absence of breed and by deficiency of hair, was seated on his hind-quarters, and set up a dismal music at our approach.

There was an old man, with a weather-beaten hat, giving a puppy milk out of a broken saucer. He looked up, expecting to see some of the lower boys, who were his most constant customers; but on catching sight of a fellow in the Eight, he rose from his stooping posture and fingered the brim of his head-dress.

"Fisher, which is Mr. Jickling's dog?" asked Asheton bruskly.

The man addressed as Fisher pointed to the beast, and added, apparently for his own private satisfaction, for he could scarcely expect that anybody else would concur in the remark, "And a 'andsome dawg too."

"Is he paid for?" continued Asheton.

Fisher glanced at Jickling as if to know what this meant. Jickling wore such a hang-dog expression that there was no making out. Asheton had taken out his purse, which was a manner of eloquence that Fisher seemed to understand. He cast a second look at Jickling, and then said, "Yes, sir; but there be twelve shillin's owing for the keep and doctorin' of him. Very ill that dawg has been — took more than a bucketful of physic last holidays."

As if to assent, the cur raised his head aloft and piped the most dolesome notes.

"Did Jickling tell you there were twelve shillings owing?" inquired Asheton of me.

I shook my head. Jickling, seeming to apprehend a second edition of the box on the ear, backed to a prudent distance. But Asheton simply said, "It looks, Jickling, as if you had meant to sell this dog without telling Rivers that he was virtually in pawn, and leaving him to find it out for himself when he had paid you the money. But as this pretty transaction was not completed you are entitled to the benefit of the doubt. Now pay Fisher."

In sulky silence Jickling fumbled for his purse, and presently muttered that there were only six shillings in it. Asheton looked for himself afterwards, feeling Jickling's waistcoat-pockets, and ordering him to turn those of his trowsers inside-out. This injunction only produced an odd halfpenny, seeing which Asheton said he would pay the other six shillings himself, and did. "And now, what's the sum you were to give Jickling, Rivers?" proceeded he, looking hard at me.

"Fifteen and six," I answered piteously.

"What a muff you must be," he rejoined, with a half smile. "Well, Jickling, I shall buy your dog of you — you may consider that I owe you nine-and-six."

"A 'andsome dawg, sir," repeated Fisher, with suppressed enthusiasm. "What's to be done with him?"

"Since you seem to admire him so much, you may keep him," answered Asheton. "And now, you two be back to college, and go off to the football field. Your nine-and-six, Jickling, I shall give to Spankie. You told me at the beginning of the half that you owed him nothing; I've learned that you never paid him at all."

"I did pay him," grumbled Jickling. "Spankie has told you a lie." But as if to render the discomfiture of Jickling complete that morning, we were no sooner out of Fisher's shop than who should come waddling down the pavement but this very Spankie, who immediately made a wheezy dart towards Jickling, and spluttered, in the fat way peculiar to him, "Ah, Jickling, sir, you're a bad lot, sir. Owed me ten bob, you did, sir, and never thought of giving me a sixpence of it. No, sir — not you, sir — catch you, sir!"

He is dead now, poor Spankie, and there can be nothing personal in sketching him as he was in his declining age, — a fat, puffy, red-faced man of sixty, with a greasy hat which, if boiled down, might have furnished a pint of oil, and a double-breasted faded blue coat, buttoned military-wise up to his chin. Of a Sunday he would bloom out superbly in black clothes, gray gloves, a smoothly ironed white or nankeen neckcloth, and a hat of unexceptional finish; in which guise, he would walk, prayer-book in hand, to the church he had helped to build, and declare himself a miserable sinner with a fervor that was very much to his credit. But the distinguished feature of Spankie, was his acquaintance with the nobility of these realms. Impossible to catch him tripping as to who was the son of who, or who was the heir to this or that estate. The following pattern of dialogue would take place between him and the new fellows in the lower school or fourth form, who wished to buy wares of him on credit.

"Spankie, I want you to tick me," would say a young gentleman some three feet and a half high, directing his hand towards the fruit-basket.

"No, sir; I never tick, sir. What's your name, sir?"

"Plantagenet," would answer three-foot-six, raising the lid of the basket, and thrusting his head in.

"Oh, the Earl of Plantagenet. Yes, my lord; many's the apple I've sold to his Grace your father; but he chiefly liked tarts, did his Grace. Help yourself, my lord. I never takes ready money of a nobleman, my lord. Not that they often offers it me — they don't; but it would be all the same if they did, my lord."

As to Jickling's debt, it probably amounted, in real truth, to five shillings, or thereabouts; but Spankie, with a very pardonable love of round figures, had set it down at ten, appending an extra penny-halfpenny for form's sake, and to convey the idea that he was sedulously minute in keeping his accounts. He now called energetically upon his debtor to liquidate the moneys due; and appealed, bowingly and puffingly, to Asheton, to see justice done him.

"There is no reason to excite yourself," said Asheton, coldly, — for he evidently disliked to see an Eton fellow insulted in this pitiful way by a tradesman, — and he handed Spankie a half-sovereign. "This," said he, in a dignified tone, that quickly brought Spankie's greasy hat from off his

venerable head, "this is money I owe Mr. Jickling, and he has requested me to pay you. But for the future, mind, whatever Mr. Jickling takes of you will be paid for there and then. You understand."

Spankie either did or didn't understand, but he made a profound inclination of the head, saying, "Yes, sir; of course, sir; I always knew I could trust Mr. Jickling, sir. 'Ave a apple, Mr. Jickling. That's what I've just been to Windsor about, sir, to buy apples at the market, sir — a fine Ribstone, penny apiece, sir; pay me when you please, sir."

Habit was so inveterate in Jickling, that, despite every thing he had just gone through, he actually stretched out his hand on hearing that a new credit was opened to him, and would have taken the forbidden fruit had not Asheton pushed him roughly by the shoulder, exclaiming, "You incorrigible young beggar you! I declare there's no trusting you even in one's sight. Now run off, and if I don't find you at foot-ball when I come, you'll see what will happen. As for you, Spankie, I warn you that if you trust Mr. Jickling again, I shall forbid him to pay you. Whatever he owes you I shall get from him, and hand over to my tutor, to put into the poor-box. You know I keep my word."

III.

Windsor Fair was an annual episode that enlivened the month of October. It was a three-days' saturnalia, during which the royal borough was turned upsidedown, and all Eton kept in a state of adventurous effervescence. Eton boys were forbidden attending the fair, owing to cheap gambling that was conducted by means of low roulette-tables in a spot called Bachelor's Acre; but like many other prohibitions at Eton, this one was made with a very complete knowledge on the part of the masters that nobody had the slightest thought of paying attention to it.

Now it stood to reason that Windsor Fair should be to Jickling the one bright date in the year's calendar. It therefore fell like a thunderclap on Jickling when, the evening before the first day of the fair, Asheton said to him: "Mind, Jickling, I won't have you going to the fair, for you'll be certain to come to grief in some way if you do; and I've made up my mind that grief and you are to be kept apart this half."

Not go to the fair! Even Stumpes and Blazepole thought this a stretch of prerogative.

The next morning, at about half-past eight, — that is, after first school, — I was engaged in taking a "bun and coffee" at Brown's the pastry-cook's. We could cram about a score together, at most, in Brown's little shop, and the place was always as full as an egg: so full, indeed, that on the morning in question, being on the point of stuffing my last fragment of bun into my mouth, I was powerless to turn round, on feeling an arm laid upon my sleeve tuggingly; but I recognized the voice. It was Jickling's, and said: — "I say, Rivers, I'm going to the fair. Will you come?"

"And fagging?" I asked, astonished.

"I'm going to shirk it," said Jickling.

"And prayers?"

"I shall shirk them too," was his answer.

"I daren't," I ejaculated, timidly.

"Then you're a funk," responded Jickling, with great contempt.

Now I did not like the imputation of "funking." Being in my heart of hearts considerably afraid both of the swishing and the licking, I was the more concerned to show that I stood in not the slightest dread of either of these ordeals. Some more conversation ensued between us, importunately tempting on his side, feebly resisting on mine; and the upshot of it was that, several other boys agreeing to join the party, I no longer had the moral courage to hold aloof; and in another ten minutes was crossing Windsor Bridge with a beating pulse, throbbing heart, and eyes strained to see if they would not behold a master spring up like a jack-in-the-box at the next street-corner.

The noble old town that Windsor is! and, perhaps, never more noble than during these fair days, when the glitter and bustle of the booths, the animation of the crowd, the tinsel trappings of beast and giant shows stand out in contrast with the stately grandeur of the Castle. The booths used to stretch right down to the Castle's foot, at the point called the Hundred Steps, and wind away through the town up to the Bachelor's Acre once mentioned, making an unbroken row on either side of the roadway. At Bachelor's Acre lay the focus of the fair. Here were the circuses, shooting-galleries, skittle-alleys, Aunt Sallies, roulette-tables, and all the fun that is popularly described as fast and furious. In the town every thing was more mild. One could buy gilt gingerbread there, flashy porcelain, false noses, masks, and other interesting objects, and indulge in such slow gambling as may be afforded by betting pence on marbles set to race down an inclined plane studded with pins. But, if you wanted excitement, your way lay to the Acre, and thither, of course, we all sped.

Jickling was no sooner in the Acre than he directed our attention to the booth where a learned pig was exhibited, and suggested we should go and see, the admission being moderate — 1*d.* a head.

We streamed all together into the learned-pig show (I think we were nine), then into a booth where was a calf with two heads, and so on through the usual round of fair monstrosities, not forgetting a lady who weighed five-and-twenty stone, and who, to give Jickling an idea of her muscular powers, which he seemed disposed to question, lifted him up in mid-air by the seat of his unmentionables, to his intense disgust. By this time we had forgotten that such people as masters existed, and, a little intoxicated by the beating of drums, the squeaking of pandean pipes, the braying of horns, and the inspiriting sounds of loud barrel organs spurring the cavalcades of merry-go-rounds, we turned a ready ear to the blandishments of a costermonger, who, behind his barrow, had got a roulette-table, screened by a kind of sackcloth contrivance of poles and ropes, and "safe as the bank."

The costermonger was one of many who conducted business on a safe and pleasant principle. They decoyed as many boys to stake pence, sixpences, or shillings as they could, and then, when the board was well covered with money, a cry of "Here's the masters coming!" would be set up by a husky confederate; whereat the boys would jump away like affrighted frogs, and the stakes would disappear flowingly into the pockets of the costermonger. Unfortunately, even such a simple system as this has its drawbacks, and the main one was that, after trying on the joke a few times, it became the story of the wolf in the fable, and nobody would believe the husky confederate, charmed he never so wisely. Jickling, who had gathered practical experience of Windsor Fair the year before, was up to a good many moves on the board, and his first step when behind the sackcloth screen was to exclaim, in his quick, wild voice, as he laid a shilling's-worth of pence on the table, "Now, no master *can* see us here; so if this fellow or anybody else cries out *cave*, it'll be a false alarm, mind that." I suppose the words could hardly have been out of his mouth, when, without the slightest warning, without a single premonitory indication of peril, the visage of the Rev. Mr. Jones, a stern master, intruded itself behind the screen and froze us all — including the costermonger-croupier, I think — positively breathless with astonishment and terror. Mr. Jones must have seen us at a distance, before we had passed behind the canvas, and he now contemplated us with that calm, sure, and sardonic eye of a sportsman who has got all his fish in the net, and need not hurry himself. In his right hand he carried a pocket-book, from which he proceeded to draw the pencil, ready to write our names down.

The space of awful time that we stood looking at one another — he grimly elate, we speechless — can scarcely have exceeded ten seconds, but it remains branded on my memory as if it had been ten hours. My sensations were as if the

soles of my boots had become of lead, and suddenly soldered me to the earth. Then Jickling, who had inspirations of genius in such moments, abruptly dashed his handkerchief over his face, and pulling me by the hand, shouted wildly, "Come! if we bolt, he can't catch us all." And, saying this, dived through the aperture facing that where the master was standing, and rushed out precipitately, forsaking his pence to their fate, I following him, and the rest plunging after me.

Bachelor's Acre is a hollow and sunken piece of ground, full of ups and downs, and rugged. Over these ups and downs we leaped and bounded, with our hair flying to the winds, and our eyes starting out of their sockets. At least, I answered for mine. Jickling, more cool, buttoned up his jacket as he ran, kept his elbows well pressed to his sides, and threw his head back to give his legs all their fair play. We scampered thus to the end of the Acre, and scaled its steep sides, not knowing until then whether Mr. Jones was following us or the others. But here all doubt left us. Our friends had sped to the four cardinal points, and were presumably safe; but, straight as the crow flies, the Rev. Mr. Jones was bearing down upon us, our start of him being not more than fifty yards. The moment's agony which burst upon us when we made this discovery may be readily conceived. But it was no use feeling agonized. "There's a passage down there which leads across Peascod Street to the Great Western station," gasped Jickling. "Keep up, Rivers; don't blow yourself." And this was no vain caution: for, short as the distance was we had covered, I already began to feel as if I could not go much further at this rate.

The passage into Peascod Street was a terribly narrow one, where two could scarcely run abreast, and where, should we chance to meet anybody coming in the opposite direction, we might be so delayed as to be caught like rats in a trap. Jickling saw this; indeed he had a hunted fox's instinct for scenting danger. There was a cad with a basket on his head coming out of the passage as we ran up. This seemed providential. Jickling took out a half-crown, threw it to the man and panted, "Do you see that fellow in the white tie running behind us? Stop him at any price. Trip him up!" The cad was an honest cad. When Mr. Jones appeared at eleven-o'clock school that morning a fine scar on his face, and some remains of dust on the shirt-front, testified to the neatness with which he had been sent sprawling on all fours by a purely accidental movement of the foot performed by the basket-man. This increased our lead by a hundred yards and gave us a second's breathing space we much wanted; but we were not safe for all that. Mr. Jones was not the man to drop us for a fall more or less. A short, sallow, straddling little divine, with an immense lurking power of limb, he had determination enough to chase us till Christmas if need were. We soon found this out; for having imprudently paused to draw breath in the uphill alley leading out of Peascod Street to the railway, instead of waiting until we reached the railway itself, where we might have dodged our pursuers down passages and given him the slip by concealing ourselves in a porter's room, we saw him emerge from the Thermopylæ where he had been tripped up, brushing his knees with his handkerchief and purple with rage.

But now the hunt was going to assume a new complexion. In Bachelor's Acre there had been no great crowd at that comparatively early time of morning, but in the streets it was another affair. Precisely as we reached the station a train of old Etonians, from Oxford and Cambridge, steamed in, and these understanding at a glance what was the matter, when they saw Jickling and I run, broke into shouts of laughter and gaily joined in the chase as spectators, to see how it would all end. Any inoffensive stranger who beheld the spurt that followed through Windsor Thames Street must have fancied it was a lunatic asylum burst loose. Two well-dressed boys with streaming faces running at the top of their speed as if they had been stealing spoons; fifty yards to the rear of them a clergyman of the Church of England, with a most unchristian glare on his countenance, also putting his best foot foremost; and behind the clergyman, the mob of university-men, unable to hold their cigars in their mouths from laughing, and doing their utmost — one must render them that justice — to impede Mr. Jones's progress by getting in his way whenever he seemed to be gaining too fast on us. There was especially one Oxford man, whose name I afterwards learned was Martingale — Lord Martingale — and who did us valiant service. His lordship was an enthusiastic sportsman, and this boy-hunt was to him like drinking fine elixir. "Make for the coal-wharves behind the South-western Station: you can lie hid there, and then double when Jones has passed you, which he'll be safe to do if you don't give him time to see where you hide." But, unfortunately, this advice, like many other good counsels, was impracticable, by reason of its coming late. Our pursuer was now not more than twenty yards behind us; he was gaining too, and it seemed as though another couple of minutes must see our fate sealed. At this juncture, Jickling called upon me for a final spurt. We were in the Datchet Road, close to the South-western Station. In half a minute we had reached the door and dashed through, right into the midst of a crowd of people taking tickets for the next train. A guard made an attempt to stop us; Lord Martingale pushed him roughly aside with an oath. Down the platform we sped, stumbling over luggage, jostling passengers, and trampling an unfortunate dog under foot, amid piercing shrieks from his mistress. At the extremity of the platform, Jickling leading the way, jumped down in front of the engine that was about to start, crossed the line, in disregard of the chorus of shouts and imprecations set up by stokers and porters; ran for a short way between the two lines of rails, and struck off towards some waste grounds skirting the towing-path by the river-side. Martingale and I were of course close at his heels.

This was no bad move; for Mr. Jones, a clergyman, could not act in defiance of the railway company's by-laws, as we had done. He would be obliged to go round by the wharf way to catch us, and this would give us a start of about ten minutes. At least, so we reasoned; but we reckoned without our host. Mr. Jones simply waited on the platform until the train had started, — that is, rather less than five minutes, — then, there being no objection to his crossing the line, did so, and followed the identical path that we had taken. We learned afterwards that during the five minutes he spent on the platform the old Etonians with him had pleaded for us, appealing to him to renounce his pursuit, in consideration of the gallant struggle we were making. But the very gallantry of the struggle seemed to Mr. Jones the most cogent reason for bringing us to punishment. He proclaimed his determination as he mopped his brow with his yellow silk handkerchief, and brushed what remained of mud and dust off his pantaloons, not to give us up on any account; and he kept his word; for, as Jickling and I were pelting along the towing-path at about a half a mile from the station, Martingale, who was in ecstasies at our escape, and counted upon our being able to find a punt or a skiff or something to take us across the river further down, looked round, and suddenly exclaimed, with real dismay in his voice, "By Jove, he has stolen a march on us, and HERE HE IS!"

There we were, with the towing-path before us, an open space of mead to our right, and the river rushing in a broad swift stream to our left. Escape was impossible. In this despairing moment Jickling turned abruptly round, like a young cub at bay, looked at me with fire in his eyes, and in a voice of frenzy cried, "I say, can you swim?"

A thrill seemed to shoot through Martingale. He glanced at the river, then at me.

"Yes," I gulped, with a great dry sob; for, indeed, I could swim, having learned that accomplishment at home.

Jickling stroked the perspiration that was bathing his forehead, looked hungrily at me again, and in that moment his Ishmael countenance was radiant.

"But swim — in your — c-c-clothes?" he stammered. "Can you? Will you take your oath you can?"

He had clutched me by the jacket.

"I'll take my oath I can," I panted, with the amazing courage of fear and hopelessness.

"Well, look here," said Jickling, darting a distracted glance behind him. "I'll believe you, and we'll swim for it. Only—h-hark, if you drown, I'll drown myself too; and if—I do that" (there is no depicting the solemnity with which he pronounced the next words) "my father, who is coming home from India next Christmas, will write to *The Times* and say it was your fault."

I think I felt the terrible weight of this threat; but Martingale, who apparently saw nothing to laugh at, turned round and made a sudden and violent use of his handkerchief. When he showed us his face again, I could have sworn his eyes were not clear.

"You sha'n't drown, I'll swear that!" he said, energetically; "not unless I do so too."

We had scrambled down the bank by this time and were holding on by some tufts of grass. The water was quite deep under us and turgid and rapid. Opposite us lay the Eton playing-fields. Jickling shivered, but I could see it was not for him, but for me. He looked wistfully to see if the master would not give up the pursuit; then seeing that Mr. Jones (who, of course, could have no idea of what we were going to do) was close upon us, he muttered: "We can't let ourselves be taken," and floundered headlong in. Even before I had risen to the surface after following Jickling, I could hear the tremendous uproar of astonishment and consternation, and withal of admiration, that arose when Mr. Jones and his companions perceived what we had done. The throng of old Etonians, roughs and street-boys that had escorted the master, crowded on the bank, straining their eyes with genuine anxiety to see what would become of us, and surely thinking that we were not going to rise again. But when it was seen that we not only rose but struck out for the opposite shore as well as our heavy water-filled clothes would allow us, loud cheers burst forth and rose in peal upon peal to encourage us. Mr. Jones, who was not a hard man, and whose sense of humanity was now getting the better of scholastic considerations, ran in dismay up and down the bank, shouting to us that if we would come back he would not report us. But we either did not believe him, or did not hear him, or thought that once in, it was as well to go the whole way. Jickling was swimming a little in front of me, his tall black hat bobbing curiously above the water like a float. As we reached mid-stream, however, he slackened so as to let me come up with him, and faltered with a sudden expression I shall never forget: "Mind—you—swore you could swim, so if any thing happens it won't be my fault, will—it, eh, Rivers?" "No," I gasped, not immediately understanding what he meant; but then it passed through me with an instantaneous flash that we had both of us overrated our strength—that worn out as we were, we were making no way against the stream, and that Jickling had said this because he felt himself sinking. He turned round again, as if wanting to say something, with a terrible expression of anguish in his eyes; but his lips as they opened disappeared under water. I made a sort of unconscious clutch at him and he rose; but with all the strength left he shook himself free, and gasped as the stream bore him out of reach, "No, you'll drown." And then I remember no more, for I sank too.

IV.

It was rather more than a month after this that Jickling and I were seated in my room together in my tutor's house, looking rather cadaverous, both of us, with our pale faces and close-cropped heads. We had been within an ace of drowning. Lord Martingale and some other old Etonians had saved us; but a brain-fever had supervened, and once again, after escaping a watery grave, we had seen death face to face. However, it was all over now. We were on the fair road to convalescence; and Mr. Jones was calling upon us every day to learn how we were, and to cheer us with a few minutes' talk, for he had a good heart, this Mr. Jones, and took a liking to us after the terrible adventure of which he was the unwilling cause.

It will scarcely be believed that on recovering Jickling showed himself what he had always been—that is, much more delighted at the exceptional character of his last scrape, than thankful to Providence for the way in which he had come out of it. On the particular day when we were seated in my room together, as I have just said, he was charming the leisures of convalescence by manufacturing a short paper tail like a kite's, evidently with the intention of pinning it to some comrade's jacket as soon as he should be well enough to go into school again. Asheton entered as he was writing on the tail the words, "Please kick me," saw the work, shook his head and said, with a kind, half-pitying laugh, "Always the same, Jickling?"

Jickling did not like Asheton. He put away his tail with a grumble in his pocket as if he were afraid it was going to be taken from him, and muttered, "I don't see any harm in that."

"Nor would there be any if it wasn't of a piece with so many other tricks of yours, Jickling. You'll give up those tricks now, after all that's happened, won't you, young man?" And he laid a hand on Jickling's shoulder.

"What's happened? what tricks?" asked Jickling, in great discontent, moodily twitching his thumbs.

"Well," replied Asheton, "you and Rivers there have become heroes as it were; and it's been said that a fellow who has the stuff in him that you showed on that Windsor Fair day is worth better things than to be continually in hot water, and at sixes and sevens with everybody."

Jickling changed color slightly, went to the fire, poked it violently without its having any need of such operation, and said, "You're always badgering me, Asheton."

"I want to see you a good fellow, and on the highway to becoming a man," answered Asheton, with almost a woman's patience.

"What is, is," said Jickling, doggedly. "You can't unmake yourself, and you can't do what's impossible."

"And what's impossible?" asked Asheton.

"Why," cried Jickling, breaking out, and throwing down the poker with a clatter, "it's impossible to be this and that simply because you are told to be it; and it's impossible to do this or that, when you've not strength enough. What should you say if I told you to win the football-match against the Collegers this year? It seems you're in the Eleven—and they're stronger than you. You know it. So let me alone."

There was a moment's silence; then Asheton walked straight up to Jickling. He had become very pale, but looked at his unhappy fag with a steady and earnest expression in his eyes.

"I know the Collegers are stronger than we," he said, "but will you promise me"—(he paused)—"will you promise me, Jickling, that if I win the match for our side—you'll change?"

Jickling looked growlingly surprised, and glanced at him with sullen suspicion. "It's not much to promise," he said at last, "for you won't."

"But *will* you promise?" asked Asheton.

"Well then, yes," said Jickling, with a dry laugh and a shrug.

"Very well," answered Asheton, and he left the room.

The match, Collegers *v.* Oppidans, played every year on St. Andrew's feast, 30th November, was the great event of the football season. At the time of which I am writing it was not usual for the Oppidans to win every year, as has later been the case. The match was played "at the wall," a peculiar sort of football, which the Foundation boys practised more than the Oppidans, or town boys, and as a result the College team (although the Collegers had only seventy boys to choose from as against nearly six hundred on the other side) was extremely powerful and difficult to beat. On the day of the match, Jickling and I, who had not yet been out of doors since our accident, obtained leave to go out for two hours, just to see the match and return.

Play began at half-past twelve, and there was always an enormous crowd,—every boy in the school, every master and master's family, and some hundred or more of old Etonians, being generally present. Jickling and I took up our position at that part of the ropes where the lower boys congregated, making a frightful hullaballoo in response to

the gown-boys, who, at every advance of their side, shouted like fanatics, as if the safety of the three kingdoms were being staked. For those who have never seen "wall" football played, a description of the game would scarcely be intelligible; and for those who *have* seen it, it would be useless. Let me only say, therefore, that the points to be scored are "goals" and "shies," a single goal outnumbering any quantity of shies. By the end of three-quarters of an hour's play, three shies had been scored by the Collegers' Eleven. The game was going dead against the Oppidans, who, opposed to a formidable trio of Collegers, named Bullockson, Hulkey, and Drayman, were overweighted, borne down, and forced back into their own ground, or *calx*, every moment, notwithstanding all their gallantry. Asheton had been performing prodigies of valor in the Oppidan cause, but to no purpose. Five minutes yet remained before the game finished; and the conclusion seemed foregone. Jickling, who had been watching the game with a curious, silent interest, said with a short laugh (but rather softly as I thought), "Asheton's played well, but he won't win."

Did Asheton hear him? Did some secret voice, I mean, whisper to him that some such words as these were passing Jickling's lips? Anyhow, he glanced towards us, or at least towards the mass of yelling lower boys (for he did not know where we personally were), and with a determined gesture took his cap off and threw it on to the ground. It was the action of a man who is preparing to fight.

Then this is what we saw. The ball was then within the Oppidan calx, but a sudden movement brought it before Asheton's foot. He stuck to it, and from that moment it did not leave him. Crouching, stumbling, running over it, playing with feet, elbows and head all together, he "bullied" it right down the whole length of the ground, unheeding kicks, pushes, mobbings, or any thing else. Hulkey, the College "post," shinned him savagely; Drayman bore down upon him with his shoulder, like a battering-ram; and just as Asheton was within a few yards of the Colleger calx, Bullockson, the captain, made a rush as of thunder, and both rolled over together, heads first, in the mud. There was a moment's breathless lull in the whirlwind of shouts, to see who would rise first with the ball. It was Asheton. Limping and bleeding, for the blood was flowing in torrents from his nose, he still crouched over the ball, and, with something like superhuman energy, shot it over the calx-line, followed it, raised it with his foot against the wall, and touched it with his hand, whilst the umpire, in a loud voice, and amid delirious excitement, shouted "Shy!"

A "shy" means the right to take a shot at the goal with the football, the whole rival eleven standing in your way to obstruct you. Not a boy or man spoke, as Asheton, white as a sheet, poised the ball, raised it, and, with another look towards us, threw it straight forward. There was a thud, a dismayed shout, and then the Oppidan umpire, throwing his hat in the air, cried, "Goal!"

At that moment the College clock clanged out half-past one — the time for play to stop. The Oppidans had won the match.

With a roaring — loud, deep, and continuous as the waves of the sea — the Oppidans burst the ropes, and rushed on to the ground, scampering towards Asheton to carry him in triumph. Jickling and I were borne along with the rest, adding our own voices to the tumult mechanically. Asheton seemed to expect us. Just as the mighty Bullockson was taking him to lift him on his shoulders, he made a step forward, and holding out his hand (the first and last time he had ever done such a thing to a lower boy in public), said: "You see, young man, it *was* possible."

Jickling said nothing, and walked along by my side back to our tutor's house without opening his lips. He was pale and moody, and I remember he kicked a particular pebble before him, as he went, with a strange and absent expression. At dinner-time he said he was not hungry, and went and shut himself up in his room. He had not reappeared by tea-time; and as it so happened that I desired to see him that evening about something or other, I went to his room, and opened the door. The hinges did not creak, so that he did not hear me nor look up. He was seated at his table, with his head buried in his arms, and he was sobbing as if his heart would break.

. . . . . .

If you ask nowadays of any old Etonian who Jickling was, he will probably answer you: "Jickling? Do you mean the fellow who was Newcastle Scholar and in the Eleven? He went to Oxford — didn't he? and took double honors."

"I think so."

"And, stay, didn't he marry somebody? I think it was the sister of Sir Frederick Asheton.

THE POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

"The handkerchief! the handkerchief!" — *Othello.*

"Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain,
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain." — *Pope.*

BEFORE and since those days when Venice was an august State, with majestic Doge and Senators, despatching the valiant Moor in hot haste from their midnight sitting to guard Cyprus 'gainst the Turk, the pocket-handkerchief has figured curiously in the romance of life, which may be broadly divided into two conditions — smiles and tears. Since it is an indispensable accompaniment of the latter, and, in one way or another, associated with the former, we see what peculiar advantages our little square companion for life possesses for knowing and sympathizing with our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows. For lovers, it forms a pretty cambric toy in much repute; alternately a whip, a snowy projectile, a tantalizing screen, during the preliminary light skirmishing of flirtation, whilst for absent or parted hearts it can be a speaking record, an inviolable gage, a touching remembrance.

The Chinese are said to dispense with this interesting and useful institution of the pocket, carrying instead a bundle of tiny sheets of fragile paper, something like the leaves of our cigarette-books. How on earth the Celestials of the flowery land manage with so poor an equivalent it is difficult to imagine; and the want, unless it has been supplied by the latest imported fashions of Europe, reflects severely on the Mongrel Tartars' boasted civilization. But, whether or no they use lawn or tissue, their poets and novelists paint the mouse-colored, tea-imbibing people, as any thing but devoid of the grand passions and tender sentiments which throw captivating tints and glamour over the "stage-strutting" of poor humanity.

Associated it is with our earliest remembrances of fiction, is the pocket-handkerchief. We tremble with fearful expectation whilst sister Anne waves the white fluttering signal from the tower's summit for her brothers to speed on and save enraged Blue Beard's wife from sudden execution, and the mortuary horrors of that weird chamber, the silent mystery of which had proved too strong for the lady's curiosity. In the legends of Fairy-land, the handkerchief endowed with magic virtues passes from beneficent godmother to favored golden-haired princesses of dazzling beauty, and wins for them lovers, wealthy, handsome, and courageous, or in wondrous tales of ocean disaster, brings timely succor to castaways on rafts or surf-beaten rocks.

As years pass to the witching period of "sweet seventeen" the handkerchief for Miss Rosa's *first* ball forms an object of lively interest. Blooming maidenhood strives for the most diminutive centre of tenderest cambric and the widest edge of mazy lace, adorned with the most Arabesque of initials or tortuous monogram. Final touches of that momentous toilet bestowed, what serious pondering of the pretty brow over the fragrant essence to be lavished on the snowy transparency, and waft seductive odors to the golden youth whom Rosa conjures up in Shadow-land.

As we rarely suffer our faithful inhabitant of the pocket to fall into strange hands without a name, initials, or some familiar sign of ownership, fiction often revels in the knitting or unravelling of tangled skeins through its medium. But the acme of tragedy, in which it plays a part, a silent,

and therefore doubly dangerous witness, is in the drama of Othello. We learn that this ever memorable handkerchief was a small one, from Othello's exclamation, "Your napkin is too little;" that it was curiously embroidered, for Emilia says, "I'll have the work taken out, and give't Iago;" that it was "spotted with strawberries," and possessed something of the power of an amulet.

A recent article in the *Quarterly* contributes a lively and amusing quota to the literature of our semi-prosaic, semi-romantic companion:—

In the "Conspiracy of Venice," Fiesco's suspicions are excited by finding his wife's handkerchief wet with tears in a room which she and Calcagno have just left; and the Duchesse de Guise's handkerchief, found in a compromising spot, is what first turns the Duc's suspicions on her lover. this incident gives rise to the following epigram preserved by Lord Dalling:—

> "Messieurs et mesdames, cette piece est morale,
> Elle prouve aujourd'hui sans faire de scandale,
> Que chez un amant, lors qu'on va le soir,
> On peut oublier tout — excepté son mouchoir."

Again, who has not gazed on the beauteous, pleading face of the girl in Millais's "Huguenots," soliciting to bind the saving badge on her doomed lover's arm? What a miraculous power that pretty square of cambric possessed, to screen a treasured life, linked spiritually with her's forever, from the bloody hands of bigotry. Perhaps that handkerchief was wept and prayed over when the grim tragedy had been enacted; perhaps worn against a sorrow-laden breast in calm cloister life, outwardly calm but enveloping souls burning with vivid memories of days when the banished world was a garden of the Hesperides. Millais's speaking pictures always make us wish they were illustrations to tender moving histories of his heroes and heroines. We want to know whether the "Black Brunswicker" returned scatheless to his lady-love, after the "amantium iræ" of that terrible parting night of the Brussels ball, or the "Concealed Royalist," won at last the earnest, angelic Puritan, who, like a sister of mercy, sustains the famishing, long-locked enemy of her father's house.

Novels of Richardson's era, when the odious practice of duelling still obtained, contain harrowing episodes of unlucky heroes fallen in defence of fair, spotless heroines, foully slandered by sinister dead-shots. A gore-stained handkerchief reaches the hands of these pale, weeping maidens, nipping them as frost the lilies; but so consolatory is fiction, merely preceeding the resurrectioned loved one — an author's miracle to bring the three-volumed, or, in those giant days, six or nine volumed romance to a happy issue. Not always though, in fact or fiction, does the ensanguined cambric carry a false alarm from the battle-field, or the murderous ground where twelve paces or a sword's length divide two destructive bipeds. It would be well if every loving woman's fears could be as happily dispersed as Rosalind's, when her assumed man's part breaks down wofully as Oliver produces her lover's encrimsoned handkerchief.

Many a gore-stained handkerchief has come from the battle-field, truly telling of a cherished life destroyed: long to be preserved with tenderest relics by doting mother or sad-eyed maiden. But with duelling the handkerchief has still more terrible associations than bearing bloody tidings to a lover. There are the brief horrors of Transatlantic encounters, where, held between two glaring rowdies, it drops as the signal to fire; and its somewhat similar use in the second's hands of the extinct period in our own land, when the supposed nice honor of *gentlemen* was better esteemed than the precepts of Christianity. Most of us have seen the thrilling tableau in the "Corsican Brothers," where the gloating duellist, with repulsive coolness, wipes the reeking sword on his handkerchief.

Apropos of the crimes and horrors in which the handkerchief is an innocent adjunct, there comes to mind the recent sensational jewel robbery where Mrs. Tarpey skilfully applied her doctored handkerchief to the persuasive mouth of the jeweller's tempter; whilst dark villains and Don Giovannis of stage and story find a sure aid to silence their victims in the magical cambric always at hand.

In warfare of the olden time, attached to the herald's spear-point, it passed between hostile camps: now fluttering over the proud, boastful terms of victory, anon waved dejectedly by the vanquished, in token of hopeless defeat. When, mid the cannons' deafening roar, upon the crumbling, reeling walls of Sedan, canopied in sulphurous smoke, the little white messenger for parley was waved aloft to stay the destroying hail of shot and shell; the dread clamor and denseness of "Red Battle" stifled for a while only its tiny peace petition. So in war our miniature white banner often comes as a dove of reconciliation, or casts over the envoy a sacred shield no true knight dreams or dares to affront. Romancists cannot dispense with its services in many an exciting passage. In Scott's delightful "Old Mortality," we watch Morton's approach when herald from the grim covenanters as eagerly as the beleaguered major and his friends from the frowning battlements of the brave lady's castle. Tournament and knightly encounter saw the fair one's broidered handkerchief pinned to her lover's casque, lending vigor to the mailed arm, and inciting deeds of marvel.

Truly its uses are various as the colors of life itself, which, till the dread scenes of mutual slaughter broke stormily on the long fair summer days of August, 1870, we all thought progressing to a period of universal concord. Yet, amid the blood torrents and devastation of stricken France, it has had a merciful mission, staying the red torrent of many a poor fellow's life from staining the trampled earth, or soothing the agonized brow of the wounded, in the hands of those merciful sisters, the guardian angels of suffering, who make the noble protest of humanity against the cruelty, blindness, and ambition of man.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE GEORGE HUDSON.

THE members of the Carlton Club and the frequenters of Pall-mall will miss the characteristic figure of George Hudson, who, after a long and painful absence from his native country, has become once more familiar to West-End London during the last two years. A new generation has sprung up since he was famous as the Railway King, but nothing gratified him more than kindly recognition from those who knew him in his prosperity. "They've elected me chairman of the smoking-room at the Carlton again," he remarked to a friend soon after his return from exile, adding with genuine glee, "my old position, sir; my old position." In spite of his seventy odd years, poor Hudson always took the bright side in speaking of himself or his reverses. It was the great kindness he was experiencing on all hands, never the bitter alteration in his circumstances, which he loved to dwell upon. "Only this day, sir, I was in Hyde Park, and Lord ——" (naming one of the most distinguished statesmen in the Upper House) "rode by. I saw him, of course, but I didn't think he saw me, until he turned his pony's head, and putting out his hand said, 'How do you do, Mr. Hudson? I'm very glad to see you looking so hearty after all your troubles' — nothing could be kinder or more friendly, could it now? It touched me very much." George Hudson has died in what may be called by comparison easy circumstances, and strange as it may sound, was careful to save a portion of his income and not averse to dwelling on the fact. "It shows what economy and good management will do, you know, and how little a man really wants to enjoy himself, when I tell you that out of the annuity which my good kind friends subscribed for me I have been able to put by £ —. (naming a small sum) in eighteen months." "But it wasn't given you for that, you know, Hudson," replied one of his auditors; "it was given to make you thoroughly comfortable, and not to save;" — whereupon the whilom Railway King insisted that he had no wants unsupplied, and that he meant to sit in Parliament again yet. His spirit was to the

day of his death as fresh, sanguine, and life-enjoying as a boy's; and when the writer of this notice met him last, a month or two ago, he was confident that he should once more represent Sunderland at the next general election. "The happiest part of my life," he said quite candidly, "was when I stood behind the counter and used the yard measure in my own shop. My ruin was having a fortune left me. I had one of the snuggest businesses in York, and turned over my thirty thousand a year, five-and-twenty per cent of it being profit, when a relation died and left me a goodish fortune. It was the very worst thing which ever happened to me. It led me into railways, and to all my misfortunes since." This was spoken with infinite cheerfulness and good temper, and was immediately followed by expressions of thankfulness to the friends who had rallied round him in these latter years, and to whom he was indebted for the competence he was enjoying. Mr. George Elliot, the member for North Durham, and Mr. Hugh Taylor, of Chipchase Castle, were trustees for, and among the chief subscribers to, the fund raised a year or two ago for Mr. Hudson by his friends in the north of England, and the proceeds of which insured him an annuity of £600. It was out of this that he made a boast of having put money by, at the same time insisting that his own tastes and habits were simple even in the days of his magnificence. "I do now what I did when I lived at Albert-gate, sir; I always go down to Billingsgate and buy my own fish. I never allowed a servant to do that for me when I could do it for myself, and I never fancied the fish at a fishmonger's when I could see it in large quantities as it came into the market. So, when I was a great man in London, no matter where I'd been the night before or what grand people had been to my house, — and nearly everybody was glad to visit me in those days, — I used always to get up early and go down to Billingsgate and choose my fish there for the day's use. I did it because I liked it then, and I do it for economy and because I like it now, that's the only difference." There never was a man who had been much before the world who was less reticent about himself than Hudson. The speeches he made when at the height of his prosperity; the quiet grave in the little Yorkshire church-yard which he bought for himself long ago, and which he went down to visit from time to time; the social fun he had in former days with "old George Stephenson, the best of fellows and the best of friends;" his civic triumphs as Lord Mayor of York, and the quaint piece of plate which he insisted that holders of that high office are required to use while at the Mansion house; his dealings with his lady customers when he kept a shop; his visits to the nobility; his victories at railway boards; the way he was run after by the great world of London, and the zest with which he enjoyed the *éclat* and the fun of it all; the respect with which he was listened to when speaking in the House of Commons; the opinions he had enforced in various great commercial enterprises, and how others were profiting by them, were wont to be quoted and expatiated on by him with a hearty interest that said much for the healthy organization of the man.

This is scarcely the time for dwelling upon the fever which beset the nation during the railway mania, or for analyzing the part played in it by George Hudson. If he was one of the chief offenders, he was assuredly one of the chief sufferers; and it is tolerably notorious now that some of the practices for which he was so heavily punished have not always been held sufficient to ostracize the commercial people who have been guilty of them. "Hudson never split upon his friends," once remarked an authority in the railway world, "or there might have been some curious stories to hear about people whose fingers you'd think were incapable of being soiled." What he suffered in silence no one knew but himself. He was so miserably poor during the long years he languished on the Continent that there is good reason for believing that he not unfrequently went hungry to bed; and at one time those staying at the hotel, where he lodged in what he called "a garret at the top of the house," came to know when his place was vacant at the *table d' hôte* that the formula, "I am preferring a chop in my own room to-day," was a figurative way of concealing necessities which the poor fallen monarch shrank from admitting. Mr. Arthur Helps has just told the world in his "Thoughts upon Government" that if he were "asked to point out the men who in my experience of public affairs have shown the most remarkable competency for the conduct of business, they would in several instances prove to be men of very limited education." That George Hudson was one of these it was impossible to doubt. His history and the influence he exercised without apparent effort over the hard-headed money-getting men of his generation proved the general belief in his competency; and you could not talk with him or note his singular admixture of shrewdness and simplicity without finding that his education had been limited indeed. He never lost the broad Yorkshire accent, and never affected greater refinement of manner than is appropriate to the provincial shopkeeper of the old school.

An endless series of pictures might be drawn from the career of George Hudson in prosperity. Here is one from an eye-witness. The place was the drawing-room of a well-known noble patron of the fine arts, the occasion was a semi-public *conversazione* connected with national objects, at which representative men — "men who had done something" — were present by the hundred. England's greatest authors, greatest sculptors, greatest painters, greatest inventors, greatest philanthropists, greatest statesmen, greatest physicians, greatest engineers, greatest captains jostled each other in the crowded rooms. Amid the constellation of celebrities there were two men round whom the crowds circled, let them turn which way they would — bright particular social stars, each with revolving satellites, and both receiving the deference of the great and noble as their right. One was the late Prince Consort, the other was George Hudson. They looked rival monarchs, each with his obsequious courtiers round him, and divided pretty equally the honors of the evening. Those who were not able to come within speaking distance of these great men waited patiently, and as near to the charmed circles as they could. Suddenly there was a movement, and a gentleman was seen to pass from the Prince Consort's followers and to make his way to the little court which hemmed in the Railway King. It was like a plenipotentiary carrying a message between neighboring potentates. "The Prince has asked to be introduced to Mr. Hudson," was buzzed from mouth to mouth, and then men stood on tip-toe to watch the interesting interview. The burly, broad-shouldered man in the blue coat with the gilt buttons made his way slowly towards the intellectual-looking, high-bred man who wore the ribbon of the Garter. It was not given to outsiders to hear what passed. There was a bow on the one side and a gracious remark on the other; and then, mercy on us! came a sound seldom heard in that exalted sphere. Ears were surely playing their owners false, for it seemed as if a horse laugh came from the aristocratic holy of holies, and as if the gentlemen near Royalty joined in the unseemly mirth as nearly as etiquette allowed. "What did the Prince say to Mr. Hudson?" and "What did Mr. Hudson reply to the Prince?" were now the questions of the night; and then it became known that the Prince Consort, ever anxious to increase his stock of knowledge, had asked Mr. Hudson's opinion upon atmospheric railways, concerning which there was then much discussion in the scientific world. The oracle spoke freely.

"I think they're a humbug, your Royal Highness!" was the bluff reply, and its idiomatic directness was almost too much for the gravity of the Prince himself.

Those who knew Mr. Hudson of late years and since his return from exile, were surprised to find how much innate simplicity of character he retained. It was amazing to find a man who had undergone such startling vicissitudes, and to whom, as it would seem, the hollowness of the world must have been thoroughly proved, enjoying life with a gusto which never flagged, and cracking jokes and telling anecdotes with as much energy and enjoyment as the youngest diner-out. Those who knew him best during the long and poverty-stricken sojourn he was compelled to

make abroad, rarely found him down-hearted; and there were few men "better company," after his fashion, than Mr. Hudson, when the audience was appreciative and the interest in his stories was sympathetic. He was fond of telling the origin of his title of Railway King. "Sydney Smith, sir, the Rev. Sydney Smith, the great wit, first called me the Railway King; and I remember very well that he made a very pretty speech about it, saying 'that while some monarchs had won their title to fame by bloodshed and by the misery they inflicted on their fellow-creatures, I had come to my throne by my own peaceful exertions, and by a course of probity and enterprise.'" This was always Hudson's tone. He had been made a victim. There was a great re-action and a great public outcry, and he was the scapegoat; but where were the schemes and enterprises he had favored most? Successful, nearly every one.

THE WHITE WITCH OF COMBE ANDREW.

"I'LL just go and see my Aunt Hagley; see if I don't!"

It was Mary Bernal who spoke, and it was Jane Dalby to whom she spoke; and what she said she said with an air, as if more was lying behind than the mere words would show.

Jane Dalby tossed her head. "Go and welcome!" she answered disdainfully. "For my part," she continued, "I wouldn't own as glib as you to an aunt like that old Hagley. She's none such a dear to be so proud of!"

"All very well, Jane, for you to cast stones at aunt," said Mary with a superior manner. "Me and them as knows" — Here she stopped.

"Now then, go on, can't you?" cried Jane. "Out with it. You and them as knows what?"

"Well! we knows what we knows," said Mary after a pause. "And now you're answered, Jane."

With which she left the servants' hall triumphantly, as one who has at least given the enemy a check, if nothing worse, going up stairs to adorn her young mistress, Belle Loder; for it was dressing time; while Jane went to do the like office for her young lady, Rose Kenealy; both maids having the same object at heart for each, — the fascination of Maj. Julius Crewkherne, owner of Crewkherne Manor hard by, and the handsomest man in Devonshire, as he was one of the best matches.

Now Crewkherne Manor and the Loder property lay handy to each other; and it had always been one of the favorite wishes of both houses, that the Crewkherne boy and the Loder girl would take a fancy to each other when they grew up, and so enclose the two estates in a ring fence that would suit every one concerned. Each property alone was well enough; but both together they would place the possessor among the best in the county, and would raise the joint families of Loder-Crewkherne to a position second to none in England. Wherefore it was, that when old Darcy Crewkherne died, and his son the major came home from India to reign in his stead, every one said it was a thing so plainly marked out by Providence, — and the local map, — that the major couldn't but see it, and do as his father had wished him to do; namely, take Miss Belle, and in time the Loder property, so soon as the days of mourning were at an end.

And perhaps things would have gone their way if the Loders could have managed to keep the major close, and not have let any one else have a chance. For he was fairly enough inclined to Miss Belle, when he first returned, and showed his liking frankly. But in an evil hour for her he accepted an invitation to stay a few days at Martin's Tor, the Rawdons' place; and there he found Rose Kenealy, Mrs. Rawdon's orphaned, penniless niece, whom they had adopted and brought up, and who was "out" for her first year.

To be sure the Rawdons, mindful of the common talk, had been careful to ask Belle Loder at the same time as the major; while, to do them justice, no thought of little Rose, or her possible attractions, had entered into their calculations. She was but a child yet to them; and they did not think of her marrying, any more than if she had been but ten years old instead of eighteen. They had known well and liked heartily old Darcy Crewkherne, and they had liked Julius too when a boy; and they wished to be neighborly, that was all. And as Julius was anxious to both make new and re-establish old relations, he had gone to Martin's Tor willingly; and when he had seen little Rose he had remained more willingly. It was a case of love at first sight; and the major was a man of a clear mind and determined will.

There could not be a more striking contrast between two girls than there was between Belle Loder and Rose Kenealy; and the contrast was not only on the outside. Belle was a tall, largely made, sleepy-looking girl, with a dead white skin, a profusion of straight and silky flaxen hair, and heavy-lidded eyes of light hazel, with singularly large pupils. But you did not often see her eyes, for she had a trick of keeping them half closed; and only when she wished to produce an effect did she open them fully. Rose, on the contrary, was a small, slight, vivacious creature, with a curly head of brightest brown, rose-red cheeks, and large dark eyes that changed with the light, being sometimes blue and sometimes gray, but always bright and frank, and tender or merry as the humor took her. They were true Irish eyes inherited from her father, and were as eloquent as other people's words. And the first sight of them bewitched Julius Crewkherne.

That was the very phrase they had used in the kitchen, when discussing the bearing of the major towards the two young ladies. Miss Belle, she was the one as ought to be, but Miss Rose, she had bewitched him. And the word was not used without meaning; for the Devonshire folk believe in witches to this day; witches both white and black; witches who cast a spell, and witches who take it off again; witches that do harm, and they that do good. Wherein was the sting of Mary Bernal's words, which Jane Dalby had understood well enough; for Aunt Hagley, down at Combe Andrew, was a white witch of power, and renowned as such through all the country side.

Long before the dinner-bell rang and the rest of the guests had assembled, Maj. Julius Crewkherne lounged into the drawing-room; and almost immediately after came Rose Kenealy.

As Rose came in, fresh and simple as usual, her dark-brown curly hair caught back by a broad blue ribbon, and her white dress looped here and there with blue, her small waist trimly belted, yet leaving her free and elastic, the major thought her the loveliest little rosebud of a girl he had ever seen; and with a nature as sweet and pure as her face. That frank look of hers was enough for him. Rose blushed to the very roots of her hair when she saw who was standing there in the bay window alone; but she looked only prettier for blushing; and as she did not attempt to run away, the major liked her all the better for her girlish embarrassment.

He came out from the bay of the window, and met her midway. It was a rare chance to see her alone; and he had made up his mind to profit by the first that offered.

"What pretty flowers!" he said, pointing to the flowers in her waist-band. They were only a few sprays of jessamine, but he spoke as if they were something quite rare.

"I am so fond of jessamine," said Rose, simply.

"So am I," returned the major. "Will you give me one for my coat?"

"If you like," said Rose.

"And fasten it in for me?"

This was coming to rather close quarters; and Rose was not used to gentlemen's coats. Hesitating then a little, and blushing a good deal, only complying because to refuse would be even more awkward, the girl, hanging down her head and trembling all over, came quite close to the major, and taking a spray from her waist, tried to

fasten it into his coat. But her fingers were marvellously slow and heavy, and she bungled over her simple task in an unaccountable way. She felt as if she were going to faint, to die, to laugh aloud, or burst into tears; she did not indeed know how or what she felt; and it did not help her when the major, suddenly taking that little quivering hand in his, kissed it tenderly, saying in a soft whisper as he held it up to his cheek,—

"May I ask your uncle to give me this, Rose? Will you give it me yourself?"

The girl made no answer. She only drooped her pretty head still lower, while her blushes faded into absolute paleness, and her slight figure trembled more.

"Do you love me, Rose?" the major went on to say. "Do you love me well enough to like to stay with me for ever, and marry me, and be my little wife? Will you not speak to me, my darling?"

"Yes, I do love you," said Rose, in a low voice.

And then the major took her in his arms, and lifted her fairly off her feet, as he kissed her silently, his heart, as hers, too full for words. And when he set her down again she fled, frightened, happy, confused, in such trouble of joy as to be almost pain, till she found herself in faithful Jane's sympathetic arms.

This day at dinner no one knew what ailed Rose that she looked so shy, and yet so happy; or what had come into her face to render her so beautiful. Only the major knew, and only Miss Loder guessed.

So now the thing was done; and Maj. Julius Crewkherne, the great match of the country, had committed himself to Miss Rose Kenealy, a girl without a penny, just a pretty little maid with Irish eyes, rose-red cheeks, a frank smile, and a true heart. While here was his naturally appointed bride, Miss Belle, who had every thing in her favor, shunted to the side, passed over, as we might say jilted.

When Belle Loder heard the news, not the keenest observer could have said that she suffered, or indeed have told that she felt at all. It was Mrs. Rawdon herself who told her, quite apologetically, and with many-repeated assurances that she had been as much taken by surprise as any one could be. She had never thought of such a thing! Rose, of all persons in the world, little more than a mere child yet, only just out of the nursery!

On which Miss Loder, who until now had been sitting, as if carved in alabaster, counting her fan-sticks, suddenly lifted up her eyes and looked Mrs. Rawdon full in the face. And her look was so sudden, so fierce, so direct, her eyes were so large, the pupils so dilated, the look so fixed, that poor Mrs. Rawdon turned quite pale, and looked as if she were going to faint. Then Belle dropped her broad white lids again, took once more to counting her fan-sticks, and drawled out, in a low and level voice:—

"Yes, just so; but, you see, at eighteen it is rather late to consider a girl as a child, and Maj. Crewkherne is a good match where there is no fortune."

Which last observation affronted Mrs. Rawdon, and destroyed all her sympathy for Miss Loder's disappointment.

If riches give social influence, knowledge gives moral power; and not Mr. Darcy Crewkherne himself, when he was alive — and he had been the king of those parts, so to speak — had the hold on the people that Dame Hagley had, Mary Bernal's aunt. To the outer eye she was just a tall, dark-browed, powerful, and still handsome woman, of about sixty, living in a solitary mud hovel set in the heart of a wild and desolate combe or valley, where nothing grew on the hill-sides save gorse and bracken and heather, and where even sheep could find no pasturage; but to the eye of faith she was greater than the greatest, holding the power of the viewless ones of the air in her hand, and holding with these the keys of life and death. Yet if spirits thronged to do her bidding, they were spirits of less malevolence, if of greater power, than those which obey the black witch. It was the black witch who banned, and Dame Hagley who removed the ban at the grievous cost and suffering of the former. And it was well known that not the wickedest old witch or wizard of them all but trembled before her, and had cause to repent her evil deeds if Dame Hagley took her in hand.

"That cursed little girl has bewitched the major, and my aunt shall know the rights of it," said Mary Bernal to herself, when she heard the news; it was Miss Belle herself who told her. "I'll go over to Combe Andrew to-morrow."

It was a hot and fiery sunset when Mary, getting leave for the evening, set out to her aunt's. It was a brave thing of her to do, for the way was lonely, and not only the valley had a bad name, but many a place by which she had to pass. Years ago there had been a murder on the cliffs, and the body had been buried in the very hovel where Dame Hagley lived; then a child had been found cast like a dead sheep in a deserted quarry; and a man had committed suicide at the entrance of the combe. So that, on the whole, it was an awful district all round, and one cause of Dame Hagley's influence was that she dared to live where others dared hardly pass. But her very living there added to the general terrors of the place.

People wondered when they saw Mary setting her face towards the cliff path; but Mary shared some of her aunt's courage. She "favored" her in appearance, and it was not thought unlikely by more than one that she might follow in her steps, and take up the trade when the other let it fall. Still, for all that, it was a bold thing for a young woman of thirty to go along that lonely cliff in the evening, with the sun setting so fiery red, and the black loneliness, the haunted depths of Combe Andrew to follow. But Mary had become interested in this matter of the major and Miss Belle, and it was not a little that would have turned her back.

About an hour's hard walking brought her to the point where, deep in the darkness below, she saw a faint glimmer which told her that her aunt was at home. It was almost dark by now, but Mary knew the way, and skirted its dangers dexterously. She was quite free and undaunted, and did not even start when once a straying sheep came full butt against her, and once she nearly fell over the dead carcass of another. Presently she came down the hill, and along the narrow winding way that led to the hovel.

Her aunt heard her step, and came out to the door.

"I knew you were a-coming," she said quietly; "and I've made your tea."

"That's good," said Mary. "It's a rough road."

The two women were strangely undemonstrative in manner to each other. There were no feminine effusions, no endearments, such as most women of all classes indulge in, but they met and spoke together like two men. And, indeed, handsome and bold and strong as they were, they were not unlike beardless men, and they were like each other. The same low, broad brow, the same firm eyebrows, the same dark and steady eyes, the same fleshy lips tightly shut, so cruel in repose, so sweet when smiling, and the same commanding height. They were as much alike as though they were mother and daughter; and they were equally formidable.

"So you knew I was a-coming?" said Mary, after a long silence, during which she had drunk her tea and eaten her cake with a relish.

"Yes; They told me."

"Maybe They told you why, then?" said Mary, looking into her aunt's face with simple faith.

The older woman nodded. "Yes; They told me that too," she answered, watching her niece.

"And can you do it, aunt? Can you take off the spell?" said Mary, earnestly.

"I never knew of one I couldn't," said Dame Hagley.

"And it is a spell, aunt, ain't it now? She has bewitched him?"

"No fear," answered her aunt.

"What else can it be?" cried Mary.

"What else, indeed!" echoed her aunt.

"There's Miss Belle, made for him, as one may say, brought up together a'most, and with a fine fortune when her father goes. And her father and his too, that wished it so. And here comes this sly little Rose Kenealy, a mere begger to Miss Belle, and not half so pretty. And there's

the major, clean mad about her, and gone and asked her. It can't be right; it must be a spell!"

"It ain't aught else," said Dame Hagley, taking up the clew she had been waiting for. "It is a spell, Mary, and the major is bewitched. Can't you bring Miss Belle here, and I'll let her see the face as has done it?"

Mary shook her head. "It's too rough a road, aunt, and Miss Belle's not over fain to walk."

"You want me, though, to work it?" said Aunt Hagley, coming to business.

"Yes; give me something as'll take it off, aunt. See, I've brought you Miss Belle's hair, and some of that Rose's, and there are nails of both of 'em, and the major's too. I tell you I was clever to get all these, and it's cost me a deal of trouble. But I did it. I don't like to see right wronged, and I did it."

"I'll see to it," said Aunt Hagley gravely. "I dare say you've brought enow. I'll work the spell and then I'll let you know."

On which, with a pack of greasy cards, some spirits of wine, a handful of salt, a pinch of benzoin, and another of lycopodium, the White Witch went through a series of mutterings and strange gestures; all of which Mary watched with a steady pulse, though expecting to see in bodily shape one of those great spirits who were, she believed, about her aunt at this moment, doing her service and imparting to her knowledge.

After a while Aunt Hagley lifted up her head from the saucepan which, alternately with the cards, she had been peering into, and sighed deeply, wiping her face wearily, as she sank back in her high chair, as one exhausted.

"It has been a sore time, Mary," she said; "but I've got the word and the sign at last. Rose Kenealy: there it was written fair enough; she it is as has laid the spell on the major, and you, my girl, can take it off. What would Miss Belle give you, Mary, if you could get her the major?" she asked, suddenly.

"Give! she'd give her ears," said Mary.

"I don't see as how you could do much with them," Aunt Hagley replied, gravely. "To put 'em into a stocking would scarcely grow guineas, my girl. No; I mean what would she give in money? hard money — money down, Mary?"

"Lord, aunt, I don't know," said Mary, shocked. It was one thing to do good for loyalty and love, and another to work evil for money. But Aunt Hagley had long ago reduced all life to the filling of her money-stocking, and the only thing she despised in her niece was the indifference she showed, as yet, to money. But she would improve, she used to say to herself; she had good blood, and she would improve.

"It can't be done for nothing, Mary," she said, gravely. "If Miss Belle will make it worth my while and yours — and yours too, my girl; I'm not selfish, and I will work for you as well as myself — but if she'll do well by us I'll do well by her; and Miss Rose shall trouble her no more. I'll take the spell off, no fear, but it's worth money, Mary; why, it's worth hundreds of pounds to her, and you'll be a fool not to make a good bargain for yourself now you've got the power."

"I can't ask for money, aunt, for what I do for right's sake," said Mary sullenly.

Her aunt had been all this time putting some powder into a packet.

"All right, my girl; then you'll not have the spell, and Miss Rose will have the major," and she put back on the shelf the small locked box from which she had taken the powder.

As usual, that stronger will had its way, and the weaker yielded. After a faint resistance, it ended by Mary putting on her bonnet again, and carefully placing in her purse a small packet of white powder, which Miss Belle was to put into Miss Rose's coffee — nothing but coffee would do, said Aunt Hagley — when Miss Rose would suffer as she ought, perhaps fly up the chimney as a bat, or they would see the devil run out of her mouth as an eft or a toad, or something such like would happen to her, and the major would be restored to his senses. And then, being in a good humor — for Mary had promised to ask for handsome gains, and to give her half — Aunt Hagley, without putting on her bonnet, took the road with her niece, laughing a little grimly as she said, "You see, my dear, *I* ain't no reason to be afraid. I sha'n't meet much that's uglier than myself."

Would Miss Belle do it? That was now Mary's difficulty. "You see gentlefolks are not like us," she argued. "They won't believe, and they say they know; but it's we as knows, not they. Would Miss Belle believe if I stood her out till Doomsday, and told her what aunt had said? Not a bit of it. But how could aunt have known that I was coming, or about the major and that Rose, unless They had told her? And as for this spell that is to break a spell, would Miss Belle do it, however much she was told?" However, it had to be tried. There was too much at stake for her not to venture.

Mary approached the subject cautiously. Miss Belle was not one who ever made free with servants, and even Mary, who had been with her for years, had to be careful. She was prepared to be laughed at, of course, and Belle did laugh at her, and she let her. She wouldn't join in the laughter, for They were about her, and They knew that she knew them; but Miss Belle was different. And after she had let her laugh she brought her round, bit by bit, to consent to work her charm.

"You see, miss, if there's nothing in it, it can't do no harm; but if there is, as aunt says, Lord, miss! wouldn't it be fun to see a toad run out of Miss Rose's mouth, or a hump grow on her back before your eyes, and she stand there, just a witch, and all the world to see it? If the major is bewitched, why miss, as an old friend and neighbor, you ought to help him to his senses again. It isn't likely that aunt and so many of us think things as isn't. We know it can be done, and we know it can be taken off again. And there's no one like Aunt Hagley for taking off."

All this Mary said in a headlong, dashing, earnest way while dressing Miss Loder's hair for dinner, the day after her evening expedition to Combe Andrew.

"Very well, yon silly girl, I will do it to satisfy you, and show you how absurd you are in your superstitions. I will give Miss Kenealy the charm as you call it, and you will see nothing will come of it. There, give it to me. What is it?"

"This in coffee, miss," half whispered Mary. "Only in coffee, miss; else the charm won't work!"

Belle was sitting before the glass, and the eyes of mistress and maid met in the mirror. The one was flushed, eager, coarse in her zeal, but honest and single-hearted; the other pale, languid, reticent, seeing farther and thinking deeper, and accepting the responsibility of a possible evil, as far as the poles removed from the intentions of the simpler sinner. The one meant an honest counter-charm, — witchcraft foiled with its own weapons, — the other meant — what? She took the packet and laughed.

"The idea of witchcraft in these days! How absurd!" she said.

"Try it, miss, and then maybe you'll not say that!" said Mary earnestly; and in her endeavor to persuade her to the trial, she forgot all about the bargain she was to have made, and the sum she was to have demanded.

Dinner was over, and the coffee was brought up. All during the meal Belle Loder had been supremely sweet and friendly with both the major and little Rose. The major, whose conscience had its sore points, was quite grateful to her; and Belle thought in her own mind, and wondered if, Rose being out of the way — well, if—

Coffee was handed round.

"Shall I make yours, dear?" said Belle graciously to Rose; and as she ladled out the crushed candy something more than crushed candy fell from her dainty fingers.

"Oh, thank you!" said little Rose, flushing, in her turn pleased and grateful, too, at this thawing of the Loder ice.

She took the cup and laughed pleasantly; and Belle looked at her sleepily through her half-closed lids. Out in the garden, peering from under the blind, another pair of eyes watched her curiously. They were those of the White

Witch come to witness the result of her charm; and to claim its price. Not a leaf stirred, not a creature cried; Rose raised the cup to her lips.

"Rosy, give me a footstool, my dear," said Mrs. Rawdon, lazily.

And Rose set down her cup untasted, and took her aunt the hassock. Then she sat down on the sofa, and nestling close to her talked in a low voice, forgetting her coffee.

"The fool, why don't she take it!" muttered the woman watching her. "Who ever saw the like of such foolishness — to have it and not to take it!"

The major was at the piano, turning over some songs.

"Belle, do you sing this?" he asked. And Belle, putting down her cup untasted, as Rose had done, went over to him, and discussed the music. Then they both came back to the table.

"Why, your coffee must be cold," said the major; and he looked into Belle's face, smiling that ineffable smile of his that had more witchcraft in it than all Dame Hagley knew. Belle looked back at him, with her large eyes fully opened; and by that look lost the thread. He had the cups in his hands, unsuspicious, unconscious; and he gave one to each girl. At that moment the dog made a bound through the window, growling savagely, and the woman who had kept the thread slunk away among the bushes.

The next morning a great terror fell on the house; Miss Belle Loder was found stiff and stark in her room. She went to bed with the rest apparently in good health, but she must have died about midnight, said the medical men who made the post-mortem examination: three hours after the butler had taken away the empty coffee-cups. Yet, though she had died with all the symptoms of blood poisoning, no trace of poison could be found by any test known to the experts. It was a mystery, they all said, and a mystery it remained. Wherefore, "Died by the visitation of God," said the jury. "Died because you didn't work the spell as it should be worked, and get the money They had bespoke," said Dame Hagley fiercely to her niece. And "Poisoned herself for love and disappointment," went the verdict of the world, repeated by the major's uneasy conscience; but no one added, "Fallen into the pit digged for another;" while only Mary Bernal suspected, and only Dame Hagley knew.

Whatever the dame knew, it did not trouble her long; for not more than a week after Miss Loder was buried, a man going to the hovel in Combe Andrew found Dame Hagley and her miserable home a mere heap of blackened ashes. She had been burned to death in a drunken sleep, with none to give her aid or warning, none even to know of her danger or to pity her destruction. The ruined hut was never touched. No one owned the place, and not even the poorest squatter cared to build on so unlikely and evilly renowned a spot: so no one dug deep enough among the charred ashes to find the mass of gold which the White Witch had hidden away in her stocking, and which she kept buried under the floor of her hut. And there it is still for any brave adventurer who cares to seek it.

QUAINT CUSTOMS IN KWEI-CHOW.

It has been said that China is the only country in the world where fashion is not synonymous with change; and there undoubtedly is an unparalleled degree of monotony in the customs, habits, and ideas of the whole pig-tailed race. With the exception of differences in the pronunciation of the language and of varieties of climate, Canton, or any large city in the south of China, is but a reflection of Peking or of any large city in the north, and *vice versa*. The same style of architecture is observable in the buildings, and exactly the same customs prevail among the people, who have been robbed of all originality and power of thought by the constant contemplation, as models of supreme excellence, of the ancients and their works. It is a relief, then, to find that amidst these priggish monotonists there are to be found people who know not Confucius, who despise pig-tails and their wearers, and to whom the *Book of Rites* is a sealed letter.

In the north-eastern corner of the Province of Yunnan rises a chain of mountains, which, winding its way through the southern portion of the province of Kwei-chow, passes through a part of Kwang-se, and gradually melts away into the plains on the east of the Kwang-tung frontier. The whole of this thin line of highland territory, measuring about 400 miles, and running through the southern centre of the Empire, is virtually independent of China. Its inhabitants acknowledge no allegiance to the Emperor, entirely ignore the authority of the mandarins, and hold only just as much communication with their more civilized neighbors of the plains as suits their purposes. By these they are known by the generic name of Miao-tsze, which is made to include the numerous tribes who inhabit the whole range. Ethnology is not a study consecrated by the labors of Confucius, and is therefore lightly esteemed by his disciples, consequently little is to be learned of the antecedents of the Miao-tsze from Chinese sources, and the difficulty of penetrating into the mountain recesses has left us equally ignorant of their manners and customs. They are by no means well disposed towards travellers, and show a decided preference for their money to their company. No European has ever ventured into their retreats, and Chinese travellers never willingly trust themselves amongst them. Enough, however, may be gathered from the brief notices to be found in Chinese books to affirm that they are, for the most part, offshoots from the great Lao nation which had its original seat in Yunnan, and which has spread its branches westward to south-eastern India, southward to Siam, and eastward through the provinces of Kwei-chow, Kwang-se, and Kwang-tung. Though living in the immediate neighborhood of the Chinese of the surrounding plain-country, they have never shown any disposition to amalgamate with them. Intermarriage between the two races is unknown, and almost the only means the two people have of obtaining intimate knowledge of each other are furnished by the perpetual foraging expeditions undertaken by the mountaineers upon the farms and villages of the Chinese. Notwithstanding the contempt with which the latter affect to regard the Miao-tsze, they now studiously abstain from invading their territory, and have contented themselves with establishing military posts along the foot of the mountains to check their descents on to the plains. These garrisons to a certain extent fulfil their object, but are often overpowered; and not many years ago an army of 30,000 Miao-tsze soldiers utterly routed an Imperial force sent to chastise them.

Brief, dry, and not altogether trustworthy accounts of the Miao-tsze are to be found in some of the official topographical and dynastic histories common to Chinese literature; and wild legendary tales are told of them in badly-printed pamphlets, which are sold for a few cash in the cities in the vicinity of their haunts. Neither of these sources of information are in any way satisfactory. The histories, which are written with an evident purpose of making things pleasant to the reigning house, when dealing with the mountain tribes, only disclose such information possessed by the writers as is likely to find favor with their Imperial master; and pamphlets which describe the mountaineers as monsters in appearance and demons in cruelty can be of no possible value to any one. To students of ethnology, therefore, an illustrated Chinese manuscript in the British Museum possesses more than ordinary interest.

This work is anonymous, and relates only to the tribes which inhabit that part of the range of mountains above referred to, situated within the limits of Kwei-chow. The author is, or was probably, a native of that province, and, though his work lacks detail, he yet places before us a tolerably complete and evidently authentic picture of the various tribes and their customs, while the illustrations which accompany the text give us a very good idea of their physiognomy. Vaguely, they are all called Miao-tsze; but, more accurately, they should be classified in three divisions, namely, the Lao, the Chung-tsze, and the Miao-tsze; these, again, are subdivided by the writer into thirty-eight clans.

The Lao, as their name at once points out, are a branch of the race which now inhabits the country to the north of Siam and west of Burmah. From some similarity of language, the Chung-tsze would also appear to be of the same family, and to the Miao-tsze belongs the honor of being the descendants of the original occupiers of that part of China. The point which appears most astonishing in the work to which we have referred is the extreme diversity of customs, dress, and civilization existing between tribes which occupy a district of scarce a hundred miles in extent. In this limited space, a Chinese Darwin might study the different phases in the rise of man, from something very like a brute beast to a highly-cultivated state, in which arts and sciences flourish and excel. Cannibals, troglodytes, and nameless savages live within a few miles of tribes possessing the civilization of China, and more than her skill in mechanical arts. Men who marry their wives without form or ceremony, and bury each other without coffins, are neighbors of those who employ the whole paraphernalia of go-betweens and ritualistic ceremonies in securing their brides, and spend fortunes on the funeral *corteges* which accompany their deceased relatives to their graves. Nor can we point to these distinctions as being peculiar to the people of either of the three races. Amongst the Miao-tsze, we find both the most savage and the most cultivated clans. We have, for instance, the Pa-fan-miao, who dress like Chinamen, lead quiet and industrious lives, and employ agricultural machinery very little inferior to our own, and in the next district we find another Miao tribe of violent and lawless savages, who wreak supreme vengeance on their enemies by killing and eating them, possibly under the impression, common in New Zealand, that by so doing they destroy both body and soul. In direct opposition to the Chinese custom, the widows of this clan make a point of re-marrying, and invariably wait to bury their "dear departed" until their nuptials have been again celebrated. This they call "a funeral with a master," from which expression it would seem that their women are held to be incapable of presiding at any ceremony or feast. Fortunately for stray travellers, these cannibals celebrate their annual holiday in the eleventh month by bolting their doors and remaining at home, thus, for that time at least, rendering themselves harmless to their neighbors. The customs of some of the Miao clans are very similar to those of the hill tribes of Chittagong, more especially in the matter of courtship, which is conducted amongst them in a free-and-easy way which is not without its attractions. In the "leaping month," the young men and women of the Chay-chai tribe develop a decided taste for picnics by moonlight, when, under the shadow of trees in secluded glens, the girls sing to the music of their lover's guitars. The singing of these women is spoken very highly of, and, adopting the principle of selection followed, according to Darwin, by birds, the youths choose as their wives those who can best charm their ears. This tribe are said to be descendants of six hundred soldiers who were left in the mountains by a Gen. Ma on his return from a victorious campaign in the south, and hence bear also the name of the "six hundred men-begotten Miao." But as this self-same story is told with variations of other highlanders in China, as well as of some in Burmah, it must be accepted *cum grano salis*.

The spring-time with most of these children of nature, appears to be especially devoted to wooing and mating. It is then that young men and maidens of the "Dog-eared Dragon" clan erect a "Devil's staff," *anglicè* a May-pole, in some pretty nook, and dance round it to the tune of the men's castanets, while the girls, posturing with bright-colored ribbon-bands, keep time with feet and voice. One can picture the contemptuous horror with which the Chinese chronicler, accustomed to the strict etiquette prescribed by the *Book of Rites* regarded this custom, to which he applies these words: "In this irregular manner they choose their wives and marry." There are four subdivisions of this tribe, known respectively as the "Stirrups," the "Big-heads," and the "Tsang bamboos." Though there may be said to be little in common between the clan known as the Flowery Miao and ourselves, there is one bond which connects us. Their women wear false hair. Their manner, however, of obtaining it is somewhat different to that adopted amongst ourselves, for not having arrived at a sufficiently civilized state to have established a market in human hair, they take what they want from the tails of horses. These people, also, delight in open-air amusements, and vary their *al fresco* musical performances on the "sang," a kind of rude hand-organ, and castanets, with dancing and frolicsome play, which not unfrequently end in precipitate marriages. Their funeral rites are peculiar. They bury their dead without coffins of any kind, and choose the ground for the grave by throwing down an egg. If the egg breaks in the fall, the omen is unpropitious, and they try elsewhere; if it does not break, they accept the sign as marking the spot as a fitting one for their purpose. One other clan of Miao, named the "Black," manage their love affairs in the same unrestricted fashion. They also choose the spring for their amours, and at that season the youth of both sexes assemble on the lofty mountain peaks to feast and make merry. The act of drinking together out of the same horn is considered as equivalent to the marriage bond. The young men of this tribe are called Lohan and the young women Laoupei. These words are not Chinese, but are probably in the dialect of one of the many mountain tribes who inhabit the country between Burmah and China. A peculiar and fantastic device is adopted by the youths and maidens of the Kea-yew-chung tribe to mark their preference for one another. In the "leaping-month" they make colored balls with strings attached, and throw them at those whose affections they desire to gain. Tying the balls together is considered a formal engagement of marriage. Only in one of these mountain tribes does there appear to be any trace of "marriage by capture." The women of the Ta-ya-kuh-lao tribe go through the marriage ceremony with dishevelled hair and naked feet — evidently a relic of the time when brides were snatched from savage parents by savage wooers. Amongst them also we find the custom prevalent of disfiguring a woman on her marriage. The Chinese writer tells us that brides are compelled to submit to the extraction of their two front teeth in order to prevent their biting their husbands. The actual reason for which this piece of cruelty is perpetrated is of course the same as that which induces Japanese girls to blacken their teeth on marriage, namely, to diminish their personal attractions in the eyes of strange men. The queerest, but not the least known custom observable among the Miao-tsze is that of the "couvade." When a woman of the Tse-tsze-miao tribe gives birth to a child, her husband takes her place in the bed while she gets up and performs not only her usual household duties, but nurses with the utmost care the pseudo invalid. For a whole month the husband "lies in" and the completion of his period is made the occasion of feasting and rejoicing. Marco Polo mentions this custom as prevailing among the natives of Yunnan, and as it is entirely unknown amongst the Chinese, the probability is that the clan of which we speak are descendants of the Lao who inhabited that province in the days of the great Venetian traveller.

The religious belief of the various clans seems to be of the most primitive kind. Few traces of Buddhism are found amongst them, while the Chinese ceremony of sacrificing to ancestors is largely practised, accompanied with many quaint customs. A man of the "White" Miao, when desirous of sacrificing, chooses a bullock from the herd, trims his horns, fattens him up, and when the time arrives, sets him to fight with his neighbors' cattle. If he comes off victorious, the omen is considered lucky, and he pays for his triumph with his life. The chief worshipper on the occasion wears white clothes, and divides the flesh of the bullock between his friends and acquaintances. With a tribe of Lao it is the custom, when the eldest son of a household has completed his seventh year, for the father to perform the ceremony known as "dismissing the Devil." To accomplish this laudable object the parent makes a straw dragon to represent his Satanic Majesty, and having stuck five variously colored paper flags on his back, he takes him out into the desert and offers sacrifice to him. The ancient rite of sending away the scape-goat would appear to under-

lie this custom, and it is possible that the flags may typify the five Chinese cardinal sins. The gathering in of the harvest is attended amongst the Se-miao with great rejoicings. In each district an ox is sacrificed, and men and women in holiday attire dance and sing round it to the tune of the "sang." This rite is called sacrificing to the White Tiger, and is followed in the evening by a feast of fowls and wine, after which the revellers "call on the spirits" by jödelling to one another.

The influence enjoyed by the women is here, as everywhere, in inverse ratio to the savageness of the tribes. In some an equality of labor with the men gains for them respect and consideration, and their good services in restraining the anger of their husbands and settling disputes are in much request. Among one tribe of Lao, the widow, on the death of her husband, takes the lead in the family affairs, even to the exclusion of the eldest son, and is attended on horseback, and has the same respect shown to her as was due to her deceased husband. In this clan polygamy is allowed, but the children of the Nai-teh, or wife, are alone looked upon as legitimate. Among other tribes we find the women as uncivilized as those just referred to are respected, and as immodest in their attire as these are particular. A short jacket, open in front, is all that some of them wear on their bodies, and still shorter petticoats without trowsers complete their costume. They have also a most unladylike passion for strong drink, and are constantly seen lying about on the mountains in a most unmistakable condition. Their one redeeming quality is their love for cold water, and the wonder of the Chinese writer was not a little excited by finding them bathing in the mountain-streams in the height of winter. In common with some of the Miao, the Chung-tsze show a decided propensity for "the road."

The wives of these footpads are left at home to mind the plough while their lords lie in wait in bands for solitary travellers. Having seized on a prize, they fasten a large wooden frame round his neck, and march him off to their encampment, where they rob him of every thing valuable he has about him. If they are disappointed in the amount obtained they often ill-treat their victim savagely. When meditating a predatory expedition, they seek to learn its issue by casting lots with bits of grass, and religiously regulate their movements in accordance with the answer obtained. The "Black" Chung-tsze, a tribe living in the neighborhood of the provincial capital, are by far the most advanced in the arts of commerce. They deal largely with the Chinamen of the plain in mountain timber, and have a regular system of borrowing money, for trading purposes, on security furnished by their well-to-do clansmen. Their honesty in paying money thus borrowed is proverbial, and the means they employ of compelling occasional defaulters to meet their engagements is worth recording. On becoming aware of the fraudulent intention of his debtor, the creditor reports the matter to the surety, and then digs up from the defaulter's ancestral tombs as many bones of his progenitors as he can carry away with him. This is called "seizing the white and releasing the black." As soon as the money is refunded the bones are released from pawn. The people of only one tribe, and that of the Miao, are mentioned as living in caves. These, for the most part, excavate their houses in precipitous cliffs, and gain access to them by means of bamboo ladders.

In appearance the various mountain clans differ very little from each other, but between their general physiognomy and that of the Chinese there is a wide gulf. They are shorter, darker, and are possessed of sharper features than their pigtailed neighbors. In their habits they are less constrained, and there is a bright joyousness about the youth of both sexes which is very taking. For the most part the men wear turbans of either blue or red cloth, and almost invariably carry the "dao," or knife, *sinicè* "tao," which is common also to the hill tribes of Chittagong. A few of the women wear a kind of cap; but only those of the tribe which admits them to the supreme management of family affairs wear turbans. That the existence of these small independent tribes should be possible in the midst of such a large and homogeneous race as the Chinese is passing strange; and although no doubt the inaccessible nature of their mountain fastnesses is their main protection, yet a further reason must be sought for in their superior warlike spirit to account for their having heen able to maintain their independent and distinct existence for so many centuries. The Chinese Government has never been indifferent to their presence, but though it has repeatedly attempted to subjugate and absorb them, it has always failed, and at present appears to be as far from attaining its object as it was a decade of centuries ago.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts has entered her protest against the wearing of chignons.

WE believe that we were at fault last week in attributing to Mr. William Everett the authorship of the story of college-life entitled "Fair Harvard."

AT Lahore a newspaper is about to be published in Arabic. The Arab press is becoming extensive. It has organs in Egypt, Syria, Bagdad, Constantinople, Barbary, and now in India.

THE *Saturday Review*, speaking of Mr. Trowbridge's "Jack Hazard and his Fortunes," says: "This is a clever little story of American life, which will be found amusing by old readers as well as young. There is not only a good deal of quiet humor, but also for us on this side of the Atlantic there is a much greater freshness in the book, describing as it does a primitive kind of American life, than would be found in the same kind of book on English life."

ENGLISHMEN seem to be nearly as superstitious as the natives of India. The latter firmly believe that the Queen in accepting the Koh-i-Noor accepted the destiny which accompanies that jewel, and will either have to endure severe personal misfortunes, or like Shah Soojah and Runjeet Sing, be left without successor to her throne. The former, it seems, managed to convince themselves that the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death would be the day of supreme danger for his son, waited all through the 14th of December for the final bulletin, and now believe that as he lived through those twenty-four hours his time has not yet come.

A TERRIBLE fear is disturbing the gaiety of the volatile Parisians. The memories of the seige are yet fresh amongst them, the composition of the dainty dishes which were served up during the bombardment has not been forgotten, and gourmands reflecting on the mysterious cookery of that trying time have become suspicious as to the composition of the Strasbourg pies, caviare, and *pâtés de foie gras*, so freely displayed in the restaurants. The question is certainly a difficult one; comestibles of the sort named are often "fearfully and wonderfully made." The only comfort that can be given to the disturbed Parisians is to remind them that other cities are as badly fixed as their own.

THE Parisian journals notice with some bitterness the unfavorable reception accorded to M. Legouvé's "Médéa," which Mme. Ristori is now performing at Berlin. The Germans say that the tragedy is utterly wanting in the true spirit of antiquity, and the probability is that the author has fallen into the same mistake as Voltaire, who in "Mérope and Zaïre" introduced ladies and gentlemen of Versailles dressed up in antique costume. The French, however, consider that the attacks on "Médéa" arise from a spirit of revenge, on account of the numerous proofs of patriotism given by the eminent academician. This seems very improbable, as the Germans have no reason to feel sore about the recent war or M. Legouvé's lectures, of which they most likely never heard.

THE famous story of the "stuffed captain" in the Prussian army, which we have all heard about but not understood, has at length received a satisfactory explanation by

the official press. In all Prussian budgets there figures a captain of the 1st regiment of Foot Guards for whose pay the estimates are charged with 1,300 thalers, though the officer's name is not to be found in the army list. The mystery has given rise to many humorous but none the less violent attacks from the progressists, who scented in the item one of the numerous false pretences by which Government was supposed to obtain funds. The "stuffed captain," who was again made the subject of a fierce attack in the latest fight over the budget, turns out to be no other than his Majesty himself, by his Imperial dignity Captain of his own 1st Foot Guards. He does not, however, pocket the 1,300 thalers for his own use, but pays them regularly towards the support of the tallest men in that company of giants, for which, like Frederick the Great, he has a constitutional tenderness.

AN English traveller has just returned, not reluctantly, we trust, from the women-hating settlement of Actè, in the Grecian Archipelago, where a bachelor's Arcadia has existed from time immemorial. It is a monastic confederation, consisting of twenty-three convents, and numbers more than seven thousand souls. Soldiers are paid by the monks to guard the borders of this happy land, and no woman is allowed to enter. The very idea of woman, whether as sister, wife, or mother, seems to be wholly lost. To all sour old bachelors who complain of the wiles of women seeking to entrap them into marriage, this territory, belonging to Mount Athos, can safely be recommended as a haven of refuge.

A VERY general impression prevailed that Prince Talleyrand's memoirs would be shortly published, and it was even rumored that they were at the present moment in the press. Such, however, is far from being the case. The Prince left testamentary directions enjoining that a space of thirty years at least should intervene between his decease and their publication, and naming M. de Bacourt, formerly first Secretary of the French Embassy in London, his literary executor. This gentleman has recently died, and the papers and memoirs have reverted, by the terms of the Prince's will, to the Duchesse de Sagan, his niece and legatee. It has been by her decided that they shall not see the light until 1898, so that the surviving contemporaries of the Bishop of Autun, who were in fear and trembling as to the unpleasant revelations which might be made concerning them, will have abundant time to disappear from the scene, and to leave behind them some exculpatory evidence for the benefit of the next generation.

THE approaching four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Copernicus has revived a contest of long standing between Poland and Germany, each of which claims the great astronomer as a son. The Germans argue that he was a German because he was born in Thorn, which at the time of his birth was under German rule; to which the Poles reply that Thorn was then really a Polish town, having been separated from Poland only seven years before; that his father and mother were Poles; that when he studied at Padua he enrolled himself among the students of the Polish nationality; and that throughout his life he gave constant proofs of his attachment to Poland and her king. Poland has always honored Copernicus as one of her greatest men. A statue of him was erected by national subscription many years ago at Warsaw, and there are two others at Cracow, besides which numerous Polish medals and books have been issued in celebration of his memory. The anniversary above mentioned will be celebrated on the 19th of February, 1873, and great preparations are already being made at Posen for the occasion. The "Society of the Friends of learning," in the old Polish city, held a meeting the other day, at which it was decided, on the motion of a Polish clergyman, Canon Polkowski, to offer a prize for the best life of Copernicus, comprising the results of the latest investigations on the subject, and to publish it in the Polish, French, and German languages.

Two months ago a violent attack on some living poets, and especially on Mr. Dante Rossetti, appeared in the *Contemporary Review*. The article was entitled "The Fleshly School of Poetry," and signed "Thomas Maitland"—a name unknown to fame. The *Athenæum*, however, informed its readers a fortnight since that Maitland was a *nom de plume* for Mr. Robert Buchanan, and by implication that a review which is in the habit of printing articles with authentic signatures had departed from its rule in producing this fierce onslaught of a poet upon his brethren of the craft. This charge has been met by the publishers in a brief note to the editor of the *Athenæum*, which sounds like a distinct denial of the statement. "You might," they say, "with equal propriety, associate with the article the name of Mr. Robert Browning, or of Mr. Robert Lytton, or of any other Robert." Unfortunately for Mr. Buchanan's publishers, that gentleman, as if to stultify them, sends a letter at the same time on his own account, in which he owns that he did write "The Fleshly School of Poetry," and adds that "the publisher is best aware of the inadvertence which led to the suppression" of his name.

A REMARKABLE historical ceremony was performed at the Emperor of Germany's recent battues at Göhrde. Ever since the elevation of that place to a royal hunting-seat, it has been the custom to conclude the banquet in the palace by an "after-chase," which the Hohenzollerns appear unwilling to discontinue as its present masters. After the removal of the plates and dishes some plain deal tables are brought into the banqueting-hall with tin spoons of various sizes, apportioned to the members of the company according to their respective dignity. Around these tables the company take their seats. The chief amusement of the sport consists in beating and rubbing the spoons on the table so as to produce all varieties of noises imaginable by the contact of wood and tin, the human voice being allowed a proper share in the performance. To add to the uproar, the hunting band play on their French horns, to the accompaniment of loud cracking of whips by servants retained for the purpose. The latter two noises lend the performance a sportsmanlike character. The august personages assembled recently at Göhrde are said to have proved themselves great proficients in the use of their spoons; and if the entertainment was not as melodious as one of Wagner's operas, Prussian papers inform us that, under the guidance of his Majesty, it was at all events exceedingly mirthful.

A PARIS correspondent of a London journal gives the following account of an eccentric wine-shop keeper who has just retired from business: "A Parisian celebrity, very celebrated, yet scarcely known to those not thoroughly acquainted with the arcana of Paris life, has just died at the Lariboisière Hospital. I speak of Dinochau, the landlord of a common-looking wine shop at the corner of the Rue Navarin, in the Quartier Bredad. On the first floor of this house was a *table d'hôte* at thirty sous, much frequented by actors, singers, artists, and journalists. The dinner, which Dinochau's mother used to cook and put upon the table while he attended to the wine department, was, when markets were well supplied and provisions cheap, far better than the five-franc banquet of the expensive hotels. In years gone by I have taken English friends, some of whom will read this, to dine at Dinochau's. It was one of the sights of Paris, which no foreigner would have found out without a guide. The manners of the place were free and easy. In hot weather I have seen the men throw off their coats and dine with shirt-sleeves displayed. Ladies were admitted; and as no references were required, they were naturally not of a class to be received at Almack's. It was not at all unusual for claret and champagne to be put on the table after dinner, on the pretext that it was the fête-day of one of the company, who took the liberty of treating everybody. The evenings seldom finished without songs; and I heard at Dinochau's a first tenor of the Opera. At Dinochau's I have seen Gustave Doré, before he had made his reputation as a painter, playing the violin with the skill of a Paganini, his fair neighbors affectionately styling him, 'Mon petit Gustave.' Nadar, of balloon and photographic celebrity, was a frequenter of Dinochau's. Charles Monselet, the wit and gourmand, and now the mor-

alist, was a constant attendant at Dinochau's, and on account of his enormous appetite, volunteered to pay double for the double portions which he required. Etienne Carjat, a painter of genius, who is now making a fortune by the more certain, though less brilliant, career of a photographer, used in those days to sketch caricatures of the frequenters of the *table d'hôte*. Total strangers of the feminine sex would say to him, 'Oh, mon cher Carjat, fais moi ma charge." He often complied, and the walls of the dining-room in the Rue Navarin are hung with his productions. One of the oldest and best is a caricature of Dinochau himself with a corkscrew in a bottle, addressing himself to a party hesitating whether they could make up money enough to pay for it, and saying, 'Well, is the cork to come out?' Dinochau freely gave credit to old customers, and times have been lately so hard that many abused the privilege. The main part of the fortune he leaves consists of five thousand pounds of book-debts for unpaid dinners at thirty sous."

An original simile is becoming a great desideratum. So many speeches are made on any subject of general interest that it must be difficult for speakers to find any such gems of speech wherewith to deck their statements. The present prostration and anticipated resurrection of France have given rise to many striking figures, but they have now become trite. M. Xavier Marmier, who has just been elected by the Franch Academy in the room M. de Pongerville, deceased, introduced one into his "Discours de Réception" which deserves some credit for originality as well as beauty. "There is," said he, "in the depths of the north a phenomenon which cannot be seen without admiration, although it is renewed regularly every year. It appears in summer when the hour of night approaches. The sun slopes gradually, slowly, towards the horizon. The shadow does not yet spread itself over the earth. Only, on the surface of the sky, there is, as it were, a white gauze which slightly dims its brightness, and in the woods, on the fields, on the waters, there is a great silence. Nature slumbers. Then, suddenly, behold the east clothes itself with purple, the luminous rays reappear, and movement springs to life again. It is the awakening, it is the dawn, it is the day which begins again linked to the day which has come to an end. While recalling this spectacle, which I have so often contemplated in Sweden and Norway, I think that nations in their summer time have phases in which their vital force seems to become benumbed, when the sun of their glory seems to withdraw. But, patience! it will again be seen in all its splendor, that immortal sun which no ocean can extinguish, which no night can veil."

A St. Petersburg letter-writer gives the details of a fatal duel which has lately caused a sensation in that capital. Two young officers, Cornet Kobeleff, of the horse-guards, and Lieutenant Bulitscheff, of the Preobrajenski regiment, are on terms of the closest intimacy, and spend the greater part of every day together. One afternoon Bulitscheff, in the course of conversation, lets drop a remark to the effect that rumors are afloat of underhand dealings at play on the part of the guard's officers, and that, for the credit of the corps, such stories should not be allowed to pass. Kobeleff, with this observation weighing on his mind, repeats it the same evening to his brother officers at mess, who on the following day call Bulitscheff to account. Bulitscheff "cannot name his authority," "has heard the same thing from several persons," "does not remember the name of any one in particular;" in short, he is held responsible, and a written apology demanded. This after some altercation he agrees to give, on condition of its being returned to him forthwith, in defiance of which agreement the guardsmen retain it as a trophy. Meanwhile, the Preobrajenski officers, learning what has passed, upbraid Bulitscheff with having disgraced them, and tell him that he must leave the regiment at once. Bulitscheff, furious in his turn, replies vehemently that he will not, that the guard's officers have deceived him, and that rather than leave, he will fight them all in turn. He accordingly sends a cartel to the offenders, reproaching them with their breach of faith, and demanding satisfaction. The man chosen to accept the challenge is poor young Kobeleff himself; the two meet on the plain beyond the Moskovski barrier, and Bulitscheff mortally wounds his old friend and comrade, escaping himself unhurt. It is believed that Bulitscheff will shortly be allowed to return to his regiment.

A recent number of the Paris *Figaro* gives an interesting account of the reception of M. Jules Janin, as successor to the chair of Sainte Beuve in the *Académie Française*. The weather was fine and the session prompt and full. The Duke d'Aumale, Dumas, Toxier, Levy, Bressant, Chamfleury, and other celebrities were present, with a bevy of elegantly dressed ladies. M. Janin pronounced an eloquent and discriminating eulogy upon the peerless French critic. He had, said the orator, in a supreme degree, the literary intelligence. It is impossible to describe the varied scope and subtle versatility of his mind. With slight apparent materials he deduced and discussed grand questions. He addressed himself, not to the superficial reader eager to know the petty gossip of the week; he appealed to the calm judgment, to readers who had the time and inclination to read thoughtfully, to compare and to judge. Sainte Beuve had become the adopted son of Herodotus and Plato, of Menander and Anacreon; he had caught their very accent, and no one so gracefully followed in their most delicate developments. "I am resolved," he wrote, "to end my days with dignity and sweetness. This is my dream: to write, from time to time, agreeable things; to read what is both pleasant and serious, but not to write too much; to cultivate my friends; to reserve my resources for the relations and duties of every day, and learn how to dispense them spontaneously, and give more to my intimates than to the public, thus preserving what is most fine and tender — the flower of myself within; to enjoy with moderation, in a sweet commerce of intelligence and the sentiment of declining years." The peroration of M. Janin was touching and eloquent. Sainte Beuve was declared happy in his death, inasmuch as it saved him from witnessing the disasters of his country. "Had he beheld the abominable atrocities of the Commune and the murder of the Archbishop of Paris, he would have been more than ever proud to belong to their illustrious Academy, to which his mourning country takes for her orators, her defenders, her ministers, her ambassadors — the consolers of her sorrows and the representatives of her courage." M. Camille Doucet responded to the address of M. Janin. He referred in warm terms to Villemain and Lamartine, and then continued the Academic tribute to Sainte Beuve, and cited a passage from Janin wherein he celebrates his own domestic happiness. The presence of Madame Janin added to the enthusiastic applause of the assembly. Addressing M. Janin, he said: — "Happiness has been faithful to you, and, on the other hand, you have been true in adversity. On the day when the sovereign you loved on the throne died in exile, far from the land which had easily forgotten him, after having retraced his life and vindicated his memory, in a *feuilleton* which deserved to expand into a volume, you truly concluded with the declaration, 'For eighteen years he gave us, at the peril of his crown, happy security.'" Never, perhaps, has the dome of the Institute echoed such plaudits as followed this allusion to Louis Phillipe; whereupon hisses came from the Bonapartists. The Duke d'Aumale, at the end of the oration, went to M. Janin's chair and congratulated him. On the latter's return home, he was agreeably surprised to find a beautiful marble bust of himself, the gift of his friends, placed by them in the *salon* of his house at Passy, and crowned with flowers.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* gives the following sketch of M. Regnault, known as the inventor of a new method of engraving on steel, who recently committed suicide in a wretched garret in the Place Louvois: — "Poor as he was, it was not poverty which drove him to self-destruction, for he had long been accustomed to look misery cheerfully in the face. He had a favorite dog, who died a natural death in his arms a few days before he threw down his own burden of care. He had often said that this dog,

named Cherie, was his only friend, and that he would never survive it. He was as good as his word. I have ascertained the truth of the sad story from poor Regnault's most intimate friend (it was a misanthropic delusion which led him to say he had no friends), and from personal recollection of him I can quite understand his courting death as he did. Regnault brought out a serial containing exquisite engravings of historical women in France. He made an encouraging sum of money by a portrait of Victor Noir immediately after his assassination by Prince Pierre Bonaparte. When war was declared against Prussia last year he left Paris for England, because his principles did not allow him to shed blood, and he refused to serve in the National Guard. He paid extra for the passage of his dog, a very big one, in the railway, and arrived with scarcely a shilling in his pocket in London. There for a short time, thanks to letters of introduction with which he was furnished, he gained a precarious living by giving drawing lessons. In the autumn of last year he turned up at Tours — always with his dog. There I saw him. Knowing how distressed he was, I encouraged him to drop in at my lodgings at supper time, but he was so proud that it was difficult to persuade him to eat. He would, however, ask for something for his dog. The dog was fat, and he was lean — so lean that he might have played the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* without any making up. Specimens of his best engravings were displayed in a shop of the High-street of Tours, but at that anxious time there was no market for any such wares. His only means of subsistence were two francs a day, which he got in the office of the *Moniteur* for writing the addresses of subscribers on little strips of paper when the journal was folded for the post. One day in November, 1870, he found means, probably by his acquaintance with the printers in the *Moniteur* office, to issue a flaming prospectus about a balloon of his invention, which he said would be the saving of the country, because it would carry into Paris, over the heads of the Prussian besiegers, sixty bullocks at a time. The ratiocination by which he sought to prove the practicability of the invention was evidently the work of a disordered brain. He sent a proof of the prospectus to a lady who had been of some use to him by introductions to London, and said he desired to have her name at the head of a subscription which he was sure would become universal. This lady, not wishing to connect her name with a mad project, but knowing that Regnault was on the verge of starvation, recommended him to get some person of more scientific authority to head his list, and, while not presuming to patronize his invention, begged to offer five francs towards the expenses of printing. Regnault returned the five francs in a bitterly-worded letter, saying that after this check he was disheartened, and had no hope in his project. Nothing more was ever heard of it, and I believe that charitably offered five francs, which he would not take, was the only subscription he ever received. What became of him during the last year I do not know. But during one of the most intensely cold days of this prematurely cold winter his dog died. In the wretched lodging, which it is wonderful that he should have found means to pay the rent of for many years, he was found dead, with the corpse of his dog in his arms. Stiffly clasped between his thumb and forefinger, a phial containing arsenic was found. A paper on his table recapitulated what he had before said to friends, that he had long made up his mind not to survive his dog."

LITTLE CHINCHILLA.

A SKATING SONG.

She wears the shortest skirts,
And shows the whitest frilling;
She looks, as Queen of Flirts,
Miraculously killing!
She'll skim the thinnest ice,
As light as Queen Camilla;
She looks supremely nice —
My little pet Chinchilla!

Oh, should the gracious fates,
But deign to be propitious,
I strap her fairy skates
On furry boots delicious.
Her willing hand I take,
In spite of Aunt Priscilla;
Then speed I o'er the lake,
With little love Chinchilla!

The daintiest of doves,
With roses on her real-skin,
With tiny hands in gloves
Made of the softest seal-skin;
A gossamer white "cloud,"
She wears like a mantilla;
I'm soon lost in the crowd,
With little sweet Chinchilla!

The warmth of her regard
I take as sort of token;
Although 'tis freezing hard,
Our social ice is broken!
Coquettish in her furs,
She minds not my manilla;
Ah! what a glance is hers,
My little dear Chinchilla!

She'll figure, glide, and twirl,
And worry the officials;
She'll cut out every girl
As easy as initials!
Oh, I could skate for miles,
Or dance a seguidilla,
Cheered by the sunny smiles
Of little smart Chinchilla!

Had I enough a year
To find my sweet in sable,
To wrap my dainty dear
In ermine were I able;
Had I a longer purse,
A neat suburban villa,
For better or for worse,
I'd take my pet Chinchilla!

WHITCOMB'S ASTHMA REMEDY. — "Nothing so successful." — *Theo. Metcalf, Apothecary, Boston.*

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND AFFECTIONS OF THE CHEST," "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are of value. For Coughs, Irritation of the Throat caused by cold or unusual exertion of the vocal organs, in speaking in public, or singing, they produce beneficial results.

☞ See advertisement of "WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA" in this number.

THE AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON, is in the centre of business, and contiguous to places of amusement and public interest. Its fine suites of rooms, elevator, café, billiard-halls, and courteous employés, render it in reality a home for the traveller.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES. — Miss C——, of Troy, N.Y., with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, earned in 3 years and 11 months $2,308.92; stitching 638,652 collars, the length of seam being 380,602 yards, and the number of stitches 117,102,300; an average of 100,000 a day and 12,500 an hour. This stitching was all done by foot power, and the machine is still in perfect order. It had no extra care, but was simply oiled and cleaned daily. This amount of stitching by hand, at 30 stitches a minute, would have been more than 20 years' work.

A HARMLESS and most delightful toilet preparation for beautifying the complexion and preserving the skin is Laird's "Bloom of Youth." Genuine prepared only by George W. Laird. It is perfectly simple and pure, and warranted free from any material detrimental to health. It is far superior to the old fashion beautifiers, such as powders, chalk, meen, fun, &c., &c., for imparting youth and beauty to the skin. The "Bloom of Youth" is preferable to any other preparation offered for the same purpose. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods stores. Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1872. [No. 4.

THE TALKING ANIMAL.

IN these alarming days, when such formidable discoveries are being made as to our genealogy, it behooves us on no account to let go or waive those old and respectable distinctions which have at various times been made with the laudable object of drawing a hard-and-fast line between us and those whom we suppose we are still permitted to describe as the inferior creatures. No one can well commit a more despicable action than is involved in repudiating or disowning his own flesh and blood; still there are circumstances and occasions which justify a person in striving to make out, if the relationship cannot wholly be denied, that the connection is, at any rate, very remote. That is just the position, we take it, that, at the very worst, man can be said to occupy towards his anthropomorphic ancestors; and, therefore, without cutting them dead altogether, he may surely be allowed to show that the lapse of time, with its supervening broad lines of distinction, has made the kinship even more remote than is usually associated with an Irish cousin.

It is not likely that a better class-distinction, a more satisfactory assertion of superior caste, will ever be made, than is to be found in the good old definition that "man is a talking animal." Our fair readers — of whom we hope we have many — will not be offended by our informing them that when such a proposition as "man is a talking animal" is put forward as a definition, it does not mean that he is one of the talking animals, but that he is the only talking animal. This being so, it follows that the definition must be given up as soon as stated, if by talk be signified a mere oral method of communication between one living thing and another. Ants are proverbially silent workers; yet it is probable that sharper ears than ours would detect something akin to the fussy hum we can ourselves observe in a hive of working-bees, — to the hoarse notes of call and response we note in the social crow, — to the whizzing clamor of fieldfares when bullied by or bullying an aggressive hawk, or to the sweet, long-drawn pipings of our garden warblers when stirred to intercourse by love. Indeed, we might traverse the whole animal kingdom without being able to lay our finger upon a single family of whose members we could affirm with any confidence that they never communicate with each other by what may fairly be called speech. The horse is one of the most silent, the pig one of the most loquacious of animals; yet each alike knows how to summon his fellow by intelligible sounds, in moments of appetite, anger or excitement. Clearly, therefore, when it is said, and if it is to be continued to be said, by way of definition, that "man is a talking animal," we must ascribe to the power of talk something more profound and extensive than the capacity of comparing wants and guarding interests.

The threshold of the inquiry is not encouraging. Not conversation, but the subject of conversation, being the note or distinguishing mark which is to enable us to say that we are not fratricides or cannibals, our efforts must be directed to showing that our topics are as lofty as our pretentions. That they are potentially so in all cases, and actually so in some, we shall see; but a survey of the lower lands of human discourse, rather strengthens than weakens the painful theory, which makes us at one end touch the creatures of flood and field. We will suppose a very common case, and sketch a scene that will be readily recognized. A party of well-to-do people — refined, gentle, educated, in the sense in which those words are generally employed — have been spending the day in travel. They are on their road from Rome to Florence, — from the most famous of ancient cities to the most beautiful of modern. They have means and leisure; and, spurning the cheap convenience of the rail, they are journeying by easy stages, under the care of a pleasantly slow *vetturino*. What have they seen to-day? Perhaps they have visited Assisi, lifted loving eyes to the frescoes of Giotto, and lowered reverent ones before the last resting-places of the good and great St. Francis. Perhaps they have loitered at Cortona, wandered round its Pelasgic walls, or been set wondering by the sight of that marvellous female head, the most precious record of ancient pictorial art, found in the baker's oven of the famous city. Perhaps they have gazed into the still silvery depths of that pellucid stream, "a mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters," overlooked by the disputable temple of "fair and delicate proportions." Perhaps the forenoon was spent at Perugia, in the Sala del Cambio, or in the sacristy of the San Pietro in Casinensis. Night has fallen. The lumbering carriage stands — without driver, without horses, without burden — in the solitary courtyard. The trusty team are feeding in the warm dusk stable. The swarthy driver is sitting in the kitchen, eating his simple Italian supper. Our English travellers are up stairs, looking almost as cosy and comfortable as at home. They have finished their meal, and will soon retire to rest. They are talking. What about? About Spello, Foligno, Spoleto, the miraculous thirteenth century, the influence of Dante upon art, or of art upon Dante? — of something of this sort, no doubt? Alas! not at all. They have got hold of a book, and it is amusing them vastly. It is affording food for conversation. In Heaven's name, what is it? It is the visitors' book of the inn. After all they have seen this day, all that incites to reflection, suggests comment, and should provoke the amenities of discussion, they have fallen back, and with thankfulness, upon the empty catalogue of names which tells who have trodden these same paths before, and who have trodden them last. Has Jones been this way? Yes, here is the entry; and these refined, educated, travelled folks are at once with joy transported to Tyburnia or Westbourne Grove, and have found a topic worthy of sustained conversation, a topic that never flags. Need we go through the list of their friends concerning whom they find some entry in this diverting volume? How many such they stumble upon decides the hour at which they retire. If they meet with no familiar names, they soon are sleepy, and every thing has been barren from Dan to Beersheba.

Let the locality and the scene be changed. We are in an English drawing-room, happy abode of elegance and ease! We are in the centre of the highest forms of civilization. The ingenuity and genius of all the ages have gone to produce a score of inanimate objects around us, which, by reason of the profuseness of all that is agreeable to the eye, we scarcely notice. The history of wood-carving, the story of mediæval and modern art, the record of the triumphs of industry, might almost be written out of the materials around us. Emile Souvestre would have had no difficulty in writing a thousand volumes on the journeys he took up and down, round and about, such a

chamber as this. One of the company has just made such a journey, after the rest of the party had for some time apparently been resting from their fatigues — so dead a silence had fallen upon them all. This adventurous traveller to the table over there has been rewarded; he has found something. He returns with it, and suddenly he is the centre of a lively group. The spell is broken — they are silent no more. What has he found? A photographic album, and all the talking animals assert their distinctive superiority. Now the flood-gates of conversation are rolled back, and the stream of remark and comment, of quip and crank and criticism, rolls along merrily enough. It is just as at the little Italian inn. The old faces, the old names, the old people, have come to relieve the dulness and the boredom inflicted by the great unknown. People, people, people,— the people one knows, or knew, or wants to know,— behold the beginning and end of the wise prattle of the talking animal! It is surely well to be interested in one's species, and in the individuals who compose that species; but pray, is their welfare the stirring motive or the absorbing theme of all the hours upon hours of talk devoted to them? We trow not. Is it not their fathers and mothers, their grandfathers and grandmo hers; the legacies that came to them, the legacies they have missed, the legacies they intrigued to obtain so meanly; their wives and the little love they have for them, and the little love their wives bear them in return; their temper, their debts, their dinners, their inferior cellars, their excessive staff of servants, their sordidness, their extravagance; their thousand and one qualities and accidents in which they are no better or worse than their neighbors, but which are of absorbing interest, because the two, or three, or four talking animals live in the same county, have a house in the same square, or once danced in the same quadrille? Look at the books scattered about, for the first idle hand to open. They too are picture-books, and the pictures are an excuse for opening without reading them. Never was there a more dire invention of the enemy than illustrated books. It was once observed, as a most correct induction from experience, that music is an excellent background to conversation. It has now been discovered that poetry is an excellent background to pictures. Thus, ever further and further recedes the real, and ever nearer and nearer and more obtrusive comes the unreal, the delusive, the shallow sham. Helps to conversation are obtained by banishing from sight, or obscuring from observation, all that makes converse worth the trouble of opening one's lips.

If we reflect for a moment, we shall perceive that this poverty, this meanness, this vulgarity of the topics of talk, springs from the fact that there are certain matters of interest common to us all, and that beyond these we must not attempt to travel, since if we do, we shall find ourselves making the journey alone. If we reflect yet a little more, we shall recognize that one of the primary results of that material civilization which brings us more constantly together, provides no remedy for this evil, if indeed it does not aggravate it. Neither do the great triumphs of material science assist us. We all read the same newspapers, the same telegrams, the same speeches, the same articles, the same essays. No doubt this ought to increase the number of topics worth oral handling; but if we stop by simply inquiring, "Do you see what is said in this morning's *Thunderer?*" or by answering, "Yes — and did you see what was said in yesterday evening's *Universe?*" we are not much better for the plank thrown out to us. Accordingly, it is only the garrulous people — the people who wag their tongues when they see a human pair of ears, just as some folks swing their arms when they hear a piece of music — who take the trouble to make such inquiries. The rest, being perfectly aware that everybody reads the *Thunderer* and the *Universe*, peruses and is silent. These are the wiser, and more properly deserve the designation of "talking animals," properly understood, inasmuch as they do not use a valuable gift without due provocation. Indeed we should not be sorry to see introduced into society, a law analogous to that old one by virtue of which a man proposed a new piece of legislation with a rope round his neck. If everybody had to pay a severe penalty who started a conversation that led to nothing, we should all be the better for it. By leading to something, we do not mean that the conversation so started must end in demonstration or agreement. Conversation, like art, is an end in itself; only, like art, it should be somewhat elevated and elevating. Indeed, general conversation — which is what we are considering — has this distinguishing mark, as against special conversation, that nobody knows, or should know, where it will lead us. Special conversation is work, serious work; general conversation should be the diversion of our leisure. Special conversation is to end in a resolve, and in action. General conversation ends, as far as any visible effect is concerned, with itself. Thus, what is familiarly called "shop" should be rigidly banished from the latter. There are moments when women may fairly compare notes about their servants, their children, their dress; when lawyers may fittingly discuss their suits, their clients, their courts, their reforms; when artists may properly canvass the time expended over certain pictures, their price, their technical merits, and so forth. But, be it understood, all this is business; it is nothing but "shop," let the conversation be carried on when it may. General conversation needs all of these — indeed, there is no aid that it scorns; but it needs them as accessories, not as principals. They should be used as the side-lights, the timely illustrations flashed upon the main theme, at moments when it is threatened with darkness or dimness. This main theme should be no one's in particular, but should seem to be any one's at times, and in turn. Thus only can be reconciled the two at first seemingly conflicting conditions of all good general conversation — that it should not be mean, common, or vulgar, and yet that everybody should have an interest in it. It is the humility of some, and the arrogance or egotism of others, that prevent the happy combination from being more common. People have only to begin with three axioms — the first of which is, that everybody is entitled (indeed bound) to form his own opinion, quite irrespectively of any thing he may have read or been told; the second of which is, that everybody is equally entitled to declare that opinion; and the third of which is, that everybody's opinion is entitled to consideration, and that not only on the ground of courtesy, but because it is certain that any opinion honestly and independently formed is worth something, and, opportunely expressed, may contribute in a striking manner to a current discussion. But for this most desirable consummation to be reached, difference of opinion must no longer be thought to verge upon bad manner; and truth, or the pursuit of truth, not victory, must be the common quest. In the following stanzas we seem to see something of what is wanted, though it is declared to be but a vision: —

"And oftentimes was brave contention,
Such as beseems the wise,
But always courteous abstention
From over-swift replies.

"Age lorded not, nor rose the hectic
Up to the cheek of youth;
But reigned throughout their dialectic
Sobriety of truth.

"And if a long-held contest tended
To ill-defined result,
It was by calm consent suspended,
As over-difficult.

"Then verse or music was demanded;
Then solitude of night;
By which all-potent three expanded,
Waxeth the inner sight."

Here the talking animal reaches his throne, and nee entertain no fear that he will be pursued by hydras and ch meras dire. Nothing on the earth, or in the waters that a under the earth, share with him in any degree in the divi privilege of communicated thought, when thought ceas

to be concerned with mere interests, — with food and raiment, with hunger and thirst, with individual peculiarities, with toiling and spinning, with rivalries and hates, lusts, jealousies, and all uncharitableness, — but soars into the calm of a rarefied atmosphere, gazing down from which the ordinary cares and passions of earth appear so trivial. The upper ten thousand of this world pride themselves upon being so vastly superior to the rest of the human race, that they are confidently justified to themselves when they strengthen the barriers which separate them from the common herd. We are not among the believers in the social equality of men; but we cannot allow ourselves to be blinded by the spurious distinctions which now pronounce them unequal. Abolish distinction of dress, manner and speech, and where is the difference between many a lady and her maid, between many a gentleman and his valet? The conversation of the drawing-room is, in too many instances, not one whit better or more elevated than that of the servants' hall, and the discussions of the smoking-room are perfectly on a par with those of the stable. And if we are to stick to our definition, does it not follow that he is the highest man whose conversation, i.e, whose thoughts —for, depend upon it, the two things are convertible — is habitually the highest and the most soaring? We do not want to see society composed of a circle of pedants and prigs; there is no necessity to bump against that Scylla. But there should be something academic, something of the grove and the portico, in the general conversation of all educated and cultured people. No delight, save that which is given by music or by verse, can for a moment compete with it; and the three may readily be combined.

MR. HELPS AS AN ESSAYIST.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

It is now nearly thirty years ago that Mr. Helps's name began to be revered by many young men and women, who were struggling to arrive at some just notion of the human beings around them, and of the important, and often frightful problems of the time. They admired him as a poet, and as an historian; but they valued him most as a critic, not of art or of literature, but of men and the ways and needs of men. Dissatisfied with the narrow religious theory then fashionable in London pulpits, which knew no distinctions of the human race save that between the "unconverted" many and the "converted" few, they seemed to themselves to find in his essays views wider, juster, more humane, more in accord with the actual facts which they found in themselves and in the people round them, and more likely, too, to result in practical benefit to the suffering and the degraded. And well it was for them that they did so. Some of them were tempted to rush from one religious extreme into another, which offered them just then not only the charms of novelty, but those of genius, of culture, of manly and devoted earnestness. Others were tempted in a very different direction. They were ready to escape from a narrow and intolerant fanaticism, into that equally narrow and intolerant revolutionist infidelity which has for the last eighty years usurped the sacred name of Liberty.

There were those among both parties who received at once from Mr. Helps's book an influence none the less powerful because it calmed and subdued. It was new and wholesome for many, then in hot and hasty youth, to find the social problems which were so important to them equally important to a man of a training utterly different from theirs, and approached by him in a proportionally different temper. They were inclined at first to accuse that temper of dilettanteism. It had no tincture of Cambyses's vein, none even of Shelley's. It threatened not thrones, principalities, nor powers. It promised not to build up an *elysium* on their ruins. The sneer of lukewarmness rose to many men's lips; and the playful interludes which were interspersed throughout the volumes seemed to justify their suspicions. Were not these mere fiddlings while Rome was burning? impertinent interruptions to the one great work of setting the world to rights out of hand?

But, as they read on, they found themselves compelled to respect the writer's temper more and more, even though it seemed to lack fiercer and bolder qualities which they valued (and rightly) in some of their own friends. They were forced to confess at the outset that Mr. Helps did not approach social problems in that spirit of selfish sentimentalism which regards the poor and the awful as divinely ordained means by which the rich and the superstitious may climb to heaven. Neither did he approach them in the spirit (if the word spirit can be used of aught so spiritless) of that "philosophie du néant," the old *laissez-faire* political economy which taught men, and taught little else, that it is good for mankind that the many should be degraded in order that the few may be rich. They saw that Mr. Helps had, like Mr. John Stuart Mill, righteous and chivalrous instincts, which forbade them both to accept the reasonableness of any reasoning which proved that. They saw, too, that both possessed elements of strength which they themselves lacked, namely, calm and culture; a calm and a culture which did not interfere with a deep tenderness for the sorrows and follies of mankind, and with a deep indignation now and then at their wrongs; but which tamed them and trained them to use, converting them, to quote from memory an old simile of Mr. Carlyle's, "from wild smoke and blaze into genial inward heat."

I do not wish to push further the likeness between two remarkable men. But I am certain that many who owe much to them both, will feel that the influence of both has been in some respects identical, and that they have learned from both a valuable lesson on the importance, whether to the thinker or to the actor, of culture and calm.

It has been good then — to confine myself to Mr. Helps's books — for many young men and women to be taught that it is possible to discuss fairly and fully, questions all-important, many exquisitely painful, some seemingly well-nigh hopeless, without fury, even without flurry; that such a composure is a sign, not of carelessness, but of faith in the strength of right, and hope in its final triumph; that, as the old seer says, "he that believeth will not make haste," and that it is wise "not to fret thyself, lest thou be moved to do evil;" that all passion, even all emotion, however useful they may be in the very heat of battle, must be resolutely sent below, and clapped under hatches, if we intend to ascertain our own ship's position, or to reconnoitre the strength of our enemies; that only by a just patience in preparation can we save from disaster an equally just fierceness in execution; that without *σωφροσύνη*, even *θύμος*, "the root of all the virtues," is of no avail: because without it we shall not have truly seen the object on which the *θύμος* is to work; shall not have looked at it on all its sides, or taken measure of its true proportions. Good it was for them too, to find, as they read on through Mr. Helps's books, that those sides, those proportions could only be ascertained by much culture, much reading, observation, reflection, concerning many men and many matters; that the scholar and the man of the world were probably as necessary now to the safe direction of human affairs, as they ever have been; that the weakness of the average ideologue lay in this, — not that he had too many ideas, but too few; that the danger now, as always, lay not in "latitudinarianism" (whatever that may mean), but in bigotry; not in breadth, but in narrowness; and that "Cave hominem unius scientiæ," like "Cave hominem unius libri," though undoubtedly true, was capable of an interpretation by no means complimentary to the man of one science. Good also for them was it, to learn on the testimony of a witness whom they could not well impeach, that those who had then, and have still, the direction of public affairs, were not altogether the knaves and fools, the robbers and tyrants, which they were said to be by the then Press of Holywell Street, and even sometimes in the heat of the Debating Society, by their own young kinsmen; that they were men of like passions, and of like virtues, with those who were so ready to take their places, to do all that they had left undone; that they were but too fully aware of diffi-

culties in any course of action, of which the outside aspirant knew nothing, and which he would be, therefore, still more unable to face; that though the slothful man is too apt to say "There is a lion in the path," the fool is also too apt to say that there is none; and that though any thing like reverence for one's elders has been voted out of court for at least a generation, yet a little humility as to our own value, a little charity towards those who are trying to get the work done with such tools as the British nation allows them, might conduce to a better understanding between private men, and a better understanding of public men, of all parties and opinions.

No two men have done more, I believe, to save this generation from two or even three extremes of fanaticism, than Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Helps; and that because they have been just to all that was vital and sound in the Middle Ages, just to all that was vital and sound in the French Revolution; and, be it remembered, to all that was vital and sound in the young Puritan time of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Thus they have earned the right to be heard, and they have on the whole been heard, when they have preached, not indeed content with the established order of things, but at least patience, charity, and caution in reforming it. The extraordinary sale of the cheap edition of Mr. Carlyle's works, principally, I am told, among the hard-working classes, is a hopeful omen that the "public," in spite of all its sillinesses, is after all, though very slowly, amenable to reason; and the day may come when a cheap edition of Mr. Helps's essays — at least a selection from them — may find favor with those who are to be (so we are told) henceforth the chief power in the British Empire; and who therefore need to know what the British Empire is like, and how it can, and cannot, be governed. "Essays in the Intervals of Business," "The Claims of Labor," "Friends in Council," "Companions of my Solitude," and last, but not least, the recent "Brevia" and "Thoughts on War and Culture" — all these would furnish to the poorest, as well as to the richest, many a weighty, and I believe many a welcome lesson, concerning himself, his family, his countrymen, his country, and his duty to them all. If it be objected that these essays are only adapted to cultivated men and women, and deal only with an artificial stately society, I should demur. Mr. Helps seems to me to ground his sayings, whenever he can, on truths which are equally intelligible to, because equally true for, all men. His aphorisms, even on government, would stand good just as much for the grocer and his shop-boy as for the statesman and his subordinate, and would "touch the witness" — as Friends say — of the one neither less nor more than that of the other; while for manner, as well as for matter, many a page of Mr. Helps's might be profitably intercalated into an average sermon, were it not that the *purpureus pannus* might not enhance the homespun, and much less the shoddy, of the rest of the discourse.

I believe that many ministers of religion, of all parties and denominations, would agree with what I have said. We parsons owe Mr. Helps much more than he knows, or than, perhaps, it is good for him to know. His influence — though often of course indirect and unconscious — has been very potent for some years past among the most rational and hearty of those who have had to teach, to manage, or to succor their fellow-creatures; and it is most desirable just now that that influence should increase, and lay hold of the young men who are growing up. It is more than probable that the laity will, ere long, have a far larger share than hitherto in the internal management of church affairs; and to do that work well the religious layman will require more than piety, more than orthodoxy, indispensable as those will be. He will require a great deal of that practical humanity, and a great deal of that common-sense, of which Mr. Helps's books are full; for without them, and as much of them as can be obtained, both from laymen and clerks, the Church of England will be in danger of being torn to pieces by small minorities of factious bigots, who do not see that she was meant to be, and can only exist by being, a church of compromise and tolerance; that is, a church of practical humanity, and practical common-sense.

Tolerance, — which after all is, as Mr. Helps says, only another name for that divine property which St. Paul calls charity, — that is what we all need to make the world go right. If any one wishes to know Mr. Helps's theological opinions concerning it, let him study the last few noble pages of the second series of "Friends in Council." And if he wishes to know Mr. Helps's moral opinions concerning it, whether or not he considers it synonymous with licence, with indulgence, either to our own misdeeds or to those of others, let him read whatever Mr. Helps has written on the point on which all men in all ages have been most "tolerant" — when their own wives or daughters were not in question; the point on which this generation is becoming so specially tolerant, that no novel or poem seems likely to attract the enlightened public just now, unless it dabbles with some dirt about the seventh commandment. Whenever Mr. Helps touches — and he often touches — on the relations between men and women, and on love, and the office of love in forming the human character, he does so with a purity and with a chivalry which is becoming, alas! more and more rare. In one of his latest books, for instance, "Casimir Maremma," there is a love-scene which, at least to the mind of an elderly man not *blasé* with sensation novels, rises to high pathos. And yet the effect is not produced by any violence of language or of incident, but by quiet and subtle analysis of small gestures, small circumstances, and emotions which show little, if at all, upon the surface.

This analytic faculty of Mr. Helps's is very powerful. It has been sharpened, doubtless, by long converse with many men and many matters; but it must have been strong from youth; strong enough to have been dangerous to any character which could not keep it in order by a still stronger moral sense. We have had immoral analysis of character enough, going about the world of late, to be admired as all *tours de force* are admired. There have been, and are still, analysts who, in the cause of art, as they fancy, pick human nature to pieces, merely to show how crimes can be committed. There have been analysts who, in the cause of religion, as they fancied, picked human nature to pieces to show how damnable it is. There have been those again who, in the cause of science, as they fancied, picked it to pieces to show how animal it is. Mr. Helps analyzes it to show how tolerable, even lovable, it is after all, and how much more tolerable and lovable it might become by the exercise of a little common-sense and charity. Let us say rather of that common-sense which is charity, or at least is impossible without it; which comprehends, because it loves; or, if it cannot altogether love, can at least pity or deplore.

It is this vein of wise charity, running through all which Mr. Helps has ever written, which makes his books so wholesome to the student of his fellowmen; especially wholesome, I should think, to ministers of religion. That, as the wise Yankee said, "It takes all sorts to make a world;" that it is not so easy as we think to know our friends from our foes, the children of light from those of darkness; that the final distinction into "righteous" and "wicked" requires an analysis infinitely deeper than any we can exercise, and must be decided hereafter by One before whom our wisdom is but blindness, our justice but passion; that, in a word, "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged," is a command which is founded on actual facts, and had therefore better be obeyed: all this we ministers of religion are but too apt to ignore, and need to be reminded of it now and then, by lay-sermons from those who have not forgotten — as we sometimes forget — that we too are men.

And it seems to me that a young clergyman, wishing to know how to deal with his fellow-creatures, and not having made up his mind, before all experience, to stretch them all alike upon some Procrustean bed of discipline (church or other), would do well to peruse and ponder, with something of humility and self-distrust, a good deal which Mr. Helps has written. Let him read, for instance, the first half of "Essays Written in the Intervals of Business," and if he does not at first appreciate the wisdom and worth of much therein, let him set down his disappointment, not to any dulness of the author's, but to his own ignorance of the world and

of mankind; that is, of the very subject matter which he has vowed to work on, and to improve.

I would ask him, for instance, to consider such a passage as this:—"We are all disposed to dislike, in a manner disproportionate to their demerits, those who offend us by pretentions of any kind. We are apt to fancy that they despise us; whereas all the while, perhaps, they are only courting our admiration. There are people who wear the worst part of their characters outward; they offend our vanity; they rouse our fears; and under these influences we omit to consider how often a scornful man is tender-hearted, and an assuming man one who longs to be popular and to please."

I would ask the young man, too, to read much of "Friends in Council;" not merely the essays, but the conversations also. For in them, too, he will chance on many a wise apothegm which will stand him in good stead in daily work. Especially would I ask him to read that chapter on "Pleasantness;" and if he be inclined to think it merely a collection of maxims, acute enough, but having no bearing on theology or on higher ethics, let him correct his opinion by studying the following passage concerning a certain class of disagreeable people:—

"After much meditation on them, I have come to the conclusion that they are, in general, self-absorbed people. Now to be self-absorbed is a very different thing from being selfish, or of a hard nature. Such persons, therefore, may be very kind, may even be very sensitive; but the habit of looking at every thing from their own point of view, of never travelling out of themselves, prevails even in their kindest and most sympathetic moments; and so they say and do the most unfeeling things without any ill intention whatsoever. They are much to be pitied as well as blamed; and the end is, that they seldom adopt ways of pleasantness until they are beaten into them by a long course of varied misfortune, which enables them to look at another's grief and errors from his own point of view, because it has become their own."

Full of sound doctrine are those words; but, like much of Mr. Helps's good advice on this and on other subjects, not likely to be learned by those who need it most, till they have been taught them by sad experience.

And for this reason: that too many of us lack imagination, and have, I suppose, lacked it in all ages. Mr. Helps puts sound words into Midhurst's mouth upon this very matter, in the conversation which follows the essay. It enables, according to him, a man "on all occasions to see what is to be said and thought for others. It corrects harshness of judgment and cruelty of all kinds. I cannot imagine a cruel man imaginative; and I suspect that there is a certain stupidity closely connected with all prolonged severity of word, or thought, or action."

No doubt; but what if it be said in defence of the stupid and cruel, that imagination is a natural gift; and that they therefore are not to be blamed for the want of it? That, again, it would doubtless be very desirable that every public functionary, lay or clerical, should possess a fair share of imagination; enough at least to put himself in the place of some suitor, whose fate he seals with "A clerk's cold spurt of the pen;" but that imagination is a quality too undefinable and transcendental to be discovered.— at least the amount of it — by any examination, competitive or other?

The answer is, I think, to be found in Mr. Helps's own example. The imagination, like other faculties, grows by food: and its food cannot be too varied, in order that it may assimilate to itself the greatest number of diverse elements. Whatever natural faculty of imagination Mr. Helps may have had, it has evidently been developed, strengthened, and widened, by most various readings, various experience of men and things. The number and the variety of facts, objective and subjective, touched in his volumes is quite enormous. His mind has plainly been accustomed to place itself in every possible attitude, in order to catch every possible ray of light. The result is, that whenever he looks at a thing, though he may not always — who can, in such a mysterious world? — see into the heart of it, he at least sees it all round. He has acquired a sense of proportion; of the relative size and shape of things, which is the very foundation of all just and wise practical thought about them.

And this is what young men, setting out as thinkers, or as teachers, are naturally apt to lack. They are inclined to be bigots or fanatics; not from conceit or stupidity, but simply from ignorance. Their field of vision is too narrow; and a single object in it is often sufficient to intercept the whole light of heaven, and so become an *eidôlon* — something worshipped instead of truth, and too often at the expense of human charity. In the young layman there is no cure, it is said, for such a state of mind, like the House of Commons; and in default of that, good company, in the true sense of the word. Mr. Helps makes no secret, throughout his pages, of what he owes to the society of men of very varied opinions and temperaments, as able as, or abler than himself. But all have not his opportunities; and least of all, perhaps, we of the clerical profession, who need them most, not only because we have to influence human hearts and heads of every possible temper, and in every possible state, but because the very sacredness of our duties, and our conviction of the truth of our own teaching, tempt us — paradoxical as it may seem — towards a self-confident, blind, and harsh routine. What is the young clergyman's cure? How shall he keep his imaginative sympathy strong and open?

Certainly, by much varied reading. The study of the Greek and Latin classics has helped, I believe, much in making the clergy of the Church of England what they are, — the most liberal-minded priesthood which the world has yet seen. The want of it has certainly helped to narrow the minds of nonconformists. A boy cannot be brought up to read of, and to love, old Greeks and Romans, without a vague, but deep feeling, that they too were men of like passions, and it may be sometimes of like virtues, with himself; and he who has learned how to think and how to know, from Aristotle and Plato, will have a far juster view of the vastness and importance of the whole human race and its strivings after truth, than he who has learned his one little lesson about man and the universe from the works of one or two divines of his own peculiar school. He will be all the more inclined to be just to the Mussulman, the Hindoo, the Buddhist, from having learned to be just to those who worshipped round the Capitol or the Acropolis. One sees therefore, with much regret, more and more young men taking orders without having had a sound classical education, and more and more young men so overworked by parish duty, as to have really no time left for study. Under the present mania for over-working everybody, such churchmen as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries saw — literary, philosophic, scientific, generally human and humane — are becoming more and more impossible; while a priesthood such as may be seen in more than one country of Europe, composed of mere professionals, busy, ambitious, illiterate, is becoming more and more possible.

One remedy, at least, is this, that more varied culture should be insisted on by those who have the power to insist; that, if not a sound knowledge of the best classic literature, at least a sound knowledge of the best English, should be demanded of young clergymen. Let such a one have, say only his Shakspeare, at his fingers' ends, and he will find his visits in the parish, and his sermon in the pulpit also, all the more full of that "pleasantness," which is, to tell the truth, nothing less than divine "charity."

Such are a few of the thoughts which suggested themselves to me while reading Mr. Helps's later books, and re-reading — with an increasing sense of their value — several of his earlier ones. If those thoughts have turned especially towards the gentlemen of my own cloth and their needs, it has been because I found Mr. Helps's Essays eminently full of that "sweetness and light" which Mr. Matthew Arnold tells us is so necessary for us all. Most necessary are they certainly for us clergymen; and yet they are the very qualities which we are most likely to lose, not only from the hurry and worry of labor, but from the very importance of the questions on which we have to make up our minds, and the hugeness of the evils with which we have to fight. And thankful we

should be to one who, amid toil no less continuous and distracting than that of any active clergyman, has not only preserved sweetness and light himself, but has taught the value of them to others.

NOT ALL TINSEL.

THE big clock at Westminster had just chimed half-past eleven, when Joseph Blimber, master of the supernumeraries at the Theatre Royal Nonpareil, emerged from the comfortable hostelry which served as house-of-call for the employés of that Thespian temple. As some excuse for the lateness of the hour, it will be well to inform the scrupulous reader that the occasion was Christmas eve: not that Joseph Blimber was ever much earlier in his habits at any period of the year; still, as we have only to deal with that gentleman on this particular night, the excuse must serve for this special time and no other.

Considering the temptations belonging to his profession, Joseph — or, to speak more familiarly, and to adopt the name best known to himself, Joe — Blimber was not at all a late individual. For instance, if he had to play in the last piece, he seldom called at the hostelry, but made his way home as quickly as possible; if, on the contrary, a farce concluded the programme, and his services were not required after the startling *dénoûment* of the sensation drama (they were great in sensation pieces at the Nonpareil), it must be admitted that he did generally enter the Crown to inquire after the health of the hostess, and supplement that inquiry by a draught at the bar or in the parlor, where he was almost certain to meet with some of his own fraternity. It is a question capable of much argument whether for this an excuse might not also be found. It is not very pleasant to have your throat parched with the fumes of gunpowder and red-fire; and as Joe Blimber, from the responsibility and prominence of his position as "supe-master," was always in the thickest of the smoke of battle, and among the first to brave the haughty tyrant in his lair when he defied the hero to "come hon," some extenuation may be found for his predilection for the aforesaid draught on such occasions.

Joe had always been connected with the stage, and at one time had high aspirations. Perhaps his ambition was of the kind that o'erleaps itself, and falls on t'other side; perhaps he lacked opportunity; perhaps he was too meek and gentle a man to push his way among the crowd of competitors for histrionic honors. There was a tradition among his fellows — not a subject of conversation, but a whispered rumor — that Joe had once played Cassio in one of the large provincial theatres. Be this as it may, he never played it at the Nonpareil, even in the dreariest of the many dreary periods that had occasionally marked the annals of that establishment. In London Joe had always been a "super," nothing more, until he became "supe-master," and this advancement was actually owing to a lucky accident, certainly not ascribable to any self-assertion on his part.

When he was a little boy, Joe used to come on in the pantomime rallies and "chivy" the unfortunate vendors who are generally so disgracefully maltreated in the harlequinade portion; then, when he got too old for this sort of thing, they put him in to play the shopman; but, somehow, he never in his life got a good speaking part — that is, if the Cassio rumor *was* a rumor and nothing more.

There was no man in the establishment more contented with his position than Joe Blimber. He worked hard, and threw his whole soul into his duties, and this is saying a good deal. For instance, when they played *Macbeth* or *Richard the Third* (very seldom, by the way, for the Nonpareil was too much in the fashion to give Shakspeare frequently), Joe was always to be seen in the thickest of the fray in the battle scenes, and generally obtained a round of applause for the vigor with which he tackled his opponent. And in truth there were many of the "supers" who fought shy of Joe; for with him there was no crossing of swords and then meekly falling down and dying. He did the regular one, two, three business; and it was something to hear the roar of the gallery when they saw the sparks come from Joe's sword as he pressed his antagonist close; and the roar did Joe's heart good, for it made him feel one of the principal actors in the piece. The best of the matter was, that his merits were recognized by the manager; for that autocrat had been known, even in the presence of his first tragedian — the Richard or Macbeth of the night — to clap Joe on the back after one of his arduous combats, and in a tone of voice audible to those around, acquaint him that he was the fellow "to bring them down."

But if Joe Blimber was a greater man at any one period of the year than another, that period was Christmas; for though the Nonpareil's forte was sensation drama, hot and strong, yet they always made a feature of the pantomime. And then, of course, Joe had his demons to train, to say nothing of bringing into good stage working order the extra hands he was deputed to engage for the "run" of the Christmas novelty. Then indeed was Joe in his element.

From the foregoing it may perhaps be imagined that Joe Blimber's heart was always in the theatre. Such conclusion would be wrong. Joe Blimber's heart was in his home, and his daughter kept the key.

Ellen — at least it is to be presumed that this was the name she received at the baptismal font, though no one ever heard Joe's daughter called any thing but Nelly — was also a professional. Though the manager, in his spirit of utilitarianism, frequently made Nelly appear as one of a group of joyful or horror-stricken maidens in his sensation productions, yet her "line" was Terpsichorean. Indeed, she had been instructed in her business by M. Dutour, admittedly one of the best harlequins that ever did a lilt or jumped through a shop-window. Like her father, Nelly also took a pride in her work; and as she possessed his kind, yielding disposition, she had not many enemies among the young ladies of her department. Of course, she had a few, as will not be doubted, when it is stated that she had recently been promoted to the front row of the ballet, and was currently whispered to be studying the part of the mute Fenella, in view of the manager's contemplated revival of *Masaniello* next season. She was a light-hearted, happy little creature, the presiding genius of Joe's home; for, alas! his wife had died when Nelly was a wee thing, and though it was difficult at times to perform the operation familiarly known as "making both ends meet" at their small lodging, and more especially during the summer season of the Nonpareil, when the treasury was somewhat scanty, yet Nelly was as good a little housewife as though she had been brought up to the work and to nothing else all her life. To crown all, Nelly was as innocent and guileless as she was cheerful and pretty. The compliments of the gay flatterers of the outside world, who planted themselves at the wings (for the Nonpareil did admit a few privileged puppies behind the scenes) and at the stage door, were unheeded by her, and she tripped home at the end of the week with her wages of sixteen shillings in a much happier mood than the *première danseuse* of the theatre, Mlle. Fopar, "from the Porte St. Martin" (envious people said from Lambeth), who was conveyed to her residence in a brougham. When his stage duties allowed him of course Joe went home with his daughter; but this was seldom, for Nelly liked to slip away before him, and get his supper ready ere he arrived. Wet or dry, it made no difference to Nelly; she never grumbled at having to walk to her humble lodging; indeed, when it was a wet night, her spirits rose with the occasion, and it was quite a cheerful sight to see her lightly tripping over the pools of mud, and picking her way along the damp thoroughfare, humming the last new polka air, with the rain acting as a kind of *obbliga'o* accompaniment on her umbrella.

On this particular Christmas eve there happened to be rather unusual excitement at the Nonpareil. Of course it was all about the pantomime. The gentleman who wielde the baton in the orchestra had declared himself satisfie with the manner the music "went;" everybody in th theatre was delighted with the transformation scene whic those eminent artists Messrs. Gillt and Glitteur had pr

pared; the scenery worked well; the supernumeraries did their work satisfactorily (trust their chief, Joe Blimber, for that); the principal ladies — the Nonpareil pieces were always strong in female parts — declared themselves pleased with the respective characters assigned them; and the splendor of the dresses and the decorations was universally admitted, from the lady who played the prince, down to the boy who fetched the beer for the scene-shifters, to far excel any thing in that way the Nonpareil had yet done.

Notwithstanding all this, there was something wrong. The last rehearsal but one (the final being fixed for Boxing-day, 10 A.M. sharp) had taken place on Christmas eve, and every thing had passed off well, with one exception. Though at the first blush there was endless cause for congratulation, still nearly everybody shook their heads and hoped it (the pantomime) would go well. The truth of the matter was this: Mlle. Fopar happened at the last rehearsal to be very late in her attendance — so late, indeed, that the ballet-scene in the opening — in which, of course, she had a *pas seul* — had to be gone through without her. When she arrived, a few words of remonstrance, polite but firm, had been addressed to her by the manager. She made no remark to him at the time, but did the columbine business in the harlequinade as though nothing had occurred to ruffle her temper. However, she had been heard to murmur to Mrs. Grumpie (one of the dressers) that "that sort of thing" wouldn't suit her; and as Mlle. Fopar was known to be as high-spirited as the horses that nightly conveyed her home, the worst anticipations were formed of her words, which had been duly retailed all over the establishment by the person to whom they were addressed. The rumor of the theatre found its way to the house-of-call before mentioned, and being duly debated in the parlor thereof, and the meaning Mlle. Fopar attached to her observations regarded from every possible point of view, considerable excitement was the consequence.

When Joe Blimber left his companions, of course his mind was filled with the prevailing excitement, and when he reached home and sat by the cheery fire which Nelly had both laid and lighted, he found his daughter ready to commence the much-debated topic. Whether it was that the savory supper (tripe and onions, prepared by Nelly as a surprise for her father, and quite a success), or that the joy-bells announcing the advent of Christmas drove the matter out of their minds, it is impossible to say; but when Joe lit his pipe just before going to rest, he broached a topic far more interesting to him and his daughter than even Mlle. Fopar's capriciousness.

Their conversation was somewhat after this fashion: —

JOE. — When is the next mail due from —? [*Here a pause, perhaps huskiness through the effects of the colored fire in the last scene; but Joe does not finish the sentence.*]

NELLY [*busily putting away the supper-things, and making an unnecessary clatter with the plates quite unusual for her, but serving on this occasion to divert attention from the blushes that cover her cheeks*]. — Next Wednesday, father.

JOE. — You didn't hear last mail, did you, Nelly?

NELLY. — No, father.

JOE. [*voice a little tremulous, perhaps through the persistent pulls he is making at his pipe, as though it wouldn't draw*]. — Nor the mail before?

NELLY. — No, father; but then, you see, perhaps Jem was up the country, and couldn't get his letters posted; or he might have mistaken the day the mail went out. And you forget how hard he is at work.

JOE. — I hope so, my dear; though I think if he was working his fingers to the bone he ought not to neglect writing, more especially after what we did for him.

NELLY [*kissing her father*]. — You mean what you did for him.

JOE. — No, dear; I consider that the £75 we let him have was as much yours as mine. Why, was it not put in the savings-bank as soon as my old aunt left me the money, and there kept to serve you as a marriage portion when the time came that you should leave your father? [*Voice very tremulous, and very, very hard pulls at the pipe.*] I should never have let Jem have the money to pay the debt for which he had become responsible if you had not consented.

NELLY. — Oh, but, father, you knew I loved him.

JOE. — Well, my dear, I hope he will prove worthy of you.

NELLY. — Can you doubt it, my darling father? When Jem made a little money, and was about to send it over to us, and it was lost by the wreck of the vessel, didn't he write to release me from my engagement if I wished, and send you additional securities for the money you had lent him?

JOE. — Well, my dear, I don't think he could do less.

NELLY. — Dear father, you mustn't talk like that; for you know how much he loves me, and you know how I love him. Although I haven't heard from him for the last mail or two, yet I do not feel any concern, for I know his 'eart [*Nelly dropped her h's at times in the most reckless manner*] is as true as steel. If the next letter I received from him was another offer of withdrawal from the engagement between us, I should answer as I did last time, that I was faithful if he was.

A loud peal of bells from the adjoining church put an end to a conversation regarding Jem's epistolary shortcomings, which was not particularly pleasant to either father or daughter. Joe was naturally anxious about Nelly's happiness, and his daughter didn't like her father to suspect her betrothed; so the break in the conversation, caused by the strenuous efforts of the bell-ringers, was not allowed to be bridged over, as Nelly wished her father good-night, and tripped off to bed.

If the reader has from the foregoing taken it for granted that Nelly's heart was in the possession of one of the opposite sex (a young carpenter), who had been a sufferer in his native country by becoming surety for a friend; that Joe Blimber had been the means of the mysterious Jem tiding over the difficulty; and that Jem had gone to a distant country with the view of retrieving his fallen fortunes, and had of late been somewhat neglectful in his correspondence with Nelly, the reader will have arrived at a tolerably correct conclusion upon a subject that was causing Joe Blimber some little anxiety.

But as for Nelly, there wasn't the least doubt in her mind as to the fidelity of the absent Jem. If she had seen Jem laughing with the most attractive and insinuating of her companions in "the front row," she wouldn't have been a bit jealous.

The green-eyed monster is not able to find his way into the hearts of every one; and certainly Nelly's simple confiding nature could defy all his efforts. Though Nelly's thoughts were full of Jem, yet she didn't doubt him. So on this Christmas eve, with the neighboring church-bells chiming their joyous tones in her ears, she fell into an undisturbed sleep, her last thought and hope being of the coming Wednesday, and the letter from "dear toiling Jem" its arrival might herald.

A loud knock at the door, and the shrill voice of the landlady, not over-pleased at having to leave the preparation of the goose to come up three stories (for it is at that height Nelly's bedroom is situated), rouses the maiden from her peaceful slumbers.

"Please, miss, here's a boy from the theayter with a note. Perhaps you'll be as good as to answer him yourself, as I wants to go down to prepare the dinner."

The landlady — the trying nature of whose culinary preparations afforded an excuse, perhaps, for her shortness of temper — does not wait for an answer, and the startled Nelly finds that the hour is half-past ten. The missive has been pushed through at the bottom of the door, and half in surprise, half in trepidation, Nelly opens the note, written in the manager's own hand, to find the following: —

"DEAR MISS BLIMBER, — Late last night Mlle. Fopar wrote me a letter throwing up her engagement. I can think of no substitute as columbine but yourself. Will you assist me? Rehearsal to-morrow at 10.30. If you will oblige me by taking Fopar's place, send word by boy, and come to rehearsal to-morrow half an hour earlier than the "call," so that we can talk the matter over. I remain, dear Miss Blimber, yours very faithfully, H. NOEGO."

Nelly rubbed her eyes in fear, lest the note was not a reality; and as surprise gave way to feelings of joy and pride that the manager should have selected her above all others to assist him in his strait, the little maiden could not restrain a tear or two, that made their appearance in her eyes. With every feature in her pretty face beaming with brightness, she hurried down stairs to the boy waiting in the passage, and soon despatched him with a satisfactory answer to his master. Joe had risen earlier than usual, and finding that Nelly was not awake, he resolved not to disturb her, but to go for a walk before breakfast. So he strolled through the streets for a good hour, and previous to his arrival home was quite unaware of the important missive that had been received by Nelly.

When he did get home, and found his daughter busily engaged in brushing up the stove, and with the tea-kettle on the fire singing to welcome his arrival, and his breakfast prepared for him; then, when he saw the manager's note, and Nelly came and kissed him, and said she knew she could get through Mlle. Fopar's part, even without any rehearsal at all, you wouldn't be surprised if foolish Joe Blimber's voice grew thicker and more tremulous than in the conversation of the night before, and that he had to turn his head away from his daughter's face, to conceal the few tears of paternal pride and happiness that he tried to brush from his eyes, and couldn't. Then, after a time, the father and daughter sat down to breakfast, — nice hot toast, prepared by Nelly's own little fingers; — but neither of them could eat. Wasn't Joe full of gratitude and appreciation of the manager who had recognized the abilities of his Nelly? and wasn't Nelly herself too busy with the thoughts of the distinction bestowed upon her to talk about any thing else? Then they laughed about it, and thought somebody must be playing a joke — only they didn't mean it, but said so just for the sake of varying the all-absorbing topic. They talked so much about the manager's condescension in writing to Nelly, that it was nearly twelve o'clock before the breakfast things were cleared away; and then Nelly had to prepare the dinner. And such a dinner it was! Joe had bought a nice piece of beef, — sirloin, and no mistake about it, — and Nelly had promised to try her hand at a plum-pudding, which had been in secret preparation for several days. Surely the worthy couple might have a good dinner just once in a way, and at Christmas time too! Joe offered his assistance in the culinary preparations; but Nelly wasn't to be interfered with, more especially as Joe was rather a hindrance than otherwise. Silly old Joe! he didn't know one bit about cooking, and he kept up such a torrent of laughter, and capered about the place to such a degree, as though he was going to play harlequin to his daughter's columbine, that Nelly had to get rid of him, and so Joe put on his hat and went out. Entering a church, he got just in time for the sermon; and if any one was touched by the rector's homily, it was Joe. His heart was full of thankfulness for the blessings that had been showered upon him and the daughter of whom he was so proud. Oh, happy Joe Blimber, may this day be but the first of many such occasions for the outflow of thy praise and thanksgiving for the mercies bestowed upon thee by the All-seeing!

At their lodging Nelly is as busy as possible; the beef is getting on beautifully — hissing and spluttering before the cheerful fire, as if it also wished to give its congratulations to the fair young cook.

Half-past one was the time noted by the church-clock within sight of Nelly's window when a knock was heard at the front door, and Nelly, who thought it must be her father, could not help wishing that he had adjourned his return just for about twenty minutes, when the dinner would have been thoroughly ready, and placed upon the table. No, it was not her father; for Joe knew his way up the stairs, and would never have stumbled against the mat outside the first-floor's door in that noisy fashion. It couldn't be the manager or anybody from the theatre — at least, Nelly thought not. And then, as the sound of the approaching footsteps grew more and more distinct, Nelly feels her heart beginning to beat with singular rapidity, and as the handle of the door is turned, suspicion becomes a certainty. Yes! there can't be the least doubt about it — in the doorway stands Jem Duckworth — Nelly's Jem Duckworth — Nelly's Jem!

Did he kiss her, and take her in his arms? I should rather think he did; and what is more, held her there until the beef began to splutter and hiss so violently, that it seemed as if it intended to fall off the hook into the fire out of sheer envy and pique at not being attended to. However, Jem at last let go of his Nelly, and she, blushing as red as the fire, said Jem mustn't be so silly — she didn't mean it, though — and that she must see to the dinner. So the beef was taken up, just done to a turn; and a few minutes afterwards Nellie heard her father's familiar footsteps on the landing. Joe expected to be welcomed with his daughter's smile; he expected to see her features illumined by happiness and pride at the good fortune that had fallen upon her through the defection from the Nonpareil of the high-spirited Fopar; but he did not expect to see his Nelly being assisted in the preparations for dinner by the neglectful Jem Duckworth.

When Joe entered the room, there was his future son-in-law — supposed to be many miles away — helping Nelly dish up the potatoes. No wonder poor Joe looked amazed and tried to stammer out a few words of welcome to the returned Jem, but failed in doing it. However, there was no doubting the evidence of flesh and blood, and in taking the hand proffered him, it is certain Joe did give it a heartier shake than he would have done if he had previously been more thoroughly convinced that he was not under a delusion in fancying he saw his daughter's betrothed in their lodging. However, the confusion was soon over, and when Joe witnessed how delighted his Nelly was at the reappearance of her lover; how she laughed at Jem's awkward movements, as he assisted her in placing the dinner on the table; and how Jem's honest pride in his future wife was kindled by the exhibition of her domesticity, Joe felt, after all, that it was but natural Nelly's young heart should have clung to such a frank young fellow as Jem Duckworth.

And with regard to the meal of which the trio were about to partake, it was curious to note how anxious and perturbed Nelly was — so full of watchfulness with respect to the placing upon the table of dishes and glasses free from flaw or crack; so frequent in her apology, that if she had only known visitors were to be expected, she would have taken greater pains and made other preparations; and so startled when her father ventured the opinion that the beef was "hard," — an opinion afterwards retracted, when it was discovered that the knife Joe was using was somewhat blunt, — that at last Jem had to declare he wouldn't have any dinner at all if Nelly was so fidgety about the manner in which the beef and pudding would "turn out." Of course the dinner was a success; Jem knew it would be. The beef was beautifully cooked; and as for the pudding, both gentlemen declared it attained the highest perfection of art.

I wonder, says the reader, if they were prejudiced? Well, perhaps they were just a little. But one fact is certain, none of the pudding remained after the banquet was over. If it was not quite so super-excellent as Joe and Jem declared, they resolved that their opinion as to its merits should not be disputed by allowing any one outside the happy little party to have an opportunity of judging; so they sacrificed themselves to their opinions, vehemently protesting, whilst consuming the last morsel, that never previously had such a pudding been placed before rejoicing mankind.

After dinner, Jem told his future father-in-law how it was Nelly had not received any letter from him for a couple of mails past. Of course Jem had acquainted Nelly long before Joe reached home, and equally of course Nelly had forgiven him for his apparent neglect. Heaven bless the little woman! she had forgiven him in her heart before the explanation had been made. How it happened was in this way: When the vessel was lost in which Jem's savings had been embarked for despatch to England, in order to repay the sum advanced by Joe, he resolved to try his fortune at some diggings just discovered. His letter acquainting Nelly of this determination missed one mail, so there was no hope for it but to wait until the departure of the next. Ere

that, Jem had made a lucky hit. One day he dug up a few nuggets, which he specially converted into five hundred of her most gracious Majesty's sovereigns, and resolving not to stay in a foreign country, and risk losing the money he had acquired, as well as his sweetheart left in England, he took a passage on board the steamer which was to have conveyed the intended letter. Then, when he got near home, he determined to give Nelly and her father a surprise — and this was all.

Jem then produced his money, and insisted on paying Joe the seventy-five pounds borrowed. Of course both Nelly and her father demurred; but Jem would hear of only one other arrangement, which was, that Nelly should become his wife in less than a month. Of course Nelly wouldn't hear of that — oh, certainly not; so Joe was compelled to accept his money, and return Jem his securities.

Then, this little business over, a walk was proposed, and they set out; Jem, as in duty bound, and as inclination dictated, escorting Nelly, whilst Joe, who pretended he could get along better by himself, judiciously walked a little way ahead, whereby the lovers were enabled to talk over several matters interesting only to themselves, and which it would therefore be impertinent to here reproduce. Nelly blushed, laughed (it would have done your heart good to hear Nelly Blimber's ringing laugh), cried, was suddenly talkative, and as suddenly as mute as Fenella; but throughout the stroll Nelly didn't meet a person happier than herself. And then Jem was such a pleasant companion, and had such plans for the future. As for Joe, he couldn't make up his mind as to whether Jem's return was an event for sorrow or rejoicing. He was glad to see his daughter so happy, and that Jem had turned out a true-hearted fellow, whilst on the other hand he could not but think of the rapidly-approaching time when Nelly's first care would be for her husband. These alternations of feeling accompanied the whole of his walk, so that he felt no regret when they again arrived home. Then Nelly prepared tea, and during the discussion of that cosy meal, Jem stated the arrangements to which he had wrung an acquiescence from his betrothed. The young people were to be married in the spring, when the pantomime season was over, for Nelly wouldn't hear of "throwing over" the complaisant manager. In the mean time Jem was to look about him for an advantageous business to open "on his own account;" then, when the nuptial knot was tied, Joe was to come and live with them. Did that meet with Joe's approval? Didn't it!

What with Nellie's advancement at the Nonpareil, and the approaching marriage, there was such a brisk conversation carried on, that the evening passed away quite as rapidly as the afternoon had done; and when Jem wished his sweetheart good-night, he left the little maiden's heart in a perfect tumult of joy, pride, and hope.

Joe was prouder of his daughter than ever, when, the morning after Boxing-day, he saw Miss Blimber's graceful dancing eulogized in some of the papers, and heard her publicly spoken of as the clever daughter "of the efficient utility actor, Mr. Blimber." The pantomime was so successful that ere its run was over Jem had got into a nice shop, and had commenced his trade of carpenter and builder ("estimates given for general repairs," &c.) with such success as to warrant expectations of a very satisfactory return for his investment at the close of the year. But at last the wedding took place, and Noego, the manager, exceedingly well pleased at the result of the winter season, and at the efficient aid he had received from his columbine, actually presented her on the eventful morning with a ten-pound note. Wasn't this an honor?

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT AT VERSAILLES.

It was my good, or bad, fortune, according as the case may appear to the intelligent reader, to pass the four winter months of 1870-71 at Versailles. I leave it an open question whether it was bad fortune or good luck to have been so situated, because I never can quite make up my own mind on that point. Looking at it through the softening shadows of nearly twelve months, the stirring incidents and moments of excitement stand out clear and vivid, while the recollection of many dull, miserable days is almost blotted out, and I am inclined to agree with my friends who envy me the chance that compelled me to witness a great siege. But, then, truth urges me to state that when I can sufficiently abstract myself from passing events to realize what was taking place this time last year, a benumbing feeling of weariness becomes the predominant sensation in my mind. And I think in this respect my memory is correct, for I verily believe that on the whole a cathedral verger, or the sexton of a small and healthy country parish, has a lively life compared to ours before Paris. The troops arrived triumphantly, and expected to walk straight into the capital; they waited about a little, wondering that the gates remained closed, and then we literally sat down before the walls, and to all intents and purposes never got up again for four months. This was not good conduct on the part of the enemy. The best judges considered that either they would open the gates at once, or would have a revolution inside in a few days, which would cause them to do so, or that they would be starved out in a few weeks. They did none of these things, but kept us out in the cold all the winter through. My reminiscences, therefore, of Versailles are of a gloomy nature, whereas a feeling of satisfaction glows within me when I think of the first few days following the armistice that preceded the peace.

Our society was pleasant enough, very pleasant, in fact, for individuals were more agreeable than they would have been under apparently more favorable circumstances. Dinner parties we had, wet and jovial ones; and whist parties prolonged far into the night; but there was more of barbaric profusion than of comfort in our feasts, and we had to go to bed in fur boots and coats, because green fire-wood will *not* burn. Music! yes, and dancing too. Had we not a most gifted pianist among us, and have I not seen a great authority on military matters dancing reels in his shirt-sleeves to the bass accompaniment of bombarding guns? Quiet evenings we enjoyed also, when anxious correspondents endeavored to weave "copy" from the casual observations of diplomatic lips. But noisy evenings pall at last, and after all, one does not go to war to play whist, or even poker, which is a much more exciting pastime, and one which kills a man, in a pecuniary sense, far quicker than does the former game. There certainly was this advantage about the place, that if any luckless wight lost more than a few francs it was utterly impossible for him to pay, and he might write any number of cheques, drafts, bills, and other documents in the most honorable, and "pay you at once, my dear fellow," sort of way, feeling quite satisfied that he would not be one whit the poorer for all his literary efforts. Cash was a thing unknown, and Craig's Court, though distant in ordinary times less than half a day, was it not practically further off than the Isles of Araby, wherever they may be. This tightness in the money market amounted to suffocation, and many must have been the blessings showered upon the heads of those humane persons who eventually came to our relief.

It was towards the end of the business, just about the time that the British public, following the opinions of the British press, had made up its mind that it was all up with us, and that, swooping like eagles from their eyries from north, south, and west, Keratry, Chanzy, Bourbaki, uniting in one fiery charge, would strike with beak and talon their Prussian prey, and sweep us, vainly struggling, across the insulted provinces of France back to the impious land from whence we came, or, as a most gifted French writer has, with the peculiar delicacy of his race, put it, would "revomit us across the Rhine." It was not until the intelligent public had quite made up its mind that the tide of fortune was about to turn, and that, gathering strength on its way, it would speedily overwhelm the feeble barriers opposed to it, and rush triumphantly to relieve the capital, that certain gentlemen from Hamburg arrived, travelling, for the most part, in greasy, plain clothes, combining the use of the nose with that of the ordinary organs of articulation, and carrying each a wonderfully heavy portmanteau

or carpet-bag. They took quiet, secluded lodgings, and began to do a nice little business in finding ready money for the French authorities. They also provided the necessaries and luxuries of life, in order to purchase which the money was required, thereby keeping all the profits to themselves, and combining in their own persons the offices of capitalist and speculator. It was a very nice little game, played by three persons. A says to B, "I must have tea, sugar, coffee, tobacco, and snuff; I will pay you a reasonable price in paper bonds, redeemable, subject to certain contingencies, at some future time; the exact date is uncertain, but immaterial." "But," replies B, "I have not got any." "Ah!" says A, "here is my friend C will sell you plenty; the price is a little high certainly, and he requires cash payment, but you know the times are bad, and, in fact, you must get the articles, and at his own price, for there is no competition." "Well," chuckles B, "I should be delighted to sell to you, in exchange for the valuable securities you are kind enough to offer, and I would gladly buy from Mr. C, but unfortunately he requires cash, and I have not a blessed cent; you were obliging enough to borrow all I had some time ago." "Don't distress yourself," answers A, "we can easily get over this little difficulty; C is such an obliging fellow; he does not do that sort of thing himself, but he tells me he knows a friend who he thinks he might induce to lend you the money at a reasonable rate — reasonable, of course, considering the extraordinary circumstances of the case." And so B has not got a word to say, but goes off to find C's friend who considerately does his little bill, and some Hamburg gentleman puts the money in one of B's pockets, while his friend takes it out of the other. It is all right and above board, and if B does not like it, he must not complain, because the arrangement was quite satisfactory to two parties out of the three, and if the majority is satisfied, it is, of course, all right, and the minority must not kick up a row. All political economists know this. I believe — that is to say, I was informed — that these gentlemen who talked with their noses — and therefore, I suppose, smelled with their mouths — would condescend sometimes to stoop from their great financial arrangements, and assist the poor and needy private individual. I was glad when these people came — not that I had any desire to present them with my autograph, but because their presence reassured me amazingly, and in spite of false prophets at home, I felt certain that I never should be compelled to leave Versailles. Their arrival was a symptom of the approaching end, too evident to be mistaken. So I gave up thinking of the simultaneous movement of Keratry, Chanzy, and Bourbaki, who never combined in any thing except in the formation of the last syllable of their names, and being deprived of the tonic effects of fear, I became duller than ever.

There was really nothing to do. You might knock your horse's hoofs about on the hard high-road, or splash around in the mud, accordingly as it froze or thawed. Skating, certainly, we could enjoy to our heart's content; and I have frequently whiled away an hour gazing with envy, not unmixed with awe, at what at first sight appeared to be a pair of boots performing wonderful evolutions on the ice. On approaching nearer, the guiding element, in the shape of a cuirassier, would become visible, inserted in the boots, and gliding with agility, if not with grace, over the frozen surface, notwithstanding the terrible incumbrances on his legs, and the length of the sword to which he was attached. On great occasions, too, the *grandes lanse* played. I don't know what the letter-writers would have done without these *grandes lanse*. Whenever they were turned on there was a sure column. The animated foreground, gay with bright uniforms and glancing arms; the desolation in the distance; the merry laugh, interrupted by the boom of great guns; the conquerors marching about under the inscription *à tout les gloire de la France* — had all to be worked up into "picturesque letters." My goodness! how these wretched themes were washed out, mangled, and wrung dry! Then there were the individuals to describe. This style of thing. Who is that tall colonel of Cuirassiers, who looks as if he had never known care? Hush! Bismarck! And who is that gallant officer, with such a frank, enjoying manner, smoking his pipe, conversing affably with common soldiers and wounded men? That is the future emperor of Germany. And the quiet, silent individual, who looks as if he had nothing to do with any thing, and had nothing to say to anybody? Who would have thought that beneath that unpretending forage cap lurked the brain of a Moltke? And so on, and so on. You might take constitutionals in leafless avenues, or shiver and shake about the Palace Gardens, and look at the cold marble statues till you were nearly frozen, and then try and warm yourself, on the principle of Mr. Jorrocks, by gazing at the wonderful pictures in the Chateau, of Algerian raids, and thinking how delicious the hot sunlight and cloudless sky looked, and how much more life-like were the voluptuous inmates of the harem, falling with so much graceful display of rosy limbs from off their camels, than the chill, chaste Dianas and snow-crowned Venuses outside.

The Park was open to every one, but it is monotonous work riding without an object, and such an idea as a steeple-chase, hurdle-race, or paper-chase, never entered the heads of the stern warriors at head-quarters, who, not being able to kill and slay their enemies, worked hard at the only method of destruction in their power, and labored incessantly to waste the land by eating and drinking up every thing in it. An expedition to St. Germain was a favorite way of passing the time, and the *friture* of gudgeons, and the peace and quiet of the hospitable *Pavilion de Henry IV.*, were certainly preferable to the bustle, hurry-skurry, and bad cooking of the *Reservoir*. Better a dinner of herbs with plenty of elbow-room, than a stalled ox with many princes. Whether it was the gudgeons, or the civility of Mons. Barbotte, the benignity of the old lady at the *Comptoir*, or the obliging disposition and nice manners of the young lady who made the beds, I know not; but certainly there existed some attraction at St. Germain that drew many of the genus "Correspondent" to that pleasant place. Of course, they ostensibly went to look at Mont Valerien — a fertile theme for letter-writing, and of as much use to the *Eternity* as the moon was to the *Weekly Wire*. The former journal was always narrating how Valerien frowned, or Valerien smiled, or how the electric light, slowly revolving, pierced with its far-searching eye the surrounding gloom, in much the same way that the contributors to the *Wire* were continually talking of climbing up the heavens, and, I suppose, sliding down the other side, for they never mentioned how they got down; or bursting by moonlight, or being shelled by moonlight, and so on — a very harmless practice, with which the *Piccadilly Pamphlet* was ungenerous enough to find fault, asserting even that there was no moon at the time; as if it were likely that the proprietors of a journal with the largest circulation in the world would send out their young men on the war-path, unprovided with proper almanacs. It is true that occasionally it was possible to pay a visit to the outposts — a proceeding which was not unlikely to draw the enemy's fire, and was not much appreciated by the sentries, who were unable to retire gracefully like a visitor, who could, if it began to get unpleasantly warm, always remember that he had an urgent appointment up town. On purely unselfish motives, therefore, we refrained from troubling the outposts much, and making the most of the little liberty accorded by the authorities, who, after that an "hereditary Grand" was half scalped by a bullet at St. Cloud, became so solicitous of our welfare as almost to forbid our exposing our valuable lives.

It was a fine opportunity for moralizing, but a little of that goes a long way. It was possible to philosophize, too, and to advance strange theories to account for the decadence of France; and there was plenty of scope for self-congratulation on being a Briton, and "not as other men are."

The general aspect of life was certainly most strange and startling. Suffering and mirth, callousness and morbid

sensibility, the sublime and the ridiculous, bathos and pathos, the grotesque and the horrible, were all mixed together, and formed a phase of existence difficult to realize and impossible to describe. You might see in the hospital wards of the Chateau, men beating their brains out against the floor in the most fearful agonies that the human frame can feel, waiting till the busy surgeon came round to them; and in two minutes you might hear a farcical ebullition of French arrogance sufficient almost to move wounded men to laughter. You might listen to a tale of woe and misery truly, simply, and graphically told, unfolding an almost fathomless depth of grief, and in the next minute some one will pour out his grievances in such a ludicrous and yet so dramatic a way that the feelings stirred up by the first story would be obliterated by the last. I have laughed many times over the absurd gestures and conversation of the old women who used to wait patiently in the cold for hours at the tobacco shops, in the hopes of getting a little snuff, and at the same time, there would pass across the "*place*" the sad daily procession carrying, to the sound of the grandest music ever played by man, the bodies of the dead. I remember, at Rheims, I think it was, coming off a long journey, and going into a restaurant to get a cup of coffee. The landlord, one of the burly type of Frenchmen, rose impatiently from his seat, and, leaning over the counter, addressed me at some length on the subject of the war, ending his peroration with a gesture of despair, and the words, "France is lost, we have *no* coffee." I returned pensively to mine inn, pondering on this evidence of the decadence of France, and there I obtained my cup of coffee; but on asking for some cream, the smiling visage of the trim *grisette* suddenly grew grave. With uplifted finger she approached me, furtively glancing round to see that no one was near, and whispered, "Sir, this is not a war, it is a pillage; those gentlemen have taken all the cream." From thence I wandered, sadly ruminating upon this fresh evidence of utter ruin, to a barber's shop, where I was partially flayed by a young rustic armed with an exceedingly blunt razor. In a corner was crouched an old woman, blear-eyed, shrunk and shrivelled. Out of natural politeness I hazarded the remark that we lived in troublous times. She replied not, but slowly stretching out her skinny arm, she beckoned me with ominous finger to approach. I did so. From the unknown depths of her dilapidated dress she drew a pill-box, and, removing the lid, extracted a lump of camphor, wrapped up in a rag, and a fragment of a cigar stump. Plaintively applying these to her ancient nose, she said, "Alas! France is lost! lost! there is no longer any snuff. Oh, lala, lala! oh, lala, lala!" It is natural, no doubt, for man to judge of the feelings of others by his own sensations; but where out of France would one hear such trivial circumstances as a scarcity of coffee and snuff quoted gravely as signs of the ruin of a nation, and of the brutal manner in which war was carried on.

So the long days of the siege rolled slowly by, the intervals between the sensation scenes being filled in as best might be; and it was with feelings of intense relief that, on riding in from St. Germain one fine morning, I learned that the terms of an armistice had been agreed upon, and that at last there was a fair prospect of peace. The news seemed too good to be true; but we were not doomed to suffer long suspense. The armistice became an accomplished fact, the great siege guns ceased to roar and to echo through the streets and leafless woods, and with the last stroke of midnight, on an ever-memorable day, we entered upon a new era of the war, and experienced a complete change in our lives, our modes of thought, and occupations.

If this change was so much appreciated by us, how much more intense must have been the feeling of relief to those who for months had been separated from friends and relatives in Paris. Men showed it on their faces: they had a sort of reprieved, released look, as if the tension on the nerves had been suddenly withdrawn, and they could breathe freely once again. The French outposts beyond the broken arch of the bridge of Sévres became quite wild when they heard the news. Holding out their wide trowsers like petticoats, they danced with the demonstrative energy peculiar to their race, and laughed and cried, to the astonishment of the stolid sentry on the other side, who wondered what the "pigs" were about. Ah, he had never once suffered defeat. He did not know what it was to struggle on, weary and half-starved, in a hopeless cause, or he might perhaps have joined the others in a clumsy caper on his side of the bridge. It was difficult to realize our freedom at first. There was no longer any question of keeping under cover or getting under fire, of special passes and *sauf conduits*. You might go where you liked, and do what you chose, and could almost fancy yourself once more a free man, walking upon independent soil. There has been all along a sort of no man's land, a *terra incognita*, unknown and unexplored except by the pickets and outposts, a great tract of country lying at the foot of the hills, extending all the way round north-eastward from Bougival, which we could look at and peer into from a distance, but which was more utterly unattainable than the isle of Avelion. Now all was altered, and you could ride safely through woods, parks, and villages which a few days previously would have offered most marvellous facilities for shaking off this mortal coil. You might visit mysterious batteries, examine the marks of shot and shell, follow the devious windings of the trenches, sit and smoke a cigar in the most advanced rifle-pit, and peep through the interstices — just sufficiently large to admit of the muzzle of a needle-gun, left occasionally under the faggots or sand-bags forming the coping of an earthwork, pushed up to within a few yards of the enemies' lines. You might walk over and examine the French works, similar in construction, and try and realize what the scene must have been a few days before, when, sheltered in these two shallow trenches, angry, anxious men, eager for each other's blood, lay so near together that, without raising their voices, they could exhaust upon each other the vilest epithets and most ingenious oaths in their respective vocabularies. There was something very fascinating in this new liberty — this suddenly acquired right to "circulate" where you pleased, to visit places hitherto utterly impossible, to go where you had always been told you must not go, and to do that which you had been continually forbidden to perform. We tasted the sweets of realization. We had had one end and object before us for months, and at length we had attained it. It was impossible to entirely eliminate the feeling that there was something decidedly wrong in going about as we did, a feeling which, owing, I suppose, to the depravity of the race, always gives pleasure. It is wicked, no doubt, and similar to that experienced by bad, bold boys, who successively steal their dear good tutor's fruit. Freedom is very sweet. We felt like school-boys on a half-holiday, and we made the most of our time in examining all that was to be seen.

Perhaps the most interesting day's work that could be done from Versailles, returning the same evening, was a visit to the battered, ruined fort of Issy, including, as it did, a glimpse of the Chateau of Meudon and the fort of Vauves, and a good view of the *enceinte* and the city. The road runs through the villages of Viraflay, Chaville, Sévres, Bas Meudon, and Bellevue, villages which, compared with the destruction which had fallen on Gerches Vancresson and St. Cloud, may be said to have escaped almost unscathed by war. Viraflay and Chaville were untouched, but in Sévres the marks of shot and shell began to show, becoming more numerous as the front was neared, in the same way that on a battle-field you will see men wounded and killed in all manner of curious ways, scarcely any two of them being hit in precisely the same spot, so the houses in these exposed villages were suffering from every conceivable sort of contusion, and show an infinite variety of blows, bruises, and rents. Some have been shot through the head, great holes having been torn in the roof by bursting shells; others were merely grazed, a shutter knocked off here, a cornice shattered there; others, again, which had escaped the iron hail, had become so demoralized by the brutal incidents of war that they were quietly but hopelessly succumbing to a process of premature decay.

From near Bas Meudon we followed on foot the course of the German approaches. Entering upon the railway embankment by a sheltered gully, the besiegers had worked their way along their own side of the line, burrowing like moles, well under cover, until they reached a bridge sheltered from the enemy's fire. Making a bolt across this, they established themselves on the other side, and continued slowly boring their way along, forming, as they went, a safe commodious trench. Every depression in the ground had been utilized; every rise taken advantage of, to dig rifle-pits or throw up a little earthwork, surrounded with sand-bags, and on the only ridge which at all commanded the line, and which was also therefore exposed to the guns of Issy, they had fortified themselves quite sufficiently to render it secure against any ordinary attack. Thus they had crept on, bit by bit, as far as Chamard Station, where they were met by the French, working to meet them. Here they had thrown up a strong barricade across the line, not more than twenty yards distant from the defences of the French. At right angles to the barricade, and consequently parallel to the railway, they had dug rifle-pits, and fortified themselves pretty strongly, in a position from which their fire must have proved very galling to the gunners on the fort, their nearest pits being about one hundred and fifty yards from the ramparts. The French barricade was approached by a very neatly executed covered way from the fort, and they had also thrown up earthworks and dug pits close to the station, in order to keep the enemy in check. What an exciting time they must have had in these opposing works, creeping about like mice, burrowing like moles, peering through interstices in fascines, chinks in shutters, and crevices in the earth! Issy was a wonderful sight to see, a marvellous example of the destructive effects of a bombardment upon lofty buildings, and the comparative slight result obtained against the earthworks and masonry of the fortified lines. It is a fine specimen of a fortification depending entirely upon adapted science for its strength. Placed on a perfectly level plain, dominated by the low hills above Fleury, Meudon, and Chamard, it is indebted in no way to nature, and has, in consequence, been planned and built with especial care. Without entering very minutely into technicalities, which would be partly unintelligible to the reader, and wholly so to myself, I will endeavor to give some idea of this fort, which, on account of its exposed position, was singled out as the one most suitable for attack. It is constructed on the level plain; the ground, sloping slightly from it, forms an admirable field of fire all around. In shape it is pentagonal, built on the principle of the French bastion trace, which differs slightly in the salient and entering angles of the bastion fronts from that adopted in other schools of military engineering. The first obstacle to an opposing force consists of a strong *abattis* or *chevaux-de-frise*, of branches and trees, which follows the configuration of the fort a little in advance of the glacis. Just at the foot of the slope forming the glacis a stockade or palisade is also fixed. The curtains and faces of the bastions are formed in the usual manner, the upper part of sloped earth, the lower of earth, faced with stone and brick mixed. The counterscarp is constructed of the same material. The fosse is very wide, level at the bottom, and of about twenty feet in depth. The principal entrance towards Paris, and the posterns on either side, are defended by small interior stockaded works. On the right of the south-west front (that facing Meudon) is a *lunette*, situated close to a small graveyard, and connected with the main work. Two heavy guns, mounted in this outlying fort, caused great annoyance to the Prussian batteries before and during the bombardment. On the left of the same front — that is, towards Chamard Station — another small stockaded earthwork had been thrown up. Guns of very various calibres were mounted on the fort, which is armed on all faces, excepting over the front opposite to Paris. Every variety of arm was represented, from the cumbrous heavy pieces of naval ordnance, to the light, jaunty-looking guns of the field artillery. The curtains and bastion faces were armed with iron naval guns, measuring about 16 centimetres in diameter of bore, and with long bronze 24 lbs., all of which are muzzle-loading. All the iron naval guns, and most of the 24 lbs., are rifled. On the flank of the bastions, placed so as to command the approaches, and sweep with a cross-fire the faces of the curtains and fronts, were placed 12 lb. and 16 lb. siege guns, a few of which only are rifled. Besides the cannon enumerated, there was a battery of four 10-inch mortars on the bastion-face looking towards Sévres. The guns in this, as in all the other forts forming the extra-mural defences of Paris, are mounted *en barbette*, and usually worked in embrasures formed of gabions, fascines, and barrels filled with sand or clay; but in some instances the pieces were placed so as to fire over the level parapet. Of casemates, properly so-called, there are none. They had excavated bomb proofs in the solid earth forming the parapet, but had not mounted any guns or pierced them with embrasures. The external defences of Paris, though they are regular forts as to shape, and, in so far as they have brick and stone, built scarp and counterscarp, partake more of the nature of an earthwork than of the old-fashioned stone and mortar forts. Of the relative merits of the two systems I know nothing. One thing is obvious to any one who has paid the slightest attention to the operations of the Germans during the bombardment, and that is, that although the lines and defences of a fort may be scarcely damaged at all, it is impossible for men, unless properly sheltered, to work their guns under the sort of fire that can be brought to bear against them from batteries erected at even considerable distances. The French sailors who in a great measure manned the forts are first-rate men, and no doubt fought their guns as long as they could. One glance at the interior of Issy was sufficient to show that no man could have lived under the storm of shot and shell that worked such destruction there. It has come to be very nearly a question of shelter, and certainly if the gunners in Fort Issy had been well protected, there existed no reason why they should not have remained there as long as they had a ration of food. The French appear to have been marvellously remiss in this respect. During the four months which elapsed after the city was invested, they did, comparatively speaking, nothing to better their condition. In Issy they did not seem to have made any preparations for a bombardment. No splinter proofs had been erected over the batteries; no efforts made to house the men in some more commodious bomb-proof shelter than that which was afforded by the casemates; the lofty peace barracks even left standing, making capital targets for the enemies' guns, and the men remained in them till they were actually shelled out. An artist desirous of drawing a picture entitled "War and the effects thereof," could not have had a better study than the *terre plein*, or interior, of Fort Issy. The barracks and officers' quarters were not only knocked to pieces, but portions of them had been actually ground, powdered, and smashed into dust as fine as if they had been brazed in a mortar. Of the portions of the walls left standing there was scarcely a spot the size of your hand which was not marked by shot or splinters of shell, and the ground was strewed around with broken, jagged bits of rusty iron. In the batteries things were very different, and the damage done is comparatively slight. The mortar battery must have proved a pretty hot corner, judging by the shell splinters strewn thickly about, and on the south-eastern bastion a gun had been struck, and the embrasure knocked to pieces. On the exterior slope of the parapet, especially on the southern side, the shot-holes were very numerous. The German fire had evidently been concentrated on two points — the barracks and houses, and the masonry of the curtain facing the hill at Fleury, on which their most advanced mortar battery was placed. Here they endeavored to make a breach, and had so far succeeded that they had knocked a hole clean through the stone-work into the casemate behind, which aperture the French filled up with sand-bags. The damage, though serious, in no way rendered the fort open to assault, the breach being still quite impracticable. A circular opening of no great size had been made in the scarp, but above it there remained intact at least four feet of solid masonry, together with the coping and the earth, forming the upper portion of the ramparts. Both bastion flanks are also untouched, and a storming party would have found themselves

terribly enfiladed by a cross-fire from either side. The counterscarp, too, had escaped, not a single shot having struck the edge of the fosse; and the outer defences, such as the palisade and *chevaux-de-frise*, had sustained but little damage; yet the French expected an assault was imminent by the fact that quantities of canister and grape were lying in the service magazines ready for use. From the ramparts a glimpse could be obtained of the German batteries on the heights above Chamard and Meudon, and of the mortar battery at Fleury — that is to say, their position was indicated by little open spaces in the woods where the trees had been felled to unmask the guns. On the right, prominent on account of its size and situation, lay the Chateau of Meudon, its bare walls standing out bleak and drear against the evening sky. Once an epitome of civilization, taste, and art, now a heap of smoke-begrimed but gilded ruins. On our way home we overtook upon the railway the detachments marching in from their day's outpost duty, the men singing in chorus, laughing, joking, and evidently in great good spirits; they were happy at the thought that their trials and hardships were at an end, and pleased, no doubt, to find themselves the glad possessors of unperforated skins. Small parties of poor peasants were also wending their weary way out of Paris, each man carrying a small bundle, in search of the houses in which they dwelt. In many cases they must have found nothing but a heap of ruins; others will have found the bare walls standing, but all their furniture removed, broken, and scattered about the roads; others, again, must have been astonished to see the lowly dwellings, in which they left nothing but the coarse but useful articles of humble domestic life, replete with elegant and luxurious articles, culled from the neighboring houses of the better sort.

But though Issy was the most instructive, I need scarcely say that Valerien was the most interesting object to be seen. The former afforded an excellent opportunity of judging of the skill displayed by the besiegers in topographical engineering, and the care and prudence with which, in making their approaches, they had utilized every little natural advantage afforded by the nature of the ground. Nothing is too great or too small for this people. The smallest detail is treated with the same care that is given to the most comprehensive scheme. From the master-mind who traces on the map the outline of the plans, which he leaves to others to fill in, down through many gradations, to the raw soldier, — the animated target, turning over his shovel-full of earth, unconsciously obedient to the directing brain, — all know their own separate tasks, all are thoroughly conversant with the duties peculiar to their station. There is no necessity for interference or instruction. The superior has but to give his order; the subordinate has all the knowledge necessary to obey. Calm and secluded, far from the scene of strife, it works its way down, in all cases thoroughly obeyed, from the highest to the lowest, till it stirs the sturdy muscles of the soldier laboring in the foremost trench. Still Valerien we had throughout looked upon as the great stronghold of the enemy; and I, among others, hurried off there in time to see the red, white, and blue hauled down, and replaced by the black, white, and red.

It was too late, however, to see much that evening, and I soon paid the fort another visit, proceeding, the barricades having been cleared away, by Ville d'Auray and Montretout, and returning through what was once the lovely village of St. Cloud.

In and about Montretout the houses were knocked about in a marvellous manner, smashed into strange, fantastic shapes. Roofs blown off, floors blown up, walls blown in. Half of a house carried away here, laying the whole interior bare, and showing the articles of furniture still standing on the shattered remnant of the floor; there one with the roof swept clean away. On this side a conservatory, with fading exotics still standing in the flower-pots, but with the iron top all twisted and curled up into long cockscrew shavings by the tearing passage of a shell; on that, a very pretty villa, otherwise untouched, but just grazed by a shot, which has knocked all the shutters and jalousies into toothpicks, smashed the ornamental cornices, caught the leaden water-pipe and twirled it up in the air in ribbons, and finally broken off the upper corner of the wall. Nearly all the houses had been fired, and were still sending up dull clouds of smoke — fitting incense to be offered to the god of war. Most of the dwellings are pretty suburban villas belonging to rich, well-to-do, comfortable people; and are furnished in that light, elegant, but somewhat gaudy style which delights the heart of the Parisian trader who has "made his pile." I could see through the shot-holes and windows, as I rode along, bits of bright broken furniture, gilded chairs, large mirrors, gilt candle-sticks, clock cases, &c. — all black and grimy with smoke and dirt, scorched, cracked, and blistered with heat, trodden under foot, covered with mud, filth, and dust. As to the road, it was in places strewed with furniture, broken toys, remnants of curtains and hangings, smashed perambulators, &c. The insides of the houses seemed to have been simply dragged out and scattered broadcast over the face of the earth. A few poor people, principally servants, had wandered back, and were timidly peering about among the ruins, looking like sad, silent spectres of the past, compelled to revisit their former haunts. They had brought food with them, and were engaged in making fires of green wet sticks, patching up holes and making themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. It was not a cheerful scene, and I was glad to get away. There is an excellent view from the road leading up to Valerien; groups of people were walking in the Bois de Boulogne, or standing on the race-course, looking anxiously, perhaps, at the sites of their houses and villas, and wondering in what condition they would find their property when they could obtain permission to leave the city. Behind us lay the blackened, smoke-shrouded remnants of Montretout. It was the first genial day of the young year. The air felt balmy, the sun was bright and warm, birds were singing to welcome returning life and growth, the bosom of the Seine was still and placid, unruffled by the slightest breeze; the shattered arches cast a picturesque reflection upon the surface of the waters; numerous tall chimneys in the capital were rolling out great clouds of smoke, as though industry was in full swing. The scene was very charming — so full of hope, life, and peace. The sweet spring-time, with its returning life; the vivifying rays of the great dispenser of heat and light, gathering strength there day by day; the song of the bird, and the bursting of each blade and bud, seemed emblematical of fresh vigor and new life to the nation which had just issued from such a long, dreary winter of suffering and woe. Who would have then thought that "the end was not yet," but that darker scenes had yet to come! Valerien is a five-sided fortress. The lines of the pentagon are, on the side nearest Paris, about four hundred metres long; on the opposite front they measure only three hundred and fifty. The contour of these lines is, as is the case also at Issy, drawn on the French bastion-trace, and they were armed with twenty-four, twelve, and six-pounder bronze muzzle-loading guns. Within a circle having a radius of about half a mile from the fort as a centre, the ground rises in gentle slopes. It is devoted principally to the culture of the vine, and is of a bare and uninteresting character. Within the bastion-trace the gradient becomes much more steep, and the land rises rapidly to a height of about four hundred feet, forming a steep hill, having an artificially levelled top, on which are erected partially casemated barracks for the accommodation of troops, bomb-proof magazines for ammunition, officers' quarters, commandant's house, chapel, and numerous other buildings. On this flat summit is also erected a battery, armed with the heaviest iron naval guns in the possession of the French. These are breech-loading pieces, and two of them measure sixteen centimetres in diameter of bore. Raised above its fellows, on a "cavalier," or mound of earth, protected by gabions, sand-bags, barns filled with clay, &c., is placed a huge breech-loading piece of ordnance. Fixed on each side of the wrought-iron carriage are two davits, or cranes, fitted with tackles, whereby the muzzle can be hove up or lowered, in order to depress or elevate the gun. So unwieldy is this gigantic weapon that without the assistance of some such mechanical contrivance it would have been impossible

to alter the angle at which the gun was originally fixed. This cannon measures twenty-five centimetres in diameter of bore, and is the one which threw a bolt about seventy-five centimetres in length right across the Seine on to the slope below the terrace at St. Germain, thereby scattering the crowd of idle sight-seers congregated there, and interfering considerably with the digestion of the peaceful diners in the hospitable *salons* of the Pavilion Henry IV. Below this monster are the other two breech-loading iron guns of nineteen centimetres calibre, which fired on Bougival and Ville St. Cloud; while on either side of them the batteries are filled up with eight muzzle-loading marine guns, of sixteen centimetres bore. Half way up the slope, between the ordinary bastions and the heavy naval battery, and on the southern face of the hill, was a tier of guns, principally twenty-four-pounders, throwing a long conical shot of fifty-six pounds in weight. Most of these were directed against Sévres, Montretout and Ville d'Auray. On this level also a splinter-proof battery was in course of construction; the uprights had been fixed, but the work would seem to have been suddenly interrupted, as there were no preparations visible for completing the frame, or mounting guns. The guns are all mounted *en barbette*, and many of them are placed on fronts and faces unprovided with embrasures, and have been simply fired over the edge of the parapet. These guns have been elevated to such an angle that it was found necessary to depress the trails into holes dug in the earth for that purpose.

Besides the defences of the principal fort, two outlying earthworks or redoubts had been thrown up during the siege; one in the direction of Rueil, and at a considerable distance from the main work, with which it is connected by traverses. This is the redoubt well known to you under the name of the "Windmill battery," which was very active in its attentions to the fourth corps during the sortie of the 21st. No siege guns had been mounted in it. It was armed for the occasion with field artillery only. The other outwork is thrown out upon the southern, or, more properly speaking, the south-western side. It was armed with heavy guns, and was very active at one time. It was this battery which shelled the Landwehr officers out of their comfortable, quiet quarters near Marly, and from the audacious mouth of one of its guns was thrown the shell which fell not far from the acqueduct of Marly, having been, it is supposed, aimed at a distinguished group who were surveying the scene from the secure elevation afforded by that building. At Valerien or at Issy the French appeared to have wasted their time, and thrown away their opportunities sadly; scarcely any preparation had been made for a bombardment. No proper measures had been taken to provide even proper sleeping places for the men, and the bastion fronts and batteries were very much exposed.

The homeward route lay through St. Cloud. St. Cloud once contained in itself all the evidences of what we consider a highly civilized phase of existence. Inhabited by men whose delight it was to gather up all that wealth, industry, and artistic skill could produce, its houses were patterns of ornamental science and art. And what has been the net result of this? What is the appearance of the place now? Rows of skeleton houses, bare blackened walls, charred rafters, and deserted hearths, show how quickly man can destroy what man has toiled and striven to set up. Could we but comprehend the misery that is represented by these outward signs, and trace to the end the story connected with each shattered dwelling and each nameless grave, we might well cry in despair, How can these things be? Where is the Providence that allows the innocent to suffer for faults or ignorances they were powerless to control?

The road from here passed through the Park of St. Cloud, where the scene, equally desolate, became in its bareness almost grotesque. The chateau stood a black, fire-riven wreck, looking strangely out of place with the still neat, though neglected, contour of the orange-trees and clipped yews. The statues did not appear to have shared in the universal grief. Venus, with mock modesty, was still calling attention to her half-hidden charms. Fauns were dancing, satyrs grinning, and gentlemen with nothing on still complacently playing quoits. These statues were so utterly at variance with the scene, and in their action, attitudes, and occupations reflected such a bitter moral, such a biting sarcasm, upon the lives, thoughts, and feelings of the men around them, that had I wished to write an essay upon the mutability of human affairs, I should have sat down for my inspiration beneath one of the shell-struck chestnuts in the park.

LA MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR.

PROPHECIES frequently work their own fulfilment. Macbeth, if we are to believe the old chronicles, might never have been Duncan's murderer, nor King of Scotland, had not the "weird sisters" suggested the crime by prophetic warnings; and Jeanne Antoinette Poisson might never have become the mistress and counsellor of Louis XV., nor have swayed the destinies of France, had not a French sibyl foretold that she, Jeanne, would one day become "part and parcel of the king," and a lucky prophecy it proved, at least for Madame Lebon (the sibyl), its fulfilment obtaining for her an annuity of six hundred livres for the remainder of her life.

Poisson *mère* was refined and educated — a woman of great beauty, a sceptic, and a philosopher, with no morals to speak of. She seized upon the prophecy with the utmost avidity, and resolved to bring it to pass. Jeanne Antoinette was only nine years of age when her destiny was revealed to her, and from that time her mother never ceased inflaming the girl's imagination by glowing pictures of her preordained greatness, until the realization of these pictures became the dream of her life. Such mothers and daughters were very common in France during the eighteenth century.

Poisson *père* was attached to the victualling department of the army, and made much money, but was a man of extremely coarse and vulgar habits — failings which caused Madame la Marquise, in her great days, much annoyance. One day, when intoxicated (so say the scandalous chronicles of the period), he staggered into his daughter's apartment, while the king was with her, and familiarly slapping the royal visitor upon the shoulder, saluted him with "*Ah, mon gendre!*" (Ah, son-in-law!) For this breach of etiquette M. de Poisson was banished the court, and narrowly escaped being the subject of a *lettre de cachet*.

Jeanne Antoinette was extremely beautiful: golden hair, elegant figure, dignified presence, and noble features, of which the great charm lay rather in their wondrous mobility than in their regularity of form. Even her bitterest enemies agree that no painter has or could do justice to her rare charms of expression. To this beauty she united, thanks to her mother, every elegant and intellectual accomplishment; she played bewitchingly upon the lute and the clavecin, danced and sang like a professional *artiste*; as an actress she was scarcely surpassed by the most accomplished ladies of the Comédie Française; she engraved admirably upon stone and steel, and her skill in the use of the brush and the pencil is attested in the paintings upon some of the finest specimens of Sévres porcelain that we possess, and which bear her name.

At twenty her mother married her to Lenormand d'Etioles, the nephew of Lenormand de Tournehem, a rich farmer-general; the husband was little, ugly, and ill-shaped, and as contemptible in mind as he was in body. For such an one the brilliant Jeanne could have neither love nor respect. Her thoughts were still running upon the prophecy, and she used naïvely to say to M. d'Etioles, "I will never be unfaithful to you save for the King of France and Navarre!" To this reservation, to which the gentleman seems to have made no objection, she faithfully adhered, for with all her faults, a plurality of lovers was not amongst them.

Madame d'Etioles made her house the resort of all that was brilliant in art and letters; poets, actors, painters, musicians, and nobles assembled there to do homage to her

beauty and her wit. A private theatre was fitted up, in which she first developed those splendid histrionic abilities which were thereafter to delight the court of France. Voltaire himself superintended there the production of his plays, and gained the friendship of the fair hostess — a friendship which, in after years, stood him in good stead, and which he lost only through that bitter envy of disposition that could not endure to see a rival honored above himself. To him she confided her ambitious aspirations. "I believe in my destiny," she said to him one day.

That destiny was soon to be accomplished. D'Etioles had a mansion in the neighborhood of the Forest of Senart, where the king hunted. Madame d'Etioles used to follow the chase, magnificently attired, in a carriage of ebony and ivory, shaped like a car, and her great beauty quickly attracted royal eyes. One day the king shot a stag close to her gates; etiquette demanded the presentation of the antlers to the fair *châtelaine*, and kneeling and blushing, with pleased confusion, Jeanne Antoinette received the complimentary gift from her monarch's own hands.

The days had long gone by when the young king, devoted only to the chase and Marie Leczinska, had stood aloof from the corrupt allurements of his court; he had long since ceased to ask, when a lady's charms were praised in his presence, "Is she as beautiful as the Queen?" — it has been said that that lady's somewhat frigid nature was largely accountable for the unhappy change, to which the unfortunate De Mailly sisters had already fallen victims. He became fascinated by the beautiful *bourgeoise*. Their next meeting was at a masked ball given at the Hôtel de Ville in celebration of the Dauphin's marriage. From that time their meetings were frequent. Noble in features, majestic and elegant in figure, Louis was at that period the handsomest man in France, and that which had been the effect of evil training, and the ambition of an idea, was, as far as Jeanne's naturally cold temperament would admit of such a passion, softened into love.

For two years Madame d'Etioles was favorite sultana only in private. When the admirable Madame Poisson heard her daughter spoken of as the king's mistress, she was lying upon a sick-bed. "I have nothing more to wish for!" she cried piously, and died of joy! Volumes of description could not more fully illustrate the utter moral corruption of the age.

In the next campaign, Madame d'Etioles accompanied her royal lover to Flanders; but, remembering the fate of the Duchess de Châteauroux, she doffed her woman's dress and donned the disguise of a young officer of musketeers.*

From that period her position was openly proclaimed and recognized; upon her return to France apartments were assigned to her at Versailles, and — according to the custom introduced by Henry IV. and copied from him by succeeding sovereigns — she was formally introduced to the Queen and to the royal family. By Marie Leczinska she was received graciously enough; but the Dauphin lolled out his tongue in token of contempt, for which the king made him afterwards apologize. In 1745, she was created Marquise de Pompadour. In the mean time, M. d'Etioles was compensated for his widowhood by a farmer-generalship, and afterwards by the place of *fermier des postes*. He frequently boasted of the king's protection. When he required any thing he grew troublesome, talked about his wrongs, and threatened to claim his wife; but a handsome *douceur* never failed to restore him to his normal condition of amiable resignation.

The new Marquise had now attained the height of her ambitious hopes; all France was at her feet, nobles fawned upon her, and court ladies, who a little time before would have scorned to receive her as a guest, were now eager to assist her in the menial offices of her toilette. She scattered gold and offices upon her relatives, even the most distant; her cousin, a drummer, was made captain of dragoons; her brother, a man of talent, however, was made director-general of buildings, arts, and manufactures, and created Marquis de Vandières, a title afterwards changed to that of Marigny.* To literary men and artists she extended the most liberal patronage; she made Marmontel her secretary, she brought Pigalle the sculptor out of his obscurity, and afterwards drew for him the design for his statue of Louis XV.; she patronized Glück, who had failed to gain any attention in the Bœotian England of the first Georges, and it was under her auspices that his "Orfeo" was produced; to her Montesquieu dedicated his greatest work; and to her Voltaire owed his first introduction to court. The king always disliked Voltaire; he once said that he *feared* him, and a breach of etiquette nearly lost the poet his newly-gained favor.

Pompadour had a theatre fitted up at Versailles, of which the Duke de la Vallière was the director, the Abbé de la Garde the prompter, and the lady herself the principal actress. To celebrate the triumph of Fontenoy, Voltaire wrote a kind of pageant, entitled "Le Temple de la Gloire," in which the parts were executed by the ladies and gentlemen of the court, including La Pompadour herself. To favor the author, she had placed him in the king's box, and on the first representation Voltaire found himself standing immediately behind the king, who was designated in the spectacle as Trajan. When that august personage appeared upon the scene, the poet became so excited that, in a transport of self-gratulation, he caught the real monarch in his arms, crying, "Eh, Trajan, you recognize yourself, do you not?" This daring breach of decorum caused a terrible commotion, the offender was removed by the guards, and would certainly have been banished had it not been for the good offices of his patroness. She afterwards conferred upon him the dignity of gentleman in ordinary of the chamber, and the post of historiographer. Her friendship for Voltaire survived even the lampoons and abuse with which he so plentifully bespattered her during his residence at Potsdam, and she frequently interceded with the king to allow him to return to France.†

One of her most disinterested acts of kindness was bestowed upon the old poet Crébillon, who was at the time eighty years of age: she settled upon him a handsome annuity, appointed him to the sinecure of librarian, which included a lodging in the Louvre, and presented to him a magnificent impression of his own works, of which she herself had engraved the tail pieces. Under her reign genius of all kinds found a warm welcome in the court of France.

Not to literature and art alone did she confine her influence and her patronage. At her suggestion the great Ecole Militaire was first founded; the groves of the Champs Elysées were planted, and the trees of the boulevards, as far as the Porte St. Martin. She drew a grand plan for rebuilding Paris, of which only a portion was executed, but of that portion are the Place de Louis Quinze, the Place Vendôme, the Madeleine, &c. But the greatest of all her works was the establishment of the great Sévres manufactory. The idea was first suggested by the sight of some very beautiful specimens of porcelain, brought by Charles Adams to the king. An attempt had been made in Louis XIII.'s time to introduce into France the manufacture of porcelain, but it had signally failed. Under the ardent auspices of Pompadour, however, who drew with her own hand, and occasionally painted some of the finest designs, the Sévres ware became the most celebrated in Europe. In all these undertakings she was ably seconded by the talents of her brother, the Marquis de Marigny.

Upon a hill that commanded a fine view of the manufac-

* The Duchess de Châteauroux had attended Louis in his first campaign, but when the King was seized with that dangerous illness at Metz the clergy banished her from his presence, and the mob drove her from the town, with howls and execrations. Her sudden and tragical death followed soon afterwards.

* In consequence of the nobility punning upon the word "Vandières," and nicknaming him the "Marquis d'Avant-hier" (Marquis of the day before yesterday).

† The origin of all this abuse was envy and disappointed ambition — envy of the patronage bestowed upon poor old Crébillon, and disappointment at not being raised to certain dignities, which he coveted. Whatever were her faults, she did not deserve the abuse of the man who owed his own elevation to the patronage with which they had gifted her. Her subsequent intercession with the king is scarcely indicative of that malignant disposition against all who crossed her with which certain writers have sought to still further blacken a name too deeply dyed already with incontrovertible misdeeds.

tory, of the windings of the Seine, of the city of Paris, and of the beautiful country around, she caused to be erected that exquisite temple of luxury, destroyed during the Revolution — Belle Vue. Upon the erection of this building, and upon its adornment with every beauty of art that could charm the senses, three million livres were expended. Falconet, Coustan, Adam, Verbreck, Pigalle, were the sculptors; Boucher, Vanloo, Oudry, Pierre, Vernet, were the painters; but all these worked under her orders and through her inspiration. So interested was the king in the new building, that during the progress of the works he frequently remained with the workmen throughout the whole day, sometimes even taking his dinner among them! It was completed in the depth of winter, but even the barrenness of the season was overcome by the mimicry of art. The conservatories and rooms were filled with the most gorgeous flowers, from which were emitted exquisite odors. So perfect was the imitation of nature, that on first seeing them the king put his fingers to the stem of one to pluck it, and found that those floral beauties were simply painted porcelain, into the calyces of which had been poured a drop of the perfume associated with the flowers represented. It was here that La Pompadour gave her *petits soupers*, which consisted of never less than forty-eight different dishes.

Talking of *les petits soupers* suggests a yet more celebrated and equally splendid palace, which is yet standing, Le petit Trianon. It was here that Louis chiefly loved to cast aside the restraints of royalty, and, surrounded by *ses intimes*, to wander through those enchanting gardens, and to gather and distribute among them with his own hands the delicious fruits and flowers that grew there, luscious as those of Armida; or, better still, to entertain them with gastronomical delicacies. These suppers were prepared by noble hands alone, for in those days gastronomy was not only a science but a fine art, and an indispensable accomplishment for a fine gentleman. When one of these suppers was decided upon, his Majesty left Versailles before mid-day, accompanied by the Ducs de Goutant, d'Ayen, de Coigni, de la Vallière, the Prince de Beaufrement, and the Marquis de Polignac. Upon their arrival at the Little Trianon the *cuisine* was carried into the *salon*, and there, assisted by the Count de Croismare, the Chevalier de Brusse, grand equerries; the Chevalier Saint Saveur, and the Marquis de Montmorency, officers of the body-guard; together with four pages who acted as under-cooks and scullions, the meal was prepared. The king himself donned the cook's apron, and was celebrated for his *poulets au basilic* and eggs prepared in different ways; M. Goutant was the hero of the salad, Coigni of the *rôti;* each member of the party was famous in some particular branch of the art, and all were ever tasking their ingenuity to invent new dishes. Both here and at Belle Vue the attendance of domestics was entirely dispensed with; when one course was finished, a stamp of the foot signalled the attendants beneath; the table sank through a trap in the floor, and another ready furnished rose in its place. The *salons* in which these suppers were eaten were adorned with all that was exquisite in nature and art; the dishes were interspersed with vases filled with the rarest and most beautiful flowers; the walls were covered with the finest paintings; statuary was everywhere; every article of furniture was a model of beauty. Licentious as these brilliant reunions were, they still form a favorable contrast to the coarse drunken gluttony that characterized the English feeds of the time, which were equally sensual and far more brutish. La Pompadour was the first who introduced those refinements and elegances of the table which so obtain at the present day.

In 1752 the king bestowed upon her the distinction of the *tabouret* and the honors of a duchess, which conferred the privilege of sitting in the presence of the queen. A pension of 4,000 livres a month had been settled upon her, independent of the large gifts of money which were constantly bestowed upon her by her royal lover. For the purchase of the magnificent hotel of the Count D'Evreux, in the Champs Elysées, she received 800,000 livres. Among other estates she owned the lands of Crécy, of Montretout, of La Celle, of d'Aulnay, of de St. Rémy, and the hôtels of Compiègne, Fontainebleau, and Versailles. In the archives at Versailles are preserved an account of her expenses during her nineteen-years' reign. The sum total is 40,000,000 livres. A note in her own handwriting states that out of this enormous sum she had given to the poor 150,000 livres! *

A heart disease, constantly aggravated by a life of restless, anxious excitement, impaired her personal charms at an early age, and during the latter years of her life her connection with the king was a purely platonic one. Louis was indolent and hated business, and upon this weakness she founded a new empire. She plunged into state affairs, and in time became his chief political adviser; ministers were appointed and displaced at her pleasure; foreign affairs, home affairs, even war affairs, all came under her influence. While the king amused himself at a printing-press, or with some other trifling, she would be drawing out plans of campaign. Incapable ministers, incapable officers, peculation, jobbery, monopolies, and ruinous taxation were the results of this influence.

But both at home and abroad her power was omnipotent. Even the haughty Marie Thérèse condescended to smile upon her — to address her as "dear cousin!" And it was to avenge the contempt and abuse that Frederick of Prussia unceasingly heaped upon her that she so eagerly advocated the Austrian alliance, which was ultimately concluded.

But these political labors were light compared to those of another task with which the necessities of her position burdened her. From his earliest youth Louis had been afflicted with a profound melancholy and an almost unconquerable *ennui;* to this temperament, rather than to innate vices, may be attributed that utter moral corruption into which he ultimately fell. To soothe this melancholy, to divert this *ennui* by an unceasing round of novel amusements and dissipations, was the task which Pompadour undertook, and was the means by which she held her empire over her fickle lover until the last day of her life. The secret of that empire is contained in a sentence — *she rendered herself indispensable to his mode of life.* Upon these diversions were lavished millions wrung from a starving people. To provide entertainments, the ingenuity of poets and artists was put continually upon the rack; each one was more curious and costly than its predecessor; but the king had no taste for art or literature, and the novelty of the thing once exhausted, it became wearisome to him. To divert his melancholy Belle Vue was built, a private theatre was established at Versailles, balls, feasts, *petit soupers* were given and still the demon within him craved for new food. Intellectual and artistic pleasures were soon exhausted, and then diversion had to be found in vice; vice, not only as it luxuriated in courts and in the *beau monde*, but as it festered in the gutters and alleys. In one of the suburbs of Paris there was a low tavern, kept by one Ramponneau, whose convivial disposition and coarse wit attracted an enormous custom to his house. By and by his celebrity reached even to the court. Eureka! a new pleasure to divert the royal spleen! Nobles, princes of the blood, even ladies of the court, disguised themselves, and paid visits to the gay *cabaretier*, to listen to his gross anecdotes, his ribaldry, and obscene wit, and to carry them away for the delectation of their royal master. Far from desiring to conceal their relish for such uncourtly pleasures, they openly blazoned it to the world, and the *cabaretier*, for a season, became the fashion — the rage. His songs and sayings were in every noble mouth, male and female, — his name was given to every new fashion, — clothes, furniture, sauces, dishes, — and they alone were looked upon as worthy of ridicule who had nothing *à la Ramponneau!* And when the piquancy of Ramponneau was exhausted, scouts were sent out at night to scour the human sewers of Paris, to collect their filth, to collect stories of debauch, and vile anecdotes for the king's morning amusement!

*Among the items are 1,200,000 livres for her domestics; for her table, 3,504,800; for her comedies and fêtes, 4,000,000; for her coaches and horses, 3,000,000. After her death her wardrobe was valued at 350,000 livres; her china (models for Sévres), 101,945 livres. Her library, very rich in MSS., sold for £40,000.

When her faded charms rendered her no longer an object of passion, and the wretched woman was pursued, night and day, by the tormenting fear of a rival supplanting her, she resorted to the horrible expedient of seeking out for her lover new mistresses, carefully selecting them from an inferior rank of society, and such whose influence could only be transitory. Then came the establishment of the Parc aux Cerfs, that most hideous scandal of a scandalous reign. The daughters of the citizens, some scarcely more than children, were continually abducted and brought to this place, where the King, as a pretended Polish noble (a relative of the Queen), visited them. No young girl possessing any claims to beauty was safe from the raids of his panders, who were ever in search of new victims.

Think of the life of this woman, busying herself in every affair of state, ever racking her brain to invent new diversions, new vices for an incurable *ennui*, and ever pursued by the phantom of a coming rival who should deprive her of the fruits of her toils. Ambition and retribution divided her soul between them. Well might she say, "My life has been a perpetual fight."

The *ennui* of Louis XV. is said to have cost the nation one hundred million livres! This sum is perhaps an exaggerated one; but even an approximation to it is terrible to think of. For besides these costly pleasures, there were the burthens imposed by years of ruinous war. The effects of this enormous expenditure upon the condition of the people is thus terribly described in one of the "Want Memorials" which were sent in to Pompadour from all parts of the country after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. "I cannot," says the writer, "represent the wretchedness that reigns in this province. The earth yields nothing. Most of the farmers, unable to live by the products of their lands, have abandoned them. Some have become beggars, and others soldiers; many have gone away to foreign countries. A hamlet which before the war supported fifteen hundred inhabitants, can scarcely furnish necessaries for six hundred. Cattle have diminished in proportion with men. The country is in absolute need of cattle; in most of the villages where labor is still carried on men do the work of oxen." Another writer writes thus:—"The subjects of the king diminish every day in this province; soon there will be no longer any inhabitants. I have desired the curés of the different parishes to furnish me with lists of baptisms and burials, and the number of the deaths exceeds the numbers of the living; but of fifty of the king's subjects there are scarcely two who have bread to eat. Others die from want. Marriage is almost unknown, and the children that are born are the offspring of debauchery."

Riots broke out in the streets of Paris, and gaunt, famished wretches pursued the king's carriage with cries of "Bread! bread!" But the courtiers closed his ears against these cries, and were assiduous only in effacing from his mind those dark images. In the Gallery at Versailles was a picture representing a Roman emperor giving bread to the people, and this was removed, in order that the king might not be reminded of the wants of the populace. And he and his companions feasted and revelled, and the sale of corn was a monopoly, and people died of want in the streets.

"After us the deluge!" said Pompadour, prophetically. Verily the clouds had long been gathering. Scores of years before she or her royal lover came into the world, the groans and tears of the oppressed, and their cries for justice, had been rising from earth to heaven and evoking Divine wrath. With Louis XIV. began this storm-gathering—with those long, desolating wars that brought only ruin and defeat upon the government, and upon the masses a terrible heritage of suffering to be transmitted from father to son. To complete the labor that Richelieu had commenced, and upon the ruins of the feudal system to erect an absolute and irresponsible monarchy, was the leading aim of the Grand Monarque's life. In the splendor of his Oriental court the nobility became mere gilded butterflies, a portion of the trappings that set off his own magnificence, but having no vitality apart from him. The nobles, by their constant attendance upon the king, became alienated from the peasantry, who were ground down to support their extravagance at Versailles; thus the best ties of the feudal system, those ties which in the old days rendered the interests of lord and vassal in some measure identical, were broken, and the lord soon became, in the eyes of the vassal, simply a tyrant and an oppressor. Many of the nobility, unable to keep pace with the splendor of the court,—their estates sold, or hopelessly mortgaged,—sank into the condition of mere peasant-farmers. Gloomy, discontented, ever inwardly contrasting the past power of their family with their present degradation, the proud blood of the old *noblesse* that coursed through their veins revolting against their menial position, heart-sick, weary, longing for any change that would break the fetters of their vile bondage, the descendants of these men became the leading and most dangerous spirits of the early days of the Revolution. Thus, the very means by which the king had thought to most effectually cement absolutism, proved one of its strongest disintegrating elements.

The numbers of the discontented were largely swelled by the ingratitude of his successor. Lapped in Sybaritish luxury, Louis XV. cared little for the brave men who fought the battles of the country, who shed their blood and expended their patrimonies to uphold a monarch who at times would not even deign to receive them. After the battle of Fontenoy, the Chevalier de Modena presented himself at Versailles, and craved an audience with the king; but as his dress was that which he had worn upon the battle-field, admission was refused him. "This dress still bears upon it the dust of Fontenoy, which ought to be a proud sight for the king," answered the old soldier. But such excuses were no passport at Versailles; the chevalier was ordered to don a more ceremonious garb, and then he might be admitted. "I have none but this, nor the means to procure any other; I sold my last rood of land to make the last compaign," was the reply.

The more reason that he should not be admitted; why should the repose of Sardanapalus be troubled by the presence of beggared soldiers? And so the brave old noble was not suffered to put foot within the palace. Stung to the soul by the thought of the unworthy treatment he had received in return for all his sacrifices, he vented his wrath in the following verses:—

"Serviles instruments de triomphes nouveaux,
Victimes des projets dont cette cour abonde,
Courez, pioches, minez, et montez aux assauts,
Sacrifiez vos jours au plus grand roi du monde:
Louis vous le permet! combattre vos états.
Mais ne paraissez point au grand jour qui s'apprête:
Votre ombre importun pourrait troubler la fête,
Et vos habits poudreux en terniraient l'éclat."

For this "seditious" utterance of his wrongs, orders were given for his arrest, and it was only by a timely flight into his own country of Avignon that he escaped, what might have been, a life-long incarceration in the Bastille!

But although brave soldiers were refused admittance to Versailles on account of their battle-stained costume, the rigid etiquette and almost Eastern severance of ranks which had obtained under the Grand Monarque all but disappeared in the court of his successor. La Pompadour was a *bourgeoise*, the first who had ever risen to the "honors" of the acknowledged favorite in the court of France. The etiquette and aristocratic exclusiveness of the last reign were standing protests against her position. To nullify such protests by breaking down the distinctions of caste was her natural impulse. The task was one of little difficulty, for the court, wearied of tedious ceremony and autocratic seclusion, plunged into the opposite extreme, and, rioting in its new-found liberty, mingled with *bourgeois* and artisan in one common debauchery. It was the beginning of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity;" but thereafter the people improved upon the lesson, and applied it in a way of which its first promoters never dreamed. The glamour of rank that had hitherto dazzled the eyes of the commonality was dispelled, and the eyes saw, instead of demi-gods and demi-goddesses, men and women as commonplace and

as vicious as those to whom they belonged. The effects of this disillusion were quickly apparent; the sacredness of monarchy was openly questioned; the privileges of rank bitterly inveighed against; the "Esprit des Loix" and the "Contrat Social" struck at the very roots of the *ancien régime*. But, as though the very nobles themselves were beginning to sicken of the tainted atmosphere of decay in which they lived, or as though possessed by a strange infatuation that led them to court their own destruction Montesquieu, Rousseau, the very men who were preaching a crusade against their order, were those whom they most delighted to receive and honor. To crown this strangest anomaly of history came the Encyclopédists, whose daring pens attacked every subject, sacred and profane.

It was during the bitter wars between the Jesuits and Jansenists, in the midst of the discussions upon the bull "Unigenitus,"* that the first numbers of the "Encyclopédie" appeared. They were quickly suppressed by an order in council; but they still continued to circulate secretly. It was from that time that they began to grow really dangerous; for it was only after this public suppression that the more extreme articles were written. A secret society, of which D'Alembert, Diderot, and Voltaire were the heads, was founded for the propagation of the doctrines of Jacobinism, a society whose ramifications extended through France and Germany, whose members recognized each other by masonic signs, and the object of which was the destruction of monarchy and religion. Each of these writers had been a pupil of the Jesuits, and had learned from those masters of the art of sophistry that subtle mode of reasoning which they now employed for the destruction of their teachers.†

In 1764 was published the edict for the expulsion of the Jesuits, and with them was swept away the last barrier to the propagation of the new doctrine; and infidelity, no longer lurking shamefaced in holes and corners, flaunted itself boldly and publicly, even in the church itself. The princes of the church left the laity far behind in their vices and hideous debaucheries; the abbés were mere hangers-on at the houses of noble courtesans — panders to the rich, boon companions in every dissolute excess, ministers of religion in form, sceptics and even atheists in heart, scoffing in society at the very doctrines they preached. Religion became a byword and a jest, a subject for puns and epigrams, and the wit applauded loudest was that which contained the largest amount of blasphemy.

The whole fabric of society, from the cottage to the court, from the alley to the altar, was rotting, crumbling. There was no cohesion anywhere; love, faith, honor, religion, all were swallowed up in a gulf of seething corruption. King, priest, noble, lady, author and artist, *bourgeois*, ruffian — all mingled together in the demon revel of this hellish carnival, with the thunder-clouds above their heads, the earthquake beneath their feet, and Satan as master of the revels.

There is little more of interest to be told of the life of La Pompadour. The "fight" went on fiercely as ever, now with the Jesuits, — a severe one, involving as it did, excommunication, — now with the ministers, now with the people. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, so unfavorable in many respects to the interests of France, and the hasty conclusion of which was ascribed to her influence, rendered her name odious throughout the country. But with the attempt upon the king's life by Damiens, the contriving of which was ascribed by turns to every party in the State, not excluding the Dauphin himself — came her severest trial of strength. She was ordered to quit the palace; had even commenced preparations for doing so, but her empire was to be relinquished only with life; she clung to her position, and weathered the storm.

The family compact, the Austrian alliance, and the expulsion of the Jesuits, all of which events she largely influenced, raised her for a time into popularity. But with the news of the terrible defeat of Rosbach this transient gleam of national favor died out forever. It mattered but little now; "the fight" was nearly over — the grisly victor of all flesh had his dart ready poised, and the brilliant La Pompadour, succumbing to a painful disease that had been wearing her away for years, lay upon her death-bed. But little of that brilliance and beauty which had enslaved all hearts was left in those bloodless lips, those worn, cadaverous features. Rouge and rose-colored silk garments but made them look the more ghastly. Since some time the Church had received her back into its bosom; she was sister of a religious body, and regularly performed all the rites of a good Catholic. As her confessor, after administering extreme unction, was leaving the chamber, she cried to him, "Stay a moment, and I will go with you." Those were her last words. She expired with her hand in the king's. Her death took place in 1764. She was forty-two years old. She was carried to the grave by the Capuchin brothers; her funeral little better than a pauper's. It was a wet day, and as Louis saw the melancholy *cortége* pass along, he cynically remarked, "Madame la Marquise will have bad weather for her journey to-day!" Not one tear did he shed for the woman who had been his constant companion during so many years of her life.

It has been said that Pompadour possessed but little talent; no genuine love of art and literature, and left but little or no trace upon her age. But so harsh a judgment is untenable after a dispassionate review of her life. To estimate the moral character and to estimate the effects produced by celebrated individuals upon their age and nation, should be separate tasks. But they too frequently coalesce in an author's mind to the destruction of impartiality. That she was immoral, that she was unscrupulously ambitious, and that by her extravagance and bad counsels she worked incalculable evils upon France is indisputable. But in our judgment of this woman and of her acts we must cast aside our nineteenth-century code of morality, and try her by that of her own age — that is to say, in true British fashion, *by her peers*. What that age was I have endeavored to show; and did I dare to illustrate its corruption by stories out of the lives of its men and women, Jeanne Antoinette d'Etioles would show quite advantageously beside hundreds of her contemporaries. Moral corruption she imbibed at her mother's breast. "*C'est un morceau pour un roi!*" was the exclamation constantly in Madame Poisson's mouth when speaking of her daughter. She was educated, she was accomplished, she was trained in every elegance of life and manner to fit her for the reigning sultanaship of the royal harem. Had the girl been born a saint she could not have resisted the infection of such a training. Neither was the position of king's mistress regarded by far better mothers than Madame Poisson as a degradation, but rather as an honor for which the highest ladies in the land contested. And there is reason to believe Madame d'Etioles was faithful to her one dereliction from morality — a praise that could scarcely be extended to one of her contemporaries; it is, at all events, quite certain that her conduct was not marked by that indiscriminate licentiousness which was the general attribute of the court ladies of her age. The darkest moral taint upon her memory is the Parc aux Cerfs, the revolting and unnatural vices of which have justly excited the shuddering abhorrence of posterity.

Ambition was her ruling passion; to retain her power there was no depth of degradation into which she would not have plunged, perhaps no crime she would have left uncommitted. But she had no innate love of vice, and to crime she only resorted in a last extremity. Few, if any, deliberate and gratuitous acts of evil mark her life; the various charges that are brought against her are enormously exaggerated, being utterly at variance with the general tone of her character and known facts that indicate an opposite disposition. Had her temper been of that vindictiveness with which it is accredited she would scarcely have interceded with the king to permit the return of Voltaire, at whose hands she had received such ingratitude and bitter contempt. Neither was she deficient in generosity; the exiled House of Stuart found in her a warm and sympathizing friend to the last; upon the occasion of the

* By which extreme unction was refused to any person who could not produce a confessional note, signed by a priest; such notes being refused to all who were not Jesuitically orthodox.

† Jay, the principal of the Jesuits' College, had predicted of Voltaire that he would one day become the leader of Deism in France.

birth of Louis (afterwards the Sixteenth of that name) she urged upon the king, in place of *fêtes* and fireworks to distribute food among the poor of Paris during one month, and to endow six hundred poor girls with six hundred livres each; and in 1759 she sent her own plate and some of her treasures to the mint for public use. To literary men and artists she was a most munificent patroness; many an one whose works have become the delight of posterity might have languished and died in obscurity and neglect had it not been for the fostering care of Pompadour; and under a king utterly indifferent to intellectual pursuits men of letters and art rose to a more independent position than they could claim under the ostentatious patronage of Louis the Fourteenth.

It has been said that her patronage of art and letters, far from being the result of an innate love of them, was but the desire to raise a nobility of genius to counterbalance the nobility of birth, behind which former she sheltered her own plebeian origin. Such a scheme might have been mingled in her mind with more disinterested and spontaneous motives; but to deny all genuine love of intellectual pursuits to one who proved herself to be so exquisite an adept in several, would be to yield to an unjust prejudice. To enter into all the intricacies of diplomacy, and to even *attempt* to guide the state affairs of so great a nation as France during so critical a period of her history, argued a power of mind that but few women have possessed. But did it argue no genius to sustain during nineteen years her empire over the cold-hearted, fickle Louis, to amuse his morbid melancholy by an ever-changing variety of brilliant amusements? Surely great inventive faculties were required for such a task.

Even hostile historians admit that during her *régime* it was less the age of Louis the Fifteenth than that of Pompadour — that the taste which reigned in design, in fashions, in manners, in poesy, in every art of her time, carries her seal, and yet in the very same page they will assert that she left little or no trace upon her age! To her taste and talent France owes the first impetus which has since made her pre-eminent in art manufactures. In the streets of Paris are yet to be traced her designs, and in the magnificent establishment at Sévres, still unsurpassed, if not unrivalled, she has left one of the most splendid monuments that her country can boast.

I have no desire to gloze over the faults of this woman, or to elevate her into a heroine much wronged by posterity; neither am I prepared to receive as veracious all the abominable tales told against her by the scandalous chronicles published during and after the Revolution, of which the sole purpose was to blacken and degrade monarchy and all its belongings with the most unblushing mendacities. My only object is to present her as she was — one who, after making all allowance for her vicious life and for all the bitter evils she brought upon France, was not an utterly redeemless demon of iniquity, but a guilty, erring woman — one who, however morally destitute she might be, still possessed brilliant talents, which were frequently employed for the good of art, literature, and her country.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES MORDAUNT.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

"LORD BARNSTAPLE presents his compliments to the Reverend James Mordaunt, and will do himself the honor to wait on him at 1 P.M., on Thursday next, the 27th of July, to discuss parochial matters. An answer would oblige."

Crowshoe Castle. 25. 7. 53.

This document looks innocent and harmless at first, but it fell like a thunderbolt in the quiet household of the Rev. James Mordaunt. No one was with him when he received it but his daughter Alice; he at once handed it to her, and announced his intention of selling out the only property he had in the world, — £1,200, 3-per-cents, — and emigrating to western Canada.

"I don't think I would do that, pa," said Alice: "you are too old, my dear. Stay here and fight it out."

"I am only forty-five," returned the Rev. James, "and I am as strong as a horse; but now that this young prig of a nobleman has come to back up the Rector and the Archdeacon, I had better go at once than stay too long."

"We don't know that he is a prig, pa," said Alice.

"He took a first," said the Rev. James; "and I know what that means with a nobleman."

"Well, my dear," said Alice, "you would have taken one if you could have afforded the coaching."

"It don't matter," said the Rev. James. "His mind is poisoned against me, and I will not stand it any longer."

"You don't *know* that his mind is poisoned against you," urged Alice. "Hear the man."

"I suppose I must," said the Rev. James, with a vexed air. "But I'll tell you what I will do. I will walk over to the Bishop this afternoon, get a bed there, and come back to-morrow morning."

"Could not you borrow farmer Willesden's horse?" asked Alice; "fourteen miles is a long walk."

"I can't borrow his horse, for to-morrow is market-day, and he will want it. He would lend it to me, and say he did not want it; but I am obliged to him too much already, God bless him! How much money have we?"

"Thirteen and sixpence."

"Give me five, old girl," said the Rev. James, "because, if the palace is full, I must sleep at the inn. Where is Charles?"

"Oh! I forgot to tell you, Charles has got three days' work with the railway surveyors, at seven-and-sixpence a day. His mathematics come in very well there: I wish it would lead to something permanent."

"Is there any thing owing in the village?" asked the Rev. James.

"One-and-sixpence to the butcher," said Alice; "but I will slip round and pay that."

"Do so, old girl; and if Charles comes home before I am back, give him my love, and tell him where I am gone." And so the reverend gentleman put two half-crowns in his pocket, took his stick, and walked stoutly away to the Bishop.

The Rev. James Mordaunt was a curate of Sprowston, with a salary of £120 a year, and a private income of £35 arising from the £1,200 before spoken of. On this income he had married, and his wife had died three years afterwards, leaving him to bring up a boy and a girl, Charles and Alice, in the most grinding poverty. Charles was now twenty-one, and his sister nineteen, both of them marvels of beauty and intelligence. Mr. Mordaunt had nothing to give them but learning, example, and love; and he gave them all these three things without stint. Too hopelessly poor to give much in charity, he was more deeply loved by the poor than any man for miles round; and his son and daughter shared the love which was their father's due, and they deserved it. Knowing absolutely nothing of the outside world, except what their father had told them from old recollections, they grew up perfectly innocent and contented, supposing that other poor people's lives were much like their own.

Their father was a tremendous power in their little world, — there was no appeal from him. The magistrates made room for his shabby coat on the bench, and were relieved when he was gone, taking his handsome, inexorable face and his withering oratory with him. The boldest farmer grew pale if he appeared to eat his eighteenpenny worth at the market ordinary: they wondered among one another whose turn it was for a few stinging and never-to-be-forgotten words. The lash of the man's satire brought blood, and blood which took a long time in healing; but the man's life was so blameless, so noble, and so pure, that, as years went on, the very stupidest farmers began to see that he was living consistently that life which he discoursed on every Sunday from the pulpit — the life of Christ. He made them fear him first; they got to love him afterwards.

He came suddenly from Oxford with a young wife, and he at once began fighting everybody; he took up the case of the agricultural poor, and fought the farmers more like a fiend than a decent English clergyman. He had no money, which was a disadvantage; and he had less than no influence, which was possibly worse. But he fought on for all that, through thick and thin. It was a long and dark night for him after his wife died, and when he had to wake up in the morning and find she was not by his side, but in the cold churchyard outside the window. It was a long and bitter struggle to rear those two poor children without any money at all; but the man won. People generally — lords, squires, magistrates, farmers — began to be aware of a pale, handsome, and very poor man, with twice the brains and three times the debating power of any of them, who went up and down their little world, not *pleading* for the poor, but *ordering* that the law of the land should be put in force in their favor.

The poor, as a matter of course, took to him at once; the farmers were longer in winning, for they said that he made mischief, as he certainly did. But one day at the market dinner Farmer Willesden, his chief opponent at first, saw that although he had often "caught it" from Mr. Mordaunt, yet he always, somehow, found Mr. Mordaunt in the right; and, that Mr. Mordaunt was as game to stand between landlord and tenant as he was to stand between farmer and laborer. In short, Mr. Mordaunt had won the respect of the farmers; and such is the bull-headed persistency of those gentlemen, that if you once gain their confidence you must be an utter fool to lose it again.

When he first came into the parish the lord of the manor, Lord Barnstaple, was very old, and was devoting the remainder of a very busy and well-spent life to politics; when he was not in his place in the House of Lords he was at Cannes. The Bishop was also very old and very cynical, having been throughout all his life a politician far more than an ecclesiastic, a writer of pamphlets more than a preacher. The Rector of Sprowston was also infirm and quite unfit for his duties. Lord Barnstaple was a very strong Whig, and it was to his influence that the Bishop owed his position, while the infirm rector was also a Whig and an old college friend of Lord Barnstaple's. What between whiggery and old age, not one of the three interfered in any way with Mr. Mordaunt; but time brought changes, and at the time when Mr. Mordaunt had got everybody with him the old rector died. He sent for Mr. Mordaunt on his death-bed, and urged him to persevere in his present course as long as he lived.

"I have wasted my life in politics, Mordaunt," he said, "or I would have done what you are doing. I earnestly beg of you to persevere. Remember my words and don't give up. One of the reasons why I am loth to die, even now, is, that you have got a worthless man and tyrant coming. I could not stop it; Lord Barnstaple wishes to be rid of the man, and make him hold his tongue; so he has shelved him here. I have extorted a promise from Lord Barnstaple that you are not to be removed, save at your own wish — that is all which I could do. Be as wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove. Good-by, my dear Mordaunt: I wish I was young again, and able to stand beside you. You will find that I have left you my private sacramental plate; take it as an earnest of what might have been if I had been younger. Good-by."

So the good old fellow died, and the Rev. L. Easy reigned in his stead. Mr. Easy was the greatest of all bear leaders of ancient or modern times: for winking at or ignoring vice among rich young men he was a Petronius Arbiter: in expanding on the virtues of a protecting family he was a Horace. The worst of it was that he was a dunce, and when the pestilent system of competitive examination came in it was discovered that, although the famous Letmedown Easy could still conceal or palliate the vices of his pupils, he was utterly unable to get them through their examinations. He found his old trade going from under his feet and into the hands of honest men; he had saved money, but it would never pay him to invest in the employment of coaches; he was as nearly as possible retiring from the trade when a job fell into his hands which enabled him to retire with honor. The second son of Lord Barnstaple was requested to retire from Eton without further delay, and did so retire.

Lord Barnstaple was at Cannes when he heard of this terrible blow; but he wrote to the bishop, and the bishop, then very infirm, wrote that Easy was always the man in these cases. Lord Barnstaple sent Lord Edward Hemling to Mr. Easy with a letter in which certain contingencies were mentioned if the lad could be got through his examination for the army. It has been said that the old nobleman promised him a thousand pounds and his next living; and it has also been said that when Lord Edward Hemling arrived, and was examined by the Rev. Mr. Easy, that the reverend gentleman scratched his head and told his wife that he did not half like the job. Encouraged by her, however, she being ten times more unscrupulous than himself, he undertook the matter. Then follows a very odd and dark story. A young man, a printer, was sentenced to six months' hard labor for stealing some papers two days before the examination. Duplicate proofs were taken, and only one set were found on the young man (now married and conducting a flourishing printing business in Ontario); as to what had become of the other set the young man was most discreetly silent, and he did his six months with a joyous alacrity which won him the good opinion of every official in Coldbath Fields. In the mean time Lord Edward had passed his examination, and had joined a regiment of the foot-guards, and after three months was requested to exchange for being drunk at mess. A meeting of the Guards' Club unanimously expelled him, and he shortly afterwards joined a West India regiment on the west coast of Africa; and in spite of all that his hard-worked brother officers could do for him by advice and assistance, he died of drink and fever.

Still Mr. Easy had fulfilled his bargain with Lord Barnstaple, and Lord Barnstaple was not a man who forgot. On the rector's death Mr. Easy came into the living of Sprowston, and all the Lord Barnstaples in the world could not put him out of it. Besides, he knew things about Lord Edward which it was impossible to talk about in society, but about which there was nothing to prevent his talking now that he had got every thing he could possibly get; he had, therefore, the whip hand of Lord Barnstaple, and, having been a rogue all his life, he would not scruple to use it if it suited his purpose. The only thing which kept Mr. Mordaunt's house over his head was this:

Lord Bideford, the eldest son of Lord Barnstaple, was a very different man to his brother Lord Edward. He was by another mother. Lord Barnstaple had married, first, Lady Alice Barty, the beauty of a family which has given us some of our best statesmen, and by her he had Lord Bideford. A long time after her death his lordship made a most imprudent marriage, and the less which is said about that the better; the offspring of this marriage was Lord Edward. Lord Bideford was a very silent young man, and no one seemed to know any thing about him, save that he had taken a "first" at Oxford, and was very silent in Parliament. Now, in the course of nature, Lord Bideford would soon be Lord Barnstaple, and master of Crowshoe. Mrs. Easy, who was fond of dress and show, was very anxious to have the *entrée* of that castle; and, as some rumors had reached her as to the fact that the young lord was not only very silent but very obstinate, she urged on her husband that it would be very impolitic to take ultimate measures with regard to Mr. Mordaunt until they had gathered the opinions of Lord Bideford. Meanwhile she quite agreed to the plan of leading him the life of a dog, and making his resignation his own act: they could get a young man cheaper by sixty pounds, and that would enable her to go to London every year.

Mr. Mordaunt was a very mild High-Churchman, and had introduced some extremely mild alterations in the church service, after a long consultation with the farmers; who, being every one of them Conservatives, gladly acquiesced in what he did when he pointed out to them that he was simply carrying out the directions of the Prayer-book, on which they pinned their faith. He shortened the services

individually, although the actual length of them was greater than ever. He had a communion at eight o'clock every Sunday morning, which was well attended; and, in fact, did quietly and exactly what the Prayer-book told him to do. He made also, on the other hand, great friends with the dissenting minister (Wesleyan); and they had hot arguments in their walks as to what John Wesley would say if he knew that his followers had seceded from the establishment after his death. Then an Irish harvestman fell ill in his parish; and when Mr. Mordaunt found that he was a Roman Catholic, he borrowed farmer Willesden's horse and gig, drove to the nearest town where there was a Roman Catholic priest, and fetched him over in triumph in broad daylight, and insisted on his staying all night, asking one or two of the farmers, and his friend the dissenting minister, to meet him in the evening. The evening passed off in the most charming manner; though the Wesleyan minister afterwards told Mr. Mordaunt that he was vexed at not being able to hold his own in learning, with the man of the Establishment, or the Romanist. Farmer Willesden was so taken with the Romanist, that he sent him a pair of spring chickens on Good Friday, in all innocence, thinking that it would be a delicate attention, under the impression that Good Friday was the great holiday of the Romish Church.

Now, all these lapsarian backslidings from grace were very soon told to the Rev. Letmedown Easy, by the admiring farmers. That they were abominable and audacious, no one could deny; the question was, how to utilize them with Lord Bideford, and procure the removal of Mr. Mordaunt without shutting up Crowshoe Castle. They could save sixty pounds a year by getting rid of Mr. Mordaunt.

The first question with this worthy pair was this: what *was* Lord Bideford? Lord Barnstaple was a shining light among the evangelicals, and it was notorious that his brother-in-law had practically appointed the last five bishops. He was too old to be taken into the calculations, however; and the question was, what were Lord Bideford's religious opinions? It was a very difficult question to answer. Lord Bideford certainly attended, with great diligence and regularity, the afternoon service at All Saints, Margaret Street; but he was also to be seen at Vere Street, listening to Mr. Maurice, and he frequently preached at Field Lane; a most tiresome and puzzling young man! But Field Lane and his preaching there did the business. He might listen to Maconochie, Stopford Brooke — to any one, in short; but the fact of his preaching under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury settled the question: the man was an evangelical, like his father.

Consequently the Rev. Letmedown Easy became violently evangelical, according to his view of evangelicalism. The leader of that party in the church remonstrated with him in an angry manner about what he did, and went so far as to tell him that he was persecuting a better man than himself. But Lord Bideford was silent; and so Mr. Easy saw Crowshoe Castle open to him.

However, the principal thing in hand was to force Mr. Mordaunt to resign. He began with the farmers, trying to undermine his influence with them. They at once burnt him in effigy on the village green, and, assisted by their hinds, howled outside his house so long, that Mr. Easy fled to the cellar for refuge. He failed with the farmers; but he had farmer Willesden up at petty sessions for language likely to provoke a breach of the peace. The chairman fined Willesden five shillings, and he put two pounds in the poor-box. Willesden, meeting Mr. Easy outside the court, repeated the language, I regret to say, with adjectives. The chairman, Sir Pitchcroft Cockpole, said to Mr. Easy, afterwards, "You had better leave that man Mordaunt alone. He has been master here for a few years, and he is likely to remain master."

Mr. Easy's hands were, however, considerably strengthened by a new archdeacon, a man by no means of the "Grantly" type of archdeacon. He and Easy had more than once played into one another's hands, it was said, though that was extremely improbable, for the archdeacon was one of the most cautious men in creation, and had only lost a bishopric by slightly rattling at the wrong time. He was a kinsman of Easy's, and was not best pleased at finding his kinsman there; for the ugly old story about Lord Edward's examination papers was still spoken of, and, like all untruths, was believed in. Two courses only were open to the archdeacon, either to throw his kinsman overboard, or to back him up through thick and thin. After due thought, he chose the latter.

What induced Mr. Mordaunt just at this time to preach a sermon before his new rector, airing his views as regarded the spiritual sovereignty of the Queen, no man can tell. It is enough that he did it, and that Mr. Easy requested him to hand over the original MS. in the vestry for immediate conveyance to the old Bishop. The old man read it in bed while Mr. Easy was taking lunch, and then called Mr. Easy to his bedside.

"This is a curious sermon, Mr. Easy," said the Bishop; "and Mr. Mordaunt is a very curious man; but you had much better make friends with him than quarrel with him. You will never get on in that parish if you do."

Mr. Easy thought differently, and put every possible annoyance he could in Mr. Mordaunt's way, until that gentleman began to think of giving up the whole thing, and emigrating. Two changes happened, however, which made him hang on, — Lord Barnstaple and the old Bishop died within one week.

The new bishop was an old friend of his; and when he went to the palace received him with open arms. On the occasion of his first visit, Mr. Mordaunt said nothing at all about his troubles. Mr. Easy, however, saved him that trouble by stating his case to the new, young, and vigorous bishop without delay. The new bishop heard them with the greatest patience and attention, and afterwards said, "I cannot see myself that there is any case against him. You say that his continuation there is scandalous. As the French say, 'Voulez-vous preciser votre accusation?'"

That was very difficult, Mr. Easy said, after a few moments. "He associates with the farmers."

"That is very good," said the Bishop. "That is an old habit of my own."

"His son takes work in the fields, and takes money for it."

"Sooner than loaf, cheat, or beg," said the Bishop. "I am sorry that the son of an educated gentleman like Mordaunt should be brought so low; but the early Christians did that same thing. St. Paul was only a tent-maker, you know, Mr. Easy. Is there any thing against the young man's character? Is he the sort of young man who would have come in your way in your former line of business, Mr. Easy?"

Mr. Easy, devoutly wishing the Bishop somewhere, replied that there was nothing against the young man in a moral point of view."

"Well," said the Bishop, "it is a most disgraceful scandal. Here is a man like Mordaunt, a man worth twenty such men as you or I, Mr. Easy, obliged to send his son into the harvest-field for a living. It is the most shameful thing I ever heard of."

So the Archdeacon and Mr. Easy took very little by their motion. Mr. Mordaunt came over to the Bishop by summons, and spent the day with him. They talked over many old matters, and at the end Mr. Mordaunt asked the Bishop what he knew about the new Lord Barnstaple.

"Exactly nothing," said the Bishop. "I think that he is a terrible prig, and will probably assist Easy, who saved his half-brother from disgrace, and who was a nominee of Barnstaple's father. Meanwhile, go home, old friend, commit no indiscretions, and hold your own."

Things were exactly in this state when Mr. Mordaunt received the intimation of Lord Barnstaple's visit. He was very anxious about that visit, and, as we have seen before, walked away to his old friend, the Bishop, to consult him. The Bishop made him stay all night, and all the next day, and the next night. The Dean and the Precentor, cunning men when there was a kindly, Christian act to be done, begged of him, as a personal favor, to stay over the day and intone for the Precentor, who had a conven-

lent cough. Mr. Mordaunt could intone with the best of them, and so he spent a whole happy day under the glorious old arches, doing service after service.

"I feel young again, Bishop," he said at night, when they were going to bed; "I will sing matins and go home."

And after matins away he went, walking, and thinking what preparations Alice had been making for Lord Barnstaple, but not much caring, for the cathedral music was in his ears, and so he sang all the way.

He arrived in the afternoon, and, opening his own door, passed into the parlor. His daughter Alice was standing beside the chimney-piece, and with her was a tall and strong man, whom he knew well, — the inspector of police.

Alice was ghastly pale, and was moistening her dry lips with her tongue.

"Papa," she said, "here is Inspector Morton, who has been waiting for you."

Mr. Mordaunt saw that something was very wrong, and he left off humming a Gregorian chant to say, "How do, Morton? Come after me? I don't think you gentlemen practise in the ecclesiastical courts. You will have to take me in execution for unpaid costs in the ecclesiastical court some day; but my time is not come yet."

"Papa," said Alice, "don't joke; it is Charles."

"What has he been doing?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"O father! don't break down; he is arrested for burglary."

"Charles arrested for burglary!" exclaimed Mr. Mordaunt, laughing. "No: this is very good — this is as good as a play. Easy will make something of this. Leave the room, old girl, and let me talk to the inspector."

"What is this story, Inspector?" said Mr. Mordaunt, when his daughter was gone.

"Well, sir, I am sorry to tell you that Mr. Charles is in custody for attempted burglary at Barnstaple."

"But that is forty miles away," said Mr. Mordaunt, "and the whole thing is ridiculous."

"It looks so, sir; but he was watched into a door, and then out of the same door, two hours after, and was captured."

"But, my good inspector, this is perfect midsummer madness. My son is incapable of such an act."

The inspector came close to Mr. Mordaunt and whispered in his ear. As he whispered to him, Mr. Mordaunt's face grew more and more ashy pale, and at last he begged him to desist, and staggered to a chair.

After a few minutes he raised his ghastly face to the inspector's, and said, "I would sooner that it had been burglary than that."

"No doubt, sir," said the inspector; "we know your principles about here, and we know Mr. Charles's principles also. There ain't two men more loved in these parts than you two. But you have not heard me out, sir. That Inspector Bryan is a fool, sir. I was over to Barum yesterday, and I went and see Master Charles, and he give me the office, and I went and got this."

There came a flush into Mr. Mordaunt's pale face as he looked at the little paper, which I have noticed in the face of more than one middle-aged man. The lordly and imperial look of the young bridegroom is not more lordly than the look of the young grandfather. Mordaunt held his head higher than he had ever done since he led his bride out of church three-and-twenty years ago. What was Easy to him now? what was the Archdeacon? In his new pride they might go hang themselves.

"Now, how did all this come out, Inspector?" said he.

"That is as you think, sir," said the inspector.

"We must not leave her in a false position," said Mr. Mordaunt."

"Certainly not," said the inspector.

"I will step round to the old man first, and tell him the truth," said Mr. Mordaunt. And the inspector departed. Mr. Mordaunt went up to his daughter's room, and found her crying in bed. "Alice," he said, "you must listen to me."

"About Charles?"

"Yes, about Charles. Charles has been married for two months, without my knowledge."

"To Mary Willesden?"

"To the same young lady. I suppose he has done very wrong, but that is a matter of detail. He was caught trying to see her, but I will go over and make it all right for him to-morrow.

"I knew he loved her, father; but I did not think of this. Our Charles is an honest man, and we can hold up our heads before fifty Lord Barnstaples when he comes."

Mr. Mordaunt went round to farmer Willesden's at once, and after a somewhat difficult interview the farmer agreed to go to Barum the next morning, to scold Charles, and to bail him out. They went, but Charles had been discharged five hours previously, and was gone no one knew whither.

The next day came the following letter from Charles:—

"MY DEAR FATHER, — I greatly regret that I have deceived you for the first time in my life; and I ought, I suppose, to regret that I cannot regret it.

"My life was utterly unendurable. I had no opening, and no chance of any opening in the world. With the education a gentleman I was leading the life of a clodhopper. Only one thing prevented me from enlisting in a dragoon regiment, and that was my love for Mary Willesden. She urged on me that I could never marry her if I turned soldier. I was at one time actually desperate; I am so no longer, thanks to Tom Harvey."

Mr. Mordaunt paused. "Tom Harvey," he thought, "the miller's son. Why, Tom Harvey has got a mill in Canada."

"He was," the letter went on, "Mary Willesden's cousin, as you know. He was a great friend of mine when we were boys together. He has done very well in Ontario, and is making his fortune. He came over here four months ago on commercial business, and I met him in Barnstaple.

"He asked me to come back with him to Canada; but I demurred about leaving Mary. He then began to urge on me the plan of marrying her secretly and telling of it afterwards. He said that it often occurred in Canada and in the United States, that a young man would marry a young woman, and leave her with her mother until he had got a home for her. At last I determined to do so; and one reason of my secresy was, that I knew that you were in trouble with the Rector and the Archdeacon. We were married two months ago. Tom Harvey, whose time was out in England, returned from London to Barnstaple, and urged me more strongly than ever to come to Canada with him in a brig which is taking slates to Quebec. I consented; but of course, I had to tell Mary. She arranged to let me in quietly, and I went in and stayed for two hours. As I came out, the police got hold of me, and I should have been tried for burglary if Tom Harvey and his aunt had not made it all right. Tom has paid my passage, and has lent me money. As for my darling wife, father, you and Alice must take care of her until I claim her. I regret to say that, if all goes well, you will find yourself a grandfather before I return. Now I must have your forgiveness; and, with love to Alice, I say good-by, and God bless you!

"CHARLES MORDAUNT."

Mr. Mordaunt and farmer Willesden had a long confabulation over this letter; and old Lady Ascot says that they had three pints of small ale and a vast number of pipes over it. If there is one quality more than another which adorns her ladyship, it is that of inexorable truth. I had the honor of asking her at a grand party one night, whether she was quite sure that they only had three pints and not four. She replied that it was only three, and, as she drew the beer herself, she ought to know. And so I disputed the fact no longer.

"Well, parson," said farmer Willesden, "so my daughter is married to a gentleman! Who'd have thought it?"

"To a beggar, you mean, I think," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"There ain't nought of a beggar about *he*," said farmer Willesden, laughing. "How sly they was about it, pretty dears! Don't you love 'em, parson?"

"I don't quite understand about it, farmer," said Mr. Mordaunt. "I did not miss Mary, at all. Why was she at Barnstaple?"

"Oh! why, she wanted to go there to be finished; and so I sent her."

"To be finished!"

"Ah, at the boarding-school. And she stayed there long enough to make her marriage in Barum legal; and so they was asked there, and they was married there. Don't e'e see?"

"They have both deceived us sadly, farmer."

"What would you have 'em do?" cried the farmer. "When you made love to your poor lady that's gone, did you go and tell your mother?"

"I certainly did not," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Then you deceived *her* sadly," said the farmer. "They all do it. If young folks mean to come together they'll do it, and small blame to them. However, your son has behaved like an honorable and good young man to my daughter, which is more to the purpose."

"In marrying her, leaving her on our hands, and running away to Canada!" said Mr. Mordaunt, aghast.

"Be sure," said the farmer. "He had not got money enough to keep her, and so he cut away to Canada to get some. Lord bless you! if ever fortune was writ in a man's face it is writ in Charles's!"

"Do you know, Willesden," said Mr. Mordaunt, "that I think you are as great a fool as I am."

Willesden grinned, but added more seriously, "My girl must come away from that school. She had better come to her mother."

"No," said Mr. Mordaunt, "she *must* come to me. My boy has made, I think, a fool of himself, and her coming here, and our making all things public, will stop every one's mouth. Don't you see?"

"It won't do you any good with the Rector and the Archdeacon," said the farmer rather ruefully.

"Never mind me. I am in trouble so hard with them that nothing can make it worse. Send her here to-morrow night. And so the farmer departed.

"DEAR BISHOP, — My son has married one of my farmer's daughters, and has gone to Canada to make a home for her. The boy is as innocent and as pure as you are. Please give every one the rights of the story.

"JAMES MORDAUNT."

"DEAR MORDAUNT, — I will do as you desire; but take the young lady into your own house at once; that act will do more than all my words. Barnstaple is to be with you to-morrow. I cannot in any way make him out. What it is I cannot conceive. He is an awful prig, and silently dangerous. You must think of this; he may mean you well or ill; if he means you well he can do absolutely nothing for you, beyond bringing his influence to bear on that (here came an erasure). Easy to keep you in your place: if he mean you well he can still do nothing; he will not have a living dropping in these ten years, and he is in opposition, and so he cannot get you a chancellor's living. The worst men I ever have to deal with are Cambridge Conservatives and Oxford Radicals. As a Cambridge man myself, I naturally think an Oxford Radical the worst: he is one; mind him.

"GEORGE CREDITON."

Poor frightened Mary Mordaunt, *née* Willesden, arrived at the home of her husband's father in a great state of trepidation and terror. But in a quarter of an hour she found that she was the most precious thing there. Poverty may be brutalizing to the extremely poor and unrefined; but one of the lessons we can learn from the French every day, if we choose to know them, is this: — that poverty among refined people has a most ennobling influence. Take that little knot of highly-educated paupers in Judea, eighteen hundred years ago, as an example. Mary, the pretty, innocent bride, found herself queen of the establishment. She was to sleep with Alice, and as they went up stairs together, Mr. Mordaunt said,—

"He has gone to prepare a place for you, darling. Trust him, and we shall all be together again soon in a happier land than this. See, pretty: I have twelve hundred pounds, which would be a fortune to him, and which I will freely give if he can establish himself. Why, we are wealthy people, my love. Now, leave crying; we shall be rich there."

"I only cry, sir, because I am so happy," said Mary; "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

However, none of these sentimentalities could put off the inexorable arrival of Lord Barnstaple, now delayed for two days, his lordship having had to make a speech at the county agricultural meeting, which was given in the *Times* at full length, and which most carefully expressed nothing at all about the movements of the Opposition. Lord Barnstaple rode up to Mr. Mordaunt's door at half-past twelve, and, finding no groom, led his horse round to the stable, took off his bridle, and put a halter on him, took off the saddle, and then came out to the pump with a bucket to get him a pail of water.

At this point Mr. Mordaunt caught him. "My lord," he said, "I did not see you arrive. I am ashamed"—

"At what?" said Lord Barnstaple. "At a man attending to his horse? 'The merciful man is merciful to his beast,' parson."

"No, but I am ashamed that you should have had to see to your horse, when I would have done it," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"The Church of England has got low enough without the spectacle of an ordained minister grooming a nobleman's horse."

"You will have your own way, my lord."

"I intend to," said Lord Barnstaple; and then Mr. Mordaunt looked at him. Prig he might be, according to our good Bishop's views, but a man he certainly was. A very noble looking young man, with a singularly set jaw, and a curious reticence of expression which puzzled Mr. Mordaunt extremely.

He brought Lord Barnstaple into the parlor, where there was some simple refreshment: there was no one there but poor Mary, who was courtesying. Mr. Mordaunt asked where Alice was; and she replied that Alice was gone away. She seemed in great trepidation at the sight of the great lord, and Mr. Mordaunt did really wish that Alice had been there to receive him. He presented Mary.

"My daughter, my lord."

"I was not aware that you had two daughters, Mr. Mordaunt."

"I ought to have said my daughter-in-law," said Mr. Mordaunt. "My dear son has made a romantic match, and has gone to Canada to make a home for his bride, leaving his pretty rosebud of a bride here with us."

"Quite so," said Lord Barnstaple. "It must have required singular resolution to leave such a beautiful bride."

"Ah! but he wanted to stay with her for many years, my lord, until his death, not for a poor foolish few, and then leave her in poverty. When you think of it, my lord, he has acted like a man and a gentleman."

There was a brilliance in Lord Barnstaple's eyes when Mr. Mordaunt said this, which attracted that gentleman strangely. Lord Barnstaple only said,—

"That is a very beautiful story. And you, my dear madam, you are contented to wait?"

"I think that he will send for me soon," she said quietly, "for I know that he will as soon as he can. I was down to the sea the other day, and the sailors' wives told me that their husbands were away three years together sometimes. But there are no more loving wives than sailors' wives. I can wait."

The man whom the bishop had called a prig looked steadily at her, and Mr. Mordaunt saw a tear trickle down his face. Lord Barnstaple was himself in one moment, however.

"May I ask this young lady to retire while we talk business?" he said. "We have secrets to talk of, which must be trusted to no ears but our own." Mary hurriedly retired, and Lord Barnstaple, with a bow, opened the door for her, and shut it after her.

"Now, Mr. Mordaunt, as we are alone together, I will

tell you what is the matter with you. You are horridly poor."

"Yes, my lord."

"And you are bullied out of your life by a rascal and a prig. The rascal is Easy, and the prig the Archdeacon."

"I will not say a word against either of them," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"No, but I know it. It is in our favor that the Archdeacon is not only a prig, but a flunkey; it is in our favor that the fellow Easy is not only a rogue, but a flunkey: by one bold stroke I can mend matters for you. I have not got a living to give you, and I can't get one for you at present; but I have no domestic chaplain. My father's domestic chaplain and I never agreed; he has a good living, and his chaplaincy lapsed with my father's death. I wish to appoint you my domestic chaplain at the same salary, £250 a year. At the same time, there is no librarian at Crowshoe, and the books are in a devil of a state: you must really undertake them at a salary of £150 a year. I can't give more, and, if you think that insufficient, I'll tell you what we will do to end the thing in a friendly manner, and without a squabble. Let us both write to Piazzi at the British Museum, and see if he considers it enough. If he decides against me, of course I must pay extra."

"My lord, God is very good to me."

"He is good to all who seek him," said Lord Barnstaple sententiously. "But don't you see, my dear soul, that the keys of Crowshoe are in your hands, and that by this manœuvre we have entirely bowled out the adversary. I'd have given you a living fifty times over if I had one, but I want to keep you here; and I don't see any other way of doing it."

"Why should you be so generous to me, my lord, whom you have never seen, and of whom you know nothing?"

"Know what?" said Lord Barnstaple, sharply.

"Nothing."

"Don't I?" said his lordship. "Now I'll go saddle my horse. I suppose your daughter Alice will not appear. Well, it is all equal to me, as the French say. She will have to see me some day. Talk about this matter, of your being appointed domestic chaplain and librarian; it will save you trouble. Tell the Bishop about it, — he is a capital gossip; and tell him that if I am a prig, I am not the only one in the world."

And so he saddled the horse, and rode away, leaving Mr. Mordaunt dazed; but almost directly afterwards he rode back again, jumped off his horse, and laid his hand on Mr. Mordaunt's shoulder. "I forgot one thing," he said. "You are not ashamed of being poor. I brought fifty pounds in notes for you in advance of your salary. Here it is, God bless you! good-by!" and so he was off at last.

So Mr. Mordaunt stood there a rich man — rich beyond his utmost expectations; and all by the sudden act of a young nobleman, who was a prig. He had no hesitation in accepting the whole matter any more than he would have rebelled to God about a thunderstorm which had knocked his chimneys about his ears. One ecclesiastical instinct was always in his mind, and he acted on it. He wrote to his bishop: the Archdeacon said once, "that, if his cat had died, he would have walked over and told the bishop."

His mind being eased in that way, he went to look for Alice; but Alice was nowhere to be found. She must be at some of the neighbors' houses: she had been frightened by Lord Barnstaple, and was keeping out of the way. At ten o'clock he went to bed; at eleven he was awakened by a candle in his eyes, and the figure of Alice before him, who sat down on the bed.

"Father, what money have you?"

"A great deal. Fifty pounds."

"Has Lord Barnstaple given you money?

"I am to have four hundred a year from him."

She sat thinking for a little, and then she said, "I want forty pounds."

"For what?"

"To go to Charles. To go to Canada."

"Why?"

"Do not ask, unless you want me to fall dead at your feet. Save me! that is all I ask. Give me the money."

A wild, dark suspicion formed itself in Mr. Mordaunt's head.

"This is Lord Barnstaple's money," he said, coldly.

"Bless his money, and bless him for what he has done for you! He is a good man. But you must save me, father. I must go to Charles. I am innocent! but I must go to Charles. O God! — father, do not hesitate!"

"Can you tell me no more, sweetheart?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Not a word! — not a word!" she said. "I will tell you all when I am in Canada — but I cannot now."

"Now, look here, Alice, let us be in some way reasonable. You cannot go to Canada to-night, but you can go to bed. Wait till to-morrow, and we will talk it all over. If you are in trouble, which you will not tell about, what is easier than to do this: to sell out our twelve hundred pounds, and for you and Mary and I all to go to Canada together? I can pay Lord Barnstaple back his fifty pounds, and we can all part friends, and join Charles."

Then she began to cry, and then she told the whole truth.

She had been to an aunt's house at Exeter a few months before, and she had been often out walking by herself, as very poor girls have to walk. Wombwell's menagerie was there, and the tiger got out and crawled down towards the river. She saw the thing going along, and pointed it out to a gentleman, who raised the alarm and made her acquaintance. He was a very nice and handsome gentleman, and begged to be allowed to call on her to see if she had recovered her fright. Her aunt — having inspected the gentleman on his first visit, and having seen that there was no harm in him — had allowed Mr. Mortimer's visits with great complacency, more particularly since she had seen him in eager conversation with Lord Fortescue. The old lady knew that Lord Fortescue would allow no man to speak to him who was not an honest man; and Lord Fortescue was the only nobleman she knew by sight; and so Mr. Mortimer was allowed to see as much of Alice as he chose; and he made love to Alice, and Alice was very deeply attached to him. But Mr. Mortimer never made any distinct proposal; and so, when Alice came home, she set her mind on forgetting Mr. Mortimer, but found that she could not in any way do so.

When Lord Barnstaple rode into the garden, she was looking out of the window, and she saw at once that Mr. Mortimer and Lord Barnstaple were the same men. Lord Barnstaple had deceived her, and he was a false and untruthful man; he had as good as wooed her under a false name, and that she would never forgive. Yet she loved him, admired him, and, after all, respected him. All this she poured into her father's ear, as she lay on the bed beside him.

"Yet you would have taken his money to fly from him."

"Yes," she said, "I would have taken it, because I know him to be honest, noble, and good. We could pay it back. Father! he wants to marry me — I have known that some time, though he never said so. As Mortimer, I would have married him, because — in spite of his deceit — I love him; but, as Lord Barnstaple, I will not see him again. See if I am not right. Look at Charles's marriage, and ask me if I am to drag down a man whom I really love to that level? And look again, father; after what you have told me to-night, how should we stand if I were to marry him? You have taken money from him. Would not all your friends — even the Bishop — say that you had sold me? How would your name stand *then?* Your name is all that you have had these many years — would you lose *that?*

"We had better fly," said Mr. Mordaunt. "What loose cash have we?"

"Eight pounds."

"Nothing owing?"

"Nothing."

"Then, if you will get off the bed, I will get up: we will send this fifty pounds civilly to Lord Barnstaple. We will

go to London, sell out the twelve hundred pounds, and we will all go to Canada together. If he wants you, he can come there after you."

So it happened the next morning when the pretty bride, Mary, was lying in her bed, Alice came to her and woke her, saying, "You must get up and go down to your father and mother to say good-by."

"Why?" said simple Mary.

"Because we are going to Canada, to Charles," said Alice; and as Mary put her arm round Alice's neck, they felt they were sisters.

Free at last. No more trouble with the Archdeacon, Mr. Easy, the farmers, nay, even with the Bishop, his dear friend. A new life was before him, and he knew it. Haste and speed were necessary, and there must be but few farewells; all the people must learn their loss after he was gone.

It was early in the bright morning when he set out to see the Bishop, — hours before Mr. Easy would leave his bed. The hinds were going to their labor, and one after another greeted him as he walked swiftly along. One very old man stopped him, and asked him to sit on a heap of stones at the road side, which Mr. Mordaunt immediately did.

"Parson," said the old man, "I want you to tell me something. I want you to tell me about the New Jerusalem, on which you preached last Sunday. Is it in this world or in the next?"

"In both," said Mr. Mordaunt, at once; "for me it is in this world, for you in the next. I am going to it, I believe, before dissolution, you must wait until you are dead. See, Georgie," continued Mr. Mordaunt, "I am going to be very rich, just now, and you shall never go into the house."

The old man nodded, but said nothing; a humbug would have loaded Mr. Mordaunt with blessings, old George only nodded; yet I do not think that Mr. Mordaunt was any the worse for the silent blessings which followed him along the lonely road.

He burst in upon the Bishop, pushing past the footman before his name could be announced. "I am off, old fellow," was the salutation which the serious young footman heard before he shut the door.

"Yes," said the Bishop, "and whither?"

"Canada — Ontario, after my boy."

"Then the visit of Lord Barnstaple was not satisfactory?" said the Bishop.

"In a pecuniary way, yes; in other ways, no. Ask *him*, he will tell you the truth. I don't see my way to certain arrangements, and so I shall go to Canada and take my boy's bride with me."

"And your daughter?"

"She goes also."

"I don't quite understand," said the Bishop, "but you know best. Every thing you do must be for the best. About the parish, are you going to leave it in Easy's hands?"

"Yes: it must be so. Even Paul sowed the seed, and left it to grow among the churches. Yes."

"When do you go?" asked the Bishop.

"Now, instantly. Give me your blessing, and send me;" and he knelt down at once.

"Let us pray for a little more light Mordaunt," said the Bishop; and they did so, but none came; then Mr. Mordaunt knelt and received the benediction, and passing swiftly through the Bishop's domestics, was through the town, and was making the dust fly on the king's highway before the Bishop had made up his mind whether he should detain him or not.

Mr. Mordaunt met the Archdeacon on his cob, and he stopped him. "Mr. Archdeacon," he said, "we have not been friends, and yet I have a favor to ask you."

The Archdeacon, who *was* a gentleman, at once dismounted. "Dear Mordaunt," he said, "was it all my fault?"

"No! no! All mine," said Mr. Mordaunt. "I am away to Canada, and shall never see you again. But use your influence with the farmers in my old parish, and see to my poor when I am away."

And so he was gone, and the Archdeacon was left standing in the road beside his cob, in sight of his wondering groom, as Mr. Mordaunt sped away amid the dust. And the Archdeacon saw there and then that they had lost the best man in the whole diocese, and, like an honest fellow as he was, took the lesson to heart, and acted on it. There is no stouter champion of the agricultural poor in the land now than our Archdeacon.

Mr. Mordaunt met Mr. and Mrs. Easy in a pony-carriage, and he stopped them. "I am going away," he said; "going away forever. Let us part friends, and see to my people when I am gone."

Mrs. Easy (who always drove) whipped the pony and went on, and so Mordaunt went on to his own, and they drove to *their* place. At this Christmas time let us say, "God forgive us all."

Christmas time in the western part of Ontario is a very pleasant time indeed. The snow is set hard, and you can drive the most beautiful horses in sleighs from one house to another all the night through. Even in that paradise, however, there are drawbacks. You get no newspapers for a long time together in winter, while you get more wolves than you want.

In the extreme West, almost on the Old Buffalo tracks, was a Christmas party: Mr. Mordaunt, his son Charles, his son's wife, Mary, a baby of one year old, Alice Mordaunt, and some servants, Irish all, who were in a state of wonder and delight at the astounding wealth all around them. There was simply more than you could eat if you put your mind to it. Mr. Mordaunt had been away in the sleigh, late in the day, preaching, and had just come home.

Denis was bedding up the horses, and Biddy was waiting for the word to put on the dinner. Some one was wanting: it was Father Moriarty.

"Divvle a sowl of the blessed cratur will be here this night!" said Biddy. "And by the name of the ever-blessed Saint Patrick, hark to the wolves. The Mother of God shield the holy man!"

"He'll come, said Mr. Mordaunt. I left him close by; don't be a fool, Biddy."

"Sorra a one of me would be a fool, and me living in a heretic's house," replied Biddy; "but I'd like to be shrived this blessed night, to pray the better in the morning for him that needs all our prayers."

"What?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Just nothing," said Biddy; "hark to the wolves, then. Whist, all of you, there's one blowing under the door now; give me the broom, Miss Mordaunt." And Biddy, with infinite nimbleness and dexterity dashed to the door, and as nearly as possible hit the wolf over the head.

"Bad cess to the divvle!" she said; "I nearly had him. And the blessed father out among them;" but before she had time to blow off the steam, the "blessed father" opened the door again and walked in, saying,—

"Peace upon this house and all in it, Mordaunt; this is the most splendid thing of modern times."

"What is the most splendid thing in modern times, you Irish lunatic?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"It is an English lunatic this time, my boy, and more power to his elbow. The devil helps heretics. Here is one of your young English lords, with his doctor, has started from the Pacific side, and won his way across the Rocky Mountains. Only him and his doctor and an Indian. We shall make something of you English yet if you attend to us."

"It is impossible," said Charles Mordaunt. "I cannot believe it. No man could have done it."

"It's true, nevertheless," said the good Father, rather seriously. "Some said he was a prig, and perhaps he is; some said he was a fool, and maybe he might. But to disprove their words he set a task before him such as no man ever undertook. He did not care for life, for they say that a young lady had cast away his love: of that I know nothing. He has won, however, and has done a thing which will never be forgotten."

"Is he safe, Father?" cried Alice.

"Oh, yes! he is safe enough — and the doctor — a broth of a boy of divilment — and the Indian, the grinning brown-faced nagur. They are all safe enough."

"Where are they?" cried Alice.

"They were at the door just now, in the cold, among the wolves," said Father Moriarty. "But, maybe if they are kept there much longer they will go on to another farm."

Alice threw the door open, and fell fairly into Lord Barnstaple's arms. Father Moriarty kissed every one all round, beginning with Mr. Mordaunt, and ending with the baby and the Indian. I have little more to tell; I fancy that the story has told itself by this time. But as a personal matter, I should very much have liked the Archdeacon and Mr. Letmedown Easy to have seen that Christmas party; it would have done the Archdeacon good. Mr. Easy is a hopeless person.

They kept it up, I beg of you: the Indian, under the laws of the State, was not allowed liquor, but the others (with the exception of the baby) had a moderate quantity of hot wine and water; and I believe that the deleterious herb tobacco was used to some extent. Lord Barnstaple and Alice sat side by side, and Lord Barnstaple sang a song (he could no more sing than your grandmother, but did his duty). Father Moriarty sang the "Last Rose of Summer" very beautifully and well — and, then, who should sing but Mr. Mordaunt: he sang "The Graves of a Household," and very well, too. In short, in the whole of our good Queen's dominions there was not a pleasanter Christmas party than there was in that farm-house in western Ontario that Christmas night, though the cold was an illimitable number of degrees below zero, and the wolves came and blew under the door as soon as Fath r Moriarty began singing.

Lord Barnstaple was married at Montreal by his father-in-law, Mr. Mordaunt; he returned to England and holds his present position, about which we need say nothing. Mr. Mordaunt never returned; he says that, with all its faults, Ontario is dearer to him than any land in the world. He lives with his son Charles, who, if he had been here, might have been a third-rate clerk. I asked an old friend the other day what Mr. Mordaunt was like now? He said, "A man swift and eager in doing good."

Father Moriarty is in great trouble about the infallibility pronunciation. He will have nothing to do with it at all. But I think that Father Moriarty is a man who can take very good care of himself in a free country. He knows as well as we do, that the first real freedom dates from Christianity, and that whatever churches may have done with our Charter since then, our Charter remains indefeasible. Christianity means freedom; and so we may wish both Father Moriarty and Mr. Mordaunt many happy Christmases, even though the snow is piled high over the roof-tree, and the wolves are smelling and blowing round the door.

CRIME WITHOUT SIGNS.

If crime did not usually involve a very great disturbance of the character, a general effervescence which acts as a sort of buoy to mark its moral site and warn us all of our dangers, it is exceedingly difficult to conceive what it might not achieve before there would be any real fear of detection. Crime always springs either from vindictive passions which usually make a stir of themselves, and are pretty sure to call attention to the subjects of them, or selfish passions likely to be signalized by extreme vanity or conspicuous covetousness, or some other principle of human nature too active to avoid general observation and scrutiny. To take an instance, a man was lately charged before Sir R. W. Carden, at Guildhall, with not only robbing little children of their clothes and parcels, but with *beating them for crying at their loss;* and Sir R. W. Carden certainly thought the charges so far proved, that he would have committed the man for trial at once, had not the police wished for a remand to see whether graver charges could not be brought against him. Now, here we have a remarkable case of the sort of action which we have called a buoy that serves to mark the position of secret criminality. The irritation which, if the charge be true, the robber felt at the children's grief and its manifestation was so great that he could not help incurring a considerably increased danger of publicity by indulging his temper,— temper of this kind, in a criminal, being, of course, like the rattle of the rattlesnake, one of the greatest safeguards to the public against violent crime. But in the recent case of the man who was condemned by Mr. Justice Grove for five proved cases of arson, committed solely for the purpose of getting the half-crown offered for early information of a fire, and who was supposed to have committed the same crime thirty-six times for a like motive; and in the case of the French peasant, Joseph Lemettre, of Andresselles, near Boulogne, who is being tried in the Assize Court of the Pas de Calais for twenty-seven crimes, comprehending arsons, robberies, and several murders, said to have been extended over a series of seven years (1864–71), between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, some of which, including complicity in a murder, he has confessed, there is no trace of this kind of safeguard, of any outburst of noisy or ostentatious passion, of any rattle of the snake, to put mankind on their guard. Joseph Lemettre was, indeed, so quiet and well-conducted in outward demeanor, that, even at the very time at which, as is now believed, he set fire to and destroyed his employer's crops, that employer was so convinced of his integrity and good conduct that he declined to dismiss him, and kept him near him till his death. Nor does it seem certain that even now, in 1871, this singularly well-behaved criminal would have been detected in his crimes, but for the circumstance that in the war of last year Lemettre was absent with the army as a conscript, when it was immediately noticed that the series of crimes with which for years this village and its neighbors had been terrified, suddenly ceased; a circumstance which suggested to the inhabitants, on one of the most simple of the principles of the inductive philosophy, that the effect having ceased, the cause must, in all probability, have ceased too, that is, must have been conscripted for the Army: whereupon Lemettre began to be suspected; and on his return, the crimes beginning again, he was closely watched, and detected in an attempt to rob the house of the priest. Now, the crimes with which he is charged include three murders and two attempts to murder which all but succeeded, as well as a great number of robberies of all sorts. A man who could live for seven years, — and those the seven years between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, — with so much guilty and bloody thought and contrivance in his brain, and so little appearance of violence in his outward demeanor, that it was his *absence*, by the relief it afforded, and not his presence, by the dangers it caused, that drew suspicion down upon him, is worse than an unbuoyed torpedo in the risk he causes to the society to which he belongs. The evidence as to the prepossessing simplicity and frankness of his demeanor, even now, after a seven-years' course of deadly crime, is indeed perfectly startling. And there is something of the same ground for wonder and alarm in the case of William Anthony, who went about setting places on fire that he might earn half a crown for every building of whose danger he could give early information. That seems to have been a strictly business-like proceeding, hardly involving any thing that could be called passion, though it certainly involved also so singularly complete an indifference to the severe troubles if his neighbors, that one would not be in the least surprised at the same persons committing murder for five shillings a head, if there were an equally good chance of keeping the matter quiet. Of course the man *may* have been scrupulous in selecting insured houses, and have argued with himself that the insurance companies were legitimate objects of plunder; but on this point we have no evidence. At any rate, his guilt, whatever it was, was of that exceedingly still kind which, in spite of a tremendous destructiveness, gives no signal of its existence; and in France we find a man, and a very young man, who can maintain a demeanor entirely prepos-

sessing and unruffled for seven years, during a course of singularly base and cruel crimes, — for in four out of the five cases of murder, or attempts to murder, it seems that the criminal's first course was to render his victim insensible, by those heavy and agonizing kicks delivered between the legs, which always maim and utterly disable, and usually cause fainting-fits. And in this man's case, be it remembered, the mere love of gain and love of self will not account for the earlier crimes, though it will for the cruelty of the process by which he disabled his victims before murdering them. The first two or three crimes committed against the property of the master who so thoroughly trusted him, must have been crimes of a revenge so secret that he never even gave his master reason to think that he had incurred his servant's resentment. He got nothing by the destruction of the property of his master and his master's neighbors, except the pleasure of seeing them suffer, and perhaps the secret delight of feeling that he wielded a great power against them, although they were unconscious of it; and one, at least, of the murders was prompted apparently by the same motive, and not by avarice. Now, vindictive passions can rarely indeed manage to run completely beneath the surface; they are especially liable to betray themselves; and when they are found strong in the character of a man who gives no one any suspicion of their existence, and that during the hottest period of youth, they certainly contribute to make a true infernal machine of mischief, — a machine buried quite out of sight, and doubly charged with destructive forces, with the insatiable impulse of an omnivorous avarice and the savage rage of a deadly revenge.

There is something very alarming in the spectacle of chronic destructive forces of so fearful a kind as these being kept so completely out of sight, — giving even no danger-signals intelligible to the majority of those amidst whom the lives of these formidable persons have been passed from their youth upwards. And it cannot but suggest to one the question, what the interior of these lives, which contain so much that no one for a moment suspected, may be. Can it be that William Anthony pursued his trade of firing buildings and giving early alarms of the fruit of his own work, without any protest in his own mind against the hideous treachery of which he was guilty in obtaining a reward for the infliction on those who paid it of an enormous injury? Is it barely conceivable that he can have gone about his business without any feeling of shame lively enough to risk his betraying himself to his companions, or to the people whom he was plundering of thousands of pounds for the sake of his miserable half-crown? And what are we to think of the interior of Joseph Lemettre's mind during his seven years of successful incendiarism, plunder, and murder? He is affirmed expressly to have been a lad of extremely regular external habits during the first two years of this career, and indeed, he must have been so, to prepossess his first employer so strongly in his favor as to make him disregard entirely some very suspicious circumstances. He must have shown patience, diligence, and great simplicity, while he was hatching in his heart revenges, robberies, and murders. If there had been any fierce struggle, such as one would suppose inevitable, between the two natures, it would have rendered itself visible in some form, — in moodiness, sullenness of outward demeanor, an avoidance of the society which brought home to him most keenly his own treachery. If there were no such struggle, and the whole heart was rotten to the core, how did the superficial varnish of external frankness and simplicity manage to keep itself so completely predominant in his face and manners, as for some years to disarm suspicion in the presence of an unparalleled series of frightful and alarming crimes? One could just conceive that there might be so perfect a unity of villanous intention in a very bad man's mind as to exclude all conflict, all division of the mind against itself. But how such unity of villanous purpose could help impressing itself in some way on his manners and features, — how an ignorant peasant lad could be so accomplished a hypocrite as to impress his neighbors favorably while his whole heart was absorbed in plunder, revenge, and blood, — is as puzzling as it is alarming. He was repeatedly one of those liable, from the circumstances of the case, to suspicion, but was never suspected.

In all his deeds of violence and cruelty he seems to have preserved that extraordinary cheerfulness and composure which are the principal and very rare conditions of success. It would seem as if he remained undiscovered chiefly because he was never agitated, never boastful, never gave any involuntary signs of dread or guilt. Can it be, then, that such a one should be without either fear or vainglory, with the secret knowledge in him that his hand was against every man, and that he was in some sense triumphant in his iniquitous crusade? Nothing seems to us more perplexing or alarming than this, — that without even the aid of careful culture and art, men should not only be able to silence their own consciences, but to do so without giving any sign to those around them, either in their countenances or otherwise, of their war against all morality and all society, — should have come to think the most trivial gain to themselves far more than an equivalent for the ruin, and even death of others, without even an air-bubble rising to the surface to betray them to the world. The classes called "dangerous" are risk enough to any society, but they are no danger at all in comparison with a class, if it could be conceived, only one-tenth of theirs in number, who, with habits of action fatal to all society, could mingle amongst other classes as William Anthony and Joseph Lemettre appear to have done, unsuspected, and unbetrayed by themselves. No doubt the government of God would never permit the existence of such a class at all; and such rare individuals as these can only be allowed in order to make the more conspicuous to our minds the strange beneficence, and all but universal cogency of the law which compels dangerous men to put out involuntary danger-signals, warning the better and often also weaker part of society to stand on their guard against them.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE *London Court Journal* informs us that "the Alexis cut of hair" (the shoe-brush style), is at present all the rage in America.

AT Weimar, Shakspeare's "Measure for Measure," which had not previously been brought out on the German stage, has been performed in a German version by G. Von Vincke.

THE French journals announce the death, at the age of fifty-six, of M. Brisebarre, the well-known dramatic author. The number of pieces he brought forward, chiefly in conjunction with others, is estimated at about one hundred.

Le Monde, one of the leading French journals in the religious interest, has just announced its deliberate decision to respect the sabbath-day's rest, and *not to appear on Monday*. This conscientious and thoroughly logical attitude has procured it several congratulatory letters from the French bishops.

M. OFFENBACH has achieved another success at the Bouffes-Parisiens, in Paris, with his three-act *opéra-bouffe*, called "Boule de Neige," the libretto by MM. Naitter and Tréfeu. The book in extravagance surpasses any previous burlesque, turning on the reign of a crowned Polar bear, who is nominated Hospodar of a state by the Grand-Khan.

A RECENT number of the Paris *Charivari* has a caricature representing M. Thiers displaying a statue marked "République" to the members of the French Assembly. He says, "Gentlemen, I have roughly designed this during your absence; you will finish it now as you think best." The statue, it should be added, represents M. Thiers himself.

THE following Irish way of saying the streets are dirty has been forwarded to a Dublin paper, by way of an advertisement: "Lost, in the neighborhood of Appian way,

a crossing composed of granite stones. When last seen it extended across Leeson Street. Should this meet the eye of some geologist who is possessed of a pickaxe, he is requested to dig about the locality, as it cannot be very deep down, having been seen about a month ago by some workmen belonging to the Pembroke Township."

UNDER the title of "Goethe und Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy," Dr. Karl Mendelssohn has just published a narrative of the intercourse, extending over nine years, between his father and the aged poet. The well-known letters, already printed, contain Mendelssohn's own account of his visit to Weimar in 1830, on his way to Italy. But this was the fourth time he had been there, and the descriptions here given of the other three visits, especially the first, with Zelter, in 1821, when Felix was but twelve years old, are full of new and amusing details, which will be eagerly read by the admirers of both poet and musician. The narrative is principally compiled from letters and journals not before made public, and contains, amongst other novelties, two short poems by Goethe. The 1830 visit is illustrated by many new facts and documents. Not the least interesting portion of the book is a lengthened account of the visit which Mendelssohn and his father made to Paris in 1825, for the purpose of consulting Cherubini as to his future career. The strictures of the young musician on the *salons* and orchestras and the general life of Paris are characteristic, and there are some capital stories of Cherubini, Baillot, Kalkbrenner, &c. An English translation of the work is in press.

PEOPLE who are irreverent enough to doubt the sincerity of a bishop when he says "*Nolo Episcopari*" should read a story told by the *Tablet* which shows that in the Roman Catholic Church at least appointment to a bishopric is not always considered a matter for rejoicing. Not long ago an official letter came from Rome to a monastery near Florence, informing a certain monk that he had been nominated to a bishopric. The good Father was so terrified that he instantly began a *novena* to the Blessed Virgin to save him from the intended honor, and sent a written reply to the Pope, humbly but firmly declining the appointment. The reply was an order immediately to repair to the Vatican. The monk besought the intervention of the Archbishop, but in vain; he went to Rome, and throwing himself at the feet of the Holy Father implored to be excused from a burden beyond his strength. The Pope told him that he was the best judge of his strength. The monk then pleaded that he labored under a defective memory. "Well," replied the Pontiff, "I do not want to make you a professor of mnemonics. The worst that can happen is, that when you die they cannot speak of you officially as 'of happy memory,' '*felicis memoriæ*,' or '*recordationis*.' This" added his Holiness, "you will find but a slight inconvenience."

IF there is one praiseworthy quality distinguishing Prince Bismarck from other "great men," it is, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that he strongly discountenances the worship of himself as a "great man." To whatever height he may rise in his official capacity, in his social character he likes to step down from his elevated pedestal and to speak and act among others like an ordinary man. He is not chary of autographs, when they are to be given in the way of letters; but when they are demanded as autographs, he knows how to refuse so small a gift as flatly as he did more valuable concessions to M. Thiers and M. Favre. The new German ambassador at Mexico, Count Enzenberg, is an avowed autograph hunter; and it seems he trusted on the strength of his official position to elicit a contribution to his collection from the Minister whom the Germans consider "the greatest man of this century." "On presenting his bulky album, he was disappointed to meet with a refusal; for the Prince, after looking carelessly over some of the handwritings, returned the volume without a word, to the great confusion of Count Enzenberg. The Chancellor's secretary, M. Bucher, however, engaged to obtain the valued prize in a private interview. Prince Bismarck inscribed his name on the page graced already by the autographs of MM. Guizot and Thiers. M. Guizot had written, "Dans ma longue vie j'ai appris deux sagesses; l'une c'est de beaucoup pardonner, et l'autre de ne jamais oublier." M. Thiers had added, "Un peu d'oubli ne nuit pas à la sincérité du pardon." Prince Bismarck improved the sentiment by writing, "J'ai appris dans ma vie à moi de beaucoup oublier et de me faire beaucoup pardonner."

THE last number of the *Spectator* contains an admirable *critique* on Mr. Higginson's "Atlantic Essays." Two of the many pleasant things which the *Spectator* finds to say touching the volume are worth quoting: "If the fragment of a historical novel called 'A Charge with Prince Rupert' is a fair specimen of Mr. Higginson's own style as a writer of romance, he must rank very high among the followers of that branch of literature. There is a splendid swing in this which seems to carry one away, as one reads, with the gay Cavaliers as they ride from Oxford to Chinnor and sweep their way back through the Puritan dragoons, — a vividness of description and a power of hitting off a portrait in a few happy touches which are rare gifts. . . . . 'On an Old Latin Text-Book,' the last of the 'Atlantic Essays,' is one of the best. There is a playful pathos in the opening reminiscences of school days which calls to mind some of the *Roundabout Papers* of Mr. Thackeray, whose works Mr. Higginson has evidently studied, and on them in some degree, but with no servility of imitation, modelled his own style. This essay is an excellent plea for the retaining of classics as a study in the schools of America. It is remarked, as it seems to us, with great justice, that the classic writings are best calculated first to amuse a boy's imagination, and make him look upon his lessons as things worth learning for their own sake. The boy 'is poetic, but it is, according to Milton's definition, "simple, sensuous, passionate;" the boy's poetry is classic, it is the youth only who is romantic.' And so Mr. Higginson upholds the study of classics as necessary to the fulfilment of his 'most cherished conviction that this Anglo-American race is developing a finer organization than the State from which it sprang, — is destined to be more sensitive to art, as well as more abundant in nervous energy. Grant that it is the worthy mission of the current British literature to render style clear, simple, and convincing, it may yet be the mission of Americans to take that style and make it beautiful.' This shows a great deal of confidence in the literary future of America; but if the author's enthusiasm has the effect of making others of his countrymen write as well as he has done, we shall not quarrel with it."

"BURNETT'S COCOAINE for the hair, once used recommends itself.' — *Christian Freeman, Boston.*

FOR AN IRRITATED THROAT, COUGH OR COLD, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy. They maintain the good reputation they have justly acquired.

THE LARGE NUMBER of rooms *en suite* recently added to the AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON, have been in great demand by families travelling. They have closets, baths, &c., and may be secured by mail or telegraph. The veteran Lewis Rice still exercises his supervision over the conduct of this hotel.

☞ See advertisement of "WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA" in this number.

HOW DELIGHTFUL it is to be able to remove all the disfigurements from the skin, such as tan, freckles, moth-patches, &c. The delightful and harmless toilet preparation known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" will effectually remove all such blemish without the fear of injuring the skin. It will leave the skin smooth, clear, and transparently beautiful. Sold at all druggists' and fancy goods dealers'. Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES. — Mr. James Stewart, of Yonkers, N.Y., reports that a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, No. 38, under his charge, has been hat-binding by steam for nearly seventeen years, and will now do as much work as any machine, new or old, of any make. From September, 1868, to 1869, it bound 137,088 hats, and the operator earned $654.17. The previous year she earned $507.48.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1872. [No. 5.

ENSIGN ROLLYNGE'S GUARD IN THE JUNGLE.

IN FOUR PARADES.

I. — THE ROUSE.

THE bugles rang out clear and shrill at 3.30, A.M., on the 25th December, and, with many a growl and shiver, the gallant members of the "Kattiwar Tigers" — an old-fashioned Sepoy regiment, on its march down country — prepared to turn out for their allotted daily march.

Paddy Creagh, the acting adjutant, started up from his *charpoy* at the first note, and quite regardless of the frosty earth, snakes, centipedes, or other unpleasant concomitants of the cold season in India, stepped on to the bare ground, opened the canvas door of his tent, and bellowed like a bull, "Boy! Sooka! Bo-hoy, cha lao!" which being interpreted meant that Paddy wanted his servant, Sooka, with the morning draught of tea.

"Acha, sahib, acha — lata," replied the weak and teeth-chattering voice of Sooka, from a dingy cotton erection some little distance off, whence presently issued his shivering black form, clothed in white garments, and bearing a huge pewter tankard, smoking with boiling tea. By the time the welcome beverage had arrived, that mighty warrior, Paddy — fond parents in the Emerald Isle had christened him Randal; his brother officers, Paddy — Creagh, had managed to light the half-frozen wick of his oil-lamp, endue his brawny limbs with the garment that denotes the man, and was sitting on the edge of his *charpoy* in an ecstacy of battle with tight Wellington boots.

"Sooka, ye banchute, where's me other boots?" he passionately questioned of the diddering slave, who stood before him with the tea.

"Sahib mak' them plenty wet when out Shikar — now all froze hard."

"Froze hard be hanged!" muttered Paddy, as, with a great grunt, he finally conquered the reluctant Wellingtons.

Swallowing down his tea by hasty gulps, rapidly laying on flakes of war-paint, swearing at his servant, giving orders to interrupting native-officers and buglers, and hallooing to his English comrades of the adjacent tents, Paddy Creagh completed his toilet, and emerged to hasten on the parade.

The appearance of the camp was animated and peculiar. Numerous fires of every size, from the huge crackler of wood, blazing furiously in front of the officers' mess-tent, down to the few sods of dried mud round which the wives and children of the sepoys cowered, lit up the whole scene, save where weird, uncouth shadows of tents, baggage-wagons, camels, elephants, and the unwieldy *omnium gatherum* that goes to make up the "camp equipage" of an Indian regiment on march, cast strange patches of black on the rocky, uneven ground. Soldiers in every stage of dress or undress moved quickly about, knocking loose the tent-pegs, carrying hot native drinks to comrades, searching for missing accoutrements, straying camels, or sleepy-headed mule-drivers, loading the bullock-carts and baggage animals, while a perfect babel of sounds — animal, human, and inhuman — rose on all sides, and effectually routed out the most drowsy of the motley throng. Camels (lying down to receive the load) groaned hideously as every extra package was piled on their much-enduring backs, twisting and turning round their long, sinuous, wavy necks with a serpent-like motion, while, with awful cries, they made real or well-feigned attempts to bite all who approached. Thronging groups of vicious *commissariat* mules stood jingling their chains in concert, occasionally raising a general *mêlée* of biting, squealing and kicking at one another, until their roused drivers (aided with volunteers from the hosts of black urchins belonging to the regiment) rushed sudden and furious to battle, and subjugated the mutinous brutes with wholesale volleys of bamboo blows. The whole scene, in fact, reminded Paddy Creagh of the wild midnight *saturnalia* of his own native Donnybrook Fair, before "a brutal and oppressive Saxon government" saw fit to stamp out the glories of that far-famed meeting. Indeed, were it not for the long lines of muskets, piled with bayonets fixed, glittering, bright, cold, and cruel, in the mingled fire and moonlight, he might well have been excused for the mental comparison.

During all this time bugle after bugle had sounded for the various stages of preparation. Gradually some degree of order was evolved out of the chaos by busy native-officers and sergeants, and when "the close" sounded things were in a fair way for a start. The English officers ceased talking and swallowing hot tea by the mess-tent fire, threw away cheroots, and buckled on their swords, as they stumbled their way towards where the lanterns, the loom of rows of men, and the led horses indicated the place of parade. Companies were called over and "told off," a hasty inspection made, and Paddy Creagh, greatly conscious of dignity, saluted his chief as he reported, "All present, sir!"

"Fours — right! Left wheel — Quick march!" bellowed Col. Estcourt, and away went the "Kattiwar Tigers," to the very inappropriate tune, for an Indian regiment, of "The Girl I left Behind Me."

The "Tigers" were decidedly "jungly," as the phrase goes. Every officer in the corps was a mighty hunter, and each was thoroughly master of all Indian craft for leading a jovial, devil-may-care, up-country life. They cared little for society, as (save the mark!) meeting some half-dozen officers' wives and pallid spinsters at a band-stand is called; and if they had a slight reputation for holding too firm a faith in bottled beer and brandy-pawnee, they were strong-headed to bear those enticing drinks, working off all evil effects of powerful liquor by much gun and saddle work. As a rule, they pulled well together; but just now there was a shadow of rupture in the regiment, as thus: — Poor Tom Carey, the adjutant, had gone pig-sticking, mounted on a splendid Arab. Tom never shirked any thing that came before him; and though men shouted warningly to him, he would not swerve even a yard from his course, but went straight at the widest part of a gaping nullah in front. The horse could not do it — landed with only his forelegs on the opposite bank — struggled madly for a second — fell back on his rider, and Tom Carey spoke no more words in this world; in a few hours all was over.

Who was to fill the vacancy (a very valuable appointment in a Sepoy corps)? That was the queston now disturbing the usual ca'mness of the "Tigers." Paddy Creagh was, on the spur of the moment, named to act as adjutant for the present; but there were grave doubts in old Estcourt's mind as to the big Irishman's capabilities for the appointment, and he more than once hinted his inclination to choose Gerald Rollynge. Hence a fair ground for party

feeling; and while the Colonel remained undecided as to the permanent appointment, the partisans of the two candidates hotly argued over their respective merits.

II.—"AT EASE."

"Where *is* Rollynge, by the bye?" asked young Barron, as he rode amidst a group who were, for the thousandth time, discussing the adjutant question. (On the march, in India, officers are always allowed to ride when the regiment is "at ease.")

"With that lot in rear of the band, I should think," replied Williams — a busy man, always ready with an answer to any question, and not much liked, save for his wealth, and consequent ability to play the *grand seigneur*.

"Hardly," remarked another; "Paddy is there, treating them to some of his Galway hunting crams; and Rollynge and Master Pat are a trifle cool until Estcourt makes up his mind. Besides, Rollynge got three-days' leave to go shooting with Martin."

"Cool!" grumbled out Singleton, the senior lieutenant, catching at the first word he heard, as he awoke from a nap. "Ugh! I'm as cold as old Nick this frosty morning."

"What a wonderful being old Nick must be, in your opinion, Sing," sneered Williams, blowing a rich cloud from his Manilla. "'Hot as old Nick'—'cold as old Nick'—'rich as old Nick'—'poor as old Nick'—in fact, every thing 'as old Nick.'"

"Don't be a fool, Polly" (Williams was always, for some occult reason, called "Polly" by his comrades); and Singleton growled low to himself as he shivered in the saddle.

"Who said Martin was shooting?" asked Landon, the most noted sportsman in the corps.

"I did. He has got his 'leave to England,' and is going to shoot the road down to Bombay."

"More fool he, wasting his time in these precious jungles," broke in Williams, who preferred a stroll in the West End to all the sport in the world.

"Confound you for a brute!" exclaimed some one, as his horse made a heavy stumble in the dark.

"Touch and go! by Jove! Is that 'Jorrocks'?" asked Singleton, with a grim sneer.

"Yes; the same blessed 'Jorrocks'!" wrathfully answered the owner; "and if I ever again buy an 'Australian,' or any other nag from you, old boy, I hope I may be smashed!"

Singleton laughed out aloud; he was one of those men made by nature for trading, being never in such good temper as when he had got the best of some unfortunate in a bargain, as he had done in this case.

"Oh be joyful! I see the coffee-shop lights ahead!" roared young Todd, spurring his Arab suddenly, thus causing him to bound wildly and scatter the group.

"Do be quiet, you griffin!" rose in a shout of execration from all; and Todd reigned in his horse, as best he could.

The "coffee-shop" is a great institution with a regiment marching down country. It is generally kept by a gray-bearded old Mussulman, whose life has been devoted to winning for himself a passport to the Prophet, by the simple, pleasing, and eminently lucrative duty of cheating the Feringhee. This hoary-headed old sinner usually starts over night with his bullock-gharries and servants, along the track leading to the new camp which the regiment will occupy the following morning. As near half-way as can be managed, he halts at some stream or well of sweet water, lights his fires, sets on his huge coffee-pots to brew, so as to have the welcome decoction ready when the troops shall arrive, and then takes his repose. The spot old Hajee Ebram had selected on this Christmas morning was beautiful, and more than one English heart beat again as the scene called back a memory of some pleasant picnic corner of the far-off home land. Down from between two rugged and scrub-clad hills a lovely brook came dashing and sparkling in the soft blue starlight, now tumbling over a tortuous and rocky course in wild delight, then dashing madly, with showers of milk-tossed spray, over a natural cascade; anon placidly gliding with gurgling cadence in peaceful level, till a sudden turn over a smaller cascade sent it swirling through a magnificent *tope* of trees, under whose protecting branches the camp-fires had been lit, and sent out a glow that added to the charms of the scene.

Horses were dismounted and handed over to their keepers; swords were unbuckled and littered the ground; cheroots lit, coffee loudly called for; the sepoys "piled arms," "broke off," and spread themselves in picturesque groups amidst the trees.

"Sharp morning, gentlemen," remarked Col. Estcourt, as he waddled over to where his officers were grouped, standing or lying on the hard dry earth. Various adjectives were applied to the term "cold" in the replies of most of the officers, who liked old Estcourt, and tried to give him a hearty answer — in private they chaffed at the old gentleman, freely imitating his waddle and manner of speaking through his nose.

"Hullo, Rollynge! Mufti?" queried Vernon, the major, as he observed that officer reclining under a tree in sporting costume, and a gun across his knees.

"Yes, major; the messman wanted some game for the Christmas dinner, so I got leave and have only just caught you up."

"Made a good bag?" — Vernon was fond of game; besides, he had a managing wife and a marriageable daughter, and gave dinners when the larder was in good trim.

"Pretty well," was the answer; "I told my man to take a couple of hares and a few birds to Mrs. Vernon the first day."

"Thanks, my dear fellow: I don't interfere in the domestic affairs," — the worthy major was, all the same, quite well aware of the present — "or you can't think how happy I should have been to ask you to take your Christmas dinner in my tent: now, unfortunately, our table is quite filled up."

Figuratively speaking, Gerald Rollynge put his tongue in his cheek; actually, he blandly smiled while replying: "Thanks, major; I'm sure I didn't expect such kindness for a few head of game."

Maj. Vernon turned away to speak to some one else, and bit his nails furiously as he felt the delicate touch of sarcasm that had been bestowed on him. The major — or rather Mrs. Major — preferred captains, or at least well-to-do lieutenants to grace her table; she hated ensigns, to which class Rollynge belonged; and besides, the worthy couple were well aware that he had been very attentive to Miss Hetty Vernon, while that young lady had not disguised her partiality for the handsome but moneyless, not to say deeply involved, subaltern.

"Coming along with us, Rollynge?" asked Barron, as the bugles sounded for the regiment to resume its march.

"No; I think I shall have a nap here, and gallop into camp in time for breakfast."

And he did have a nap, of about ten minutes' duration, until the regiment had marched so far that the band could be only faintly heard through the thick jungle, when he jumped into his saddle and galloped off through the broken ground and dense scrub that fringed the track his comrades were traversing. When he judged himself about a mile's distance at right angles to the line of march, and out of sight of the regiment, he turned again in the direction it was taking, stirred up his nag with hand and spur, and bounded along at blood-firing speed.

III.—"RIGHT ABOUT FACE!"

Why did Gerald Rollynge take that deceiving nap? Why is he now riding along at full speed, spurring his horse as much by his own energy as by the Latchfords that adorn his heels? Why does he sing, in rich, manly voice, snatches of triumphant songs heard long ago? Why does he turn and bound in his saddle, executing strange sabre-cuts with his stout bamboo on the heads of unoffending jungle plants? Why does he feel like all his favorite boyish heroes rolled into one,—fancying himself young Lochinvar coming out of the West; Prince Rupert, Murat, Bonnie Dundee,—or as any other scampish cavalier that ever threw leg over saddle, e'er charging to do or die?

Simply because his blood rages hot through his veins with eager expectation; because he rides to change hope into certainty, as he thinks; because he had had a letter and a message; because, in fine, he spurs to meet Hetty Vernon, as she rides out from the new camp to meet the regiment.

A pleasant glade under the neem-trees, some two miles away in the jungle; a tall, handsome, fair-haired Englishman, in a close-fitting hunting-suit — manly-looking, but now with eyes wet as he pleaded and begged and prayed; two horses led a short distance off by a studiously unobservant *ghora-wallah;* a huge tree, against which leaned a slender, riding-habited girl, switching nervously with delicate horse-tail *chabook* at the herbage — Hetty Vernon and Gerald Rollynge. And where was his hope now? Certainly flown? Gone; melted like a snow-drift; dissipated by a few words — words that left him in despair. Again he pleaded: —

"But you confess you like me — *loved* me, you said once. What have I done to change you?"

The dark, oval face of the girl was raised, the black eyes glistened and watered, the flowing jet locks were flung over the shoulders with an impatient, passionate action; the riding-whip tapped hastily against her habit, and she spoke: —

"I do love you, Gerald; believe me, I do. But what more can I say? They have positively forbidden me to speak to you alone again, and they forced me to promise I would not meet you."

"Yes, but about Poll — about Williams; is it true you are engaged to him?"

She sunk her head low, the bright, bitter tears fell, the whip rattled against her dress as though ague-stricken, —

"Almost," she murmured.

He turned away with a harsh laugh to go; she made a gesture to stop him, and went on: —

"Almost engaged: they drove me into it, I hate the very thought of it; but what could I do?"

Her beseeching, upcast eyes proved to the utmost the constraint under which she had been driven by her worldly-minded parents, and Rollynge knew that she was true to him.

"Would they let you marry me if I got the adjutancy, Hetty?" he asked, after a pause.

"I would marry you whether they did or not," she answered almost fiercely, looking boldly and yet lovingly straight in his blue eyes; "I would marry you to-morrow, Gerald, if I could be only sure I was not ruining you — yes, in defiance of them all!"

"Darling!" he was beginning, when the *ghora-wallah* struck in with: —

"Sahib, sahib! Major memsahib ata hye!" *

"Go! go! oh, for heaven's sake, go!" she cried, in an agony of fear.

In the hurry he gave her the first wild kiss of love, jumped into the saddle, and dashed away through the thick jungle in the opposite direction to that in which Mrs. Vernon was taking her morning ride. The *ghora-wallah*, with the true instincts of his race, pitched Hetty into the saddle with one nervous jerk, gave the horse a pat with his hand that set him off at a smart canter that fully accounted for the high color in the daughter's face as she reined him in when she came up to the mother. The *ghora-wallah* panted dreadfully when he got up to hold her rein, and Hetty was sharply called to account for her cruelty in making the poor man run so fast after her. Such are the gentle devices of that art that laughs at locksmiths.

Col. Estcourt was expounding the law in the large mess-tent, after breakfast. In other words, he was holding "orderly-room;" receiving the doctor's reports, the quartermaster's complaints, the adjutant's list of offenders — dealing with each with all the gravity and (as he thought) justice of Solomon. But if he "tempered justice with mercy," his soldierly conscience compelled him to reverse the operation in due turn in a manner peculiar to himself, so that his judgments were formed in sandwich-like layers — now justice, then mercy — in pretty equal proportions, and with a singularity and regularity that excited both merriment and dismay.

"Private Ram Sing, sir," read out Paddy Creagh; "beating his wife, Chundee, insensible with a *lotah*."

"Bad case; very bad case Mr. Creagh. Let him have an extra baggage guard."

"But, sir, he nearly killed the poor woman," the surgeon ventured to remonstrate, at this absurdly-lenient sentence.

"I've written down the punishment now, Dr. Hunter, and it can't be altered," snuffled the colonel through his nose. The doctor subsided.

"These are three *camel-wallahs*, sir; they were nearly ten minutes late with their tents this morning," and the quartermaster put forward the three cowering natives in fault.

"Ah, we shall never have these fellows in time without an example; let them have four dozen lashes apiece."

The poor wretches howled, and called on their dead fathers and mothers to save them from the suffering and indignity, alleging that they *could* not be in time, as their loads were given them too late.

"Pooh! nonsense; example — must: and see you, drum-major, let your lads flog them properly."

So the farce went on. When it was over, the colonel rose with all the consciousness of an officer who has done his duty to his country, and waddled off towards his own tents in a perfect state of self-satisfaction.

"May I have a word with you, sir?" asked Rollynge, catching him up.

"Certainly, certainly; what is it, Mr. Rollynge?"

"I wanted to ask you, sir, if you think you could give me the adjutancy, sir," he blurted out, determined to risk all to gain Hetty Vernon.

Now, Col. Estcourt had a great dislike to being asked for any thing: a request savored of advice or suggestion, and as he desired all his conduct to appear as if emanating from his own fertile brain, he usually huffed when asked a favor, and refused it point-blank. He drew himself up; he was on his dignity at once.

"Mr. Rollynge," he said, "Mr. Rollynge, I am in the habit of deciding in these cases as seems best for the interests of the service; and those interests, I may say, do not point to *you*, but to another, as the proper person to fill the vacancy;" and the old man wagged his head wisely, and stumbled over a guy-rope as he walked into his tent, leaving poor Gerald Rollynge thunderstruck with despair.

"I say, Singleton, my boy," said Paddy Creagh, coming into the mess-tent, where most of the "Tigers" were at *tiffin*, "you'll be for the treasure-guard this evening; Gilpin has gone sick."

"D —— that treasure-guard!" said Singleton, ferociously.

"The worst of it is, I should think, having to stay up all night when one does get to the new camp," complacently remarked Paddy Creagh, who had never done the duty himself. A roar of laughter burst from all the subalterns at table.

"Just as if any one is such a muff as to do that, Paddy," said Barron.

"You don't suppose we are a set of drivelling idiots, do you, Paddy? Why even old Estcourt hardly expects that," and young Todd continued his attentions to the curried green parrot — a succulent jungle dainty — he was discussing.

"Don't he, though!" broke in Landon; "by Jove, he'd 'smash' any fellow he thought turned-in when on that guard."

"I know a fellow who will take the guard for you, Sing," remarked Barron, with his mouth half full.

"Who, in the name of goodness?"

"Rollynge."

"Will he really, do you think?"

"Certain. He told me he had some row with old Estcourt, and wanted to avoid the Christmas dinner."

"By Jove, that's lucky! I'll go and ask him at once. You can square it for us, I suppose, Paddy?"

* "Sir, sir, the major's wife is coming!"

"Oh, bedad, I can! Any thing to get Rollynge away from glaring at me as if he wanted to ate me without salt," answered Creagh, devoting himself to a foaming tankard of Bass.

This treasure — some twelve artillery tumbrils full of specie — had been handed over to the care of the "Tigers" by the civil government at Rampore, to take to the station they were marching on. It was a great worry to the officers, as it gave them an extra guard, and had always to be taken on to the new camping ground the night before the regiment marched. The officer was strictly ordered, on account of the disturbed state of the country, to stay up with it until the regiment marched in the next morning; but, as hinted above, instead of thus acting, he usually had his tent pitched amongst the tumbrils, placed his loaded and capped revolver under his pillow, and turned in comfortably for a night's sleep.

Singleton found Rollynge in a desperate fit of the blues, and only anxious to get away from the camp. He was delighted at the chance of the duty, and at half-past four in the afternoon paraded his guard with the treasure tumbrils, mounted his horse, and with a sign of relief marched away from the Christmas revelry.

IV. — "THE LAST POST."

"The Roast Beef of Old England," at eight o'clock on that Christmas evening, summoned the "Tigers" to the large mess-tent, the interior of which presented a gorgeous spectacle. The canvas walls were lined with crimson hangings, contrasting well with the snowy vaulted roof of the tent, from the ridge-pole of which numerous oil lamps of colored glass were suspended to within a few feet of the long white-clothed table that glittered again with silver, cut-glass, flowers, and rich china. Behind the colonel's chair the colors of the regiment flaunted their gaudy drapery; and when all had sat down, the red jackets, white waist-coats, and scarlet *cummerbunds* of the officers, the gold-embroidered turbans and rich waistbands of the white-dressed servants, the well-laden table, the patches of tinted light and shade from flashing flasks of seductive wines, made up a picture of varied hues unequalled for brilliancy of effect. All was pleasure, joviality and confusion; and when — to the tune of "See the Conquering Hero Comes" — the white-bearded old Mussulman appeared (his black face glistening with pride,) bearing aloft an enormous *bonâ fide* Christmas plum-pudding, stuck all over with blanched almonds and decorated with a sprig of something very like mistletoe, the climax was attained, and hearty cheers proclaimed the success of his Eastern imitation of an English Christmas dinner. Then came the post-prandial wine; healths were drunk; speeches, comic and sentimental, were made, and songs were sung as the bottles went merrily round, and the festival was at its utmost height, when suddenly a full stop was put to the merriment — the song broke off short, the point of the anecdote was never told, the joke was stifled in its birth. "The alarm!" — "The alarm!" was shouted on all sides, as the notes of that bugle-call rang wildly out on the night air from the main guard, and was repeated still more wildly from all the others.

"What is it?" — "What's the matter?" was eagerly questioned as the officers tumbled out of the tent into the darkness. The sepoys were rushing half naked out of their tents; the women and children screamed with frightened, discordant voices; camels groaned fearfully; elephants trumpeted; dogs barked; buffaloes bellowed in their mad terror; while, to add to the confusion, the baggage mules broke loose from their pickets and stampedoed through the heart of the camp like fiends unchained.

"Ag!" "Fire!" "Ag aya!" was yelled from one to another in every language and every tone, and all was wild confusion and dismay. The jungle for miles in front was on fire! Away to the south could be seen, at a considerable distance but rapidly rushing on, a great bright glare and spots of flame extending along the whole of the front, overlapping the flanks, and in the direction from which a sharp wind was blowing.

"Sound the 'Assembly' bugler!" shouted old Estcourt, as the sepoys kept wildly rushing about. "Why, the —, Mr. Creagh, can't you get your native-officers together?"

But, alas! poor Paddy had been imbibing the champagne at too fast a rate to be master of himself, and rolled about in the confusion like a ship without a rudder.

A horse came madly dashing up to where the colonel stood surrounded by his bewildered officers. It was suddenly checked by the strong hand of the rider, and Gerald Rollynge spoke hastily as he flung himself out of the saddle.

"Pardon, Colonel! I thought it best to leave my guard and gallop in with news of the fire."

"Was it you, then, who ordered the guards to sound the alarm?"

"It was, sir. I saw the fire miles away when I was keeping treasure guard, and hurried in to warn you."

"Quite right, sir; quite right! And now see and get the companies together."

Gerald Rollynge set to work with a will and an energy quite equal to the occasion; and in a very short time the regiment was got into something like shape. Companies were detached to the front to cut down the scrub to stay the fire; the great body of men and camp-followers were set to work at striking the tents, loading the baggage animals, and making preparations for a retreat behind a large lake lying some distance in rear of the camp; while the remainder were employed in carrying the ammunition to a neighboring well down which it was thrown. Rollynge had only just been in time. One quarter of an hour more and he would have been too late; and as the last man got behind the *bund* of the tank the fire came dancing and leaping in weird wild flames over the lately occupied camp-ground, consuming and destroying every thing before it.

"But how did you manage to discover the fire so soon, Mr. Rollynge?" asked Col. Estcourt, two days afterwards, when the regiment was once more comfortably under canvas.

"I always walk up and down in front of my tent when on treasure guard, sir, or rest a while on one of the tumbrils; so I saw it as soon as it could be seen, and galloped in at once to warn your guard."

"Saved the camp, sir; saved the camp, by Jove! by your vigilance — and you shall be rewarded, Mr. Rollynge."

And Gerald Rollynge was rewarded. He appeared in Orders that evening as adjutant: and, two weeks afterwards, ran away with the willing Hetty Vernon, and was married by the *padre* at the next station. He never quite told *why* he had kept guard so well that Christmas night; but — no matter — we will put it down to zeal for duty.

MR. AND MRS. JOAQUIN MILLER.

IT is an old matter of controversy whether the private life of a man of genius, especially a poet, should be governed by the same rules as those of an ordinary citizen, and whether it should be allowed to be taken into account in estimating the value of his works. These questions have just been reopened in a letter which Mrs. Joaquin Miller has addressed to the American public on behalf of her husband. It appears that the author of *Songs of the Sierras* has, during his absence in Europe, been accused of deserting his wife and family, and that some very unpleasant observations have been made on the subject by uncharitable and narrow-minded critics, especially in Oregon, where the poet lived in his days of obscurity. Mrs. Miller admits the truth of the charge, but justifies her husband. Her argument is simple, if not conclusive, and the gist of it may be stated in a few words. In the first place, the public, she holds, has nothing to do with Mr. Miller except as a poet, and has no right to sit in judgment on his conduct as a husband or father; and in the next place, poets are different from other people, and their lives must be judged, if at all, by a different standard. Mr. Miller, we are informed, "felt that he was gifted, and his mind being of fine, poetic structure, and his brain very delicately organized, the coarse and practical duties of providing for a family, and the annoyance of children, conflicted

with his dreams and literary whims." It had been for years his ambition to go to Europe and become famous. Time and money were of course necessary to his project, and when he wrote to his wife that he should be absent for five or six years, and that she must not expect to hear from him often, she thought it would be better to release him at once from domestic obligations. She therefore obtained a divorce, and supported herself and her children by working as a needlewoman, until ill-health compelled her to accept assistance from some friends who had discovered her retreat. One of the conditions of the divorce seems to have been that Mr. Miller should contribute a small sum yearly to the support of his children, but it was also stipulated that they should remain with their grandmother; and as Mrs. Miller broke this part of the compact, she thinks that her husband had a right to consider it altogether at an end. It does not appear why it should have been necessary for Mr. Miller to visit this country in order to acquire the fame which it is assumed in Oregon has at once been conceded to him. Most of his poems relate to American life, and were apparently written in America; and it might have been possible for him to discover some means of transmitting them to Europe without tearing himself from the bosom of his family in order to bring them in his own portmanteau. Mrs. Miller assures us that she fully sympathized with her husband's projects, and that she believes them to be justified by their practical results. "Mr. Miller," she says, "felt that he had gifts of mind, and if his system of economy was rigid and hard to endure, it was at least a success; and if he needed all his money to carry out his plans, I am satisfied that he thus used it." It would perhaps be unkind to suggest a doubt as to whether the fame which Mr. Miller has obtained in the Old World is, on the whole, worth the sacrifice he is stated to have made in order to secure it. As far as we are aware, Europe has not been convulsed by the sudden apparition of the Western bard. The "loose, uncouth bouquet," as he himself called it, which he brought with him, was acknowledged to contain flowers of rare and tropical brilliancy, and the roughness of the art was forgiven for the sake of the genuine poetic fervor of the verses. But even in London there are perhaps people who have not yet heard of Mr. Miller and his poems. Life has gone on pretty much as it did before the poet of the Setting Sun reached our shores. It is not known that Tennyson has ceased to be read, or that believers in Browning have renounced their faith. If, however, there has been any mistake in Mr. Miller's plans, his wife is quite ready to share the responsibility. "As we are both mortals," she writes, "it would be affectation in me were I to profess to take upon myself all the blame, but I ask to bear my full share." In any case, she requests her countrymen "to behold the poet, and to receive him in a manner that will give due tribute to his genius and success." "Deal with him only as a poet and author. Know him by his epic heroes. . . Good sometimes comes of evil; the most deadly pistil exhales a delicate perfume, and our separation and sorrows produced the poems of 'Myrrh' and 'Even So.'"

It is not quite easy to say whether Mrs. Miller's letter is written in a vein of satire, or whether it is only the emanation of a devout simplicity. It is conceivable that the poet may not relish being held up to public admiration as a deadly pistil, even with the qualification that good sometimes comes of evil. It must also be remembered that there are two sides to this, as to every other story, and that Mr. Miller has not yet been heard, at least in a distinct and articulate manner. The poem of "Myrrh" presents his version of the subject, but leaves only a vague impression that he thinks himself a very ill-used man, the passive victim of a passionate but unrequited love, and that his wife has "stormy elements of soul," which we suppose is a poetical way of saying that she has a temper of her own. Their parting after the divorce appears to have been of a peculiarly affecting character, if we may judge from Mr. Miller's account of his own behavior on this occasion: —

> And when I should have said, Farewell!
> I only remembered, "This is hell."

"Even So" represents what the poet calls the "wail of an unmated dove," but its autobiographical meaning is somewhat mystified. As far as we can make out, it seems to suggest a practical realization of the "savage woman — dusky brood" aspirations of the hero of *Locksley Hall*, as a solace for blighted affections. Some day perhaps the conjugal differences of Mr. and Mrs. Miller may form the subject of as passionate and unpleasant a controversy as that which periodically breaks out concerning Lord and Lady Byron; but for the present the author of *Songs of the Sierras* is fortunately not a personage of sufficient historical importance to demand further attention. As a rule, it is certainly not reasonable or desirable that the private life of a man of letters should be dragged before the world merely because he happens to have written something which has attracted attention. His writings should be judged on their own merits, within the four corners of the document, as the lawyers say. To write fine poetry or philosophy is one thing, and to lead an exemplary domestic life is quite another thing; and though they may be quite compatible, there is no necessary connexion between the two. In merely publishing a book a writer does not come under an obligation to submit his personal character and private affairs to public criticism; but it is obvious that if he goes out of his way, as Mr. Miller does, to turn passages of his own life to literary account, he has no right to be surprised or offended if it leads to comment and discussion. Good preachers are not always the best saints; and it is known that some saints have written very equivocal books. It is probable that any serious flaw in a man's character will somehow or other be represented in his writings, but it should not be assumed to exist in the latter unless it is actually apparent. The fairest and safest way of judging a book is to take it by itself, for what it is worth, without reference to the personal peculiarities of the writer. Of course, where there is a question of personal confidence, as in history or travels, personal character is of importance, because the reader cannot verify every statement for himself, and must take a good deal on trust. But in the case of poetry, the private life of the poet ought not necessarily to influence the judgment which is passed on his productions. The question whether *Don Juan* is a work of a moral or immoral tendency is altogether independent of any question as to Byron's personal habits.

There are, it will be observed, two questions at issue: — first, whether a poet's writings should be judged with reference to his private life; and, secondly, whether a poet should be allowed to override or break through social and domestic conventions without incurring the same degree of censure which would fall on any other man who committed similar faults. Mrs. Miller, in her letter to the American papers, presents in a striking form what may be regarded as the popular view of the second of these questions. It is true that Byron was severely dealt with for his violation of the proprieties, but Macaulay's explanation of this circumstance is probably correct, — that Byron came into collision with the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality, and was made the scapegoat of his generation. As a rule, there would appear to be a general disposition to deal leniently with poets who fail to observe the regularity and decorum which are expected from respectable citizens; and to a certain limited extent there may be something to be said for this indulgence. The French have an instructive phrase which reminds us that all qualities have their defects. The stronger the light, the blacker the shadow, and in proportion to the intensity of a quality is its liability to morbid exaggeration. A poet is by nature extremely sensitive and imaginative. He feels in a peculiarly acute degree what others feel only slightly, and he is apt to fancy all sorts of things which have no real existence. The man who takes life easily and accommodates himself pleasantly to other people, is usually not remarkable for poetic fervor or delicate susceptibility. Shakspeare was apparently a remarkable exception to this rule, simply because his high genius supplied a vast range and clearness of perception without disturbing his appreciation of the natural proportions of things. But a poet of a lower grade is apt to view life, as it were, through a microscope, and without knowing it. Southey

was a poet of a very sedate, orderly type. He wrote his poetry within certain fixed hours, and turned out a prescribed number of lines with the unfailing regularity of a machine. He was exemplary in all private relations; but it is doubtful how far the world is disposed to accept him as a genuine poet. Wordsworth was a very good, virtuous man, and lived on excellent terms with his wife. But his vanity, his obstinacy, his impatience of conventional arrangements, which restrained the freedom of his movements, might have exasperated many women beyond endurance. He had a hatred of regular meals, and liked when he was hungry to help himself from a cupboard, and then resume his walking or writing. The fact is, that the strenuous application of the mind in a particular direction is apt to produce moral consequences akin to the physical incidents of various occupations. The poet is liable to suffer from a morbid sensitiveness and irritability of temper, just as the clergyman has his sore throat or the painter his colic. As a rule, people who make their mark in the world are not the most comfortable people to live with in daily intercourse; the stamping process which they perform so effectually on the masses is rather too much for individuals near at hand to endure with comfort. Poet's wives and heroes' valets, if they shared confidences, would probably be pretty much in a tale. There may be no absolute necessity why a poet should not dine regularly at seven o'clock, discuss household matters with his wife, and keep a balance at his banker's; but a poet's wife will probably be happier if she does not set her hopes too strongly on such things. To a great poet much might be forgiven, for the delight and profit of generations may be set off against the discomfort and misery which are occasioned to the people immediately around him. But for the poetasters, for the third-rate and fourth-rate bards who claim the immunities of genius without discharging its obligations, there is nothing to be said; and if they will not fall in with the general arrangements of society, they must take the consequences. For their own sake, as well as for the sake of any who might be tempted to imitate them, it is desirable that the discipline should be sharp and decisive. It is necessary that the world should have poetry, but it is well perhaps that there should not be too many poets.

A DAY IN "BEDLAM."

FROM the golden gallery of Saint Paul's, looking southward across the river, a little blue dome can be seen rising from a still level region, once called Saint George's Fields. Compared with the grander dome on which you stand, it is like a button compared with a full-spread mushroom. That blue bubble is the dome of the noble charity, Bethlehem Hospital.

To that asylum of sane men, whom a mad majority in power have been cruel enough to incarcerate, I betook myself one cheery October morning; and soon, threading the dull and obscure street that borders Blackfriars Road, stood an inquiring pilgrim at the great iron gate, that, when I rang, opened like the gates of a castle in a fairy story — let me in and closed upon me with a rather startling gravity and deliberation. The grim old joke rose in my mind. They'd let me in: would they let me out again? and I half expected to see a gibbering and reviling crowd rush out to welcome me.

It was so deadly quiet along the broad gravel-walk past the porter's lodge; and even the flowers looked spiritless, and bloomed with a tarnished color. In a garden to the left I saw a number of persons (all rather hushed and self-absorbed) playing at croquet; but there was no gayety, or flirting, or coquetting there; and all the time, to cast an air of madness over the whole, an old woman paced up and down a sidewalk under the tree, muttering vengeance to herself. She was evidently mad; and yet, after all, she might have been a keeper. I have known such mistakes. A clever friend of mine visited this asylum a winter or two ago. In the exercise-ground he saw some patients, quiet and well-behaved, walking round and round with the self-possession and studious absorption of fellows of colleges; but in one corner an evident madman was beating himself warm in the athletic cabman fashion. "Is that man very dangerous?" he said to an attendant. "That man in the corner, sir? why, that's the keeper!" was the answer.

In the awful silence of the great hall, no longer guarded by Cibber's "brazen brainless brothers," I stood till the hall-porter came and showed me into the waiting-room. It was a bald, desolate room, looking out on offices; and on a bench at one side sat two doleful, sorrow-stricken old men, who were either out-patients or friends of patients. They seemed stunned by some long, pressing, and hopeless misery — heavy as death, and irresistible as destiny; and to them it appeared indifferent whether the doctor let them out again, or imprisoned them in those dumb and dreadful padded rooms forever. Oh poor suffering Humanity! what countless depths of shadow can pass over a man between youth and age!

Presently one of the head keepers came to show me round — the round I had taken ten years before. Ten years: thank God, the fine machinery that martyrdom sometimes fails to shake, yet a grain of sorrow will sometimes disarrange, had gone steadily as clockwork. Yet no doubt some who have come here as careless visitors, have ended with the long wards and those purgatorial companions.

We went first into the grand board-room, a handsome apartment worthy of a great charity, with a portrait of that burly tyrant Henry the Eighth peering at you with his small piggish eyes from over the mantel-piece. A store passage, a door or two leading out of the hall, unbolted, and we were in the first ward, — a long gallery with a certain nautical air about it, that irresistibly reminded one of a man-of-war's cabin; though instead of the port-holes for cannon, there were tall windows covered with wire-work, that tried to look as harmless, innocent, and unprison-like as possible. There were no grim iron bars, threatening, defiant, and irritating by sunlight or moonlight. The maximum of security, in fact, with a minimum of show. There were benches by the sides, and tables strewn with books stood here and there by the windows. Good engravings brightened the walls and attracted the eye. By some of the windows stood large aquariums, with merry fish darting and twining among the waving weeds and weltering leaves; while at others there were small aviaries full of doves, that cooed and fluttered, happy in domestic love, of which they seemed the type. It is probable that these aviaries date back from the time of Truelock, a mad fanatical cobbler, who excited James Hatfield, an old dragoon, to shoot at George the Third in Drury-Lane Theatre, on May 16, 1800. Truelock, who believed himself a forerunner of the Messiah, worked as a shoemaker in Bedlam, and was allowed to breed canaries for sale. Nothing can be prettier than the glancing fish and the fluttering birds; but I did not see one of the morose or self-absorbed old men, that sat brooding or muttering near, cast a glance at them. "No prison can be beautiful," says the French proverb; and I suppose nothing a prison contains can be beautiful either. No strange and fantastic sight struck my eye in Bedlam; no wild men shouted prophecies; no imaginary king strutted about in rage; no frantic hero threatened us with death; no fanatic prayed or cursed us; no raging madman ground his teeth or scowled at us from between iron bars. All I saw was groups of care-worn elderly men, fatuous or abstracted, reading attentively or sitting rapt, revolving the one tyrannical and changeless thought. I thought of that fine poem of Crabbe's, where Sir Eustace Grey is described as year after year seeing the same melancholy sunset over the same desolate plain. And years and years seem but as one long unchangeable day. Let the mind entirely lose its elastic power of voluntarily changing its thoughts, and that is madness. Thirty years in Bedlam! — What a life! To one very old man, nearly ninety, the keeper stopped to speak, pressing his hand almost affectionately as he did so.

"There," said he, "eighty something; and yet he'll get up and want to box you if you offend him." The poor old fellow looked like a farmer, and I thought what a heart of oak he must have had to still retain so much vigor.

The dinners were being set; and we then, as we walked along an upper ward, saw the attendants dining in a side room. What strange dinner-parties, I thought, must meet round those Bedlam tables which I saw being prepared! what rival theories must be discussed! what jarring fancies be propounded! But, in point of fact, I believe the mere animal desire for food is the one engrossing thought; and, as a rule, the patients are silent at meals, and separate instantly afterwards.

Every thing in Bedlam is as cosy and cheerful as it can be made. The billiard-room is large and airy; and there is a ball-room for the periodical parties which enliven the melancholy and calm the savage. How far one would like to be Cavalier Seul opposite a man who keeps shouting that he gave his eldest son £9,999,000, besides some loose silver and threepence-halfpenny, and another who declares himself to be the "Head Deputy Ironmonger and Patent Hangman to the Home Department," is problematical. The melancholy mad, the keeper informed me, have to be dragged to these dances; but when there, they generally brighten up and seem better.

In the convalescent ward there seemed to be gleams of sunshine on the walls, and hope singing at the window. Some of the patients looked as if the dark cloud was fast rising from their brains; and a sense of calm enjoyment (like the lull after a storm) seemed entrancing them. On a sofa near a table on which were books, a young man, with a fine, thoughtful, and very intellectual face, rested. He had a black silk skull-cap on his head, which made his face seem paler than it was, and he was reading (I think a Testament) very attentively. In dress and manner, in a certain rapt devoutness, he reminded me of a young Roman Catholic priest at his devotions. The attendant with me stopped and asked him how he was. "Oh, better; very much better," he said, looking up with a very amiable and hopeful expression, and yet that looked bright and sane. He might have been just sane enough to wish to appear saner than he was; still, he had evidently turned the corner. As the keeper closed the door of that ward behind us, I asked him the cause of that patient's insanity. He replied, "Religious excitement; he has been here twice before. He leaves perfectly well; then they allow him to plunge into these ritualistic services, and he gets upset again. He'll soon be well now."

On the wall of one of the rather bald and desolate-looking staircases, there hangs a large picture by Dadd the parricide, formerly an inmate of Bethlehem; but now removed, with the other criminal patients, to Broadmoor. The subject of this painting — the very appropriate story of the Good Samaritan — is treated in a large historical manner. It is a little pale and dull in color, and the figures rather want roundness. In all other respects it is not unworthy of either Dyce or Herbert. A certain asceticism of style is, I think, never unsuitable to religious art; and that, not unnaturally, rather shrinks from the flower-garden color of Rubens, and the sensual glow of Titian. The character of this work is so grave and solemn, that one feels the painter of it was in earnest. There was something affecting in the thought that the painter was himself a madman, whom good Samaritans had brought within these walls, and for Christ's sake had nourished and tended. Still sadder was it to reflect that a man who had such powers could never again be safely set at liberty. Dadd killed his father under the most shocking circumstances, and was one of the most dangerous of madmen, being subject to intermittent paroxysms of homicidal mania, during which time he became eager for blood, and filled with an irresistible desire to take life. Even in this picture, I felt sure I could detect in one detail a crafty and lurking insanity. In the foreground of the picture lies a wounded traveller, half stripped, in the pathetic attitude of the dead Christ in the Pietas of the Italian painters. The scene is a parched desert, and the loneliness adds an appropriate mournfulness to the subject. It adds a still greater pathos when we remember that it was in the desert that insanity first seized the artist. Over the wounded man kneels the good Samaritan, who is pouring oil from a flask into a spear-thrust in the sufferer's side. So far so good. The treatment is good, the drawing learned, the grouping effective; but the whole is marred by what seems to me the one point of insanity. Dadd has made the long neck of the oil-flask the exact size, color, and shape of a pistol-barrel. The result of this perversion is, that the good Samaritan's notion of intently pursuing a good work seems, with a hypocritical grin, to be charging a loaded pistol straight into his patient's heart; and this grim, sardonic, practical joke the madman no doubt chuckled over as his grand work slowly grew under his hands. This discovery was no mere fancy on my part. I may mention that ten years ago, when I visited Bethlehem, I went to see Dadd at work. Oxford — poor vain creature, no more insane than the keeper — was in the room, and McNaghten, the murderer of Mr. Drummond. Dadd was then painting another picture — also a desert scene — of an Israelite encampment. It was, I remember, dry and hard, and in color tawny and disagreeable. A very straight palm-tree inartistically cut the composition into two halves, in a way at which even a pre-Raphaelite would have shuddered. The groups of Israelites were reasonably well arranged, and in the foreground some brown, half-naked children were playing. One of them, who held a bowl, was splashing his companions with water. Here the artist's insanity broke out. The water was of a glow-worm color, and broke in phosphorescent sparkles, like so much scattered quicksilver, over the children upon whom it fell. The picture, otherwise sane, though crude and eccentric, was in this one place stark-staring, raging mad: and I recoiled from it with a secret horror that I could not altogether conceal, though I took care to say nothing, as I had no great reliance on the solitary keeper, if a sudden revolt broke out among the murderers and madmen by whom I was surrounded. I hope I did not get to the door with any indecorous haste.

At the time that Dadd's insanity was ripening, and soon after his return from the East, his friend and fellow-student, Mr. E. M. Ward, now the well-known Royal Academician, used to frequently visit him, to see how his work progressed, and to chat over artistic projects. On one occasion, Mr. Ward some years ago told me, before he had any apprehension that his friend's mind was unbalanced, he was in his room, stooping down in a corner looking over the contents of a portfolio of Oriental sketches, when all at once, as he lifted his head, he saw in a pier-glass Dadd stepping towards him with a knife raised in his hand. Mr. Ward did not start up or utter any cry of alarm, but had the admirable presence of mind to directly say, "Dadd, just run and get me that drawing we left in the other room." Dadd, thrown off his guard, at once laid down the knife (taken from the kitchen-table) and went for the drawing. During this interval, Mr. Ward slipped quietly out of the house. On Dadd's arrest, there was found in his desk or portfolio a sheet of portraits of his relations and friends; and round the necks of many of these, including his father and Mr. Ward, the mad artist had drawn an ominous crimson line, showing that he had doomed them to destruction. His mania consisted in a belief that his father, and many of those especially dear to him, were possessed with devils, and that by killing them he freed them from these terrible tenants. The poor fellow, the fine machinery of whose brain no human workman can restore, will linger at Broadmoor till death comes with the only anodyne that can cure such profound misery as his.

In a neat corrider, quiet and lonely, I was shown, at the end of a passage upon which the patients' dormitory opened, the strong room, used in cases of raging madness of a suicidal tendency. It was close to where harmless men, with brains merely benumbed for a time or forever, snatched their blissful moments of forgetfulness. But this is unavoidable in an asylum, however large. Oh! even with all the tenderness of our gentle and more tender modern science, it was a dismal place — a cell of purgatory as ghastly as one of Dante's. The walls nearly to the ceiling were padded thick and soft; the floor was padded; the bed was a mere pallet on the ground; the only light came

from a round window far out of the patients' reach. In the worst cases of raging despair, the sufferer, closely muffled in a strait-waistcoat, was placed in here till the paroxysm subsided. There were cases of suicidal mania, the keeper said, which required three months of such horrible isolation. Poor humanity! A genius to-day: to-morrow a slight disturbance of the network of the brain, and the genius wallows here, raving, tearing, screaming for the death that will not come at his bidding.

It was but very gradually that philanthropic science discovered that kindness cures madmen sooner than severity. The chains and other harsh means were slowly done away with. Even as late as 1823, in this asylum, the system was very severe. Let us take two instances. The most dreaded of the patients of 1823 was Patrick Walsh, an Irish sailor. This wretch confessed to having murdered nine or ten persons with his own hands. He joined in the mutiny and massacre on board the *Hermicote* frigate in the West Indies, in 1797, and served with Abercrombie in Egypt, and was near Nelson when he fell. He had killed three fellow-patients, and his whole mind was bent on murder. He was secured by day with an iron belt and strong hand-cuffs; at night he was chained to his bedstead by one hand and leg. He was kept close, and the door of his room was of remarkable strength, and secured with double bolts. His conversation consisted chiefly of blasphemy, and raving descriptions of imaginary murders, over which he gloated. At quieter moments he would, with a madman's cunning, affect regret for the last fellow-patient he had murdered, in order to wheedle the keeper out of a little snuff, as a reward for his better state of feeling. That this man required repression there can be no doubt; but firmness and kindness would be now tried, even with such a dangerous lunatic.

Our second instance is a terrible exemplification of the ignorant cruelties heaped in former times upon unfortunate madmen in country places. Andrew Harvey was a native of Penzance, where he had been kept in a lonely hut, chained like a bull to a post driven into the ground. He saw no one except when frightened children came to stare at and jeer him, or when a woman came at regular intervals to bring him food. This woman he seized and murdered during one of his worst paroxysms. Harvey was brought up from Cornwall chained in a cart, and attended by keepers who seemed to regard him as a wild beast. In Bedlam he was kept separated by an iron railing from the other patients, and secured by an iron belt and handcuffs.

The female patients in Bedlam are dressmakers, governesses, servants, mechanics' wives, shop-women, and wives of tradesmen. There are about 140 mad women in Bedlam, to 113 males. Eleven of these former were driven mad by religious excitement, a cause which has only sent to Bedlam seven of the males. One woman had gone mad from intemperance, to seven men; while twelve men have lost their reason from pecuniary embarrassments. Women, less responsible in money matters, send only four contributors under this item. The annual report shows that, as man works his brain most, there naturally are sixteen patients here suffering from mental anxiety, and only four females. It appears that the diseases attending childbirth have caused murders in twenty-four cases.

In the female wards there was the same serenity and order. In one room an old woman with very little hair, and wrapped up in rather a ghostly way in flannel, was playing some music admirably on a piano-forte. She seemed melancholy but self-possessed, and did not deign us any special notice. In another gallery, two neatly-dressed and rather handsome young women were working at the same table in a friendly and rational way. One makes it a rule in such a place not to stop and especially notice any of the patients, for fear it might give them pain or rouse their anger. The patients, too, seldom looked direct at the visitors; but in every case when I looked back down a gallery, or at a special group, their eyes were fixed with a suspicious interest on us and the attendant. The madmen were disclosed in those glances, and also in the strange introspective, thoughtful air. It is almost rare that a knot of insane patients is seen where a general topic is being discussed; self, and self alone, seems the order of the day: no friendly feeling, no association. Were it otherwise, and the mad plotted and co-operated, how many keepers would be needed for their charge!

I asked the matron — a quick, resolute, shrewd woman (kind, but infinitely firm), who had been five-and-twenty years in Bedlam — if she had noticed whether the patients were worse at the full of the moon. The strong light after midnight might, I thought, without believing in occult astral influences, excite madmen and keep them sleepless. She replied distinctly, "No; but that in very hot weather the insane seemed sometimes worse." It was very hot then, and I gave a look round at the old women among whom we stood as she said this. Just then one of the patients came up to her, and in the most rational way begged that some change she had before requested might be made.

In the female as in the male wards, the same sad-wrung face, the same self-absorbed, restless manner, the same indescribable difference from the sane, struck me in every patient I saw. I confess somehow that I was glad when the last glass door was closed and locked behind me, and I once more stood free in the board-room, mutely questioned by the eyes of Henry the Eighth, who founded this hospital in Moorfields.

The new building was erected here in 1815. The great hospital has been a ceaseless fountain of good for centuries, having within the last hundred years tended 19,000 poor mad people, of whom 8,903 have been discharged cured. Only think of that! What suffering! what sorrow! what charity! what tenderness! I turned my back on the hospital with even a fuller sense than I had before of the terribly frail tenure on which man holds his reason, and still more convinced that the best proof of a sincere love of God is shown by sympathy and charity to the poor and the unhappy.

The smoky air of the Blackfriars Road seemed sweet and fresh to me now, as I struck homeward across the bridge, and a second time escaped from Bedlam.

THE STORY OF HENRIETTA RHENSE.

JUST outside the small town of Stauffenheim stands the Schloss Weissbach, a rather pretentious-looking place, with grounds laid out in the French fashion, and enclosed, on the side next the town, by a high wall. There are few people who enter Stauffenheim for the first time whose curiosity is not aroused by the appearance of an octagonal odd-looking building which stands within the grounds, and is only separated from the rest of the town by this wall. It is too big to be a mausoleum. It cannot be a house for the domestics of the Schloss, for apparently it has no windows. Besides, while the Schloss itself is kept in perfect order, and inhabited by a French family who bought it some few years ago, this peculiar-looking building has seemingly been allowed to fall into decay. Was there a murder committed in that solitary circular unwindowed house, which stands all by itself at the extremity of the grounds, holding no communication with the Schloss above?

Doubtless there were murders, of every grade of atrocity, committed in this building; but they were histrionic murders. At one time these octagonal walls enclosed all the manifold life of a theatre; and if you ask the people of Stauffenheim how it befell that a theatre — far too big to belong to a private house — came to be placed in the grounds of the Schloss Weissbach, they will tell you the story of Henrietta Rhense.

At one time this octagonal building was the Stadt-theatre of Stauffenheim. There was no big wall round it then; for the grounds of the Schloss came down to a small piece of waste land, which was used for various purposes by the manager of the theatre. There was, it is true, a small private gate leading out of the grounds, by which the Count Otto von Engelhardt, who owned the Schloss, and his friends could, if they were in a hurry, slip over to the

theatre without going round by the streets. But there were duties required of the owner of the Schloss; and, although this short cut would have saved the Count much trouble, it was expected of him that, when he deigned to visit the theatre, he should drive round and up to the door in his heavy French carriage, with all its appurtenances and servants.

The Count Otto was a young man, whose parents had died when he was a boy. He had therefore had the management of his life pretty much in his own hands, and he spent it in a manner that seemed sufficiently strange in the eyes of the simple townsfolk of Stauffenheim. For, instead of figuring at the Grand-duke's court, where his birth, position, wealth, and personal endowments, would have made him conspicuous, he chose to live the life of a student and a recluse in this small and remote town. His visitors, too, were not of his own class; they were poets, and writers, and such people, who were of like habits with himself, and scarcely fit company for a Count. He professed, for example, to think more of a young man called Schiller, who had just written a play called "The Robbers," than of the great Wohlgemuth, who had written a *History of the Church* that was recommended by all the priests, and who was a great friend of the Grand-duke's. Indeed, Count Otto was not nearly so popular as his father had been — the old Count, whose youthful dare-devil deeds in love and wine were still talked over and joked about. The Count Otto was haughty and reserved. Good-looking as he was himself, — for he had a stately bearing, and a handsome face, with plenty of brown curls, and a light-blue eye, — the prettiest girl in Stauffenheim might pass before him without receiving a second glance from him. When he sat in his box in the theatre (and he went thither pretty often) he seldom withdrew his eyes from the stage; and when he did, they wandered in absolute indifference over the faces around him. He was now getting on towards thirty, and the people of Stauffenheim said he would never marry — he was too much given over to his books, and his studies, and his correspondence with poor authors in various parts of the country.

This was the state of affairs when the manager of the little Stadt-theatre announced the forthcoming production of a piece of *féerie* which had achieved a great popularity in Vienna. That sort of entertainment was not very common then, nor had it acquired the marvellous resources that are now drawn upon for pantomimes, extravaganzas, and burlesques; while, with the new awakening of German literature, the people were crying for a national theatre and native plays, and were disposed to look with disfavor on any thing of French origin. However, this *féerie* had been a great success in Vienna; and the manager at Stauffenheim had not only imported the piece, but had also engaged the services of the principal actress in it, Fräulein Rhense. Great preparations were made for the production of the piece, and the townsfolk looked forward to something particularly fine.

It was not to be expected that Count Engelhardt should come to see a piece of *féerie*, consisting chiefly of gorgeous scenery, masks, music, and magical transformations. Indeed, the manager had sent a messenger to the Count, to ask if the box which belonged by right to the Schloss might be offered to the burgermeister of the town. The manager was surprised to hear, in reply, that the Count and a small party would honor the theatre with their presence on the first night of the new piece.

There was a little comedy to precede the *féerie*, and during its progress the Count and two other gentlemen appeared. Count Otto seemed to be in rather a merrier mood than usual, and paid much more attention to the remarks of his companions than to the remainder of the comedy.

The plot of the *féerie* was a sort of allegory, apparently designed to introduce as many different scenes as possible. It represented the adventures of a young Princess who, somehow or other, has forsaken her first love, and wanders about in search of some one who will recall to her all the wonderful illusions of that mystical and half-forgotten period. Many lovers pay suit to her, and many wonderful things she sees; but she cannot catch a glimpse of the wonderful Rose-world that she vaguely remembers. Now, it is with a view of this Rose-world that the *féerie* opened; and the simple people of Stauffenheim, unaccustomed to *spectacle*, beheld with delight and surprise the gorgeous masses of scenery (much of which had come from Vienna), lit up by the strongest lights the manager could procure. The Rose-world of first love was hung with garlands of faint-hued roses, that faded back into an indefinite mist of flowers; and all around were secret and silent bowers, and overhead the calm blue, and in the distance the white windings of a river that lay in the midst of a beautiful plain. And while they sat and gazed on this wonderful scene, that was so silent and so lovely, there suddenly appeared the Princess. The effect of her entrance was magical; for into the vague Rose-world, so pale in its hues, stepped a beautiful young creature with jet-black hair, with a calm, pale face, that had wonderful dark eyes in it, and a look of absorbed, wistful melancholy. This was the Fräulein Rhense, about whom they had heard so much; and yet the people were taken too much by surprise to applaud. As for her, she seemed unaware of their existence. She had already assumed the dreamlike air of the Princess, and was wandering about in the Rose-world, filled with a strange and yet unsatisfied happiness. As she went out and in among the pale pink bowers, they had now time to see how strikingly handsome she was, how perfect was her figure, and what splendid masses of black hair hung down upon her shoulders. Her Princess's dress, too, was sufficient to wake the admiration of the spectators, who were convinced that the Grossherzogin herself had nothing so splendid.

Count Otto spoke no more to his companions. He sat and gazed upon the pantomimic world before him, and upon the beautiful creature who wandered through it, literally spellbound. She was in the Rose-world, looking for her first love — he had met his there.

But then she was merely an actress, and Count Otto, although a recluse, knew the value of his rank. So he sent for the manager, who forthwith appeared at the door of the box.

"Is the Fräulein Rhense married?" he asked.

"No, Herr Graf," replied the manager.

"Who accompanied her from Vienna?"

"Her father."

"Is he in the theatre."

"Yes."

"Then present my compliments to the Fräulein, and say that my friends and myself will be glad if she and her father will favor us with their company at supper in the Schloss, as soon as the performance is over. The young lady need not change her dress."

The Count delivered the invitation pretty much as if it were a command, and such he probably considered it. For an actress in a small provincial theatre to be asked as a guest to Schloss Weissbach was an honor which it never entered his head could be refused; and yet refused it was. Some half-hour thereafter, the manager returned, and begged to see the Count alone. Count Otto stepped out into the passage, and the manager said, with great embarrassment, —

"You will pardon me, Herr Graf, but — but — Fräulein Rhense" —

"Well, you delivered the message?"

"Yes; but" —

"But what? She is not too fatigued by her journey, is she?"

"The fact is, Herr Graf, her answer was precisely in these words: — 'Pray present my compliments to Count Engelhardt, and say that my father and myself never accept invitations from strangers.'"

"*Der Teufel!*" exclaimed the Count in genuine surprise. And then with a slight gesture of haughty indifference, he returned to the box.

But in spite of this repulse, the spell was still upon him; and he followed the fortunes of the Princess through all the various scenes with a persistent, wistful attention that called

down upon him the satirical comments of his friends. He seemed to pay no heed to them. He was transported body and soul into the wonderful regions of the *féerie*, and was scarcely aware of the existence of those beside him. The short and the long of it was, that the young man had been taken captive by Henrietta Rhense's eyes, and that he had abandoned himself wholly to the passing infatuation of the hour.

Yet he was no longer quite a young man, as we use the phrase to denote inexperience of the world. If his own acquaintance with men and women was limited, he had reaped the results of other people's knowledge; and doubtless his theories about the only possible relation which could exist between an actress in an extravaganza and the owner of Schloss Weissbach were pretty much similar to those held by most men of rank at the time. Her refusal to accept his invitation had surprised him, but he forgot his wounded pride in looking at her and listening to her voice; and by the time the performance was over, and he and his friends on their way home, he was as much in love as a man well could be.

The Count's preoccupation had not escaped the notice of his companions, and there were sundry hints thrown out about it as they sat down to supper. He frankly told them of the invitation he had sent to the young actress, and of her refusal.

"It is a ruse merely," exclaimed the youngest of the trio, a youthful lieutenant from Dresden. "She refused in order to pique your curiosity — that is all. If I cared to do it, I could undertake to make her acquaintance by two o'clock to-morrow, and to bring her here in the evening to sup with us."

Why was it that Count Otto's face was suddenly overspread with a frown? The young man had only offered to do what he himself had attempted to do. But he said bruskly, —

"You rave. She will *not* come."

"Shall I try?" said the lieutenant carelessly, stroking his pale-yellow moustache.

"Certainly."

"But I must have the means. I must have a little present to send her in the morning. One cannot get jewelry in Stauffenheim."

"I have a bracelet I had intended sending to an aunt of mine in Styria. You may have that," said Count Otto.

He was evidently bent on making his friend fulfil his promise. If he succeeded, he would then be able to estimate Fräulein Rhense at her true value; if he failed, he would be proud of her victory; for it was not to be concealed that his impression of her had gradually altered since her refusal had been announced to him.

Lieut. Arno framed a careful little epistle in the morning, and sent it with the bracelet to the Fräulein Henrietta. No one knew what he had said to her, or what request he had made; but after the messenger had been despatched, he lit a cigar, and observed to his friends, that before he had finished smoking the young lady's answer would arrive.

So it did. He took the cigar from his mouth as the messenger returned, and prepared to open Fräulein Rhense's note; but great was his surprise to observe that along with the note came the same little box he had sent to her. His companions saw it also; and Count Otto, with a prodigious laugh, exclaimed, —

"Du lieber Himmel! She has sent thee back thy bracelet, du unglücklicher Junge!"

The Count seemed in nowise chagrined by the ill success of the lieutenant. On the contrary, he could scarce conceal his delight; and when the lieutenant and his friend departed for Leipsic next day, the Count, in bidding him farewell, bade him remember the rebuff which had been ministered to him by Henrietta Rhense.

Left to himself, Count Otto withdrew for a day or two to the solitude of his own rooms in the Schloss. Perhaps he was endeavoring to check his passion at the outset, and had resolved not to brave farther the temptation of going to the theatre. However that may be, on the third evening he again appeared in his box, and sat there alone and entranced. Night after night he went, until it was clear that he had wholly abandoned himself to the delight of gazing at the beautiful young actress, wherever that might lead him. He sought for no society; he imparted his raptures to no one; he even made no farther effort to become acquainted personally with Henrietta Rhense; but every morning a bouquet, brought by a man who was not in the Count's livery, was left for her at the theatre; and every evening the young man sat in the shadow of his box, and looked down into the wonderful Rose-world, in which the Princess wandered.

At length the Count made the acquaintance of Fräulein Rhense, and that in the most commonplace way. He did not rescue her from the burning theatre, or save her from being run over in the streets, or, in fact, do any thing heroic and dramatic; but one evening, as he was leaving the theatre, he observed an old man, gray and worn, speaking to the manager; and as he passed, the old man was talking of the wonderful musical powers of a boy whom he had heard play in Vienna. Count Otto caught the name of Mendelssohn Bartholdy, and, without any form of introduction, stopped at once and inquired of the old man what he knew of this wonderful lad. The old man, it seemed, was professionally a musician. Count Otto had achieved a tolerable reputation as an amateur composer, and insensibly they glided into a long and earnest conversation about the various masters of the day, their qualities, their followers, and their prospects. At the end of their talk the Count abruptly asked his newly-found friend to call upon him next morning at the Schloss, that he might show him some MSS., which had been sent him by a great composer of the time.

"I have the honor, then, of addressing the Count Engelhardt?" said the old man, rather taken aback.

The Count now remembered that he did not even know the name of the person whom he had asked to visit him; and at this juncture the manager stepped in with a formal introduction, and the Count discovered that he had been talking to Herr Ludwig Rhense, the father of Henrietta.

Old Rhense kept his appointment next day at the Schloss, and from that moment a warm friendship sprang up between the two men, who had been placed on terms of equality by their love of a great art. It need hardly be said that Henrietta Rhense could not long remain a stranger to the Count; and so, after all, the young actress, in the company of her father, did actually make her appearance at the Schloss, and was conducted over the place by the Count.

Nothing could exceed the courtesy of his manner towards her. Indeed, it is probable that he strove by every outward mark of deference and respect to obliterate from her mind the remembrance of the message he had sent her. And the more the Count saw of the young actress's nature, the more he learned to admire her. He found in her all the graces of character which he had imagined she might possess. The more he saw of her, the more he knew she was worthy of his love; until one morning, when he found her alone in her father's room, he asked her to become his wife.

Her face was pale and her eyes were sad as she looked at him and met his anxious gaze.

"I am very grateful," she said in a low voice. "And yet I ought not to have let you say this to me — for I knew that you would say it. I ought to have gone away; and yet to remain was very pleasant."

There was something in her voice that told him she loved him, although she spoke so sadly.

"I cannot be your wife — at least, not now," she said. "It is too hurried. You do not know me. You do not know how long your love might last. And then you might come to regret having pledged your life to a fleeting fancy. I will go away from here, and some time hence I may come back; and then, if your love has stood the test of absence, I shall know that I need not fear. That is all I can promise."

Nothing would shake her resolution; and, her engagement with the manager of the Stauffenheim Theatre being

over, she left the place, bidding Count Otto good-by. Her father knew of her resolution, and approved of it.

She was scarcely out of the town when Count Otto went down to the manager of the theatre.

"What have you done with the scenery and appointments of the *féerie?*" he asked.

"Nothing as yet, Herr Graf, for the theatre remains closed for a fortnight. But I must see about getting the scenery I had from Vienna sent back there."

"Herr Director," said the Count, "let the scenery remain, and I will buy from you, at your own price, the theatre and every thing it contains. The ground it stands on, as you know, is mine; and I want to have a theatre attached to the Schloss. I will pay you for the building and what is inside it, and I will present you with a new site for a theatre down close by the river, and not far from the Stadthaus. Is it a bargain?"

The manager was too overwhelmed to reply just at once. It struck him first that the Count must be mad, and then that he must be joking. However, in the end he saw there was no joke in the matter, and he set about making his calculations.

When the towns-people heard that Count Engelhardt had bought the Stadt-theatre, they too thought he was mad; for it was clear that he did not mean to have any performances in it. He allowed all the actors and actresses to make fresh engagements with the manager for the new theatre that was to be built, and he gave compensations to each and all for loss of time.

"To think," they said, "that the young Count should have lived quietly and become rich only to throw away his money like this! The old Count his father knew how to spend money and get value for it. He had rare sparkling wines from France and Hungary; he had plenty of friends to see him; he gave presents to ladies at the grand-duke's court; he drank, and gambled, and went to the devil merrily. But this young Count, albeit a handsomer man, and a more pleasant-spoken gentleman, must needs sit at home with his books, and save up money, and then all at once throw it away on a project, the like of which was never heard of."

Count Otto speedily set about taking possession of his new property. He ran a wall round the theatre, cutting it off from the town, and enclosing it in his own ground. The bit of meadow was also enclosed, and planted with shrubs. He did not wait to see these works finished; for so soon as they were begun, he set out from the place, and Stauffenheim saw him no more for nearly a year.

Meanwhile it became known that the Rose-world of the *féerie* still remained in the theatre, exactly as it had been during the performance of the piece. The Count had engaged the services of one or two of the assistants of the theatre, and their duty it was to see that this scenery was kept clean and bright. During his absence it was kept carefully covered over while the interior of the theatre was being newly decorated.

As for himself, he followed Henrietta Rhense from place to place, as the various exigencies of her profession compelled her to travel. Yet neither she nor her father knew that he did so — a slight disguise and a little precaution kept him easily concealed from both. He thus constituted himself an invisible guard over her safety, while enjoying the pleasure of looking at her whom he had chosen as his wife. He had prevailed on her to write to him; and her few letters were forwarded to him, while his replies were sent back to Stauffenheim, to be again posted from there. Her letters were frank and simple in the extreme; but they made no allusion whatever to the understood compact that had been made between them. Although he would fain have learned that she too looked forward to the happy close of his period of probation, he could not but admire the delicacy which prompted this reserve. For her silence intimated to him that he was free from any promise — that she could not accept his offer even in the light of a possibility until this trial had been made. So he followed her about, and secretly listened to her sweet voice, and secretly saw from a distance the sweet face that he hoped might lighten up in the future the solitary rooms of the Schloss Weissbach.

He knew very well that he was breaking his part of the compact in thus seeing her. It was understood that her absence was to be a test of his constancy and of the reality of his affection, whereas she was never really absent from him for twenty-four hours together. However, he reconciled his conscience to the deception by saying to himself that, as he knew the depth and stability of his affection, it was only necessary to persuade her, and that his present enjoyment could not interfere with the final result.

At last the *Wanderjahr* was over; and Henrietta Rhense and her father were in Prague. Nothing had been said as to how she and her lover were to meet; and doubtless she expected a letter from him, containing some intelligence of his coming. But instead of a letter, he presented himself, on this wise: He knew well that every forenoon she and her father were accustomed to cross the Moldau, and go for a walk past the Hradschin towards the park of the Belvedere Gardens. He knew perfectly the road they took; he knew the clump of trees under which they sat down in front of the *Restauration*, while the waiter brought them some coffee, and old Herr Rhense read the newspapers, and Henrietta took out her knitting. They were sitting there on this morning, when the young Count went up to them. Henrietta raised her eyes, and there was a strange glamour of joy fell over her face, although she looked pale and a little frightened.

"I have come to claim your promise," he said; and he held out his hand.

She gave him her small hand in his; and there, not heeding whether the people in the distance of the park could see them or not, he bent down and kissed her trembling lips. That was how Count Engelhardt won his wife; and he carried her home to Schloss Weissbach, and the small, dark-haired girl became the mistress of the place.

Perhaps the young Count was mad after all; or perhaps his correspondence with all these poets and playwrights had partly turned his brain; for the most curious part of the story is to be told. He took her down to this theatre at the end of the grounds; and very much surprised was she to find that the Rose-world in which he had seen his first love was there unaltered, in all its glory of pink color and light. And she was as mad as he; for to please him, and to recall the time when he had first seen her, she used to dress up as the Princess, and appear wandering about in the arbors of flowers. How beautiful she looked, with her black hair and her pretty figure defined clearly against the pale pink background! And when, after wandering there, she came to see her husband in the front part of the theatre, she sometimes found that his eyes were filled with tears. It was a great piece of folly, perhaps, but they were only two big children, these two, who had been nursed on poetry and romance; and these reminiscences of the old time served only to keep their first love warm, and so they were very happy.

It was another sphere of existence to them, into which they were never tired of escaping. On all special days, such as anniversaries of their wedding-day, or of the day on which they first met, and so forth, the Count had the Rose-world lit up; and his young wife, beautiful as ever, became again the Princess, and charmed the eyes of her lover. These two people lived a dream-life in the Schloss Weissbach: they were so fond of each other, that they cared for little company; and when there were strangers living in the Schloss, the theatre was never opened.

"But this is not so very long ago," you say to your informant. "Men are alive who knew Mendelssohn. Are the Count and his wife both dead?"

Then they tell you that, about three years after their marriage, a great fever broke out in the district. There was no room in the houses of the poor people for the proper tending of the sick. The Count and his lady, among other rich people, bestirred themselves in the matter, and tried to secure better accommodation for the sick. The theatre was changed into a small hospital: and both the Count and his wife were assiduous in tending the unfortunates committed

to their care. The epidemic was gradually disappearing, when both of these good people were attacked at once. They died within eight hours of each other; and Count Engelhardt and Henrietta Rhense are buried in the same grave.

WHAT I DID WITH A SHILLING.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT.

ONE foggy evening at the commencement of November, 1871, I was returning hurriedly home, when, passing a flaring gin-shop, I noticed coming out of it a laboring man and woman. From the few words of conversation I heard passing between them, it appeared that the man, after receiving his wages, instead of going directly homewards, had entered a public house, and his wife, having found him in it, was scolding him severely for wasting his money in so useless a manner. The husband, who appeared half-drunk, endeavored to exculpate himself to his better-half. The last words I heard him utter before he and his wife were lost in the fog were, "Well, come now, I've only spent a shilling, so it's not much loss — what can a fellow do with a shilling?"

Possibly from the half-drunken, mock-dignified tone he made use of when he uttered the words, "What can a fellow do with a shilling?" they remained persistently on my mind during the evening, and when I awoke the next morning they were still fresh in my memory. On taking my seat at the breakfast-table the words again occurred to me, and on putting the question to myself, I replied — "I'll try."

I opened the teacaddy, and from it took, perhaps, half an ounce of tea, which I placed in the teapot, and, having poured on the boiling water, left it to draw, turning over the while in my mind the history and adventures of the half-ounce of tea, from its first starting into life on the plantations of Assam till it came into my possession, and the cost it had incurred.

I began by watching an imaginary coolie plucking the leaf in a tea-garden some twenty miles from Gowhatty, the capital of the province. It occupied the coolie but a few moments, and he placed it in a basket with some other leaves he had collected. When the basket was filled it was taken by another coolie to the tea-house, where each separate petal was rolled up between the fingers of an Assamese woman, and then placed on an iron drying-stove. There it was kept till the drying process was over, and then it was put into a bag, carried to the elephant-cart, and taken to Gowhatty. There had been some heavy rain, and the journey occupied two days. My half-ounce of tea was then carried to the packing-house, where some Assamese carpenters had prepared a chest lined with lead for it, and some eighty pounds more of the same quality, and all was then carefully soldered down, so that its flavor and fragrance might not be lost during its journey to England.

The tea being packed, some other coolies took it to the river-side to await the steamer which was to carry it down the Bramapootra to Calcutta, where at length it arrived safely, having suffered no damage on the way.

At Calcutta the chest containing my tea was taken on shore, and placed in the charge of a merchant, and after having passed through different formalities and been handled by many men, it was placed on board a ship bound to England *viâ* Suez Canal. On landing in England other men were employed to unship the chest, and it was lodged in the dock warehouses. Afterwards it was sold at a public auction by a tea broker to a wholesale grocer, who, having employed one of his clerks to pay the duty at the custom-house, sold it to a retail tradesman, who in his turn sold it to my servant. And thus my half-ounce of tea had assisted in procuring the means of existence and superfluities of life to the coolies and tea-packers in Assam, the sailors on the steamer on the Bramapootra, the different agencies and porters at Calcutta, the wages of the seamen on the ship which brought it to England, the profits of the tea brokers, wholesale and retail grocers in London, besides many other individuals, and was at length placed in my teapot at the small cost to me of one penny, the tea having been purchased of the grocer at three shillings a pound.

As I considered the tea to be now fully drawn, I proceeded to put the sugar in the cup. How much sugar shall I use? As I have a sweet tooth in my head, say an ounce and a half for my breakfast. This sugar was grown in the West Indies. The cane was afterwards cut down, placed between rollers, the juice extracted from it and evaporated in boilers, and the evaporation being completed, the sugar deposited was placed in hogsheads and sent to Kingstown. A number of persons were there employed to place it in the hold of the ship, and the insurance was paid upon it. It was then landed in London and sent to the docks, many hands and much machinery being employed in doing so. From the docks it was taken to the sugar refiners, where it was made into loaf sugar, and afterwards sold to the retail tradesman, who, having cut it up into small pieces, it was bought by my servant, and placed on my breakfast-table ready for use. The sugar for my breakfast had contributed to pay the wages of the black workmen in Jamaica and the profits of the planter, the loss by wear of his machinery, and the wages of the men who placed it on board the vessel. Then there were the wages of the sailors on its journey home, the wages of the dock-laborers, the profits of the sugar-refiner, the profits of the retail grocer who sold it to me, and many other agencies, till at length it was placed on my breakfast-table at a cost of something less than a halfpenny, the retail price being sixpence a pound.

The milk is easily accounted for. Whatever the farmer's cost or trouble might have been, the milkmaid or boy or man who milked the cows at midnight or before daylight in the morning so that it might be ready for my breakfast, and the man who brought it to my house in the morning, certainly all did a vast amount of work for the small cost of one halfpenny. But, after all, it sunk into insignificance when compared with the wonders done by the pennies invested in the tea and sugar.

And now what else have I to account for in the expenditure of my shilling? There are two hot rolls on the table. I am somewhat undecided whether the flour they were made from was grown in England or the Western States of America, or whether it came from Odessa or some port in the Baltic. Let us say Odessa, as that will form about an average distance. The corn must have been grown in the Russian empire, and sent from Odessa to England by steamer, where it passed through different formalities, and many merchants' and tradesmen's hands, till the flour reached my baker. During the night his journeymen were employed in preparing the dough, so that the rolls might be taken from the oven and placed hot upon my table for breakfast. The flour which composed them had thus in its due proportion given employment to the farmer and his laborers in Russia, the merchants and their various staffs of officials and porters in Odessa, contributed to the shipowner's profits, the wages of the crew and many other persons in England, including the baker and his men, till at last it was placed on my table in the shape of two nice hot rolls for the sum of twopence.

And now I have to account for two pats of Brittany butter. I leave the reader to imagine the different processes they passed through from the time the cows were milked in France till the pats of butter were placed on my breakfast-table. The cost, perhaps, of the two pats of butter would be only twopence, and yet the labor and intelligence of many scores of individuals had been brought into action to procure it, each in his turn receiving some benefit from the small sum my servant had invested for me in that delicacy.

What else have I for my breakfast? There is a box of remarkably fine sardines open on the table, and a dish with a cover over it, from which escapes a certain odor, telling in the clearest manner that a Yarmouth bloater ready cooked is concealed there from my sight. I did not want more than one of the delicacies, but, as I had yet a considerable balance of my shilling to invest, I took from the tin box a very fine sardine. The fish had been caught in the Mediterranean, then taken on shore, prepared in oil, and placed in a

neatly-made tin box, which was filled up with oil, and the lid soldered down. It was then sold to a merchant, who exported it to London, where again it passed through many hands prior to its being placed on the plate before me; while I, like a beneficent *genius*, had called into play no end of industries and trades for the small charge of one half-penny; for on counting the contents of the box, for which I had paid one shilling, I found in it twenty-four fish.

I have now the herring to account for. To describe the various processes it had gone through since the fisherman had extracted it from his net till it was cooked and placed on my table would occupy too much space. Suffice it to say, if the herring had not called into action so many agencies as the sardine, benefits had accrued from it to many persons — so many, in fact, as almost to make me believe that in eating my breakfast, surrounded by every comfort, and thus judiciously investing my shilling, I was playing the part of an amiable and benevolent philanthropist, well deserving the gratitude of my species. The idea how much humanity was indebted to me for my philanthropy occupied my thoughts during the whole of my breakfast, and when I rose from the table, and seated myself in an easy-chair by the fire to enjoy my newspaper, I did so with that calm, placid feeling which we all experience after having done in secret a meritorious action. But a few moments afterwards I had reason to believe that I had vastly underrated my benevolent and wonder-working powers. In fact, the investment of another penny of my shilling had produced marvels a thousand times greater than all the other sums I had mentioned put together.

I had taken from my table my newspaper — the *Daily News*. Through its means I had obtained copies of the telegraphic despatches which arrived in the course of the night. They told me that the assassins of Generals Thomas and Lecomte had been condemned to the death which, in my opinion, they so well deserved, and that several others had been pardoned; also another telegraphic despatch from Lyons telling me the somewhat uninteresting fact that the Count de Chambord denies the rumor of his intention to abdicate. Several other despatches from Paris I also receive, uninteresting to myself, and possibly so to the reader. From Berlin I receive a telegraphic despatch of the night before, informing me, among other matters, that the Imperial chancellor was about to lay a final coinage law before the government during next session. From Rome also I receive telegraphic despatches without any thing particularly interesting in them. I have several also from Madrid which arrived the previous night, the most interesting among them notifying a proposal for the sale of Cuba. And then comes another despatch from Coblentz, informing me that last night a powder magazine had been blown up, by which two or three persons were killed, and several wounded. From Washington also I had a copy of a telegraphic despatch telling me the cotton crops were looking better, and also detailing the state of the New-York money-market. Then follow several admirably-written notices and reviews of different books, both American and English; letters from correspondents, more or less interesting; and several cleverly-written leading articles. The Court Circular, among other matters, gives me information that the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod preached yesterday before her Majesty at Balmoral. Then I have all Saturday's police and law news, and as much other well-written literary matter as would suffice (in quantity) to fill a three-volume novel. And all this procured by tht very judicious investment of another penny from my shilling.

Among other matters in the newspaper was the judgment in a lawsuit in which a favorite niece of mine, residing in Sydney, New South Wales, was interested. I immediately folded up the paper, and, having directed it to her, I invested another penny of my shilling in a postage-stamp, and then forwarded the paper to the post-office, from whence, through divers agencies, it will be carried fifteen thousand miles, and at length be placed safely in my niece's hands. Let me see now how my account stands: — Tea, 1 *d.*; milk, ½ *d.*; sugar, ½ *d.*; sardine, ½ *d.*; bloater, 1 *d.*; bread, 2 *d.*; butter, 2 *d.*; paper, 1 *d.*; postage, 1 *d.*; total, 9½ *d.*

The reader will perceive that I had still a balance of 2½ *d.* in my favor. What shall I do with it? Shall I give it in charity, or save it, or put it to the cost of my next breakfast? At first I liked the idea of the charity investment; but then I remembered the persons to whom I might give it would be regular whining street mendicants, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of whom are imposters, and thus my alms might do more harm than good. The idea of carrying it over to the account of my next morning's breakfast rather pleased me at first, from an economical point of view. If I adopted the same course five mornings consecutively, on the sixth I might obtain my breakfast gratuitously. Still, I did not feel satisfied with the arrangement. It was selfish to throw over the charity portion of the question in so unceremonious a manner, even though I could not close my eyes to the fact that penny almsgiving was a very injudicious application of "that most excellent gift." And then the idea struck me whether it would not be possible to put the 2½ *d.* to such a profitable use as should not only pay me a great deal more than the value of one breakfast, but return me sufficient surplus to allow me to give a sovereign to the funds of the Scottish Hospital in London, where I knew it would be judiciously distributed. I determined to make the attempt. I invested another halfpenny of my shilling in a postal card, and sent by it a message to the editor of *Good Words*, who, as the *Daily News* informed me, was then at Balmoral, asking if he would allow the narrative of "What I Did with a Shilling" to appear in the columns of *Good Words*. Having, by return of post, received a reply in the affirmative, I sent my servant with the 2*d.* balance still remaining in my hand to a stationer's, telling her to bring me back as many sheets of foolscap paper as she could get for the money. She returned with three, and I then occupied the next two hours in writing out clearly for the press the manner in which I had invested my shilling.

I now took the article to *Good Words* office, and shall receive for it as much as will, in all probability, supply me for a hundred days with sufficient funds for similar breakfasts to the one I have partaken of this morning, one hundred copies of the *Daily News*, giving me every morning the latest intelligence, including, when the house sits, voluminous parliamentary reports, collected by gentlemen of high education, brought to the printing-office perhaps at 1 A.M. after each debate had taken place, then set up in type, printed, and placed on my breakfast-table, still damp from the press. After having read each paper I shall forward it to my niece in Sydney, a distance of fifteen thousand miles, making a continuous distance for the whole hundred papers carried of not less than one million five hundred thousand miles, or in other words more than fifty times the circumference of the world, while the surplus expended in paper, and omitting the sardine at breakfast, will afford me a balance over equal to the sum I propose sending to the Scottish Hospital.

And now, gentle reader, tell me candidly if truth is not stranger than fiction? If you do not agree with me, then tell me any fairy tale you ever read which contained any thing more wonderful than "What I Did with a Shilling."

PROFESSOR TYNDALL AND THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AN OLD BOY.

My godson, Octavius Tomkins, has life made far too easy for him, like the rest of the young people of the present day. It's a lounging, comfort-loving age, and the boys and girls have the best of it, so far as my observation extends. Octavius, for example, toils not, neither does he spin; and yet he has had as many social indulgences this Christmas as if he did both — nay, far more than his father, who, poor man, with his large family, finds it incumbent on him to stick closely to work, and to deny himself many a bit of pleasure he would like. The theatres that boy Octavius has visited since he's been home for the vacation; the

"hops" — as he will call evening parties — he has been asked to; and the other and less recognized public amusements, of which he knows far too much to have picked it up by heresay — all convinced me that some slight mental alterative would do him good. Accordingly, when he called on me as usual to offer his Christmas greetings, I presented him with a ticket for a course of scientific lectures at the Royal Institution, in place of another Christmas-box. Master Octy's face fell, I promise you, when I gave him the ticket, with a few words of admonition which I had taken the trouble to commit to memory; but he's too much the man of the world to show disappointment much, and he pocketed the ticket, and what he evidently regarded as the affront, with a tolerably good grace. I needn't say I hope that I'd neither intention nor hope of making Octavius a lover of science; and that it was with the notion of giving him — in the midst of his surfeit of "pleasure" — a dose of something he couldn't like that I prescribed the Royal Institution. I remembered how uncomfortable I'd been made when a boy by "instructive" lectures, and how I hated them; and I determined to accompany my godson to Albemarle Street and to note for myself how he stood the boredom which I made certain was in store for him.

Now that it's over, and the first shock of surprise has subsided, I am able to form a calm judgment, and confess that Prof. Tyndall has given me some new lights, and that the Royal Institution at Christmas time is a different place from what I had expected. I'd never visited it before; and the unbroken blankness of its exterior, and a sort of general promise of dreariness within, put me in capital spirits when I drove up Albemarle Street yesterday in the drizzling rain with Octavius. Now, I said to myself, for something solid for my young gentleman. Now for settling privately on a few catch questions to see if he has been listening. Now to see if the self-indulgence and the love of pleasure he's been encouraged in won't make him kick against "useful information." I quite chuckled when we reached the theatre and took our seats; for the front rows were filled with young people, and there were the familiar objects of torture, — scientific instruments and diagrams, — only more elaborate than in my day, in the centre of the house. It was agreeable, too, to hear that there were several of Octavius's schoolfellows and friends present, though puzzling to find them in such good spirits.

"Wait, my dear young friends," I remarked mentally; "only wait, and if you don't find a genuine professor — not a legerdemain professor, but a real man of science — and the Royal Institution a little too much for your high spirits, why I'm content to write myself down 'no prophet' forever more."

My grievance against Dr. Tyndall is that he made the boys right and me wrong. He amused and interested them to such an extent, that I shall have to look out afresh for the alterative — bitter to the taste, and wholesome as the rod — which I am satisfied Octavius, and all boys and girls with indulgent parents, need. As it was, I found I had simply provided an additional pleasure for holidays which were too full of pleasure already, and that so far from my having furnished Octavius with a healthy counter-irritant in something he did not like, the lad is looking forward eagerly to next Saturday, when the second of the six lectures composing the course is to be given. Dr. Tyndall, talking to boys, is more like an older and better-informed boy than the others chatting with them, than I thought it possible for a professor to have been; while his illustrations and asides take his address completely out of the dull and dry category I had in my mind, and put his young audience completely at their ease.

His course of lectures for the Christmas holidays of 1871 are on "Ice, Water, Vapor, and Air," and that of yesterday included a strikingly clear explanation of clouds, rain, and rivers, and the formation of each; of the precise meaning of the phrases solar light and solar heat; of the waves of light and the waves of darkness sent forth by the sun; and of the properties of aqueous vapor and the effects of condensation, and the interception of the rays of light. Now that I have written this down, my original conviction partly comes back to me, and I begin to think the lecture must have been too instructive to be any thing but dull. But the remembrance of the merry laughter and the hearty applause are too much for me; and I can't resist the conclusion that it was "pleasure" from first to last. Prof. Tyndall's tone, too, almost flippant at times! Why, he lit a cigar in one of his experiments and positively smoked it for a second or two; telling us all that when he did the same thing some years ago at Cambridge he astonished the dons there very much. "I don't suppose any one had ventured to light a cigar in the Cambridge Senate-house before," remarked the Professor, "and the great people assembled in it looked as if they thought I oughtn't to have taken the liberty." This said while a cigar is being lit, and as a prelude to its being put between the professorial lips and puffed at, delighted the boys and girls. One professor outraging the conventional susceptibilities of other professors, and telling the story as a good joke, is just the thing to hit boy-nature, and if Dr. Tyndall had wanted volunteers for a desperately forlorn hope yesterday, my opinion is he might have counted upon half the lads present. Again, when explaining the process by which frost and snow had been produced on one of the vessels before him, and scraping the snow from its sides, the lecturer won all hearts. "There's more snow than I expected to find; enough, you see, to make a snowball; and if I were very wicked, I could actually (doing it) make a snowball out of what is here, and pelt Mr. Blank (the lecturer's assistant) with it." Prof. Tyndall suited the action to the words, and having compressed the snow until it was hard and compact, took elaborate aim at the gentleman assisting him (whose back was turned), and sent the snowball spinning past him and within a foot of his head. It may be imagined how the boys roared at this; and though these illustrations were exceptional, the pleasant, friendly, and familiar manner and speech maintained throughout were equally noteworthy, as were the surprising pains taken to follow each chain of reasoning fairly out. The boy or girl who fails to master the principles of what is being put before him at the Royal Institution must be singularly obtuse; and as all comers were provided with printed notes of the lectures, the lessons given may be worked out and improved upon at home. These notes are, in fact, a pamphlet containing sixty-eight pages of closely printed matter illustrated by diagrams and woodcuts, and are a valuable popular treatise on natural science. Among other things the student is taken to Switzerland, and studies its glaciers. "And now," writes Prof. Tyndall, after explaining the "branches and medial moraines of the Mer de Glace from the cleft station" — having "informed our minds by these observations, let our eyes wander over the whole glorious scene, the splintered peaks and the hacked and jagged crests, the far-stretching snow-fields, the smaller glaciers which nestle on the heights, the deep blue heaven, and the sailing clouds. Is it not worth some labor to gain command of such a scene? But the delight it imparts is heightened by the fact that we did not come expressly to see it; we came to instruct ourselves about the glacier, and this high enjoyment is an incident of our labor. You will find it thus through life; without honest labor there can be no deep joy." Let me remark that I freely forgave Dr. Tyndall before the close of his lecture for the disappointment arising from the nature of the treat he caused me to provide. These lectures, "adapted to a juvenile auditory," are as different from any thing I could have imagined, or have evolved out of my early experience, as could well be possible. But the hearty intelligent interest they inspired, the obvious enjoyment of the young people and of the elders in charge of them, and the perfect comprehension manifested by Octavius (he asked me if I wouldn't like to be condensed *apropos* of my wiping my forehead and puffing a little as we came out of the heated gallery and proceeded down stairs), have convinced me that there is more in the new method than I thought. At the Royal Institution, at all events, science is made easy without being rendered unscientific, and this by one of the foremost thinkers of the day.

ABOUT CATS.

"DIED, in Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, Mrs. Gregg, a single lady, between fifty and sixty years of age, remarkable for her benevolence to cats, no fewer than eighty being entertained under her hospitable roof at the same time. ..... Her maids being frequently tired of their attendance on such a numerous household, she was reduced at last to take a black woman to attend upon and feed them." She left this sable attendant an annuity, conditional on the due care and sustenance of the cats.

So said Sylvanus Urban, eighty years ago. And there have been other cases nearly similar: such as that of a gentleman at Hackney, who earned for himself the *soubriquet* of Cat Norris, on account of the numerous cats which he cherished. Grimalkin once now and then attracts a spurt of popular attention; and it is perhaps right that it should be so, for he appears to have had a good many hard rubs to bear. If Cattle Shows, Horse Shows, Pigeon Shows, Poultry Shows, Bird Shows, and Dog Shows,—even Baby Shows and Barmaid Shows,—why not Cat Shows? If people persist in doubting whether there has ever been such a being as a tortoiseshell tomcat, why should not others try to answer the question in the affirmative? If Persian cats are shorter in the back and longer in the legs than others, why should we not know it? Did a cat ever live twenty-six months without drink? and has a cat ever been known to exceed thirty years of age? and was there not a remarkable police-court case lately, touching the personal identity of a white Persian cat? If we like such subjects, have we not a right to discuss them?

The tortoiseshell problem is one of the toughest relating to cats. Every one admits that the combination of red and yellow in the male animal, if observable at all, is very rare; and the rarity gives rise to a high commercial value—just as in the case of old pictures, old china, and uniques of various kinds. Some breeders have found that, cross how they might, they can never produce this phenomenon; if tom, then a few black or white hairs mixed with the yellow and red; if no black or white, then tom's sister, perhaps, but not tom. Some persons have suspected, and even asserted, that nitrate of silver is occasionally used to sophisticate the color of tom's coat. There was once a tortoiseshell cat named Dick; but the animal lost both name and fame on becoming the mother of a litter of kittens. The *Times* newspaper has not been without its allusions to this subject. In one issue there was an announcement: "A handsome Tortoiseshell Tom Cat to be disposed of on reasonable terms." In another: "To be sold, a real Tortoiseshell Tom Cat, fifteen months old, and eight pounds' weight;" and diligent readers of the paper could doubtless find other examples. About sixty years ago there was one of these rarities sold by auction in London, and fetched such an enormous price as to become quite a public topic. Mr. Bannister, the comedian, made fun about it in an entertainment called the "Budget," while song-books and broadsheets revelled in the song of "The Tortoiseshell Tom Cat," or (in another form), "Tommy Tortoiseshell." The song puts the cat into a catalogue issued by Mr. Cats-eye of Cateaton Street; and brings in the syllable *cat* in plentiful abundance. Men, as well as women, it seems, helped to run up the biddings to more than two hundred guineas:—

"E'en nine or ten fine gentlemen were in the fashion caught, as well
As ladies, in their biddings for this purring piece of tortoiseshell!"

Four other lines ran thus:—

"Of its beauty and its quality 'tis true he told us fine tales;
But as for me I would as soon have bought a cat-o'-nine-tails.
I would not give for all the cats in Christendom so vast a fee
To save them from the cataracts or Cataline's catastrophe!"

Not only the tortoiseshell, but the yellow and also the tricolored, are subject to the same problem: are there any toms included in the number? Again, white cats are reputed to be always deaf and dumb; but some possessors assert that their *protégés* are as wide awake as any other cats. Again, there is the problem about tails. We all hear of the flagellatory cat-o'-nine-tails; but are there any cats wholly without such appendages? There are, unquestionably, cats in the Isle of Man thus bereft; and hence the saying, that "Manx cats are tailless;" but whether a cat once lost her tail by accident, and thus established a new breed, or whether (as has been rumored) crafty and cruel rogues sometimes curtail poor puss, in order to obtain a high price for a so-called Manx cat, are matters open for discussion.

According to Pennant, King Howel laid down a good stiff value for cats in Wales nine hundred years ago: "The price of a kitling before it could see was to be a penny; till it caught a mouse, twopence;" provided the little one passed a good examination by certain tests. "If any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary, he was to forfeit a milch ewe, its fleece, and lamb; or as much wheat as when poured on the cat, suspended by its tail (the head touching the floor), would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the tail."

Pussy has unquestionably been a favorite with many persons. Witness Mrs. Gregg and Cat Norris; and witness Richard Robert Jones, an eccentric who died in 1826, and who kept copies of all the pictures and all the verses he could meet with about cats. One of Gray's lighter minor poems, his "Ode on the Death of a Favorite Cat," gives a pleasant picture of a well-fed and well-treated puss:—

"Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet and emerald eyes,
She saw—and purr'd applause.

She was looking at her own reflected image in a stream; she saw two fish swim by, and dipped down her paw to catch them; but over-toppled, felt into the water, and was drowned.

On the other hand, some persons have a great antipathy to cats. Such is said to have been the case with Napoleon. A story is told that, after his brilliant victory at Wagram, and while temporarily sojourning at the humbled Emperor of Austria's palace at Schönbrunn, he one night called out hastily in his bedroom for assistance. An equerry or *aide-de-camp* entered, and found his potent master half-undressed, agitated, perspiring, and dealing intended blows at something or other. In truth, a cat had secreted herself behind some tapestry hangings in the room, and Napoleon was making desperate lunges at her through the hangings, almost as much in terror as puss herself.

But the modes of making use of a cat as a symbol, metaphor, representative, or type, are much more varied than the actual show either of fondness or aversion; although, it must be confessed, puss is seldom complimented on these occasions. As to the signs of taverns, such as the "Salutation and Cat," "Cat and Bagpipes," and "Cat and Fiddle," much conjecture has been hazarded concerning their origin, but without any very definite result. Some of the learned say that "Cat and Fiddle" comes from "Catan Fidèle"—faithful Catherine; but this leaves unexplained our old familiar—

"Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle," &c.

Not less difficult is it to trace the origin of certain old saws and sayings—such as this, that if you butter a cat's feet she will become domesticated in your house; or this, that if a cat sneezes or coughs, every person in the house will soon catch cold. Then, what is the meaning of "Cat's cradle," that wonderful see-saw of thread or string in which children delight, and which they often call "Scratch cradle"? Some think that it ought to be "Cratch cradle," cratch being still a name for the hay-rack over the manger in a stable; and that it was associ-

ated, in mediæval times, with some rude semblance to the holy manger; if so, cats have evidently nothing to do with the matter. The old saying that "cats suck the breath of infants, and so kill them," is sometimes attended with discomfort to puss, who is hurried away from the soft surroundings of baby, lest she should verify the proverb. Why is a particular game called cat? No one knows. It has something of cricket, something of trap-ball, but is neither; what we know is, that the little bit of wood called the Cat is troublesome to passers-by. The term Gib-cat, once applied to tom, is supposed to have come from Sibert, familiar for Gilbert; but this does not help us much, for it leaves unexplained why a tomcat should be called Gilbert. Then there is the simile, or standard of comparison, known as the Kilkenny cats, implying mutual destruction; the story being that two cats belonging to that locality fought so long and so fiercely that nothing was left but a bit of one tail. A Kilkenny man, within the last few years, has expressed an opinion that the saying had an origin which has nothing to do with cats. Many generations ago there were two distinct municipal or corporate bodies in that city, called respectively Kilkenny and Irish-town; the boundaries of their jurisdictions had never been marked out or clearly defined; they were at litigation on the subject for nearly three hundred years, until both were nearly ruined by law expenses.

Nobody knows why a particular kind of whistle is named a cat-call. Addison, in his humorous and sarcastic essay on this subject in the *Spectator*, contrives to glide from cat-calls to cats. "A Fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good friend, and a great proficient in the mathematical part of music, concludes, from the simplicity of its make, and the uniformity of its sound, that the cat-call is older than any of the inventions of Jubal. He observes, very well, that musical instruments took their first rise from the notes of birds and other melodious animals. "And what," says he, "more natural than for the first ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a cat, that lived under the same roof with them?" He added, that the cat has contributed more to harmony than any other animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this wind instrument, but for our string music in general."

Art-connoisseurs are acquainted with a picture by Breughel called the "Cats' Concert," in which about a dozen cats are assembled before an open music-book; the music, as is denoted by a small sketch, is a song about mice and cats; most of the cats are singing, with humorously varied expressions of countenance; one is blowing a horn or trumpet, one wears spectacles, and two or three are beating time with a front paw. Something approaching to this was actually attempted at one time at Paris; a Cat Concert, or "Concert Miaulant," was got up, in which several cats were placed in a row, with a monkey as conductor; when he beat time they mewed, the drollery depending chiefly on the different tones and qualities of the cats' voices. Whether it is the voice, or the manner, there is something that has tempted the more spiteful class of satirists to liken women to cats. For instance, Huddesford, who, in the early part of the present century, wrote a "Monody on the Death of Dick, an Academical Cat," launches out into this diatribe against various kinds of women:—

"Calumnious cats, who circulate *faux pas*,
And reputations maul with murd'rous claws;
Shrill cats, whom fierce domestic brawls delight;
Cross cats, who nothing want but teeth to bite;
Starch cats, of puritanic aspect sad;
And learned cats, who talk their husbands mad;
Confounded cats, who cough, and crow, and cry;
And maudlin cats, who drink eternally;
Fastidious cats, who pine for costly cates;
And jealous cats, who catechise their mates;
Cat-prudes, who, when they're asked the question, squall,
And ne'er give answer categorical;
Uncleanly cats, who never pare their nails;
Cat gossips, full of Canterbury tales;
Cat grandames, vexed with asthmas and catarrhs;
And superstitious cats, who curse their stars!"

A more pleasant bit of fun, with which Thomas Hood enriched his "Comic Annual," is a letter supposed to be written by one Thomas Frost to the Secretary of the Horticultural Society, revealing a most unexpected value of dead cats in gardening. "I particky wish the Satiety to be called to consider the Case what follows, as I think might be maid Transaxtionable in the nex Reports. My Wyf had a Tomb Cat that dyd. Being a torture Shell, and a Grate faverit, we had him berried in the Guardian, and for the sake of inrichment of the Mould I had the Carks deposited under the roots of a Gozberry Bush. The Frute being up to then of the Smooth Kind. But the next Seson's Frute after the Cat was berried, the Gozberries was all hairy — and more Remarkable the Catpilers of the same Bush was All of the same hairy description."

The instinct of the cat has not escaped the attention of naturalists. Every one agrees that the dog is far more intelligent, faithful, unselfish — attached to his master by something more than mere cupboard love. Still there are occasional instances of puss coming forward as a thinking being, laying plans, and adapting means to ends. As to cats suckling the young of other species of animals, this may possibly arise from some kind of maternal yearning, not simply such as we might call kindness of motive. At Guildford, some years ago, a boy brought indoors a couple of blind young rabbits; the father, rather brutally, gave them to a cat, under the supposition that she would summarily treat them as rats; instead of which, she suckled them and took care of them. At Overton, in Hampshire, a cat suckled her own kitten and a squirrel at the same time. In White's "Natural History of Selborne" an incident is related of a cat who had been robbed (in a way familiarly known to most households) of her kittens, nursing a young leveret which had lost its mother: the marvel to Gilbert White was that a carnivorous animal should thus suckle one of the graminivorous order. At Woodbridge, in Suffolk, a hen died, leaving two eggs to bemoan their loss. The eggs were placed under a cat when suckling her kittens; the warmth hatched the eggs, the chicks came forth, and the cat looked after them as attentively as after her own kittens.

Poor puss sometimes looks as though she would, if she could, tell her troubles to those around her. A kitten died one day, a natural and not a violent death; the cat brought it indoors in her mouth, laid it at her mistress's feet, and moaningly looked up for succor and sympathy. The instinct of dogs, in finding their way to places under circumstances which would baffle their masters, is parallele l in one instance, if not in many, by the cat. A certain puss had her kitten taken away from her, put into a basket, and carried three miles off, to the other extremity of a large town. Puss disappeared some time afterwards; but when the street door was opened early next morning, in she composedly walked, with her kitten dangling from her mouth, and replaced it on her own particular cushion. How she had managed her night journey no one knew. A child six years old ran a splinter in his foot, sat down on the floor, and cried so lustily as to wake a cat who was sleeping by the fireside; the cat got up, went to the child (who was a playmate of her's), gave him a good hearty cuff on the cheek with her paw, returned to the fireside and resumed her nap, as if under the belief that the unusually loud crying was merely the result of "tantrums." A cat belonging to a convent received her food only when the bell was rung at meal-times. One day she happened to be shut out at this critical period. On gaining admission, an hour or two afterwards, she saw no trace of any allowance on her platter; whereupon she set the bell ringing, much to the astonishment of the establishment generally. The *Scotsman*, newspaper, in 1819, told an anecdote of a cat that was left on shore by mere accident, much to the regret of the shipmaster. When he returned to Aberdour from his voyage, about a month afterwards, puss at once walked on board with a kitten in her mouth, and went directly down to the cabin. It was ascertained that she had lived in a neighboring wood, coming to have a peep at all the vessels that entered the harbor, but paying no further attention to any except the one which

she regarded as her home. And here we may remark that there is said to be a law or rule that if a live cat is found in an abandoned ship, it will prevent the vessel from being treated as derelict, or the property of the finder. If it be so, the rule probably applies to other live animals besides cats; at any rate, it is known that shipowners and shipmasters like to have a cat on board. One more instance of thought, sagacity, or whatever we may call it. A certain pantry window in the country was frequently found to be broken, and was as frequently mended; to guard it, a board was nailed across the lower part of the sash. One night the master of the house, when in bed, heard taps against the pantry window, just below him. On looking out he saw a cat with her (or his) hind feet on the pantry sill, the left front paw clinging to the top edge of the board as a holdfast, and hammering away against one of the panes of glass with a small stone held in the right paw.

There is some justification for the belief that a new career of honor is opening for puss. Cat-shows are likely to become institutions among us. When the Crystal Palace folk entered upon this matter half a year ago, there were no data from which the probable degree of success could be inferred. It was not known whether the owners of fine or rare cats would submit them to public view. But they *did;* and the display was a success. The famous question of questions was not quite solved. There was a tortoiseshell tom, but it was admitted that he had a few white hairs about him. People flocked in very large number to the north nave of the Palace, where the cats were ranged in cages; and newspapers and family circles were, for a week afterwards, discussing the merits of the Duchess of Sutherland's British wild-cat, the white Persian cats, the blue-eyed deaf cats, the Siamese cat with the puppy, pug-like nose, cats without tails, cats with superabundant toes, cats with less than the proper number of toes, cats weighing more than twenty-one pounds each, cats with the brown tabby coat, so rarely seen. And so this first cat-show having been a success, a second was determined on; and still more decidedly is pussy now in favor than before. The cats were vastly more numerous; and so were the visitors. No fewer than three hundred and forty-nine mewing, purring beauties competed for public admiration and favor, reclining pleasantly on their cushions. The animals were grouped in forty classes, and three prizes were given in each class; so that about every third exhibitor had a prize, of course much to his or her satisfaction. The short-haired and the long-haired were duly classified; while the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals offered prizes for choice examples of workmen's cats. Good; kindness to animals ennobles a dustman and a duke alike. The brown, blue, and gray tabbies were in strong muster; the rare mauve color was present; the Australian and the Abyssinian had not been forgotten; there was a cream color, which the enraptured owner valued at one hundred pounds; there were twenty-pound cats, and hybrid white cats, and fawn-colored cats, and — oh, rarity of rarities! — a real tortoiseshell tom, in whose coat not one white hair could be found!

CLIPT WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK."

The most trying thing about Uncle Ted was his resemblance to his brother. It was sufficiently disagreeable to have an old man with tastes so low and habits so unpleasant fastened upon the family at all; but to see, and to know all saw, in this person the Leffler figure, and the Leffler features, and all the Leffler peculiarities to the very fingernails, was a misfortune which demanded the whole of that fortitude of which the family motto boasted.

All attempts at reforming Uncle Ted had long since been abandoned. His brother, the doctor, had now grown accustomed to silence the complaints of his wife and children by half-reproachful reminders of that complete and final release which the whitening hair and battered frame seemed to prophesy was near at hand. No other comfort concerning the old man presented itself; and even this, suggested by his appearance and sometimes rambling mind, was made faint and doubtful by his good appetite, long walks, and early hours.

Uncle Ted had for years submitted himself to abject dependence on his brother. He could not work, he could not cope with strangers. Innumerable were the situations his brother had obtained for him, and the wardrobes Mrs. Leffler with willing fingers had prepared, and the departures that Uncle Ted had made; but swift had been the return on each occasion, pathetic the tale, irresistible the prayer to be allowed to stay.

The doctor continued his efforts from time to time; but, finding them always followed by the same results, and finding also that as the tall old form and noble-looking, half-vacant face grew more and more like his father's, it became more and more difficult for him to force him from under his roof. The doctor, therefore, had settled in his own mind and made the family aware he should not again seek a situation for Uncle Ted until he was compelled to place him in that from which return is impossible.

He was certainly a formidable encumbrance — one whom it was as impossible to conceal from society as it was to expect society to receive. Though his peculiar habits rendered it necessary for him to be banished from the room on the arrival of visitors, no one could be sure he would not come back for his snuffy pocket-handkerchief left lying on his niece's work-basket, or one of his enormous slippers dropped in his precipitate retreat, and in search of which all the ladies would have to rise, and turn about, and look under their chairs, while the doctor and Mrs. Leffler stood in sick, smiling patience; and uncle bowed, and apologized, and uttered most absurd compliments, and made — as his nieces afterwards would declare — a "fearful exhibition" of himself.

Uncle Ted was full of admiration for these nieces, but they were scarcely able to appreciate his high opinion of them, their beauty, elegance, and accomplishments, since he was in the habit of confiding his opinion to the footman and the cook, who were kept well informed by him as to the conquests and matrimonial chances of the young ladies; and, indeed, as to most of the family affairs, private or otherwise, with which he might happen to become acquainted.

It was no longer of any use trying to keep him from talking to the servants. Who else could or would talk to him? His brother had done his utmost to frighten and persuade him out of the habit, had insisted on each member of the family devoting an hour a day to him, that he might not be driven to this extremity. But all was of no use. Uncle Ted was tiresome, and failed to keep his appointments. The young people were full of their own cares and pleasures, or rather of the pleasures which were their cares. The strong young wings wearied of trying to fly so low as this maimed and degraded old eagle; so they left it, and pursued their own bright flight.

Uncle Ted now, almost unchidden, carried his paper down to the kitchen every morning, and read leading articles to the cook, who without ceremony ordered him from place to place, to suit her convenience; while the housemaid would peep over his shoulder at the advertisements, and the footman sit on the table, discussing politics with him, undisguisedly patronizing.

The doctor could do nothing but sigh helplessly as he, passing the kitchen stairs for a stroll in the garden, heard that fine old voice losing every day something of its nobility of tone, and that pure accent becoming so uncertain and vulgarized. Yet it would have been well for the family had Uncle Ted confined his friendship to his brother's servants solely. This, however, was not the case; for the doctor had more than once surprised him, before breakfast, standing on the step, leaning against the area railings — his scull-cap on the back of his head, his hands in the pockets of his old dressing-gown — asking the milkman's advice on some delicate family matter, hitherto supposed to have been a secret from Uncle Ted himself.

Led gently away by his brother's trembling arm, and

sternly, yet entreatingly remonstrated with in the seclusion of the doctor's study, Uncle Ted defended his conduct on the score of the milkman's being a very remarkable man, a gentleman under a cloud, a person of considerable mental endowments; and the interview would be brought to an abrupt close by an earnest recommendation from Uncle Ted that his friend should be asked to dinner.

Among the nursemaids in the park, no less than amongst his brother's domestics and tradespeople, Mr. Edward Leffler was incessantly discovering some "highly-gifted mind," or some "fine nature," that demanded not only the devotion of his morning hours, during which he would sit in speechless or eloquent admiration of the "mind" or "nature" in question, usually to the embarrassment of its owner, and of some policeman or lifeguardsman near at hand; but, unfortunately, too often demanded also homage, in the shape of a silver thimble, brooch, or ribbon, pilfered from the toilet-table of one of Uncle Ted's nieces.

When the family went out of town, Uncle Ted was left behind. To carry such a disgrace among fresh scenes and servants was, of course, out of the question; yet the alternative was a serious one. In fact, it generally happened that, from the moment of the family's return to the moment of its departing again, fresh revelations were constantly being made concerning Uncle Ted's peculiar modes of passing this interval of separation from his relatives.

At first when the doctor, on opening one after another of his favorite books, found himself possessed by a strong inclination to sneeze, and traced this strange effect to its cause, — namely, a few grains of brown powder sullying nearly every page, — he concluded that Uncle Ted had been devoting his time exclusively to study during the family's absence. Sundry odd volumes being missing from their places, and undiscoverable anywhere else, Uncle Ted's bed-room and favorite little retreats would be searched. As to the volumes themselves, the search would be in vain, but would result in the finding of mysterious little tickets bearing mention of the missing books and their whereabouts; and not of these alone, but bearing mention also of other little trifling articles and *their* whereabouts. Perhaps the whole amount which the exchange of the things mentioned on the tickets themselves had brought Uncle Ted would not be more than ten or twelve shillings. But the most alarming thought to the family was not, after all, the way by which the money had been obtained, but the way in which it had been spent.

Who could tell for what purpose it had gone? Perhaps in wooing to be Mrs. Edward Leffler, Mrs. Woods, the tobacconist, a widow with six children, and a person for whom Uncle Ted had confessed a feeling of no common friendship, through her likeness to a certain Lady Emily, his first love; or perhaps it had purchased a betrothal gift for Mrs. Webfoe, the charwoman, whom the master of the house was ever in fear of having introduced to him as his sister-in-law.

It cannot be supposed that the discovery of these tickets could be passed over as easily as Uncle Ted's other little eccentricities. A sense of unavoidable but useless duty compelled the doctor to summon his brother to his study, and endeavor to awaken in him some feelings of shame and penitence, but when, in obedience to his stern command, the tall form appeared, there was still so much of the old nobility about it that the doctor felt himself almost overcome with shame at the accusation he had to bring against him, and his voice would tremble, as, pointing to the tickets on the table, he would say, —

"Well, Edward, so it has come to *this*, has it, again!"

Uncle Ted, though seated in an attitude as dignified as his brother's, would gaze on the tickets with the expression of a child being chidden for a broken toy, and wondering timidly whether the fact of its being rendered useless ought not to be considered sufficient punishment, without further interference.

Sometimes when the doctor's words were more than usually stern and rousing, when his eloquence over the family honor came strongly, like the wind from the mountain heights, to this poor fallen human eagle, he *was* stirred, would ruffle his feathers, and struggle to soar to where he had fallen from. His brother, pausing for want of breath, would gaze upon him with some hope, as he saw the thin figure draw itself suddenly up, as if stung, the long hand trembling and hurriedly stroking the long chin, the fine blue eyes kindling to something like horror as they rested on the tickets; but the very next instant, catching sight of his brother's relenting eye, Uncle Ted would forget every thing but the fact that he was about to be forgiven and set free, and the doctor saw that he had seized upon that thought with the joyous avidity of a child, though he still tried to keep the corners of his mouth drawn down, and an affectation of remorse in his eyes during the rest of the lecture.

When it was over, and the doctor looked after his retreating form, trying to cover its relief by a greater show of infirmity than usual, he sighed to think how useless it seemed even to point out to him a better state, since it was so impossible for him to reach it. Not only had fate so cast him down, but had taken away all by which he might ever hope to rise — had clipt the wings which in this world could surely never grow again. The poor eagle might ruffle its feathers and struggle, but never soar.

It did continue to struggle at times, even while its decadence went on so rapidly; when, while reading his paper, the housemaid, in her anxiety to hear of a more eligible situation, so far forgot herself as to lay her black-leaded fingers on his shoulder; or when, in the heat of a political discussion, the footman addressed him by an opprobriously familiar name; or when the cook, after the failure of repeated hints as to the kitchen fire being needed for other purposes than toasting the sole of his slipper by, dropped the poker accidentally on his foot; on such occasions Uncle Ted was seen to change from his normal state. The half-startled, meditative look would come suddenly into his eyes, the long hand begin stroking the chin, with quick, agitated fingers, the figure draw itself up, and make its retreat from the kitchen with a dignity that accorded but ludicrously with the set of the ragged and patched Indian dressing-gown, which had something of the character of the garments worn by monkeys on barrel-organs.

These attempts at flight were very rare, and of brief duration. Before his friends in the kitchen had enjoyed his absence a quarter of an hour, Uncle Ted would probably be again amongst them, assisting the offending housemaid to shell peas, helping John to spell out a love-letter from the country, or bowing at cook's elbow with his newly-filled snuff-box, and the request, —

"Madam, obleege me. I have desired Mrs. Woods to put in a little more rappee than Scotch on purpose to suit your taste. You *will* obleege me?"

The gravy or sauce of such a day usually seemed to suggest that cook had not spurned the prayer, though it might have happened she had not sufficiently recovered her temper to utter her accustomed magnanimous reply of — "Certingly, Mr. Edward, sir," while her huge thumb and finger filled his tiny box which he held towards her, perfectly concealing his dismay, not only at so much of its contents being covered by the finger and thumb, but at so much more being scattered around in their efforts to squeeze themselves out of the box again without losing a grain of what they had secured.

One day it was exceedingly desirable that Uncle Ted should be so disposed of as to leave no danger of his intrusion at a little dance to take place in honor of his eldest niece's engagement.

The task had been undertaken by Dr. Leffler at the tearful entreaties of his daughter, who, in consideration of the high birth and poetic temperament of her betrothed, implored that he might be spared the sight of Uncle Ted until a closer intimacy would allow of some explanation as to his condition.

The queen of the evening was Uncle Ted's special favorite and the object of his most intense admiration. Ever since he had heard of the engagement he had been in a state of wild anxiety to see the person for whom all those affairs of Sophy's, in which he had shown her such lively though

inconvenient sympathy, had been brought to so sudden a termination. But though Uncle Ted rushed out into the area, and stared up every time he heard a carriage stop at the house, he had always as yet managed to miss *his* carriage; though he had paced the hall for half an hour when he knew him to be in the house and on the point of taking his departure, he had been always beguiled away before the moment came, and listened at a distance to the buoyant step and voice in indignant disappointment. He did at last obtain a sight of him through the key-hole, and spent some time there — rushing down every minute to confide to the servants his impressions of the bridegroom elect from this narrow point of view, then rushing back to it again. These impressions, unfortunately, were such as to make him more eager than ever for an introduction. Countless pieces of paper were found about the house, the beginning of letters presenting "Mr. Edward Leffler's compliments to Capt. Aldyce," and begging for an interview at Mrs. Woods's, or at some other of Uncle Ted's choice resorts, at the captain's earliest convenience. These notes sadly alarmed Sophy, who felt sure the writer was waiting his opportunity to throw one into the captain's carriage, or have it delivered to him in the house, as perhaps it would be, in her own presence.

All his efforts failing, Uncle Ted had of late begun to give way a little to despondency. This had been brought on by a severe cold he had caught through waiting half an hour in the area on a foggy evening just to see the captain's carriage-lamps flash by. He had not been out for the last day or two, to the wonder of several small pensioners of his to whom he made a daily allowance of hardbake out of the little money with which the doctor ventured to trust him for his snuff. He had passed most of his time in the kitchen, had been rather more silent — "mopish," as cook expressed it — and altogether less sociable than usual, muttering when asked what he would take to eat, some gloomy allusion to a dry crust, and snappishly offering, when asked where he would sit, to go to the coal-hole, if his doing so would afford anybody satisfaction.

Dr. Leffler found him seated by the fire, and his first glance at him led him to expect even more opposition to Sophy's wishes than he had anticipated.

"I'm sorry to hear your cold's worse, Edward," he said in a professional tone. "You must go to bed very early."

To his surprise Uncle Ted answered immediately, —

"Yes, Theodore, I think I will go to bed early to-night."

"I would, indeed, Edward," urged the doctor.

"I think I'll go now, Theodore," declared Uncle Ted, rising from his chair.

"Well, I really would," agreed the doctor, trying hard not to appear too much relieved.

He began to think, as he gave Uncle Ted his arm up the stairs, that he must have forgotten about the party altogether, but as he gave him over to John's care in the hall he was undeceived in this matter by Uncle Ted's observing quietly as he looked round at the camellias and lights, —

"I should like to have seen Sophy when she's dressed."

"You shall do so," said the doctor. "Sophy shall run up and see you, only you must not trouble her about any thing. She is over-excited, as it is; you must not add to her excitement by troubling her in any way."

"No, Theodore," answered Uncle Ted meekly; and after one dazed, lingering look at the lights and flowers, passed up the stairs with John.

He kept his word, for when Sophy went up to his little room at the top of the house, John carrying two candles before her, and her maid keeping her dress from touching the floor, Uncle Ted only raised himself on his elbow and gazed at her till the tears came into his eyes, then he lay down again, saying gently, —

"Thank you, Sophy; I am much obleeged to you, Sophy. I haven't excited you, have I, Sophy? Tell your father I have not excited you, my darling."

Sophy assured him with a conscience-smitten tenderness, and, throwing him a flower out of her bouquet, and courtesying with mock solemnity at the door of his little room, left him by himself.

Cook had promised to send him up some gruel, but forgot all about it, and he lay in the dark listening to the music, and thinking of his darling, all loveliness and love, floating among the lights and flowers, and of the bright young conqueror, whom he was not allowed to see.

After lying so a long time, he heard John bounding up the stairs to take a peep at himself before attending at supper.

Uncle Ted called to him, but he tripped down again, calling back carelessly, —

"Can't stop now, Mr. Hedward. Just a-going in to supper. Lie down and keep warm now, or we shall be a-having brunkeetis set in. Be up directly. *How rewore.*"

It was about half an hour past midnight when John whispered something to Dr. Leffler that caused him to go out of the room, and go straight up to Uncle Ted's attic.

The doctor sat down on the edge of his brother's bed, scarcely knowing for a moment or two what it was which had so shaken him, — his sudden ascent of the stairs, the sight of Uncle Ted's face, or the weak cry with which he had greeted him.

"Theodore, I will see him — I've a *right* to see him."

"Be quiet, Edward; you shall see whom you like; but don't excite yourself. What is the matter? Have you been alone long?"

The quiet, authoritative, professional tone and manner had some effect. Uncle Ted became a little calmer.

The doctor gave John some directions, sent him down stairs, made an alteration in the arrangements of the pillows, then sat down again and felt his brother's pulse.

"Theodore."

"Don't talk, Edward; don't talk just now," said the doctor; "presently will do."

"No, it won't, Theodore. I want to tell you something."

"Well, if it will relieve you. But you must be very quiet."

"Theodore, the night father died — you know I was alone, taking care of the house — me and Mrs. Webfoe. I was out when they brought him home in the fit; I was taking a cup of tea at a friend's — excellent woman, Theodore — perfect lady, though reduced to a mangle."

"Don't excite yourself, Edward, pray," said the doctor, beginning to have appalling forebodings as to the actual existence, after all, of the long-dreaded sister-in-law.

"Well?"

"We had conversed at the subject of your quarrel with your father, [illegible] me about being likely to have [illegible] if he should [illegible] you made it up, and said that people *did* say he had a will made in my favor. Then they fetched me, Theodore — Mrs. Webfoe came in a cab for me."

"Now you *are* exciting yourself, Edward."

"Theodore, he *did* have a will, [illegible]ng all to me; he put into my own hands — this — this [illegible]."

"Be quiet; pray be quiet," said the doctor, half dreamily, keeping one of his brother's hands as he took the thing they thrust into his.

He was almost startled out of his usual inscrutable pulse-feeling expression. How great and sudden a change must have come to the poor weak isolated mind — all unnoticed — for such an idea to have found place and conviction in it! At that moment a recollection of his brother's manner when he had returned home after his father's sudden death, caused the doctor to think over the words he had just heard in an entirely different spirit.

After sitting looking into his face a minute, he got up slowly and went to the candle with the paper Uncle Ted had given him. There was no mistaking it for the very same whose reported existence twelve years ago had filled his heart with misgiving and bitterness.

"What made you do this, Edward? How could you receive me as owner of all, and remain yourself almost — God forgive me! — almost penniless? How could you, Edward?"

"Was I fit to be any thing but almost penniless, Theodore?"

"But why not have told me — have shared it with me

equally?" asked the doctor, with almost passionate reproach.

Uncle Ted sighed and shook his head.

"Ask your own spirit" — he said "sperit," in imitation of cook — "ask your own spirit, Theodore. You know as well as I do, you would almost have cursed your poor father, Theodore — you know you would — and let your children starve, rather than let them touch a penny of his money so left. Ah, *I* knew you, Theodore — *I* knew you. I knew it must be all or nothing. I says to myself, What am I? I only want to see the children happy, and find a home amongst 'em. And I *have* found a home, and been a turrable trial to you, Theodore; but it won't be for long — I feel it won't be for long, Theodore."

The doctor sat with his face buried in his hands. The story had not startled him. He knew that such an act was simply natural to Uncle Ted. There had not been the slightest heroism about it; it had been his *easiest* course and therefore the one most pleasant to him.

"But, Theodore, you wouldn't always let me see you happy. Sophy won't let me see her happy; she won't let me see young Aldyce. It's *too* bad, that is, Theodore."

"I will fetch them," said the doctor huskily; "they shall both come up."

"Stop, Theodore!" cried Uncle Ted, with a vehemence that left him breathless.

When the doctor reached the bedside, he had turned his cheek to the pillow and closed his eyes.

"Don't call 'em," he said faintly. "I like to hear the music, and to think they're happy. Don't make 'em leave off for me. I'd rather not see *him* now. I won't have her made to leave off dancing, and set a-crying with her happy eyes. Not to-night, Theodore. Let her dance. Let her be happy. Bless her!"

After watching by him some little time, Dr. Leffler ventured to disobey the master of the house so far as to summon his relatives and Capt. Aldyce to his bedside.

Uncle Ted was so favorably impressed by Sophy's choice, that he left him a verbal introduction to carry to his special friend the policeman, lodging at Mrs. Woods's, whose acquaintance he strongly advised the captain to cultivate.

He passed away at seven o'clock in the morning, in the presence of all he loved, and looked on by a landing-full of honestly-regretful eyes.

The Indian dressing-gown was bequeathed to Capt. Aldyce, and now serves as a nursery divan, the bright colors of which baby hands pat adoringly. The slippers were left to cook, their owner having observed, he said, that she had a Cleopatra foot. The snuff-box had so many claimants that the doctor, to settle the matter, decided to retain it in his own possession.

BURIED HEARTS.

IT is natural enough that the human heart — deemed by poets and philosophers to be the seat of our affections and passions, of our understanding and will, courage and conscience, by some men looked upon as the root of life itself — should have been considered by many of the dying in past times as a votive gift peculiarly sacred. And this feeling has been the cause of many instances of the burial of the heart apart from the place where the ashes of the body might repose.

Among the earliest instances of the separate mode of heart-burial is that of Henry the Second of England. After this luckless monarch expired in a passion of grief, before the altar of the church of Chinon, in 1189, his heart was interred at Fontevrault, but his body, from the nostrils of which tradition alleges blood to have dropped on the approach of his rebellious son Richard, was laid in a separate vault. From Fontevrault his heart, according to a statement in a public print, was brought a few years ago to Edinburgh, by Bishop Gillis, of that city. If so, where is it now?

When Richard Cœur de Lion fell beneath Gourdon's arrow at the siege of Chaluz, the gallant heart, which, in its greatness and mercy, inspired him to forgive, and even to reward the luckless archer, was, after his death, preserved in a casket in the treasury of that splendid cathedral which William the Conqueror built at Rouen; for Richard, by a last will, directed that his body should be interred in Fontevrault, "at the feet of his father, to testify his sorrow for the many uneasinesses he had created him during his lifetime." His bowels he bequeathed to Poictou (Grafton has it Carlisle), and his heart to Normandy, out of his great love for the people thereof. Above the relic at Rouen there was erected an elaborate little shrine, which was demolished in 1738, but exactly a hundred years later the heart was found in its old place, and reinterred. It was again exhumed, however, cased in glass, and exhibited in the Musée des Antiquités of the city; but December, 1869, saw it once more replaced in the cathedral, with a leaden plate on the cover, bearing the inscription:—

Hic jacet cor Ricardi Regis Anglorum.

So there finally lies the heart of him who, in chivalry, was the rival of Saladin and Philip Augustus, the hero of the historian and the novelist, and who was the idol of the English people for many a generation.

When this great crusader's nephew, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and King of the Romans, died, after a stirring life,— during which he formed a conspiracy against the king, his father, then, like all the wild, pious, and bankrupt lords of those days, took a turn or service in the Holy Land, and next drew his sword in the battle fought at Lewes between Henry the Third and the confederate barons, — his body was interred at Hayles, in Gloucestershire, but his heart was deposited at Rewley Abbey, near Oxford, while the heart of his son, who died before him, and for whose tragical fate he died of grief, was laid in Westminster Abbey in 1271.

Two successive holders of the see of Durham made votive offerings of their hearts to two different churches. The first of these was Richard Poore, previously Dean of Salisbury, Bishop of Chichester, and then of Durham, from 1228 to 1237. He was buried in the cathedral of his diocese, but his heart was sent to Tarrant, in Dorsetshire. A successor in the episcopate, Robert de Stitchell, who had formerly been Prior of Finchale, dying on his way home from the Council of Lyons, in 1274, was buried in Durham, but, at his own request, his heart was left behind, as a gift to the Benedictine convent near Arbepellis, in France. At Henley, in Yorkshire, in the old burial vault of the noble family of Bolton, there lies the leaden coffin of a female member of the house, who had died in France, and been brought from thence embalmed, and cased in lead. On the top of the coffin is deposited her heart in a kind of urn. The heart of Agnes Sorel was interred in the abbey of Jumieges.

In Scotland there have been several instances of the separate burial of the human heart. The earliest known is that connected with the founding and erection of Newabbey, or the abbey of Dulce Cor, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, by Derorgilla, daughter of Alan, the Celtic Lord of Galloway, and wife of John Baliol, of Barnard Castle, father of the unpopular competitor for the Scottish crown. Baliol, to whom she was deeply attached, died an exile in France in 1269; but Derorgilla had his heart embalmed, and as the Scoti-chronicon records, "lokyt and bunden with sylver brycht," and this relic so sad and grim she always carried about with her. In 1289, as death approached, when she was in her eightieth year, she directed that "this silent and daily companion in life for twenty years should be laid upon her bosom when she was buried in the abbey she had founded," — the beautiful old church, the secluded ruins of which now moulder by the bank of the Nith. For five centuries and more, in memory of her untiring affection, the place has been named locally the Abbey of Sweet-heart.

History and song have alike made us familiar with the last wish of Robert Bruce, the heroic King of Scotland, when, after two years of peace and contemplation, he died in the north at Cardross. He desired that in part fulfilment of a vow he had made to march to Jerusalem, a purpose

which the incessant war with England baffled, his heart should be laid in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and on his death-bed he besought his old friend and faithful brother soldier, the good Sir James Douglas, to undertake that which was then a most arduous journey, and be the bearer of the relic. "And it is my command," he added, to quote Froissart, "that you do use that royal state and maintenance in your journey, both for yourself and your companions, that into whatever lands or cities you may come, all may know that ye have in charge, to bear beyond the seas, the heart of King Robert of Scotland."

Then all who stood around his bed began to weep, and Douglas replied, —

"Assuredly, my liege, I do promise, by the faith which I owe to God and to the order of knighthood."

"Now praise be to God," said the king. "I shall die in peace."

It is a matter of history how Douglas departed on this errand with a train of knights, and, choosing to land on the Spanish coast, heard that Alphonso of Leon and Castile was at war with Osman, the Moorish king of Granada. In the true spirit of the age, he could not resist the temptation of striking a blow for the Christian faith, and so joined the Spaniards. He led their van upon the plain of Theba, near the Andalusian frontier. In a silver casket at his neck he bore the heart of Bruce, which rashly and repeatedly he cast before him amid the Moors, crying, —

"Now pass on as ye were wont, and Douglas, as of old, will follow thee or die."

And there he fell, together with Sir William Sinclair of Roslin, Sir Robert and Walter Logan of Restalrig, and others. Bruce's heart, instead of being taken to Jerusalem, was brought home by Sir Simon of Lee, and deposited in Melrose Abbey. Douglas was laid among his kindred in Liddesdale, and from thenceforward "the bloody heart," surmounted by a crown, became the cognizance of all the Douglases in Scotland. Bruce was interred at Dunfermline; and when his skeleton was discovered in 1818, the breast-bone was found to have been sawn across to permit the removal of the heart, in accordance with the terms of his last will.

But of all the treasured hearts of the heroic or illustrious dead, none perhaps ever underwent so many marvellous adventures as that of James, Marquis of Montrose, who was executed by the Scottish Puritans in 1650.

On his body being interred among those of common criminals, by the side of a road leading southward from Edinburgh, his niece, the Lady Napier, whose castle of Merchiston still stands near the place, had the deal box in which the trunk of the corpse lay (the head and limbs had been sent to different towns in Scotland) opened in the night, and his heart, "which he had always promised at his death to leave her, as a mark of the affection she had ever felt towards him," was taken forth. It was secretly embalmed and enclosed in a little case of steel, made from the blade of that sword which Montrose had drawn for King Charles at the battles of Auldearn, Tippermuir, and Kilsythe. This case she placed in a gold filigree box that had been presented by the Doge of Venice to John Napier, of Merchiston, and she enclosed the whole in a silver urn which had been given to her husband by the great cavalier marquis before the Civil War. She sent this carefully-guarded relic to the second marquis, afterwards Duke of Montrose, who was then in exile with her husband; but it never reached either of them, being unfortunately lost by the bearer on the journey.

Years after all these actors in the drama of life had passed away, a gentleman of Gueldres, a friend of Francis, fifth Lord Napier (who died in 1773), recognized, in the collection of a Flemish virtuoso, by the coat-armorial and other engravings upon it, the identical gold filigree box belonging to the Napiers of Merchiston. The steel case was within it; but the silver urn was gone. The former "was the size and shape of an egg. It was opened by pressing down a little knob, as is done in opening a watch-case. Inside was a little parcel containing all that remained of Montrose's heart, wrapped in a piece of coarse cloth, and done over with a substance like glue." Restored by this friend to the Napiers, it was presented to Miss Hester Napier, by her father, Lord Francis, when his speculations in the Caledonian Canal and elsewhere led him to fear the sale of his patrimonial castle of Merchiston, and that he would lose all, even to this relic, on which he set so much store. Miss Napier took it with her on her marriage with Johnstone of Carnsalloch, and it accompanied her when she sailed for India with her husband. Off the Cape de Verd Isles their ship was attacked by Admiral de Suffrien, who was also bound for the East with five French sail of the line. In the engagement which ensued, Mrs. Johnstone, who refused to quit her husband's side on the quarter-deck, was wounded by a splinter in the arm, while carrying in her hand a reticule in which she had placed all her most valuable trinkets, and, among these, the heart of Montrose, as it was feared that the Indiaman would be taken by boarding. Suffrien, however, was beaten off.

At Madura in India she had an urn made like the old one to contain the heart, and on it was engraved, in Tamil and Telegu, a legend telling what it held. Her constant anxiety concerning its safety naturally caused a story to be spread concerning it among the Madrassees, who deemed it a powerful talisman. Thus it was stolen, and became the property of a chief; so the loyal heart that had beat proudly in so many Scottish battles, hung as an amulet at the neck of a Hindoo warrior. The latter, however, on hearing what it really was, generously restored it to its owner, and it was brought to Europe by the Johnstones on their return in 1792. In that year they were in France, when an edict of the revolutionary government required all persons to surrender their plate and ornaments for the service of the sovereign people. Mrs. Johnstone intrusted the heart of Montrose to one of her English attendants named Knowles, that it might be secretly and safely conveyed to England; but the custodian died by the way; the relic was again lost, and heard of no more.

In the wall of an aisle of the old ruined church of Culross, there was found, not long ago, enclosed in a silver case of oval form, chased and engraved, the heart of Edward Bruce, second Lord Kinloss (ancestor of the Earls of Elgin), in his day a fiery and gallant young noble, who fought the famous duel with a kindred spirit, Sir Edward Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset, a conflict which is detailed at such length, and so quaintly, in No. 133 of the *Guardian*. Bruce was the challenger, and after a long and careful pre-arrangement, attended by their seconds and surgeons, they encountered each other, with the sword, minus their doublets, and in their shirt-sleeves, under the walls of Antwerp, in August, 1613. Sackville had a finger hewn off, and received three thrusts in his body, yet he contrived to pass his rapier twice, mortally, through the breast of his Scottish antagonist, who fell on his back, dying and choking with blood.

"I re-demanded of him," wrote Sir Edward, "if he would request his life; but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholden for it, bravely replying that 'he scorned it,' which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence."

As Sackville was borne away fainting, he escaped, as he relates, "a great danger. Lord Bruce's surgeon, when nobody dreamed of it, came full at me with his lordship's sword, and had not mine, with my sword, interposed, I had been slain, although my Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out, 'Rascal, hold thy hand!'"

Sackville was borne to a neighboring monastery to be cured, and died in 1652 of sorrow, it was alleged, for the death of Charles the First. Kinloss died on the ground where the duel was fought, and was buried in Antwerp; but his heart was sent home to the family vault, in the old abbey church, which lies so pleasantly half-hidden among ancient trees, by the margin of the Forth; and a brass plate in the wall, with a detail of the catastrophe engraved upon it, still indicates its locality to the visitor.

Still more recently there was supposed to be found in the vault of the Maitlands, at St. Mary's Church, in Haddington, an urn containing the heart of the great but terrible duke, John of Lauderdale, the scourge of the Covenanters, a truculent peer, who, for his services to the powers that were, was created Baron Petersham and Earl of Guildford, and who died at Tunbridge Wells in 1682. He was buried in the family aisle, amid the execrations of the peasantry, to whom his character rendered him odious, and his coffin on tressles was long an object of grotesque terror to the truant urchin who peeped through the narrow slit that lighted the vault where the lords of Thirlstane lie. The heart of the unhappy king, James the Second of England, which was taken from his body, and interred separately in an urn, in the church of Sainte Marie de Chaillot, near Paris, was lost at the Revolution, in 1792, while the heart of his queen, Mary d'Este, of Modena, and that of their faithful friend and adherent, Mary Gordon, daughter of Lewis, Marquis of Huntley, and wife of James, Duke of Perth (whilom Lord Justice-General, and High Chancellor of Scotland), were long kept where the ashes of the latter still repose, in the pretty little chapel of the Scottish College, at Paris, in the Rue des Fossés St. Victoire, one of the oldest portions of the city.

When the body of the Emperor Napoleon was prepared for interment at St. Helena, in May, 1821, the heart was removed by a medical officer, to be soldered up in a separate case. Madame Bertrand, in her grief and enthusiasm, had made some vow, or expressed a vehement desire, to obtain possession of this as a precious relic, and the doctor, fearing that some trick might be played him, and his commission be thereby imperilled, kept it all night in his own room, and under his own eye, in a wineglass. The noise of crystal breaking roused him, if not from sleep, at least from a waking doze, and he started forward, only in time to rescue the heart of the emperor from a huge brown rat, which was dragging it across the floor to its hole. It was rescued by the doctor, soldered up in a silver urn, filled with spirits, by Sergeant Abraham Millington, of the St. Helena Artillery, and placed in the coffin.

During the repair of Christ's Church, at Cork, in 1819, a human heart, in a leaden case, was found imbedded among the masonry; but to whom it had belonged, what was its story, the piety or love its owner wished to commemorate, no legend or inscription remained to tell.

In 1774, Sir Francis Dashwood, Lord Le Despenser, seems to have received the singular bequest of a human heart, as the obituaries of that year record, that when "Paul Whitehead, Esq., a gentleman much admired by the *literati*, for his publications, died at his apartments in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, among other whimsical legacies was his heart, which, with fifty pounds, he bequeathed to his lordship." But of all the relics on record, perhaps the most singular, if the story be true, is that related in the second volume of the memoirs of the Empress J. sephine, published in 1829, when the Duc de Lauragnois had not only the heart of his wife, to whom he was tenderly devoted, but her entire body, "by some chemical process reduced to a sort of small stone, which was set in a ring, that the duke always wore on his finger." After this, who will say that the eighteenth century was not a romantic age?

TWO FRENCH SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

I. — NEW-YEAR'S-DAY AT VERSAILLES.

THE sight of three gentlemen in swallow-tailed coats, and with stars on their breasts, who have just passed me to pay their respects to M. Thiers, puts me in mind of a New-year's-day not very distant, when two at least out of these three gentlemen might have been seen bowing at the Tuileries. It is not quite fair, perhaps, peeping into the past, neither in truth is there any reason why a man who salaamed to Napoleon III. should not do the same by his successors; *mais c'est égal*, as the Parisian gamins say, and I should like to know what some of my Republican acquaintances would have said if, two years ago, some inconvenient sprite dressed like one of his ex-Majesty's chamberlains had accosted them in the *Salle des Maréchaux* and said, holding up a hand-glass before their eyes and grinning: "Look into this. Do you see that man with the austere gait and stern countenance? He is abusing the Emperor, and wants to convince everybody that he has been a Republican all his life. Do you see?" — "Yes, bad luck to him; who is it?" — "You."

Everybody who has watched the really patriotic efforts of M. Thiers during the past ten months to set things to rights in his distracted country must in some degree respect him; but one is bound to state that the procession of patriots who have gone to thank him this morning for his arduous labors does not make the same imposing figure as that which used to go and do homage to Cæsar. Few things were more stirring than the New-year's-day fêtes under the Empire. They began on New-year's eve by a serenade from all the regimental bands of the Paris, Versailles, St. Germains, and Vincennes garrisons; and this was a thing to see. At two o'clock all the drummers — and, being six hundred, they seemed innumerable — filed into the *Cour du Carrousel*, with their drum-majors, and mingling with them came the bandsmen, to the number of about four hundred, hurrying up pell-mell from the four cardinal points of Paris. The drummers wore their broad white leather aprons and white gloves, and looked wonderfully trim and soldier-like. They used to be drawn up two deep into three sides of a square, each drum-major standing in front of his men, while in the centre, *præstantissimus*, towering a head and shoulders above everybody else, stood the drum-major of the Imperial Guard, the plume of his enormous busby tapering away out of sight, and his right hand resting on a formidable stick with a silver-gilt globe the size of a child's head. Viscount de Laferrière, the Chamberlain, who watched these things through the window, would then glide away to apprise their Majesties that every thing was ready; and the powerful drum-major would fix his eyes on the window of the state balcony, waiting, and poising his stick in mid-air. Precisely as the Empress set foot on the balcony, holding the Prince Imperial by the hand, the drum-major's stick would spin round in his fingers like a water-wheel, the six hundred drummers would twirl their wrists inwards, and there would be a report like a clap of thunder. It was one of those things that sent the blood rushing violently to one's head, and one could see the tag-rag and bobtail of Paris, as they pressed their unwashed noses through the bars of the *Carrousel* railings, glow up to their ears at the din. Most of them came there with M. Rochefort or some other great man enshrined in their hearts; but less than five minutes' drumming got the better of M. Rochefort. There is nothing like a drum for bringing a Parisian to respect authority, and by the time the big tambour-major planted his stick on the ground, causing the crescendo noise to cease with the suddenness of magic, a great roar of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" would be bellowed down the whole line. Then came the turn of the instrumental bands, and any one who heard the march from the "Prophète" played as these four hundred bandsmen used to play it would ask to hear no finer music in his whole life. The Empress, who always discharged with the greatest tact and grace her sovereign functions, would close the proceedings with a courtesy which dismissed the musicians in high spirits, and sent the tag-rag home feeling loyal for at least half an hour.

The next day it would be a grander and more flashy scene. From an early hour Paris would be alive with uniforms. It is astonishing to think where all the uniforms came from which blazed out on the backs of Frenchmen on a New-year's-day, and trooped from ten A. M. until twelve down the Rue de Rivoli between two closely packed lines of admiring spectators. There were civil and military, diplomatic and military, consular and judicial uniforms, forming between them such miles upon miles of broadcloth, not to mention gold lace and red ribbon enough to stock a citadel, that one stood still at last and gasped, looking to see on the horizon if perchance there were not one mortal

in an unbespangled garment. And then passed the carriages, — the twenty-one coaches of the municipality, with Baron Haussmann inside and his twenty mayors; the diplomatic vehicles, — first, Prince Metternich's, with bunches of white and scarlet footmen behind; Chevalier Nigra's in green and yellow; and, foremost among them all, the British ambassador's with its brave show of red and gold. I think it stood a Parisian in as good stead as going to the play to see all this; and for those who were a little behind the scenes it was certainly a diverting spectacle to watch only the faces of the actors in the day's cavalcade. Ever since that pretty little speech to Herr von Hübner, on Jan. 1, 1859, going to pay one's New Year's court to his Majesty was always looked upon more or less in the light of going to interview a bombshell. He might explode at any moment, and one never knew in what direction. That sleek banker in court dress rejoicing in three per cents, at seventy might find these three per cents dancing down somewhere to the regions of fifty when he came out from the reception — no wonder there should be a little anxiety on his brow. But once the first ordeal passed, — that is when his Majesty, in answer to the Papal Nuncio (the diplomatic spokesman on these occasions) had let fall the soothing-syrup words about peace, plenty, and the rest of it, — then the proceedings passed off gratifyingly enough for everybody concerned, excepting, of course, the military, who would have liked to see some Herr von Hübner or other bearded every twelvemonth. The Emperor, however, who was not ignorant of their very pardonable foible, generally contrived to wind up his harangue with some deftly turned compliment to the "finest soldiery in the world," and this restored good humor, so that the exit of the guests from the Imperial Palace was gay enough and hopeful enough. I remember meeting on the *Quai du Louvre* this day two years ago an old friend who was colonel in a regiment of *chasseurs*. He pointed to the streams of red, blue, and green trowsered officers who were pouring out from all the issues of the palace after the levée, and clanking along each with the air of a king. "Et dire," said he, in tones I am not likely ever to forget, "qu'on ne veut pas nous laisser manger Bismarck! Ca fait pitié." Poor fellow! those who sent him to try and eat Bismarck since have at least one noble life to answer for.

However, this is all over now, and not worth while raking up even for the sake of comparing the New-year's-days of the past with that which we are now celebrating. Perhaps this one which dawns so dully is a better presage for the future than that one under the Empire which found public opinion in Paris equally divided between the trial of M. Trauppmann and the accession to power of M. Ollivier. A patriotic French journal recently wrote in beautiful language, *apropos* of the red trowsers of the French army, which it was proposed to abolish: — "Le pantalon rouge a toujours abrité dans ses plis le courage et la civilisation." Is it too much to hope that the black coats, inaugurated for the first time at an official reception to-day, will also shelter in their folds not courage and civilization, but say economy and civilization, or humanity and civilization — or simply civilization in its broadest sense? Meanwhile, reflecting on the number of good wishes with which M. Thiers will have been regaled to-day by all sorts of gentlemen who have wished his predecessors well, and will wish quite as well to his successors without ever doing much to put their wishes into practical effect, one may conclude by expressing a hope once conveyed by a very shrewd Persian dervish to his king, that Providence will pay much less heed to what his friends wish him than to what they don't wish him. Considering the number of Bonapartists, Legitimists, and Gambettists who profess themselves the warm friends of the President, and will tell him so, there is every chance, if Providence serves him on the dervish's plan, that he will enjoy a long tenure of office.

II. — "AU BAL D'OPERA."

"Now, this is regeneration with a vengeance! If the false noses of these revellers are not shorter by an inch than they were two years ago, call me no true man!" says M. Tartine. He has just returned to Paris from the country, has M. Tartine, and he looks so fresh, young and merry after his few weeks' bath of provincial air that a brother chroniqueur who has not been in the country but staying in town to write interesting leaders on M. Pouyer-Quertier's budgets, greets him with an "Eh! Tartine, you've been culling roses!" as the two meet each other in the vestibule of the Grand Opera. It is midnight; the third carnival ball of the season is about to commence, and the crowd of débardeurs, punchinelloes, pierrots, and Polish hussars surging forward on all sides is overpowering. M. Tartine laughs, and points with his eye to a fat man on his arm who has been elbowing his way gallantly through the multi-colored press; "I have brought *that* with me to amuse me," he whispers. "Who is *that?*" laughs back the other chroniqueur. "I found him at Versailles," says M. Tartine, "I went there to see whether they were all giving tongue like last summer, and there was he in one of the lobbies howling as if his sinful heart would break. I saw it was one of the debates that had disagreed with him and brought him away. He is a deputy. Thirty years of his misspent life he manufactured some eatable or other which nobody could digest, and now his townsmen have sent him to manufacture laws which nobody can swallow. He is an enlightened product of universal suffrage. Look at him and admire him, but let me pass on."

So M. Tartine and his deputy, the one chaperoning the other, pass on with the stream and are drifted by slow stages into the ball-room. Here it is one blaze of light. The big chandelier, like a scorching sun, and the smaller chandeliers, like so many burning sattelites, are shooting out their crude jets with a sort of a fury. The pit of the house has disappeared, being boarded over to a level with the stage; and half a dozen footmen with water-cans are rushing about to lay the dust as the last preliminary before commencing. High aloft on an estrade is enthroned the orchestra, and punctually at midnight a white-gloved gentleman with an Olympian brow starts up from somewhere and rushes to the front amid the babel of a hundred voices from below raised to clamor him a welcome. This is the great Monsieur Strauss. With the glance and the attitude of Napoleon on the field of Austerlitz, he seizes his baton and raps with it on his desk the three authoritative signals. Then he draws his watch with his left hand and looks at it. At the precise moment when he is ready, but not an instant before, that watch will be returned to his pocket, the baton will flash above his head like a scimitar, and, at the token, six-and-twenty fiddlers, six players on the hautboy, eight performers on the flute, sixteen varied instrumentalists — horns, clarions, and what not — and one big drum will break into melody like a single fiddler. It is a fine sight, say what you please; take your stand against one of the corners of the estrade and watch. This is the famous Bal d'Opéra, the vision that haunts every Parisian schoolboy's dreams from fifteen to the age of experience, whenever that may be. One must not traduce the French and say that they do not know how to hold to the institutions that suit them. The Bal d'Opéra suits them, and they have held to it. M. Strauss, if consulted in time by any of the royal or imperial magnificoes who have crumbled away so pitifully from their thrones while he has kept to his, might have given them more than one good counsel on the art of ruling. "Watch my baton," he might have said, "and now watch those people. I slacken, they slacken; I quicken, they quicken. I stamp my foot, and their pace becomes furious. I wave both hands together, and their dance bursts, foaming and panting, into an infernal gallop. Look! this is no longer a mere dance. Their heads reel and their bodies spin. All these men are frenzied. And yet — halt! I have thrown my baton down, and there they are, gasping but obedient, and using what little breath I have left in their bodies to cheer me! Don't tell me, after that, that the people are hard to govern. Those are all bakers and grocers, students and loafers, you see below there — the sort of people who make revolutions. Every Saturday they come here and dance; such characters are not dan-

gerous. The only secret is to keep them giddy, as I do, and — to hold your baton firm." Saying which, M. Strauss might have shrugged his shoulders, and wished that the destiny of empires had placed *him* for a few years on the throne. Meanwhile, see how the house fills. The doors of the boxes are being unlocked and banged. Muffled forms in dominoes and velvet masks take their seats, screw up their opera-glasses, and gaze with absorption on the tumultuous mob of mummers underneath them. Popular tradition will have it that these are countesses in disguise, and a belief in this legend forms one of the many gilded illusions of one's first bal d'opéra. Alas! why should those illusions vanish? Why should one ever learn that the punches and débardeurs who dance with such desperation are not doing it for their own amusement; that the champagne in the refreshment-rooms is — well, let us pass lightly over that; that the countesses in disguise — well, let us pass lightly again; and that M. Strauss, when the final gallop is over, is not whirled away to the realms of Satan, but goes home to supper and to bed like lesser mortals? Vanity of vanities! this is an age of ungilded gingerbread, says M. Tartine.

The fat deputy, however, M. Tartine's friend, is inclined to believe in every thing; for how can he know that most of the dancers are paid forty sous a night by the management? After walking him about for an hour, M. Tartine discovers that his pate is empty of all subjects except those which concern the particular eatable which he used to manufacture to the profit of himself and the discomfort of the community. What caused him to howl at Versailles was the rumor that there was to be a tax interfering in some way with this eatable; but at ordinary times he is a peaceable man, howling at nobody, and tormented only by the suspicion that, being a deputy, he ought to have some political opinions to carry about with him — which, for the moment, is not the case. He broaches this view to M. Tartine. "I think," says M. Tartine, "I would do without opinions. I knew a man who came to grief through his opinions, and it is a painful thing to reflect that he might have lived long and universally esteemed if he had had none." "I think," remarks the fat deputy, "I should like to have an opinion on the sort of government that is best for us." "So should I," answers M. Tartine, "but I should keep it to myself and mark it 'dangerous.'" "Do you know," murmurs the fat deputy, lowering his voice and treading unceremoniously on the toes of somebody in his way, "Do you know I thought that, if I brought forward an amendment to the budget, it might perhaps drag me into notice?" "What!" exclaims M. Tartine, "you don't surely want to get into notice!" and he stops to scan his companion as if there were something explosive in him. "Well, no, it's not I, but my wife," sighs the fat deputy, rather plaintively. "When I was elected she said, 'Now, it's not enough to make laws, Adolphe (my name is Adolphe); a good deputy who wants to be noticed introduces amendments to the budget.' 'But suppose the budget doesn't need amendments?' I suggested. 'The budget always needs amendments,' said she. 'I think, though,' I answered, 'I would rather not be noticed.' 'Then,' replied she, 'you are a bad deputy,' and as, when Clarisse (her name's Clarisse) says these sorts of things, she puts a wonderful amount of bitterness into them, I thought it would be better if I drew up some amendments to the budget." "And have you drawn up these amendments?" asks M. Tartine. "Yes," says the fat deputy, lowering his voice again, and looking around him. "See here: perhaps if your paper supported these we might manage to pass them. I have noticed that there are seven brass buttons to the tunic of every soldier. By putting those buttons farther apart one might reduce the number to five. Each button costing a centime; that makes on an army of five hundred thousand men a saving of ten thousand francs." "So it does," says M. Tartine, pensively; "but we can improve upon that. Why have buttons at all? Buttons are part of the gear of a discarded system. Buttons are a mark for the enemy. I would suppress all the seven buttons, also the two buttons in the small of the back, which are absurd, for nobody wants buttons there. Instead of them I would put hooks and eyes, the cost of which a soldier should bear out of his own pay, and he should sew them on himself to teach him needlework. This would combine education with economy, and give us forty-five thousand francs in hand." "Then there is the yellow round the collars," proceeds the fat deputy, reading from a paper; "the suppression of the yellow would make a difference of something like a sou in the cost of each coat." "Total twenty-five thousand francs," ejaculates M. Tartine; "we are swimming in wealth. Twenty-five and forty-five makes seventy; what is to be done with this seventy thousand?" "What do you say to a grant of a million for the encouragement of manufactures?" suggests the fat deputy. "Some factories suffered terribly during the war." "I say it's capital," ejaculates M. Tartine; "we shall of course get the tax-payer to make up the difference, and this will be eminently fair, for when a deputy proposes amendments to the budget the least the nation can do is to bear the expense." "Yes," assents the deputy, preoccupied; "but I was thinking we might lay a duty on the produce of other manufactories which have not suffered." "Allow me to bow to you," interrupts M. Tartine, bending double; "it is with ideas like those a man becomes Prime Minister. On the day when you enter office though, please remember it was I who predicted your rise;" and again he salutes with much gravity. Not displeased, the fat deputy smiles to M. Tartine's bows, and says — but nobody ever knows what he was about to say, for just at this moment, a waltz having begun, there is a swell in the human sea, and, being off his guard, the fat deputy is caught up in the surf, whirled round like a cork, and, notwithstanding a valiant resistance, hurried away in an eddy. When he regains his legs he finds himself puffing and hatless near one of the doors of exit. M. Tartine hastens up laughing, with the hat, and is on the point of saying something comforting, when two ladies in dominoes and with velvet masks covering all of their faces excepting their sparkling eyes and dimpled chins, stop M. Tartine by laying their hands on his arms, and exclaim together, "*Eh, mon cher*, where have you been all these weeks? Take us to supper. Who is that fat man?" M. Tartine has had no difficulty in recognizing Mlle. Fifine, prima donna of the Fantaisies Gauloises, and the contralto, Mlle. Cascadette. "Hush!" he whispers, mysteriously; "it's the Finance Minister to the Emperor of the Brazils out incog. You must address him with decorum and simplicity. Great country the Brazils. No halfpence there. The currency's diamonds." Mlles. F. and C., who are aware that his Brazilian Majesty and suite are in Paris, become dumb as fish, and examine M. Tartine's companion respectfully from behind their velvet coverings. "Who are those ladies?" murmurs the fat deputy, with a slight nudge, for he is not insensible to the attention of which he is the object, and hopes that his white cravat has not got much rumpled. "Russian princesses," answers M. Tartine; "you know the Bal d'Opéra is renowned for meetings of this sort. Those ladies desire to make your acquaintance; they have heard of your fame as a manufacturer and a statesman (the fat deputy reddens and draws up his shirt-collar); besides which, I may confide to you that they are both deeply versed in questions of finance." "You don't say so," mutters the fat deputy, bashful, but preparing for the introduction. "Yes," says M. Tartine, "they have made the matter a special study. We'll take them to supper, and I dare say they'll tell you what to do with a surplus."

FOREIGN NOTES.

AT a south of England watering-place the police reports are given in poetry in the local paper.

M. THIERS has, the *Cologne Gazette* says, presented to the Russian Ambassador at Versailles a complete list and photographic likenesses of the Poles who took part in the Revolution at Paris, and has also denounced the persons in the

kingdom of Poland who entertained relations with the Paris Commune or sympathized with it.

THE man who estimates things for the English papers informs us that 35,275 persons ate their Christmas dinner within the walls of London workhouses.

THE Assize Court of the Seine has sentenced the manager of the *Constitution* to a year's imprisonment, and a fine of two hundred francs, for publishing false news. This is an infringement on the freedom of the press.

SOME unknown individual has sent the London Hospital a donation of $50,000, signing his letter simply "A Friend." He can scarcely be the "friend in need" mentioned by the proverb, to have so royal a surplus for charitable purposes.

ODDLY enough the bicycle-fever has only just reached Italy. Races are the order of the day, and we are told that at the last struggle between Milan and Novara the conqueror did the distance of forty-six kilometres (about twenty-eight and a-half miles) in three hours and a minute, without once stopping or getting off his steed.

A LONDON journal says it speaks well for the mental state of the population of that city that during the year just closed there has not been a single case of suicide by drowning in the Serpentine. This is the first time in forty years that so much self-denial has been exercised. It should be remarked that the Serpentine has been dry during the greater part of the suicidal season.

BARON SEYMOUR KIRKUP'S library was recently sold at auction in London. One of the most interesting items of the sale was a volume of the *Amoroso Convivio*, on the inside of the cover of which was a small but accurate drawing of the fresco of Dante, before it had been destroyed by modern restoration. The Baron, it will be remembered, was the hero of the discovery of the portrait of Dante, painted by Giotto on the wall of the Podestà at Florence.

THE story that has gone the round of the papers of Mommsen, the German historian, having been granted a pension of ten thousand francs for assisting Napoleon III. in the compilation of the "History of Cæsar," and of having recently written a letter to M. Renan, claiming to have the pension continued, is altogether contradicted by M. Renan, who not only denies having received any such letter, but certifies of his certain knowledge that Mommsen never had a sou of the Emperor's money.

M. THIERS on entering one of the *Bureaux* of the National Assembly, recently, was followed by a large dog, who jumped up barking and panting into the President's face. An officious clerk immediately started from his desk and dealt the animal such a terrific blow on the head with a ruler that he rolled back howling on the mat. The clerk, triumphant in the deed, exclaimed, "No dog shall harm our valued President while I am by." To which the President replied in a furious tone as he rushed towards the animal, "But, fool, dolt, idiot, the dog is mine." *Tableau.*

THE Emperor of Japan is reported to be — and certainly he has the best reasons for being — the most jolly dog in his realms. After living for four years in the strict observance of the puerile formalities attached by ancient custom to his rank, he has suddenly emancipated himself, and rushes into society exactly like the young heir just come into his property. He drives four-in-hand, wears a European costume, drinks champagne, and, save the mark, tells anecdotes of the *corps de ballet* with considerable vivacity and cleverness. Quite civilized in short.

MR. RUSKIN, in a note to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, complains of the condition of the London streets, and says: "I mean on the 1st January next, to take three street-sweepers into constant service; they will be the first workpeople I employ with the interest of the St. George's fund, of which I shall get my first dividend this January; and, wherever I can get leave from the police and inhabitants, I will keep my three sweepers steadily at work for eight hours a day; and I hope soon to show you a bit of our London streets kept as clean as the deck of a ship of the line."

MASQUERADE balls do not flourish under M. Thiers. Writing of a recent *bal masqué*, a Paris correspondent says it was rather a failure, and, in fact, most of the disciples of Clodoche must have come to grief during the Commune; the dominoes were few and far between; and as a proof that there was a sad want of enthusiasm on the part of the dancers, I may mention that not more than half a dozen Corybarites were taken to the police-office for indulging in figures which shocked the modesty of the guardians of the peace. One mask is reported to have attempted to gain admittance disguised as a clock with a Prussian under his arm, but his money was refused.

MR. CHARLES G. LELAND'S volume of poems, "The Music-Lesson of Confucius," is attracting great attention in England. The grace and Heine-like delicacy of these verses are a surprise to the English critics who have known Mr. Leland only by the humorous ballads of "Hans Breitmann." The author has received numerous letters from distinguished literary men, and, among the rest, one from Lord Lytton, which is enthusiastic enough, to say the least, to satisfy the most exacting poet. If the general public find in the volume the excellent art and substance which Lord Lytton claims for it, Mr. Leland may very well rest content.

THE Alpine Club — an assemblage of gentlemen who annually break a certain percentage of their necks in climbing the Alps — is something which an imaginative nature can comprehend; but a club of Winter-Bathers is simply incomprehensible. Yet such a club exists in London, the members whereof took a swim in the Serpentine (which we believe was not dry) on last Christmas day. They all came out alive, which was more than they deserved. There is one old bather — we don't see how he came to be an old bather, for he ought to have died long ago — who, when the lake is covered with ice, comes each morning with a hatchet with which he smashes the frozen surface, and thus slowly, inch by inch, works his way into the water. The hideous sufferings he must endure when the thermometer is several degrees below zero are too terrible to contemplate, and the utmost sympathy is due to the Humane Society's boatmen, whose duty compels them to witness his agony.

A MELANCHOLY death is reported in the Scotch papers — that of an immense cat, the property of a hair-dresser in Edinburgh. This animal was, it is stated, one of the sights of Edinburgh, was a model of beauty, and was the king of cats. So highly was he esteemed by his fellow-citizens that he was not permitted to take part in the cat-show the other day in London, it being considered that in consequence of his extreme obesity the journey would prove too fatiguing for him. About a month ago he began to exhibit signs of failing health, and was removed from the shop to the private residence of his owner, in the hope that change of air might prove beneficial. These hopes unfortunately were not realized; his illness increased daily, and it was found necessary to call in the aid of three veterinary surgeons, who for the last few days of his life prescribed a teaspoonful of port wine to be taken every quarter of an hour. A *port*-mortem examination proved he died of fat. He was fifteen and a half years old. He ought to be sent to a *mews*eum.

A NOTICE which has lately gone the round of the press, both in Germany and England, to the effect that Feuerbach, the great philosopher, is literally starving, and that subscriptions are urgently needed for his sustenance, has received a contradiction, the vigor and clearness of which leave nothing to desire. The philosopher's brother, Dr. Friedrich Feuerbach, declares, in his and his two sisters' names, that all the piteous descriptions in question are as false as they are malicious. It is true that the philosopher does live with his family in circumstances which, according to the notions of our times, must be called very simple and

modest, but there never was or could be a question of "dying of hunger." It would have been an indelible blot upon the fame of Germany if a man of Feuerbach's calibre had been allowed to sink into distress. To readers at large he will be best known by his "Nature of Christianity," which has been translated into English. Students of philosophy need not be reminded of his "Thoughts on Death and Immortality," and the "History of Modern Philosophy from Bacon to Spinoza," "Leibnitz," "Bayle," and the "Theogonie." He is now sixty-seven years of age.

A RECENT number of a leading Icelandic newspaper contains an advertisement which to ladies will be not a little alarming. It runs as follows:—"Two Russian merchants, Messrs. Johannesberg and Welensky, have arrived in this country, who are desirous of buying women's hair. They pay well." The full significance of this announcement will be at once apparent. Russia, which up to this time has supplied chignons with liberal hand to the coiffeurs of London and Paris, has at length given in, and the dealers have been obliged to seek in the uttermost parts of the earth for the necessary material for their trade, and to "pay well" for it. Probably the inducement thus held out will have the desired effect; but when all the available tresses of poverty-stricken Icelandic women have fallen under the scissors of Messrs. Johannesberg and Welensky, where are those enterprising gentleman to look for a further supply? Unless the leaders of feminine fashion can introduce a taste for the woolly curls of Africa or the coarse black hair of the Tartar races, we fear that they will some day be compelled to content themselves with the plaits and twists with which nature has supplied them.

THE Russian censorship having forbidden the representation of an opera by Rubinstein bearing the alarming title of "The Demon," it has been hastily assumed that the objection to the work must be of a political kind. This, however, is more than improbable, for it seems that the libretto is based on Lermontoff's poem of the same name, which has no more to do with politics than "Manfred." The fact is, the dramatic censorship in Russia is much more scrupulous in connection with religious than with political matters; and the mere title of the new opera was enough to alarm it. The best and most popular Russian comedies are full of political allusions which are largely tolerated so long as they do not point to the Imperial dignity itself but plays dealing with religious subjects are generally proscribed, and neither sacred nor utterly profane names may be used as titles. During the present reign the two great revolutionary operas, "Guillaume Tell" and "La Muette de Portici," have both been represented in Russia; but "Mosè in Egitto" cannot be played under that title, or sung to the original libretto. "Les Huguenots" was at one time in the list of objectionable works, and even now "Le Prophète" is only tolerated on condition of its being announced as the "Siege of Ghent."

THE *Levant Herald* suggests that the Pope should be invited by the Sultan to take up his residence in Constantinople. Why, it asks, should not the Sultan do a signal service to his Christian neighbors by taking in charge this white elephant of Europe? He might offer a palace without missing one among so many—a becoming *eilik*, a guard of honor, a state caique, and a whole private post-office for his Holiness's special use. There would, too, be a touch of historical completeness in the residence of the Pope in the city of Constantine. Byzantium gave a capital to ancient Rome when anarchy and the inroads of the barbarians threatened to break the empire in pieces. In Constantinople began the reign of Imperial Christianity. Constantinople was the chief seat of Eastern Christianity, as Rome was that of Western Christianity. For a time Constantinople, Alexandria, and the other cities of the East played a higher part in the strifes of Christianity than Rome and the cities of the West. With Constantinople is linked the history of St. Athanasius, St. Chrysostom, the deeds of Iconoclasts, and the most eventful years of the Eastern Church. Constantinople withdrew the Imperial pomp and state from a city which had ceased to be the capital of any thing but the foulest corruption that human eye had ever seen or human imagination had ever conceived; and if the Pope were to follow the example of Constantine on the plea that the vicar of Christ could not share the same capital with an excommunicated and robber king, homage would be done to the unity of history, and the situation would be invested with marvellous dramatic completeness.

IT would seem that the inartistic and generally objectionable style of entertainment known as "opéra bouffe" has had its day in France. Serious critics point out that every "opéra bouffe" which has been brought out in Paris since the reopening of the theatres has been more or less a failure. The list includes "La Boite de Pandore," "Boule de Neige," and "La Tour du Chien Vert;" and it remains to be seen whether the run of ill-luck will be interrupted by the coming production of M. Sardou's "Roi Carotte," which, however, if it fails as a musical and dramatic piece, may yet succeed as a spectacle. As to the three burlesque operas named above, the subject of the first is sufficiently indicated by the title. The second "Boule de Neige" is a new and improved version of "Barkouf" by Scribe and Offenbach, which failed many years ago at the Opéra Comique. In "Barkouf" the hero was a dog, which caused the piece to be described at the time as a "Chiennerie" in three acts; in "Boule de Neige" he becomes a bear. "The Tower of the Green Dog" is a zoölogical melodrama, set to music by M. Duprato, and is said to be one of the saddest things ever witnessed on the French or any other stage.

AN effort is being made among scientific men in England to obtain, if possible, a commutation or remission of the sentence passed upon M. Elisée Reclus, the great French physical geographer. M. Elisée Reclus has been sentenced to transportation to a penal colony, for the crime of being found in arms under the Commune and against the Government. It does not appear to be doubtful that in this matter he could hardly have helped himself, if he would; that he was in fact acting under compulsion; nor that he had not struck a blow nor fired a rifle on behalf of the Commune. His real crime was that, with the raw political judgment which purely scientific men often show, he undoubtedly sympathized with the Commune, and worse still, was found to be an enrolled member of that dreaded society, the *Internationale*. It is, however, quite beneath the Government of France to make war on great scientific men of feeble political judgment who have not really contributed any thing whatever to the success of the rebellion, and whose services to science have been great. M. Reclus is now so ill with his imprisonment and poor diet, that he cannot stand without assistance. All the scientific societies of France have, with one voice, asked for his pardon, and now English science is likely to unite in the same entreaty.

FROM the *Times of India* we learn that a military offence has been punished with just severity. A very distinguished and very fat Sikh officer of a cavalry regiment has been removed from the service on the ground of undue obesity. It is not many months, adds the *Times of India*, since a medical board sat in Calcutta upon an officer and a companion of the Order of the Bath for the same fleshly failing. The Government desired to know whether Col. —— could possibly discharge the duties of a field-officer. The reply was, "Certainly, if a horse strong enough to carry him can be found." The *Indian Daily News*, commenting on this crusade against the fat, points out to the English Government the fact that they are but reverting to the system pursued in olden days. Spartans who presumed to get fat were soundly whipped. One Nauclis, an extremely stout person, was publicly exposed and threatened with perpetual banishment if he did not quickly regain a proper and Spartan figure. It is doubtful however, whether any Government would now be strong enough to pass a measure legalizing the chastisement of the corpulent; but in the mean time there can be no doubt that fat people enjoy certain privileges to which they are not equitably entitled. Why, for instance, should a cabman be compelled to take a pas-

senger weighing two hundred pounds for the same fare as that paid by a passenger weighing only one hundred? The same argument applies to railway passengers, who are conveyed at rates not calculated as in the case of goods, with reference to weight. It may seem unfeeling to call attention to these facts, but it cannot be denied that if fatness brought pecuniary inconveniences in its train, many estimable persons who now by indolence and over-indulgence of their appetites allow themselves to attain unnecessary proportions, would at once become active and abstemious; and while growing "small by degrees and beautifully less," would be rewarded by gaining in money what they lost in flesh.

It is no longer the practice to hang red curtains round the rooms occupied by patients with the small-pox, and indeed color is not supposed generally to exercise any influence on health or disease. Yet, however true this may be as regards animals, there can be little doubt that color has an important relation to the growth and existence of plants. M. Bert has (says *Galignani*) addressed an interesting communication on this subject to the Academy of Sciences. Having placed twenty-five kinds of plants in a greenhouse provided with glazed frames of various hues, he watched their progress under the influence of the different lights they received. Milfoil, mullen, violets, cactuses, and houseleeks were among them; besides green cryptogamia, plants strongly tinged with red, such as perillæ, and, lastly, firs. The individuals of each species were of the same size, having been sown at the same time. The glass of the frames was respectively transparent white, dulled white, black, red, yellow, green, and blue; and the whole greenhouse was shielded from the direct rays of the sun. The observations commenced on the 20th of June; on the 24th various seeds were sown which all sprang up at the same time in all situations. On the 15th of July the plants requiring the sun were all dead under the black and green frames, and were very sickly under the other colors, especially the red. The other plants were all declining. The mortality continued to increase, and on the 2d of August all were dead under the blackened glass, except the cactus, the lemna, firs, and maidenhair. Under the green glass nothing was left alive except the geraniums, celery, and houseleek, besides those that were not dead under the black; but all were in a bad state. The mortality was much less under the red glass, and still less under the yellow and blue. On the 20th of August the acotyledons alone were still alive, though perishing under the black and green; and as to the rest, the red had proved more hurtful to them than the yellow and blue. The stalks were much taller, but also much weaker, under the red; blue seemed to be the color least detrimental to the plants, — their greenness had remained natural, and even deeper than under the yellow. The plants sown on the 24th of June had all died off very quickly under the black and green, later under the red, and had thriven better under the blue than under the yellow. As for the plants under the white glass, they all continued to live, though less luxuriantly under the dulled than under the transparent glass.

The German papers have recently had a great deal to say about their universities and the reforms proposed regarding the professors, who are either too old or too underpaid fully to carry out the ideal of an Alma Mater. It is interesting to learn what is said on the professors' side regarding the academical youth at their feet. At the recent founders' feast of the University of Erlangen, the newly elected prorector, Dr. von Hofmann, made an inaugural speech, which must have been far from pleasant to those of his hearers whom it chiefly concerned. Taking as his theme "The task of the German universities in the new German Empire," he chose as his "text" the words of M. Léon Gautier, "The strength of Germany lies in her universities." Starting from the premises that those educated at universities were of all citizens called upon to guide the public life of the nation, he declared it to be the present task of the universities to keep alive within the hearts of the students — apart from teaching them what they needed for their special future calling and profession — the idea of the unity of the State, and to enable them to guard this unity against all attacks and dangers. There were three sides whence already such dangers were looming,— the political, the social, and the theological. Having fully sketched the way in which this aim was to be achieved, he suddenly startled his audience by the declaration that at present the life at German universities, the industry and knowledge of the students, were by no means of a nature to verify the word quoted from the "foreigner." He was too old, he continued, to say any thing which he had not learned by long experience, and not foolish enough to speak otherwise than according to this experience. The vast majority of the students, so far from preparing for this wider and higher calling, neglected even the studies of their own special calling.

How should they ever become leaders of the nation's public life? In most cases the way in which the student now passed the most precious period of his life was absolute waste, often worse. "The words of our great poet, 'Hard weeks, merry feasts,' are by our students turned in such a way that it was only the merry feasts which gave them hard weeks." Whether things would improve, who could tell? Whether his own word would be of any use? It was the word of a single man, and had fulfilled the hour for which it was intended. "Born out of bitter grief, may it not be buried in it!" Thus the venerable professor concluded, and the sensation among his large audience was very different from the feeling generally produced by an academical sermon.

THE CLOUD CONFINES.

I.

The day is dark and the night
  To him that would search their heart;
  No lips of cloud that will part,
Nor morning song in the light:
  Only, gazing alone,
  To him wild shadows are shown,
  Deep under deep unknown
And height above unknown height.
    Still we say as we go, —
    "Strange to think by the way,
    Whatever there is to know,
      That shall we know one day."

II.

The Past is over and fled;
  Named new, we name it the old;
  Thereof some tale hath been told,
But no word comes from the dead;
  Whether at all they be,
  Or whether as bond or free,
  Or whether they too were we,
Or by what spell they have sped.
    Still we say as we go, —
    "Strange to think by the way,
    Whatever there is to know,
      That shall we know one day."

III.

What of the heart of hate
  That beats in thy breast, O Time? —
  Red strife from the furthest prime,
And anguish of fierce debate;
  War that shatters her slain,
  And peace that grinds them as grain,
  And eyes fixed ever in vain
On the pitiless eyes of Fate.
    Still we say as we go, —
    "Strange to think by the way,
    Whatever there is to know,
      That shall we know one day."

IV.

What of the heart of love
That bleeds in thy breast, O Man? —
Thy kisses snatched 'neath the ban
Of fangs that mock them above;
Thy bells prolonged unto knells,
Thy hope that a breath dispels,
Thy bitter, forlorn farewells,
And the empty echoes thereof?
Still we say as we go, —
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

V.

The sky leans dumb on the sea,
Aweary with all its wings;
And oh! the song the sea sings
Is dark everlastingly.
Our past is clean forgot;
Our present is and is not;
Our future's a sealed seedplot;
And what betwixt them are we?
What words to say as we go?
What thoughts to think by the way?
What truth may there be to know,
And shall we know it one day?

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

FIXING THE DAY.

SAYS Patrick O'Brien to Kathleen Mulreddin,
"Now why *won't* you be fixin' the day of our weddin'?"

Says Kathleen, "Why, Pat, what a hurry you're in.
Can't you wait till the summer comes round to begin?"

"Oh, no, Kathleen," says Pat; "in all sinse and all raison
The winter's the properest marryin' saison;
For to comfort one's self from the frost and the rain
There's nothing like weddin' in winter, 'tis plain."

KATHLEEN.

If it's only protection you want from the cowld,
There's a country they call the Equator, I'm tould,
That for single young men is kept hot through the year —
Where's the use of your marryin'? be off wid you there.

PATRICK.

But there's also a spot not so frequently warmed,
Set aside for ould maids, called the Pole, I'm informed;
Where some mornin', if still she can't make up her mind,
A misfortunate colleen called Kathleen you'll find.

KATHLEEN.

Is it threat'nin' you are that *I'll* die an ould maid
Who refused for your sake Mr. Lawrence McQuaide?
Thin' I think I'll forgive him — for this I'll be bound,
That *he'd* wait like a lamb till the summer came round.

PATRICK.

Now, it's thinkin' I am that this same Mr. Larry
Is what makes you so slow in agreeing to marry.

KATHLEEN.

And your wish to be settled wid *me* in such haste
Doesn't prove that you're jealous of *him* in the laste.

PATRICK.

Well, we'll not say that Kathleen will die an ould maid:

KATHLEEN.

And we'll bother no more about Larry McQuaide.

PATRICK.

But, Kathleen, mavrone, shure then weddin's in spring,
When the Long Fast is out, are as common a thing
As the turfs on a rick, or stones in a wall;
Why, you might just as well not be married at all.
But a weddin', consider, at this side of Lent,
Would be thought such a far more surprisin' evint;
So delightful to all at this dull time of year —
Now say "yes," for the sake of the neighbors, my dear.

KATHLEEN.

No, Patrick, we'll wed when the woods and the grass
Wave a welcome of purtiest green as we pass
Through the sweet cowslip meadow, and up by the mill,
To the chapel itself on the side of the hill:
Where the thorn that's now sighing a widow's lamint,
In a bridesmaid's costume 'll be smilin' contint;
Whilst the thrush and the blackbird pipe "Haste to the weddin'
Of Patrick O'Brien and Kathleen Mulreddin."

PATRICK.

Will you really promise that, Kathleen, you rogue?

KATHLEEN.

Whisper, Patrick, the contract I'll seal with — *a pogue.* [*Kisses him.*]

SHIEL DHUV.

BUENETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS. — *The superiority of these extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.* They are warranted free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are not only true to their names, but are prepared from fruits of the best quality, and are so highly concentrated that a comparatively small quantity only need to be used. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Manufacturers and Proprietors. For sale by all Grocers and Druggists.

AN ARTICLE OF TRUE MERIT. — "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are the most popular article in this country or Europe for Throat Diseases and Coughs, and this popularity is based upon real merit.

☞ SEE advertisement of Mr. John E. M. Gilley, in this number, regarding the popular seven-thirty Gold Loan.

NEVER was such a revolution in the eating world created as by the introduction of the HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE, now sold by every grocer, and in use by nearly every family. They who have had it once, will on no account be without it: and they who have not yet, for only fifty cents, obtained a bottle of the best relish ever put upon a table, make haste to follow the wise example of their neighbors. — *Boston Journal.*

WELL KNOWN, — The AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON. Messrs. Rice keep pace with the times, and supply every valuable improvement for the comfort and convenience of their guests.

☞ See advertisement of "WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA" in this number.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES. — Mrs. L. V. Phillips, of Brooklyn, has used her Wheeler & Wilson Machine since October, 1863, dress-making in families, without repairs; earning sometimes $4 to $5 a day.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY is the envy of every lady, and delight of gentlemen. Ladies who are not blessed by nature can very much improve their beauty by using Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." It will remove all blemishes from the skin, leaving it perfectly beautiful. Sold at all druggists' in the United States. Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1872. [No. 6.

MR. SPURGEON IN ROME.

WE are almost ashamed to allude to the old joke about the man who visited Rome and told his friends on his return home that the city was very fine, but that some of the public buildings, such as the Coliseum, were very much out of repair. Yet it is difficult not to think of this familiar story when we read the account given by Mr. Spurgeon of his visit to the Eternal City. The fresh, simple, and ingenuous confessions of a perfectly unsophisticated traveller are always interesting, and are nearly always worth something. From the conventional and stereotyped admiration of the stock tourist who goes along determined to admire, nothing can be learned; but the honest and guileless outpourings of a thoroughly *naïve* and original intelligence are usually well worth a hearing. Mr. Spurgeon's descriptions prove that Rome can even yet be described from an absolutely novel point of view. We have had every other kind of delineation over and over again. Never before that we know has Rome been made the subject of a public lecture by a visitor who cared absolutely nothing about its art treasures and its associations, and who yet had ability enough to make his very indifference seem to his audience an evidence of superiority. When Mr. Charles Dickens visited Rome we really thought that Bow bells had rung their final and triumphal peal over the downfall of the imperial city of history and art. But Dickens was an enthusiast, a Byron, a de Staël, when compared with Mr. Spurgeon, and he had moreover none of that fervor of religious anger which so often animates the breast of the eloquent Baptist preacher. Mr. Dickens, to be sure, was sadly out of place in Rome. His mind was entirely out of harmony with the memories and the genius of the place. His æsthetic standard was at all times simple and ready; he compared every spot he visited with some part of London, and any thing that was not like London he did not like. But the spirit in which he studied Rome was positively reverential when compared with the bold controversial aggressiveness wherewith Mr. Spurgeon sturdily tackled it and its sights, its traditions, glories, sorrows, splendor and shame. There is such an odd blending of rough good sense, manly honesty, and grotesque absurdity, in Mr. Spurgeon's account of his observations, that we positively think his visit may come to have hereafter a sort of archæological interest. It shows us Rome in a new light. We know what poets and artists have thought of it. We know how travellers, hardly more sympathetic with Rome's modern religion than Mr. Spurgeon himself, from John Evelyn to Goethe, and from Goethe to Hawthorne, have been conquered and captivated by it. We know what the regular cockney mirth-maker, the small imitator of Dickens, has thought of it; what easy fun he has made of its ruins, and what a charming savor of London slang and the humors of the music halls he has managed to infuse into the atmosphere of the Coliseum. But Mr. Spurgeon has the frankness and the courage to tell us for the first time what Rome looks like to the eyes of an ingenuous British Dissenter, who hates the Papacy, does not care a farthing for the statues of Apollo, has not a grain of the cynic about him, was anxious to enjoy his trip, and say the best he could of every thing where honesty would allow.

The narrative from first to last is ingenuous to a degree rare in our outworn times. Mr. Spurgeon described the whole progress of his journey in the regular good, old-fashioned way. He gave the substance of his notes concerning that strange and out-of-the-way place, Dijon, and the newly-discovered scenery of Nice, with a gravity which, for the time, must have almost compelled his hearers to forget that both places are far better known to the average Londoner than Croydon or Gravesend. He found that London was the only place after all to get good oranges. He did not think much of Genoa the superb; he saw nothing particularly superb in it. He was much impressed by the arch of Titus at Rome because he thought that the reliefs representing the return of Titus with the spoils of Jerusalem ought to satisfy any infidel of the truth of the Bible. It is evident that Mr. Spurgeon regards the errors of the Roman Catholic Church as plain, downright mistakes, which it requires nothing but the sturdy good sense of a bold and honest Briton, with a gift of speech, to set right once and forever. The genius of the place, the influence of climate, atmosphere, and tradition, the sacred memories of the past, the sweetness of even delusion and error that are consecrated by long inheritance, the grandeur of a local history stretching back into chaos and old night — all these count for nothing to the square and resolute intelligence of Mr. Spurgeon. The fact that even in our own day these superstitions have had an uncontrollable fascination for men of the purest natures and the highest and subtlest intellects — men like Father Newman and Archbishop Manning — this fact causes Mr. Spurgeon's robust convictions and outspoken contempt to moult no feather. He discoursed of the cruelties formerly practised on the Jews in the Ghetto with as sincere a horror as if it were not open to any Roman who thought fit to lecture on the barbarities formerly practised on the Jews in England. He was as earnestly and good-humoredly mirthful over the insufficiency of washing among Italian populations, as if the inhabitants of the slums of Southwark put in practice every hour the famous soap-and-water specific of Diana of Poictiers. In fact, he settled every thing on blunt British principles. He dealt with Rome, its antiquities, its errors, its past and its future, in the spirit of one thoroughly convinced that every nation — whatever its tendency, history, or temper — has only to open its eyes to what England, and more particularly the southern part of London, is doing; to consider the ways of Southwark and be wise.

Now, no one can doubt that a great deal of the influence and the success of Mr. Spurgeon — a great deal of the genuine good accomplished by him — may be traced to this simple, downright way of looking at complicated questions and going to work. A man of thoughtful, meditative, æsthetic mind might say much finer and truer things about Rome, but he would probably never do a tithe of the good Mr. Spurgeon accomplishes in Southwark. Indeed, the career of England herself is fairly enough illustrated by Mr. Spurgeon's practical success at home, and his rough-and-ready way of pronouncing upon things abroad. Any one who reads what Mr. Spurgeon said on Rome, and remembers that the eloquent preacher influences, guides, and represents the mind of a whole mass of the most upright and earnest of the London population, will have no difficulty in understanding why England is not like Italy. But he will have just as little difficulty in understanding why England has been so singularly unsuccessful in most of her

dealings with alien races. She has never been, in this direction, sympathetic. Her general turn of mind is effectively, although of course somewhat grotesquely, symbolized in Mr. Spurgeon's recent discourse. Mr. Spurgeon deserves the credit, too, of having boldly said what a great many people think. If every tourist had his courage and his powers of speech, we should find that his way of looking at Rome is more akin to the average British sort of thing than either the passionate homage of a Byron, or the cultivated indifference of a Sir Charles Coldstream. There is a sort of incongruity in Mr. Spurgeon's being in Rome at all which lends flavor and zest to his lecture. Mr. Disraeli's well-known saying about the people who have faith in Birkenhead and none in Damascus reads rather tamely, when we think of Mr. Spurgeon expounding the lessons and proclaiming the moral of Rome.

DOCTOR FAUVEL.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*]

I.

"MICHEL, the cottage is let!"

"What cottage?" inquired my husband mechanically.

We had been married only a few months, and for a still shorter time we had lived at Amerville. Michel Colonge, my husband, hoped, by the help of his family connections and friendships, to establish himself quickly in good practice; and to that object he devoted a courage and an activity which never relaxed. For my own part I had not yet succeeded in bearing the discomforts of my new situation with good humor. The life of a country doctor appeared to me scarcely endurable. It was never without a degree of irritation that I saw Michel return so often too much fatigued to pay the least attention to what I had to tell him, or so many times, in consequence of some serious accident, depart in haste as soon as dinner was over, to return, very frequently, only late in the evening. Noticing that he was even more than usually abstracted, I replied with a good deal of impatience, —

"The cottage so long unoccupied; the same that you yourself declared, when we went to see it, too inconvenient to be inhabited."

"And who may the intrepid tenant be?"

"A doctor. Don't be alarmed," I added. "From what has been told me he has already made his fortune, and it is only by great persuasion that any one can succeed in getting him even to a consultation."

"Is he married?"

"That is not known; but it appears to me hardly likely, and he certainly has no children. A wife and children would be sadly out of place in that strange house."

My husband was no longer listening to me. His fears being quieted as to the injury which another doctor established in the same village with himself might do him, he hastened to read his newspaper before beginning his afternoon visits.

The little property known as the chalet de la Rochette, was composed of two fine but exceedingly contracted tenements, joined by a kind of covered passage which might be closed at will. Each of these tenements had a separate entrance, and might on occasion be inhabited independently of the other. A large garden, divided into two equal parts by a thick hedge, surrounded this singular edifice, which seemed capable of being occupied only by two bachelors having intimate relations with each other. The furniture arrived. It consisted, as we very soon knew, of two complete sets. Next, the surprise of the villagers reached its height some days later when a double supply of servants came to occupy the house, or rather the houses, so prepared. I remember having passed more than one afternoon in watching for the arrival of our new neighbors (our house was the nearest to the chalet); at last my perseverance was rewarded. Attracted to the window by the noise of a post-chaise, I observed a woman reclining on the back seat, another woman being on the front seat; the carriage contained but two persons. About an hour afterwards, a middle-aged man who was unknown to me passed rapidly on horseback by my windows. It was Dr. Fauvel. "They have come," said I to Michel as soon as he returned, "and we are still wholly in the dark."

I ought to say, to excuse myself, that, being a stranger, I was very much alone in that little village, and that the arrival of a woman with whom, perhaps, I might have agreeable relations, was for me an event of real importance.

Sunday came. A seat had been engaged for the Fauvels in the parish church, and to the great satisfaction of everybody the doctor entered and occupied it a few minutes before the beginning of the service. He was a man of forty or forty-five years, slightly pale, tall and thin. He had admirable manners, fine and intellectual features, with a shade of sadness in them. Although he had very beautiful eyes, his look, impressed with a vague uneasiness, produced almost always a singular effect upon those who saw it for the first time. He seemed very little disturbed at finding himself the object of general and ill-disguised curiosity, and left church without taking the least notice of any one. Madame Fauvel did not appear at church that day.

The week that followed was notable for two events: the appearance of a copper-colored door-plate on one of the doors of the chalet, and the visit of the doctor to our *curé*; but the latter, an austere and silent man, informed no one of the details of the interview. On Saturday of the same week, Michel having returned home early, I tried to persuade him that a visit to Dr. Fauvel would be both a mark of respect to a brother physician, and an act of neighborly kindness. He listened to me with a smile, let me exhaust all my good reasons, and then, with a mischievous look peculiarly his own, said: "I have anticipated your desire, my dear. I have been to Dr. Fauvel's already."

"O Michel! tell me all about it. When did you go? Whom did you see? The doctor, or his wife? Were they pleasant people? Did you ask them to call?"

"One moment, my dear Valentine. Let us proceed orderly. I met M. Fauvel the other day; we exchanged a few words, and he begged me to walk home with him. I was in a hurry and remained but a moment. That's all I have to tell you."

"How is Madame Fauvel?"

"I did not see her."

"Did you like the doctor? Is he a pleasant man? Shall we see them occasionally?"

A nod or two, an assurance that Dr. Fauvel was agreeable enough, and would come very soon to make us a call, were all that I could get out of my husband that evening.

The next day on my way to church I saw, a few steps in front of me, a woman very simply dressed, who walked quietly along without looking about her. She slackened her pace on drawing near the church, and I heard her ask the sexton where was Dr. Fauvel's seat. After that the only topic of conversation in all Amerville was Madame Fauvel. Those who have lived in the country any time may easily imagine the sort of talk more or less friendly which followed. Meanwhile I went to spend a few days at my parents'; on my return I found the cards of Dr. and Madame Fauvel.

On the very next day, and without waiting for my husband, I proceeded to the cottage. I stopped, undecided. At which of the two doors ought I to knock? I decided upon that which bore the door-plate. A servant appeared. When I asked the usual question, he said, "I will go and see if madame is at home."

And to my great surprise he stepped across, knocked at the other door, and repeated my inquiry to a pretty little maid, then withdrew at once within the door to which I had summoned him.

Madame Fauvel appeared only after a long interval. Nevertheless it did not seem to me possible that her toilet could have occupied so long a time, for she was dressed very plainly. She received me as cordially as possible, although her whole manner was full of a certain nervous hesitation. She was very young, and preserved still a sort of childish face; magnificent blue eyes, clear and trusting, rendered her if not

very pretty, at least extremely attractive. Altogether enchanted, I prolonged my visit, and only left her after having emphatically expressed my hope of seeing her again very soon. "I shall be charmed," she replied, "to come and see you sometimes, but my husband wishes me to lead a very retired life."

"I hope your determination is not taken on account of Dr. Fauvel's health. My husband tells me he looks decidedly unwell."

She started involuntarily and changed color suddenly. "Unwell, do you think? Do you think he is sick? Oh, no; it cannot be!"

I hastened to repair my blunder. "Indeed, madame, you have no occasion to be so alarmed. Dr. Fauvel, undoubtedly, is naturally pale, and that probably was noticed by my husband when he saw him for the first time, while you, who are with him all the time, have become accustomed to it."

"Yes, yes; that's it of course," she replied hastily.

She went to the window, plucked a few sprigs of heliotrope and offered them to me with a smile. I took leave of her soon afterwards.

Some weeks passed; Madame Fauvel returned my visit, and we saw each other from time to time. Other people in the village and suburbs became acquainted with her. All were received with the same cordiality; every one was enchanted with Madame Fauvel. But they always came away without having seen the doctor, who for his part made some visits, and rightly passed for an intelligent man of culture and of remarkable conversational powers. Several dinners were given in honor of the new-comers, but in every case Madame Fauvel was suddenly indisposed, or the doctor was obliged to go away that morning or the night before on private business; no one ever succeeded in receiving them both at the same time. Notwithstanding the favorable impressions which each had left, less charitable whisperings began to be heard before long.

I had about this time a long and serious illness. When I was again permitted to receive callers, Madame Fauvel was among the first to come. I was happy to see her again. She had been assiduous in her attentions during my sickness, coming every morning, they told me, to inquire how I was; while nearly every evening a bouquet or a basket of fruit from the chalet reminded me of the affectionate solicitude of its tenants. I thanked her therefore with effusion. "I have also to thank the doctor," I added; "from the number of partridges he has sent me, I really believe there is not one left within six leagues of here. And how good he was, and how attentive, to run at full speed to bring my husband that night I had the relapse!"

"Really; did he?"

"Didn't you know it? Pray tell him, madame, how grateful I am to him. I don't know what would have become of my poor husband without the friendship and advice of Dr. Fauvel. I long to be able to tell him so myself. But he must know well the feelings of a man who dreads the loss of a beloved wife."

Madame Fauvel took up a book and turned the leaves mechanically.

"What an excellent and charming husband he is," I continued, forgetting in the excess of my gratitude the singular suspicions that had entered my mind.

"He is excellent," she replied with an effort after a moment of silence. "It is always a pleasure to him to be useful and to oblige his friends."

She arose. I was insisting upon a promise that she would come very soon to pass the evening with us, when my husband returned and added his own plea to mine.

"I hope," said he, "that the doctor will do us the favor to accompany you. I have learned lately, madame, to know your husband, and I can assure you that there are few men for whom I have so much esteem and friendship."

She blushed, and replied something, in a low voice, which I did not hear. Just as Michel, showing Madame Fauvel out, opened the street door, some one passed the house, and perceiving us, made a low bow. It was Dr. Fauvel.

"Doctor! Doctor!" cried my husband.

Dr. Fauvel crossed the street and proceeded on his way without answering.

"I beg pardon," said Michel, "but I have something important to say to him." He went out quickly and soon overtook his friend.

I turned to the young wife, who stood leaning against the door-post, and was terrified by her appearance; pale and trembling, she seemed hardly able to support herself. I led her into the parlor and caused her to be seated, in momentary dread of seeing her faint. At last she spoke:—

"Thanks; I am better now. I have been weak; but," she added with a dazed look, "if you were his wife, and saw him for the first time in two years!"—

"Him? of course you cannot mean your husband?"

"Yes, my husband, my dear husband, who loved me so much when he married me. Great God! what have I done that he no longer loves me, and that he treats me so! Oh, mercy! what have I said!" Then covering her face she sobbed aloud.

"Be sure," said I greatly moved, "that your secret is safe. Have confidence in me, I beg you."

With profound pity for this young and charming creature I wept with her. How sad and strange was all this! To live under the same roof with her husband and not to have seen him in two years! it was scarcely credible. This then was the cause of the malevolent rumors which had reached even me, and which I had strenuously combated. I was excited, and without taking time to reflect, ranged myself, as was natural, on the side of the wife.

"And I thought you so happy!" I cried, "and was so captivated by the fine character of Dr. Fauvel! Oh, how detestable are men!"

"You are mistaken, madame, in regard to at least one of them," replied the young wife with dignity. "M. Colonge was perfectly right when he said just now that he knew no man more worthy of respect and affection than my husband."

"He hasn't then lost your esteem?"

"Not the least in the world."

"And you love him still?"

"Yes, with all my soul, Heaven have pity on me!" She began to weep again as if her heart would break.

What motive could induce such a man to separate himself from his wife? some grave fault committed by her? Again I examined that lovely face, so confiding and so pure, and further suspicion was impossible.

"Do you suppose," she asked, when she was a little more calm, "that the world has discovered our real relation? Not that I fear for myself, but it might do an injury to Dr. Fauvel."

"Alas!" I replied, "in such a village as this nothing can long remain a secret."

"That is precisely what I feared. We came here to live because the physicians advised the country for me. I would die, they said, if I did not change my residence and habits. Ah! if I could only die!"

The expression in her eyes terrified me. I have never seen any grief so poignant. I went to her, took her by the arm, and tried to comfort her. "Have you neither relatives nor friends whose advice you could take?"

"I am an orphan. I have not a friend in whom I would confide. Besides, she added, with a look of alarm, "would not even you be unjust to my husband, now that you know all?"

"I do not yet permit myself to judge him," I replied coldly.

She took my hand, and said as if in prayer, "I beseech you, do not judge either of us too severely. I have done wrong in allowing myself to accuse him in my agony, but the shock was too sudden. O Paul! my poor Paul! O my dear husband!"

To see her thus in despair, but without showing either bitterness or anger, was more than my woman's susceptibility could endure. I resolved to try and clear up this mysterious situation, which I at least was persuaded was capable of being remedied.

"Will you permit me," I asked gently, "to put one or two questions to you? How long has the state of things of which you speak lasted?"

"Five years."

"Five years!" My astonishment made me silent. Madame Fauvel, without appearing to notice my surprise, looked at me with an expression of sorrowful resignation to her lot. After a moment of silence, I resumed, actuated by sincere compassion:—

"Pardon me if I arouse painful memories, but may I not know when and how your separation begun?"

"Six months after our marriage. We made, you will scarcely believe it, a real love-match. Both alone in the world, we were every thing to each other and perfectly happy. Little by little Paul became morose, abstracted. I sought in vain for the cause. 'It is nothing; it will pass away;' he said when I asked him. By and by he fell sick, and had a violent fever. I watched over him. When he had recovered he separated from me."

"How? By what means? For what reason?"

"For none whatever. He went away for a few days, and wrote to me that we must separate; that it was inevitable; that, if I preferred, he would not return, but that it was his earnest desire that we might continue to live under the same roof, on the lasting condition that we should never meet."

"And you have never met?"

"Very rarely, and always by chance. On such occasions he passed me without stopping or raising his eyes. Once, during the first months of this strange life, I met him on the stairs. I was not then calm, or rather broken-hearted, as now, I was angry, offended, and I tried to pass rapidly by him, casting upon him a look of scorn. He stopped me by placing his hand on my arm, and I stood silent before him. 'We have been very happy, Juliette,' he said sadly. 'But we can be so no more,' cried I in a passion. 'No,' he replied, 'never more.' He looked at me attentively; then withdrawing his hand, he passed on. We have never spoken to each other since."

If all this was true, and in spite of myself I was convinced that it was, of what could she accuse her husband? It was absolutely incomprehensible. Never, she told me, had the least restraint been imposed upon her. An invisible witness seemed indeed to follow her everywhere, but only to watch over her health and anticipate her slightest desires.

"Do you not fear," I asked her, "to meet Dr. Fauvel in going home? wait a little and my husband will accompany you."

"Oh, no," she replied, with a sigh; "he seems to be aware of every thing I do. I do not even see him at a distance, and am very much astonished at what has happened to-day. He seemed to be quite out of health,"—that evidently disturbed her most; "madame, I beg you to ask M. Colonge to care for him."

I promised every thing she asked. At the same time I promised myself to neglect no means that might enable me to discover the key of this riddle. Michel, to whom I repeated this conversation, appeared even more surprised and troubled than I. He asked a hundred questions to which I could not reply, remained a long while in a reverie, and at last asked gravely, "Wouldn't it be better not to occupy yourself with this?"

"Not occupy myself with it? why not?"

All that I could obtain from my husband was a serious recommendation to act with prudence. This astonished me but little, knowing as I did his excessive reserve, and I did not persist the less in my resolution.

Women have, at least so every one persuades herself, a shrewd and delicate tact. In this case I could pride myself but little on my perspicacity, and I was even greatly discouraged when weeks and months rolled on without adding any thing to my knowledge. We sent invitations frequently to Dr. Fauvel, and he often accepted them. It is needless to say that his wife was always included in these invitations, and thatwe always received the invariable excuse. The doctor took up insensibly the habit of coming to our house several times a week, and appeared to enjoy our society more and more. He could nevertheless not be ignorant that his wife visited us on other days, for he was constantly finding on my table some work or book that belonged to her.

II.

Time passed rapidly. The doctor and my husband had become great friends. Although he was perfectly polite and agreeable with me, I could not help feeling towards him a certain amount of bitterness. His quiet and simple manners, without the least shade of eccentricity, his unfailing politeness, above all that perfect courtesy which was never for a moment wanting, attracted to him, little by little, the sympathy of all the citizens of Amerville. When, as could not fail to happen, the singular life led by the couple was known by everybody, each person tried to find some explanation to excuse the doctor at the expense of his wife, who was thus exposed, without the power to defend herself, and happily without knowing the necessity for it, to the sneers and suspicions of all the little village. From that day the life ot the young wife became more monotonous and more isolated. The few people with whom she had established an acquaintance abandoned her one by one. I had need to defend her courageously on every occasion, but calumny did not the less produce its usual effect. Some pretended to be ill when Madame Fauvel called, through a fear that the doctor would come to see them at the same time; others, on the contrary, desired to bring about a meeting between the couple, "It would be so curious," they thought! At last the unhappy Juliette was no longer able to go out of her house except closely veiled, without being pointed at, or meeting at almost every step looks full of malicious curiosity.

The manner in which Dr. Fauvel replied to the customary inquiries in regard to his wife was always perfectly natural, and was not in the slightest degree different from that in which any other husband would have answered. I was more than once seriously tempted to express my mind as to his way of living, but I must confess that his respectful reserve and polished dignity, which he never laid aside, invariably stopped me when I was on the point of allowing myself to make some such remark or allusion. Once in a while his countenance bore an expression of heart-broken sadness which caused all my resolutions to torment him to vanish in an instant. I gradually came to the point of pitying him only, and of becoming exceedingly interested in him. Of course, as Michel often reminded me, no one has any right to meddle with the affairs of a wife who persists in blindly obeying her husband without a question as to the justice or the agreeableness of his decisions, and who goes so far as to keep him in ignorance that she is dying of grief. I had therefore almost abandoned my search for the solution of the problem before us, when a new chance circumstance occurred to modify the whole situation.

It was, I remember, a beautiful winter morning. I was playing with my son, then a very little boy, in the chimney corner, and his childish laughter was ringing joyously in my ears. All at once Juliette entered, or rather precipitated herself into the room. She was pale and scared, and fell, weeping, into a chair.

"Protect me! keep me near you," she cried, her voice interrupted by her sobs; "I pray you advise me."

I tried hard to calm her, and discovered at last what was the occasion of such an outburst of grief. A group of women and children had barred her passage with sneers and taunts as insolent as they were painful to listen to. It seemed almost impossible, and my indignation choked me as I listened to my friend. Though I knew how surly and mischievous the people of Amerville were, I could hardly believe them capable of such cruelty.

"Don't take any notice of it," I tried to say; "have patience and let these malicious tongues wag. Come, have courage; all will be quiet very soon, you may be sure."

"I have no more courage. I am at the end of my resources. I can hold out no longer. I must go away. Help me, I beg you; this can last no longer."

"Certainly I will help you," I cried, carried away by

pity. "Yes, you shall go. I will furnish you the means." Without giving myself time to reflect and to ask my husband's opinion, I told her at once an idea which came to me at the moment. My sister-in-law, who lived in a neighboring town, and who had several children, was looking about for a confidential governess to assist her in instructing them. She was an excellent and lovable woman, with whom one could not be unhappy. I explained all this to Juliette, and showed her that this resolution taken openly would put her for the present and for the future beyond the reach of calumny. I knew that if she left her husband she would be without resources. Nothing better and more satisfactory, therefore, could be imagined.

My plan seemed to satisfy her at once; she had been a teacher before being married, and consequently she was the very person to fill the place I proposed for her. "Perhaps," she said, with an air of resignation which went to my heart, "perhaps I may be happy enough to find there a family which will love me."

Poor, desolate soul! It is useless to repeat all the reasoning powers I wasted in endeavoring to persuade my husband not to oppose our plan. I could only obtain conditional approbation by a promise that Dr. Fauvel should be frankly notified in advance of the departure of his wife. The latter therefore wrote to him one morning, and read to us the following letter: —

"Pardon me if I write to you in spite of your command. Pardon me again if I ask you once more for the last time, what fault I have committed, and what is the cause of this cruel separation. I cannot longer endure the life which you have assigned me. Since it cannot be changed, I have made up my mind to depart as soon as possible, and am going to occupy a position as governess in a respectable family. I go with a broken heart but with a peaceful conscience, back to the position from which you took me when you married me. I did not wish to go without informing you and saying good-by. JULIETTE."

This letter, much less bitter and less sad than any other which she had tried to write, was sent, in order to avoid talk, to the doctor's door by my servant. Towards evening of the same day, Juliette came, all in a tremble and intensely excited. Her eyes, usually so gentle, burned with a dreadful fire, and she spoke in a dry, harsh voice. "No answer," she repeated mechanically; "no answer! Now I must go."

All was ready; my sister-in-law had been notified. By starting immediately we might arrive before night. I began to get ready to accompany Juliette.

"It is not far, is it?" she asked.

"You can return home in a very short time and whenever you wish," I replied.

"Home!" As if something moved her irresistibly, she ran to the door and hastily entered the carriage. I followed her. I was beginning to give the necessary directions to the coachman, when I felt a heavy and icy hand laid upon my arm. "Madame Colonge, who is with you? Is it my wife?"

"Yes, doctor," I replied, not in the least intimidated by the threatening tone of his voice. "It is your wife. I am going to take her to a place where every one will be kind to her."

"One moment, I beg of you."

He went to the other side of the carriage. "Juliette, is it indeed you, Juliette?"

No words can express the profound tenderness, the indescribable anguish which was compressed into these few words. She seized my hand, and pressing it hard, murmured, "Stop, stop!"

"It is not ten minutes since I found your letter. Juliette, one word, I beseech you — in the presence of madame. Why are you going? Who has advised you to abandon your husband?"

"And who advised you to abandon your wife, Dr. Fauvel?" I interrupted bruskly, seeing that my companion was incapable of replying. But the doctor having made a movement which let the full light fall upon his face, I was terrified by his savage and desperate appearance. "Will you come in again for a moment?" said I to Juliette, turning towards her. "In the name of God, help me, doctor; she has fainted!"

We carried her into the house, where, after a little time, she recovered. I was by her side, while the doctor, standing near the mantel, surveyed us in silence. His face, to which impassibility had returned, expressed neither anger nor reproach. I nevertheless felt more and more troubled and indignant.

"I may speak now, may I not?" at last said Dr. Fauvel, in a firm, sad voice.

"Speak, monsieur."

"I shall say nothing, madame, of the very painful position in which I find myself at this moment; but I suppose, and indeed I am sure of it in advance, that you have learned from Madame Fauvel of our cruel but inevitable separation."

I interrupted him impatiently. "Why inevitable, when there has not been a quarrel, not even a discussion between you? when, notwithstanding your inexplicable behavior your wife has never had for you a word of blame?" — here he smothered a sort of groan — "when, from all I have been able to see and to learn, you have not a shadow of reproach to make against her?"

"Not the least reproach," said he, in an altered voice. "Am I not ready to declare it before the whole world? My wife knows it is true."

"Then, pray pardon my persistence, monsieur, why is this separation inevitable?"

He walked up and down the room, looked around him as if he experienced a vague desire to escape the necessity of replying by flight, and, smiling in a strange way, said: "Although that question is put to me by a lady," — he said this with an evident effort, — "and although that lady is yourself, madame, to whom I owe so much, it is absolutely impossible for me to answer it."

"Do you wish that I should leave you alone with Juliette? Perhaps you would rather speak to her without witnesses." I prepared to leave the room. The doctor placed himself before me. I raised my eyes once more to his and was again appalled; at that moment he seemed to me like one possessed, fighting with a devil within him.

"For the love of God, do not leave us! Remain here! I will speak in your presence. It cannot last long."

"It is time that it ended," and I pointed to the unhappy woman who had once more swooned.

The doctor ran to her. While I tried to revive her he covered her hands with kisses; but when she opened her eyes he arose quickly, and returned to the place he had before occupied. "So," said he calmly, "you wish to leave me, Juliette. Where did you intend to go?" She motioned me to speak, and I repeated our plans. He listened to me with an air of melancholy distress. "Madame," said he to me with firmness, "this project is impracticable; I will never consent to it. If my wife so desires, she can, when she will, leave my house for yours, or for any other residence of her choice. She shall always have as many comforts and luxuries as now; she shall be as free as if she were a widow; but I will never permit her to leave me to gain her living in any way whatever."

This decision was without appeal. I looked at Juliette; her eyes sparkled with hope — almost with joy, and even I had some hopefulness for the future. "Doctor," I said feebly, "is no modification possible?"

He did not answer. — "You used to love each other, once."

"Madame — not another word!"

Was it really he who had spoken? He strode up and down the room. Mute and trembling we scarcely dared look at him. He stopped however and stationed himself once more before the mantel.

"Madame," said he, "you must excuse me, if the strange position in which I find myself leads me to act, in spite of myself, in a manner which may seem to you discourteous. I am sorry for it, and I beg you once more to pardon me. I am now going, if you will permit me, to say in your presence a few words to

my wife. Juliette," he continued as coldly as if he were addressing a stranger, "I warned you five years ago that it was not I who was inexorable, it is destiny; and that the life which we shall lead henceforth will continue probably until my death. I repeat the same to you to-day. During these five years you have lived in peace and safety — in safety," he repeated after a short pause, "under my roof, where I can protect you better than any where else."

"Protect her!" I recounted to him then the insults to which she was daily exposed, and how little calumny had spared her. This revelation, which he scarcely expected, produced a terrible effect upon Dr. Fauvel. "Enough! enough!" he cried. "Juliette, my poor Juliette, pardon me! Oh, pardon me for having married you! What reparation can I make you now? The only one which is in my power, is to make you a widow!"

"Are you mad, doctor?" I cried.

He shivered and stopped abruptly, his features contracted in agony; but he quickly resumed command of himself. "Madame, what you have told me grieves me deeply. Can we find no way of remedying this state of affairs?"

I reflected a moment, and could think of nothing better to propose than that he should walk to church with his wife next Sunday. Need I add that behind the desire of putting a stop to scandal, there was concealed a little ray of hope, in spite of all I had just heard?

"I will do so," said Dr. Fauvel gravely, "if you consent, Juliette; yes. May I ask if you wish to return to the house to-day?"

She nodded.

"To resume our old life on the same conditions, without any change?"

"I will return, no matter on what conditions."

"Thank you," he replied, in a voice full of emotion. "All will be well, believe me."

A moment of silence followed; Juliette forced herself to be calm. The doctor took his hat and moved towards the door, when she sprang to her feet and seized him by the hand. "Paul, tell me this only, and I can then bear all the rest — tell me, have you ever loved me?"

"Have I loved you! O my darling Juliette!"

Who could interpret the inexpressible tenderness with which he spoke these simple words!

"And — do you love me still?"

"More than ever!"

He seemed choked with grief and emotion.

"Then all is well, God be praised! Ah, how happy I am!" She cast herself into my arms. The doctor was gone.

III.

Madame Fauvel returned home immediately according to her promise, and resumed her life exactly as in the past. Every thing went on absolutely the same, except that every Sunday morning the doctor presented himself at her door, and they walked together to church without exchanging a word. Having heard the service through, they returned in the same manner to the chalet.

Scandal was hushed. Dr. Fauvel came, as he had been in the habit of doing, to drink tea with us, played chess with my husband, and chatted about a thousand things without the least allusion ever being made by any one of us to the singular scene which had taken place in my presence. Juliette was remarkably well, and even recovered a kind of gayety. The last words of her husband to her seemed to have renewed her strength and her courage. The health of the doctor, on the contrary, visibly declined. He followed, nevertheless, so he told us, the prescriptions of Michel. The latter increased his attentions of every kind to his friend, and gave proofs of his solicitude. Never before had I seen my husband, ordinarily very undemonstrative, show so much affection for any one. He used every opportunity to lead the doctor out of his isolated and monotonous life, took him with him on his journeys, sought to interest him in whatever occupied himself; so that the doctor declared to us one day that he believed he was, thanks to Michel, familiarized with every possible aspect of human suffering.

I still remember that evening perfectly well, perhaps because it was the last which we three passed together at our fireside. My husband, although he bears the reputation of a silent, even taciturn man, converses admirably when among intelligent and sympathetic people. He had been developing some of his favorite theories, when the doctor, seizing the ideas of Michel, summed them up with as much accuracy as clearness. "Fauvel," said my husband, pressing his hand, as he took leave of us, "of all the men with whom I have ever held a discussion, you are certainly the one in whom I have found the most correct and trustworthy judgment."

The doctor appeared quite moved. "Thank you," said he heartily, "thank you for your good opinion of me." Bowing once more to me he hastily withdrew.

The next afternoon I was at the window when the doctor passed, taking his daily ride. I noticed that he had not for a long time before looked so well and in such good spirits.

A few hours later my husband was called in all haste to the chalet. Dr. Fauvel's horse had stumbled and fallen, and by his fall had broken the doctor's arm in two places, and badly crushed his leg. "Even if all goes well," said Michel to me on his return, "he will pass at least three months upon his bed without being able to stir."

"And his wife?" I asked anxiously.

"She is with him."

We looked at each other without saying another word. Michel was much moved, and I was so completely upset by this unexpected news, that I could ask no more questions.

Dr. Fauvel was very sick for several weeks, and his life appeared to hang by a thread. At length the fever subsided; we believed him safe; and his convalescence, though slow and painful, really begun. I went to the chalet every day between the two visits made by my husband, but it was a long time before I could see Juliette. I was perfectly mute with surprise when I saw her next. Her whole person had undergone a complete transfiguration. Her eyes shone with pure joy, and her step was quick and firm. Was this indeed the languishing and discouraged woman whom I had consoled so often? I could not believe my eyes. Yet, confined for long weeks in a sick-room, she had passed, Michel told me, whole nights without thinking of rest, watching over her husband with unceasing vigilance and untiring devotion. The convalescence was slow at first, almost imperceptible. The weakness of the sick man was so great that after five or six weeks he could hardly sit up in bed for a few hours. It was at this time that I was first admitted to the room.

The chamber when I entered was arranged and adorned, it was easy to see, with tender care and with great tact. Juliette, busy about some sewing, came towards me with a radiant face, the expression of perfect happiness upon which was only comparable with the entire contentment with which every look of her husband was full. Of course I had been prepared for this, yet I could not help looking at that poor face, emaciated by suffering, which nevertheless exhibited unalloyed satisfaction. He followed with his eyes every movement of his wife, watching her with a sort of adoration. When, having made a long visit, I arose to depart, he bade me good-by in a feeble voice, adding that he was very happy to be sick.

Alas! Juliette often repeated to me later that these six weeks were the happiest of her life.

"Look at him," said she to me the evening when the doctor, having been able for the first time to leave his bed, lay extended upon a sofa and asleep, after having chatted gayly with us, — "look at him. Don't you think that his sickness has rejuvenated him? What does Dr. Colonge think? Do you wish for any thing, my dear?" she continued, seeing the patient make a slight motion; and instantly she was by his side, lavishing her cares upon him and murmuring caressing words in his ear.

It was half dark in the room: I was seated in a corner,

and the doctor, apparently forgetful of my presence, passed his hand tenderly through his wife's hair.

"My dear Juliette, my dearly beloved, we have been very happy for a little while."

"Have been!" said she in a tone of gay reproach.

"Yes, we have been!" he replied bitterly, and threw himself back with a groan.

Juliette was frightened and called me. He became calm instantly. "Is Madame Colonge here still? I supposed you had gone, madame. Where are you? come here, I beg of you."

Every trace of agitation had disappeared. He chatted playfully the rest of the evening. Some hours later I was alone with him, Juliette having been obliged to go out to do some errands. We spoke of indifferent matters. The conversation was languishing when without any preface he remarked that he was much troubled about his wife's health.

I was never more astonished. I tried to make him notice what was quite true, that she appeared in much better health than on her arrival in the country, and that she found herself stronger than she had been before for a long time.

"You may be sure," he persisted, "that her constitution could not endure being always confined in this chamber."

"It does not appear to have suffered yet," I replied with a little impatience, for something in his manner irritated me in spite of myself.

"Could you not" — and while speaking he avoided looking at me, — "persuade her to go away for a little while, to visit her friends, in short to make her understand that she ought not to remain constantly with me?"

"Can you think of it? I advise your wife to go away, — to go and amuse herself, now that you are recovered or nearly so? I encourage her to leave the only place where, I know, she is perfectly satisfied!"

"Is it so? Can she not be contented? Can she not be happy without me? Heaven pity us!"

Juliette returned just then. I returned home rather irritated than sorrowful, and I remember to have subjected my husband at dinner to a long discourse (to which he listened with his usual patience) upon the selfishness of men in general and of husbands in particular. I ended by repeating my conversation with the doctor. He heard me attentively, asked me to repeat several phrases, and to my great surprise made no comment whatever. By the desire of my husband and the repeated entreaties of the doctor we passed nearly every evening at the chalet. I could not help observing that the relations between Dr. and Madame Fauvel changed, became cold and constrained as in the past. A barrier of ice seemed again to have arisen between them. Juliette did not complain, but I needed none of her confidences to understand the situation, and observe how little our reunions resembled those which had taken place in the same room but a few days before.

One evening the doctor had for the first time tried to walk, and succeeded in taking a few steps with the help of my husband. We were preparing to go, supposing him tired, when he stopped us. "Remain a few minutes longer, Colonge, I beg you; a moment, madame. I wish to tell you something."

We humored his whim. He dropped back in his chair, and covered his face with his hands. We remained silent; a few minutes passed thus; his wife approached him uneasily.

"You must leave me, Juliette," he broke out all at once, looking at her with a stern, cold expression. "You must go this very day."

"Go?" I cried.

"Hush, Valentine!" The emphasis my husband gave these words stopped me at once.

Juliette sobbed.

"Paul, dear Paul, let me stay with you. Ah! what have I done now? Let me stay until you are well, entirely well." She threw her arms around him.

"Take her away, Madame Colonge; take away my poor wife. You love her. I confide her to you. You know also, do you not? how much I love her, and you will tell her."

His face, flushed with fever, looked frightfully.

"If you love her" — I stopped suddenly, feeling the hand of Michel resting on my shoulder; he was looking fixedly at Dr. Fauvel. I saw the features of the latter relax, little by little, and the burning redness, which had for a moment suffused his cheeks, give place to a mortal pallor.

"My friend," — he seemed to speak unconsciously, — "what do you advise me to do?"

"A very simple thing. Tell, not these poor, frightened women, but me alone your reasons for acting thus."

"Impossible!"

"Impossible? I do not think so. I will add that I even believe I have partly guessed them."

The doctor sat up erect, and looked all about the room as if he were seeking some way to escape. Michel went to him and took his hand. "Your secret, you know, will be safe with me. Will you trust me?"

The sick man hesitated again, smiled feebly, and said bitterly, —

"Be it so. I will tell you all. Indeed it cannot be for long."

Michel conducted us out of the room, and made me a sign to take Madame Fauvel home. She made no resistance, but wept until she could weep no longer. I left her only when I believed her to be asleep. I reflected sorrowfully upon all that I had just seen and heard, and awaited the return of my husband. He only came at a very late hour in the night. I had only to raise my eyes to his to feel my curiosity vanish. His countenance had that expression which I had so frequently remarked upon it when he had returned from the bedside of a sick or rather of a dying person, upon whom all the efforts of science had been unavailing. I tried one question, then another; he replied nothing, and remained immobile, sober, absorbed in his reflections. "At least," said I, almost in tears, "you might advise me what I had better do with poor Juliette."

He appeared to awake from a dream. "Let her remain with us. That is the best thing to be done."

"That is your opinion, and you approve of what the doctor has done?"

"Entirely."

"You are in accord with him! You ally yourself with that wicked man in his ingratitude, in his extravagance!"

"God forgive you, Valentine! You don't know what you are saying."

The tone in which he spoke was harsh. Never since we were married had he spoken so to me. A little angry, I nevertheless asked, "Did the doctor confide his secret to you?"

"Yes; and," continued he, seeing that I was questioning him by my looks, "I will keep it faithfully as long as his poor life shall last."

Ten days passed, during which Juliette did not once speak of her husband. What could I tell her about him? She knew indeed that Michel was with him as friend and physician in all his leisure moments. The eleventh day we were preparing to pass the afternoon quietly. I was working, and Juliette appeared absorbed in her reading. A slight noise behind me attracted my attention. I turned and saw my husband, who, making me a sign with his hand, let the door close again. I arose unaffectedly and followed him.

"Well?"

"Hush! speak low!"

I then noticed his excitement. "Fauvel is dying," said he.

I was scarcely expecting such tidings, and remained dumb with astonishment. "I have been foreseeing it a long time," continued Michel. "He was almost in despair before that last accident. His mind is at rest now, but his vital resources are exhausted."

"And his wife! his poor wife!"

"Yes, that is why I have come. She must go to him now. He desires it very much; do you believe she will consent?"

I smiled sadly. "Ah! Michel, she loves him!"

"Yes; and a woman who loves is always ready to forgive. You are right, my dear. And now she will very soon know the whole truth."

"Do you think he has no hope of recovery?"

"None whatever, I am sure. I will say more, I am glad he has not."—

He stopped abruptly. They were strange words. In terror I returned to Juliette. It would be impossible for me to relate how I told her of her husband's state. I remember no more until the moment when we entered his room.

Dr. Fauvel was lying in the same place where he had for six weeks borne patiently, gayly even, the most cruel suffering. His features had recovered something of the calmness and serenity which were upon them then. I felt in looking at him that he was about to die. When Juliette approached him he stretched out his arms: she fell into them without a word. He had neither asked nor obtained pardon; he had no need of it.

"Paul, you will not send me away again?"

"It is no longer necessary. Very soon, yes, very soon, all will be explained. You have always known, my dearly beloved — have you not? — and you will never forget how much I loved you?" Drawing her once more to him, he covered her dear young face with tender and passionate kisses.

Dr. Fauvel died the next morning at sunrise. He died peacefully, in the arms of his wife.

Two days afterwards my husband and I stood near the coffin, looking for the last time on the features of him who had been to us for the past two years a very dear friend, when Michel, laying his hand respectfully upon that brow, now as smooth and white as a child's, said solemnly: "God be thanked for this peaceful death, which alone could terminate his sufferings! He was mad, and he knew it!" Saying no more, he replaced the cloth upon the head of our poor friend, closed the coffin, and led me back home.

The evening of the same day, the funeral over, we were alone together. My husband, with an evident effort, begun; "He was mad, as I have already told you, but in a very rare way; insane upon one point only, while on all others his intelligence was undiminished and his mind perfectly sound, as you have often been able to see for yourself."

"And that one point was"—

"The desire to kill his wife."

I shivered with horror.

"He told me," continued Michel, "that the idea first came to him during the honeymoon. Beginning with the desire, of which I have heard several times, and which many people have experienced, of dying while they were at the height of happiness, he became little by little haunted by that frightful temptation which returned to him every time he was alone with his wife. A physician himself, he comprehended his own insanity; but he knew also that if he confessed it he would be, though sound upon all other points, treated as a madman, perhaps even confined, and regarded with terror by the wife whom he loved so much. He had but one way to save her and to save himself. That course he took, and never deviated from it, as you have seen."

"But during his sickness?"

"Completely deprived of the use of his limbs, he knew that he could do her no injury. Besides, insanity often disappears in a serious illness. His left him entirely, but gradually returned with his physical strength. You know the rest. He died willingly; his life was but one long torture, and he cannot be pitied for having escaped it."

"It is true," said I, sadly; and in accordance with the desire of Michel I went, thus performing the last request of the Doctor, to make known the whole truth to his widow.

The terrible story did not produce the impression I had expected. To her, as perhaps for very many wives, the assurance of having been entirely and solely beloved, mitigated both her past griefs and the bitterness of the last separation. "He loved me, he loved only me," she repeated incessantly in the midst of her tears.

She lives to-day, always faithful to a cherished memory and to a few months of happiness.

A FEW OCTOBER DAYS.

BY "THE COUNTRY PARSON."

I AM sorry to say it, but true it is, that living in hotels one gets a bad view of human nature; I mean in the matter of petty selfishness. Plainly, many human beings go upon the principle expressed by that great and good man George the Fourth, "It will last my time." In many little ways one is made to see this.

I have come away in this sunshiny October weather, for a little turn among Cathedral churches; a little turn, which must be the last. Never more in England can the writer visit any such church for the first time; all are well-known now. Clearly, in the mind's eye, can he call up every one; accurately indeed, but somewhat paler and less substantial than the fact. For the remembrances of things are ghostly.

No more, after this last time, shall I discourse of Gothic church-architecture. Already, even the most long-suffering friends appear somewhat wearied of that topic. Already I am rather ashamed of a too accurate recollection of the measurements of length and height; and driven to pretend not to exactly know facts which are known to me with entire exactness. There is a certain pudency about a strongly-felt liking; specially one whose origin cannot be explained. And I live in a country in which various good people are of opinion that one might find something better to recollect.

Let us sit down here on a large stone. How silent it is! It is the twelfth day of October. The sun is going down, a great red ball. The trees around (and there are many trees) are rich as ever. The leaves are thick, and green in the main; but a little touched with autumn purple, yellow, and gold. This is a quiet lane, running through an undulating landscape; a little way below flows a river, never seen till yesterday, though its name has long been familiar in "Hart-Leap Well." It is the Ure; I crossed it by a bridge of seventeen arches. The arches are small, or they would not have so counted up. A mile off, towards the west, there is a solemn gray mass; a great building, with three low square towers — Ripon Cathedral. I have left it to very near the end of my Cathedral explorations, not expecting much of it; but it is a noble church, worth going far to see. And this autumn stillness and this smoky light (though there is no smoke) suit this distant view of it. It impresses the writer as few things can impress him. People who live among these things may get accustomed to them, and not mind them much. But there is no such fortune for me.

Coming by railway from the north, you turn off from the track at Thirsk, between Darlington and York. Just a quarter of an hour of rapid steam travel, and here is Ripon station: of red brick, and not unbefitting the cathedral city. Drive up-hill into the town; and in the market-place, an ancient square with a lofty shaft in the middle, you may find the "Unicorn," a quaint, comfortable, old-fashioned inn. Leaving it, turn to the left, walk on; and in a few minutes you come full on that western front, familiar to all students of Mr. King's admirable "Handbook to the Northern Cathedrals." There are the low square towers, low by comparison, for the gable between is nearly as high — a little more than a hundred feet. In old days, each of these three towers carried a spire of wood, leaded, which added more than another hundred feet to their height. Let us enter straightway; always see the interior of a cathedral first. Broad, light nave, timber-roofed; respectable transept; beautiful choir, with grand eastern window filled with middling stained glass, with rich tabernacle-work over the stalls, as rich as anywhere in England, with groined roof of wood, with glazed triforium, with no episcopal throne beyond a comfortable seat at the end of the stalls next the altar. Once there was a crypt, lined with human bones; but these have of late been decorously buried. There is a singular little maze of a dark crypt, under the central tower, where is a narrow hole in a wall, called "St. Wilfrid's Needle." To this day, as in former days, many women suffer themselves to be pulled through the needle. Their safe passage is assurance of moral purity; likewise of speedy marriage.

A camel could not pass through the eye of that needle; but there is room for almost any human being to pass with sufficient ease.

The Cathedral does not stand in a Close. There is a churchyard on the south side, and a public road, in which is the deanery, skirts it on the north. The way descends, as you reach the east end of the church, and you look up by and by, on a pretty swell of green grass, with fine trees, crowned by the Minster towers. Hard by runs Ripon's other river, the Skell; and pervading the streets in this quarter of the little town, you have many pleasant views of the ancient sanctuary.

Let such as visit Ripon give all the light of an October day to the magnificent ruin of Fountains Abbey. Through rich green fields, at two miles' distance, you reach the fair domain of Studley Royal, whose noble owner throws it open to all comers every day but Sunday. There, the Skell running by its walls, and actually through some part of the buildings, stands what is probably the noblest and completest monastic ruin in England. Noble church, near four hundred feet long, almost entire save the roof; great tower; glorious cloister; all the belongings of a great religious house. How calm a retreat in the stormy Middle Ages! But no doubt there were fiery, ambitious hearts, chafing here; and people who were sick of the whole thing, and would willingly go forth into the wild outer world.

When you are satiated with Ripon and Fountains, then by railway past Harrogate to busy Leeds. There is time to-day to do no more than hasten through crowded streets, and see the outside of the parish church. I found an outer door open, and penetrated into a vestry, where a very churlish person was turning over some music. A little door beyond him entered the church; and half a minute would have sufficed for him to open it and afford a glimpse of the interior. But the churlish person, in answer to a civil request, stated that it was not his business to show the church; and then went on turning over his music. On being asked whether he was forbidden to show the church, he sulkily replied, yes. Of course there was nothing to do but to retreat. If the statement was true, which I am bound to believe, the authorities of the Parish church of Leeds may be esteemed as what some people call "a caution."

The station is regained, and the train departs. It journeys through smoky tracts, and by ugly towns — Dewsbury, Huddersfield, Staleybridge. It is curious to discern the traces of manufacturing industry and a crowded population in a wild mountainous and moorland region. You pass through that long tunnel under Blackstone Edge, the backbone dividing Lancaster from Yorkshire. Here, at last, is Stockport; further on is Crewe; and as the night darkens down, through a maze of flame and smoke, the famous Black Country, diving at last into a tunnel of short extent, we enter a huge station, with a roof of vast space and height, but somehow in all respects looking very dirty and squalid. This is great Birmingham. The Queen's Hotel, which forms part of the station buildings, shall be our base of operations for several coming days. It is exciting, for one who lives in a very quiet place, to stand on a footbridge that crosses the rails from side to side, and survey the ceaseless bustle of arriving and departing trains. Never surely did engines screech so awfully. Pleasant it is to diligently examine the bookstalls, and discover what form of literature is the most popular for the railway traveller of the time. These enjoyments are simple, and they cost little; some people, no doubt, would esteem them slow.

But with the next morning Birmingham is left behind; and in an hour and a quarter, speeding past Bromsgrove and Droitwich, we have reached the outskirts of a considerable town. Passing out from the railway, at a mile's distance, away to the left, we discover a great square tower. First, through a somewhat squalid suburb, then through streets in no way remarkable, let us push on in that direction; till we come upon the length of a great church, with a double transept, standing in a pleasant enclosure of old-fashioned dwellings, on ground that falls away to a river. The river is the Severn. This is Worcester Cathedral.

A great work of restoration has been going on here for several years past. The exterior of the church has been made fresh and new-like: the venerable is not here. Entering, you will find the west end of the nave plainly arranged for worship: the choir is in the workmen's hands, and must remain in them for another year. There is a specially beautiful reredos. The chapter-house, a decagon with a central shaft, is fine; and the cloisters are all they should be. The Guesten Hall is in ruins. An ancient hall, above one side of the cloisters, used as a school, has a fine open roof. It is here, in the north alley of the cloister, that you may read the proverbial *Miserrimus* over a grave. But it seems as though Wordsworth understood the word too gravely: the reference was to the reduced worldly estate of a worthy nonjuror. In the choir before the altar rests the dust of King John — nobody much caring. There is no pleasanter deanery. And on the south side of the church are many fine trees.

Let us pervade the sacred precincts, and enjoy them in quietness. The simple pleasure may be permitted to the unaccustomed Scot. Such things are not, north of the Tweed: would they were! And the tide seems setting towards their diminution south of the Tweed, too. It is sorrowful; but what must be, must. One cannot help sometimes thinking, as one reads history, and reasons on what history tells of the mutations which existing institutions have passed through, that many political and ecclesiastical and social changes may be coming; and that people who love the dear old ways will have their painful trials, if they live long enough. But the life of the individual is short, and the life of the community is long; and it is well, to save many a heart-ache, that it should be so. Let us quietly slip away, before some things come that seem coming.

We must be gone at last, and unwillingly turn our back upon this pleasant place. Through the city, in no way specially attractive, we gain the railway again; and, in the gathering shadows of Saturday evening, are once more in our bustling but lonely home amid Birmingham smoke. Here it was, sitting by the fireside, that a genial stranger, an Anglican priest, joined himself to the wayfarer's company; and with little preface began a fierce attack on an institution which he entitled the *Kirk of Scotland*. I have no objection to the accents of my native land, provided you speak Scotch throughout; but it seems needless, and is somewhat offensive, to use a single Scotch word in speaking English. Those interested in the institution in question prefer that it should be called (as indeed it invariably is, unless by a small section of Englishmen) the *Church of Scotland*. Such is its legal designation. And that designation expresses the fact about it; for it is the church of the majority of Scotch people. And if you reckon with it two communions which, though not at present conforming to it, have copied its government and worship, you reckon (as plain fact) eighty per cent of the entire population. Of the remaining twenty per cent the Church of Rome claims twelve. And the little Scotch Episcopal communion, some of whose members are silly and insolent enough to speak of their communion as the *Church in Scotland*, has just one Scotchman and a half in every hundred, or one-seventy-fifth part of the population. It is plain that if that little communion represents the Church of Christ in Scotland, Scotland must be in a bad way. But one who knows Scotland well may venture to say, that in this respect Scotland will never be in a better. Words cannot express the amused contempt with which the hard, common-sense Scotch understanding regards all sacerdotal claims. Let not the writer be misunderstood by such as take the trouble of understanding him at all. He is a high-churchman; as much so as any loyal son of the Church of Scotland can be. And if you read the doctrinal standards of that church, you will discern that their doctrine is quite high enough on the two or three testing points, which will not be discussed on this page. And the writer is a national churchman: while in Scotland he belongs to the Church of Scotland, in England he conforms loyally to the Church of England: no Anglican-born can love that grand church better than he, nor can enjoy her worship more devoutly.

But like many more, he holds that there is no church-government which is so exclusively right as to make every other church-government wrong. He holds that the Catholic Church manifests itself in each different country in that form which is congenial to the nature of the people who dwell there; and he is perfectly sure that a democratic national church suits the Scotch race, as a hierarchical suits the English. He therefore believes that the Church of Scotland is the right thing in Scotland, and the Church of England the right thing in England. And he acts on that belief; as the best and wisest in the land do.

Let a word be permitted here by way of parenthesis. I beheld with profound disgust the elation of some good folk when a certain archbishop and a very uncertain bishop lately conducted divine service in a Scotch parish church. They did so: at the first look it seemed merely a natural and fit thing that men to whom the law of the land has given a certain position in England, should, coming to Scotland, obey the law of which they are the creatures, and conform to the church by law established there. But the sturdy founders of the Scotch church (some of whom for conscience' sake refused bishoprics) would not have sounded a jubilant trumpet because a couple of prelates had (as it seemed) recognized their church. If the prelates recognize the church, it is merely a matter of course. If they do not, who cares a penny?

I return to the fireside at Birmingham. Again I see the face of the unknown Anglican parson who, addressing a total stranger, fiercely attacked that stranger's church. His views were determinate. An exalted yet kindly personage, who, obeying her coronation vows, conforms to the national church of the portion of her kingdom she lives in, must forthwith be sent away. I am not clear if she was to be pensioned off; but in any case packed off. She was a Presbyterian. Not so, was the reply: Presbyterian in her Presbyterian country; Episcopalian in her Episcopal. She was an Infidel. Not so, was the reply. It is within the personal knowledge of many, that a more devout and conscientious Christian does not breathe: faithful in little as in much, pure in life, choosing the right as few monarchs ever did; and if at all she have a weakness, it is a weakness which appeals to the sympathy and love of every worthy human being — the never-failing faithfulness to one beloved memory: *Domine salvam fac Reginam!* "Well," was the genial Anglican's reply,—"Well, she is an Infidel, or a Presbyterian, or something of that kind!" At this point in the debate I arose and departed. I saw my non-acquaintance again in the distance; but I spoke to him no more. By and by I retired to my chamber, musing deeply on the outrageous nonsense some mortals will talk.

It was a curious Sunday, the next day. I have just come in from morning church, and am sitting by the fire in a great apartment, somewhat deserted of guests to-day. I went to St. Philip's. It is a handsome church; somewhat richly decorated internally; probably as much has been made of the interior as can be made of a church which is not Gothic, and which has galleries on three sides. The service was most pleasingly done. Reverently entered a large surpliced choir. Why will not people see that to put a surplice (which costs fourteen shillings) on a little boy, is by far the cheapest way of dressing him so as to make him presentable? I say nothing of the manifest fitness of the decorous robe, nor of its symbolical nature; though I feel and acknowledge both, and would have every choir surpliced if I could. At the College Chapel in the University of Glasgow, you may see the only vested choir in the Church of Scotland. Scarlet are the robes of the men, they wearing their student-gowns: purple the robes of the boys, for which there is no such excuse or pretext: they wear the robes just because it is fit and decorous. But pretty as was St. Philip's Church, and good its service, one was made to feel that many people do not care for these: hearty and attractive preaching is with the mass the great thing after all. The church, in the heart of Birmingham, with a crowded population around, was dismally empty; about one-sixth filled. I counted a considerable part of the congregation, and six sittings were unoccupied of each seven. Yet the musical service, and the anthem, and the honorable and reverend preacher, had been advertised by great posters. The sermon was not at all striking, but it was simple and good, and delivered in a quiet and unaffected manner: if the congregation were not the better for it, the fault was their own. Much as the writer loves and enjoys a choral service, he is not sure that he would like it every Sunday. In a cathedral it appears the right thing; in an ordinary church the real seems sacrificed to the æsthetic; devotion to musical enjoyment. Far be it from me to say that this is felt by such as habitually join in such worship: this is the impression of an outsider, very familiar with choral worship, but always joining in it with the feeling that it is not his own, but (as it were) a special and exceptional treat and luxury. And another thought comes across one, enjoying these ornate services. We, in the north, are striving now after a somewhat more attractive ritual. Is it really worth while? One is discouraged by seeing that people who possess an ornate ritual seem to care little for it. I do not speak of the dull, who cannot appreciate it; even those who do appreciate it soon come to take it all as a matter of course. Laboriously put people on a higher level; they grow accustomed to it, and the actual enjoyment is gradually toned down to just the old degree. Having gained the higher level, we think we shall sit down and rest: why not sit down and rest now? We are just as happy here as we shall be anywhere. And how much must be fought through to gain the higher level! Not merely hard and discouraging work; but misapprehension, misrepresentation, obloquy, strife, loss of friends. Quiet men, desiring no more than peacefully to slip through life, doing their work in their great Taskmaster's eye, find themselves shown up by name in clever and sarcastic, sometimes lying and malignant, articles in newspapers. Human beings, themselves incapable of frankness or magnanimity, persist in suspecting such of far farther and wickeder ends than they avow. Unhappy associations exist in confused minds between things that have nothing to do with one another. You really want to have an organ: to get your people to stand at praise and kneel at prayer: to persuade them to pause in silent prayer on entering church; and the like on leaving it, instead of rushing out as though the sacred edifice were on fire. But from these facts some will have it that you desire to abolish the New Testament, or else that you are "half a Roman Catholic" (how I hate the phrase!); and peaceful mortals, shrinking from strife, sensitive to abuse, sore at being suspected with cruel injustice, come to sigh a weary sigh, and to sit down sorrowfully, declining the thankless task of the moral pioneer. Humble as is the present writer, desiring no better than to "prosper in the shade" and be let alone to work hard, he has seen himself denounced in print as (I.) a Socinian; (II.) a Broad Churchman; (III.) a High Churchman; (IV.) a Low Churchman; (V.) a Half Roman Catholic; (VI.) a Puritan, desiring that all cathedrals should be pulled down and red brick meeting-houses built instead; (VII.) a dishonest Trimmer between different opinions; (VIII.) a virulent accuser of the church to which he belongs; (IX.) a wicked man who "has got his church to sing the *Te Deum*" (a well-known Socinian composition); (X.) a person who "performs marriages in church with full choral accompaniments;" (XI.) a person who is always going to see cathedrals; (XII.) an Infidel who writes in *Fraser's Magazine;* (XIII.) a person who got his church to call a hymn-book a *Hymnal*. He has known printed papers bearing the like charges to be diligently circulated in his parish with a zeal worthy of a better cause; though he is not aware that they have ever done him any harm. Might not insignificance be allowed to pass unnoticed? And if these troubles befall the molehill, what shall become of Ben Nevis? What wonder if many are cowed into a sorrowful reticence? Or, having spoken, wish they had held their tongue?

At the afternoon service that day did the writer go to St. Martin's. It was a noble church, and may again be

made one; but evil hands were laid on it in the lowest season of architectural taste; and (save the beautiful spire) its builders would not know it. It has been cased outwardly in red brick; and the clerestory (still apparent from within) has been externally roofed over. Entering, you see what the church may yet be. There is a narrow centre alley, broad side-aisles, with galleries, especially offensive. Right in front of the altar is set the pulpit, of dark oak, with reading-desks in front. The congregation was small: the service was poorly done. But with all the disadvantage of the empty church, the clergyman gave a really admirable sermon. There had been (I thought) somewhat too much of the gushing in his reading of the prayers; but only good could be said of his preaching. Black-robed and banded, in the garb familiar to the Scotch eye, without a scrap of manuscript to guide, with unfailing fluency, with clearness, point, interest, and heart, he riveted the writer's attention from first word to last. The day was Oct. 15. If I were the patron of a good living, I know who should have it. If the patron of such a living would be guided by me, he would inquire at St. Martin's, Birmingham. I know not the preacher's name, nor even whether he be one of the regular curates. But I am sure I am not mistaken in saying I heard a zealous, able, and good man that day.

Again at evensong to St. Philip's. Now it was well filled. Again the music was beautiful. There were three clergymen: a young man with a long cassock and a short surplice (may they be a great comfort and help to him) intoned the prayers in a loud and specially pleasant voice. I beheld him with interest and sympathy, and thought of All Saints in London. Let nothing be said of the sermon: it was well-meant. That clergyman's vocation is not that of a preacher. It was not the doctrine that was amiss: there was nothing said of a doctrinal nature to which I could not say, Amen. It was the decent debility. Then the young man with the short surplice said the blessing near the altar steps: with hands clasped on his breast as he said the first part of it; and, as he said the latter part, holding up his right hand with two fingers extended, in a fashion very familiar in many places, but still infrequent in Anglican churches. I gazed, and thought of the photograph of one of the two prelates of Glengarry Church. Walking home, I wondered with great wonder how a bishop could stand up before a camera and sham the solemn act of blessing. If such a photograph were taken, the bishop should have been unconscious of the fact. Perhaps he may have been. It may be said, in passing, that the face of that really illustrious man, often beaming with good humor, bears an unhappy expression in that famous picture. I fear that a stranger, ignorant of the language, would have deemed the bishop was hurling a curse. But, as the blessing would do little good, the curse would do no harm.

Thus the Sunday evening passed away — the uncongenial Sunday evening at an inn. The tables in the great sitting-room were strewn with newspapers; but the writer begs to say he did not read any of them. He raises no question of right or wrong, but he knows what is good for him. Let there be one sabbatical day, in which to get away from the weary worry! Surely the world is with us quite enough, at least.

Next day was sunshiny and pleasant. Birmingham is still the base of operations. A very good thing about Birmingham is, that it is so easy to get away from it. Soon after ten o'clock we glide forth from the huge shed, and follow the line which in my schoolboy days was called the Grand Junction. Stop for a little space amid the smoke of Wallsall; then passing forth from the awful blasted tract north of Birmingham, we are at the quiet little city of Lichfield. Let us cross a field by a little foot-path; then, through narrow streets, make for the spot marked by three spires, the only English church which has three spires. Straight on: on the left the market-place, with a solemn and even hang-dog statue of Samuel Johnson; then there is a little lake, on whose waters the spires are reflected, a wooded bank beyond enclosing the Close. Climb a small ascent and you behold it, Lichfield Cathedral, not of the greatest in size, but unsurpassed by any in beauty. Pass along the south side: here is that rich western front, familiar to most people by many pictures and photographs. Enter; and let it be leisurely enjoyed: the writer's last cathedral. I spare architectural details: they interest few. Beautiful nave: lovely choir: pulpit of open metal-work set against one of the shafts that carry the central spire, looking upon the nave. Verger of special civility and intelligence shows the place with subdued but inexpressible pride. The church is open to all, unlike the church of Leeds. And it was pleasant to see many poor people walking about the solemn place; walking softly, conversing in whispers, not because any one was near them, but because the church constrained them so to do.

Let us go out and walk round the sacred walls. The present bishop has abandoned the rural castle where the bishops of Lichfield dwelt for ages, and abides in the palace in the Close, long abandoned. I applaud his taste and judgment. Let not a bishop seek to set up in baronial retirement as a bran-new nobleman: but abide, as the chief minister of his diocese, under its chief church's shade. Here, sit down on this low wall, the boundary of the Close, near the east end of the Cathedral, hard by the palace-gate; and gaze long upon the church, and drink in the genius of the place, with its saintly stillness. The ground is deep with yellow leaves, falling fast. Though the air is breathlessly calm, the air is filled with leaves, fluttering down like great flakes of yellow snow. Enviable, surely, is the dean. And all the pleasanter this repose, after years of faithful work at White-chapel, and pleasanter days at St. Pancras.

Out from the Close for a little, to pervade the town. There is Johnson's statue, already named: bass-reliefs round the pedestal record certain incidents in his life. There, bare-headed, amid the drenching rain, he stands penitent in Uttoxeter market-place; various stupid faces represented as looking on with wonder and derision. The words come back: "In contrition I stood, and I hope my penance was expiatory." Well, it showed all the will to make amends to one to whom no amends could be made now in this world. Then out into green fields, north of the Close. There is audible silence: and the overcast autumnal light. A genial retreat this from New Zealand! And a great change. But the Black Country has its savages, savage as the Maories. The day is passing. Blessings on the post-office! I have found it, and it has cheered the lonely pilgrim with good news from far away. Back to the cathedral; and I am sitting here in the nave, resting. I have a letter of introduction to the dean, but it is hundreds of miles off, forgotten in leaving. Shall I call? No. If I began by saying, "I have taken the liberty of calling," he would suppose I was a beggar. If I began, "I have done myself the honor of calling," he would suppose I must be at the least a colonial bishop. And the cross-influence of either mistake would abide throughout the interview. After all, what could he show me that I have not seen; or tell me of his church that I do not know? Now, surveying the last such church I shall see for many days, one thinks, Doubtless it is a great delight to worship here: doubtless it lifts one up for the time above the little worries and offences and irritations of this life. But shall we go back from all this, the stronger to resist small temptations; the more faithful, diligent, and kind? If it be not so, after all, this pleasant emotion is of the nature of spiritual dissipation. I discern it true; but I cannot feel it here! We must go. Yet a last lingering look to the east, where the choir bends from the straight line, inclining to the left, in memory of the drooping Head on the Cross. Unwillingly going forth, the lines come back, —

Salve, Caput cruentatum,
Totum spinis coronatum,
Conquassatum, vulneratum,
Arundine verberatum,
Facie sputis illitâ.

You know how lines sometimes keep in the head, and come in for hours as a constant refrain. Then the less

worthy reflection comes that St. Bernard did not care about his quantities, any more than did Sir Walter Scott, or one or two professors I have known. Then, though St. Bernard's famous lines are here, it is hard to think of the Latin hymns of the ancient church, but one comes back, supreme among them as Shakspeare among poets. And going away from the Close, away from the city, back to the railway, the solemn fall of the untranslatable words is in one's ear:—

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salve me, Fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa Tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illâ die.

Quærens me, sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus,
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

At the railway, a poor fellow approached me, and asked, "Is this the side for Perry Bar and Brummagem?" I knew Brummagem was the word sixty years since, but not that it is common still. And on the way back I read the poems of Bret Harte, the new-found Californian genius. His strength lies in a narrow field, and his characters would in most hands be repellent; but the spark of genius is very real. Short is his way to the heart of most readers. Get the volume; it is cheaply got. The fine things in it are the poems in the gold-diggers' dialect. Even fresh from the *Dies Iræ*, a line possessed the writer. You remember the unlucky digger, Dow, whose luck was so terribly bad. Failing in every thing, smashed by successive accidents, he yet fought away; and when his fortunes were at the lowest ebb, arrived "his wife and five kids from the States."

It was rough, mighty rough,
But the boys they stood by,
And they brought him the stuff
For a house, on the sly.
And the old woman — well, she did washing, and took on when no one was nigh.

There are yet more touching verses in that little poem; but I am not going to quote them. Go straight and read it yourself. But look now diligently at that incomparable last line. It comes home to most middle-aged folk. Not merely because that touch makes us so strongly to realize that poor woman's state of mind; but because so many people know the thing from experience. Most have done the like, who have to fight with the world for their children, keeping as brave or at least as composed a face as may be. I have known various poor country parsons, who "wrote sermons, and took on when no one was nigh;" or who added up their year's expenses, and did that same. Some live in the sunshine indeed. I read the other day, in "The Rob Roy on the Jordan," how the brave and kindly author splashed in his morning bath away in those distant tracts, and "anticipated the bright hours of another happy day." But most people, at some turnings, are not far from despair. Something outside (I don't name it here) helps them, and keeps them from giving in to it. But people of whom no one would have guessed it have stood by a clear river's brink, and thought (if but for a moment) that beneath that quiet water there was retreat from burdens they could not bear, and deliverance from the noise of this weary world. But the old woman (God bless her!) picked up after her quiet taking-on, and stood up bravely to her washing-tub. Many women and many men have been enabled to do the analogous thing; and at last the good time came to some of them, as it did to poor Dow and the dear old mother. Indeed, when the great flood of luck came to him, the sturdy figure in silks and satins and jewels, in the "house with the coopilow," would never be so pleasant to see as the down-trodden and worn-out washerwoman. But under all silks and satins, surely there abode the kind and brave heart.

Here follows the climax of my little travel.

Another night in Birmingham smoke. When the sun arose, cross the hill to the Great Western Station, perhaps half a mile away. It was a sunshiny warm day; the country green as at midsummer. Away, at great speed, in the London express. Stop at Hatton. Change into another train. Through the level land of Warwickshire; stop at several small stations, until we reach Stratford-on-Avon.

I have walked through the street; seen the house, the room where the greatest man was born, and many little relics, regarded in a somewhat sceptical spirit. You pass through the little town, and out into the country beyond it; some quaint old houses, some modern ones entirely uninteresting. At last the churchyard gate. An avenue of limes, meeting overhead, and showering their yellow leaves, leads to a porch in the side of the nave; and we enter the church. A beautiful church, to be looked at more particularly in a little. Walk up the nave; enter the long chancel, a still and solemn place. And now I am sitting reverently on the altar steps, above the grave of Shakspeare. The verger, sensible man, goes and leaves me; I have the place to myself. My eye falls on a placard, hung on the chancel wall, beneath the bust:—

VISITORS ARE REQUESTED
NOT TO TREAD ON THE STONE
ON WHICH THE EPITAPH IS INSCRIBED;
NOR TO WRITE UPON OR OTHERWISE DEFACE
THE MONUMENT.

Surely the caution was not needed. But, seated on the altar steps, I keep my feet off the flat stone.

Hundreds of times one has thought over and said over the awful lines. But you will never feel their force till you are sitting over the grave. Touching beyond expression is the mute appeal, to those who should come after him, of the greatest and wisest human being. The lettering, all in capitals, is much more regular than I had expected; the late Mr. Harness had it renewed, for which I do not in any way thank him. How hard to get the simple truth told! Washington Irving gives the lines; but has changed the third, inexcusably. I would nearly as soon improve the Lord's Prayer. Here are the lines, exactly; copied on the spot:—

GOOD FREND, FOR IESUS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DUST ENCLOASED HEARE:
BLEST BE Y^E MAN Y^T SPARES THES STONES,
AND CURST BE HE Y^T MOVES MY BONES.

Just as I finished copying the lines, the sun shone out brightly through a window of the chancel — shone right upon the bust, and lighted up the calm face — a far finer face, in its manifest literal copying of the fact, than any picture of Shakspeare. It is in an arched recess, about five feet above the pavement, on the left hand of the chancel when you look to the east. The bust is painted, as it was at the first. An idiotic commentator had it whitewashed, long ago; but the whitewash has been effaced. The hair is auburn: the eyes blue: the face a little flushed. The figure is shown to the waist. It wears a red doublet, over which is a black gown, without sleeves. The hands are laid on a cushion. The left hand rests on a sheet of paper: the right hand holds a pen, a good long quill. That effigy was set there seven years after Shakspeare died; set there by his daughter: it is the only reliable likeness. Chantrey thought that the face was from a cast after death.

We wonder that any other likeness was ever sought: with all its homeliness, it must be the man himself. The cheeks are whiskerless: there is the long upper lip, with its little moustache: a tuft of hair on the chin. There is the serene brow, the round bald brow which all men know; not very high. The eyebrows form perfect arches. The lower part of the face is massive; much more so than any maker of an idealized likeness would have made it. The sister of Robert Burns once told the writer that this was so too with her brother. His face was far more massive and less refined than any of its pictures. Serenity and cheerfulness are the characteristics of the face of Shakspeare, as you see it here.

On one side of the grave sleeps his wife: his two daughters on the other. One is *Susanna, Daughter of William Shakespeare, Gentleman:* so the name is spelt, by people who should have known how to spell it. There are some lines, of which these are the first four:—

> Witty above her sexe, but that's not all:
> Wise to salvation was good Mistres Hall.
> Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this
> Only of Him with whom she's now in blisse.

Of course the writer did not mean it: but it is curious how carefully he assures us that if there was any moral good in Mistress Hall, she did not derive it from her father. cleverness perhaps she might.

There are other monuments: a grand recumbent figure of John a-Combe: but here one does not care for any that are away from the great interest of the place. But we cannot always stay here; and at last we come slowly away, examining the church carefully as we go. The nave has side-aisles: galleries in them. The chancel is aisle-less. There is a transept without aisles; and over the intersection a graceful spire. The windows are filled with perpendicular tracery. The people of Govan, near Glasgow, are under the wild illusion that their parish church is a fac-simile of this church. The spire remotely resembled this; the churches have not a feature in common. Out of the church at length, and all around it. The south transept is covered with ivy, of which the writer took a leaf away. The sacred leaf is fixed on the fly-leaf of his Knight's Edition, Vol. I. Written beneath is — *Taken from the Transept of the church of Stratford-on-Avon, near Shakespeare's Grave, Oct.* 17, 1871. Close beneath the east end of the church is the slow river, here dammed up for the convenience of a great mill, hard by. Willows beyond the river: then the flat, rich English landscape, still quite green. In the churchyard wall, close by the river, are stone sedilia, canopied, plainly brought from elsewhere. Let us sit here awhile. It is a low wall by the river side: the water just below. Passing from the churchyard, we go by the large mill; on its side are marked the lines to which, at various times of flood, the river has risen. It must have made all the country round a sea. Cross the river by a footbridge, elevated high; and along the further side to the point where you have the church opposite you. Now Stratford-on-Avon is a possession forever; and as the day declines we go. Going, one thought of another genius, a far less genius than Shakspeare, but a genius as real: the scenes of whose birth and death have been familiar since childhood.

> All ask the cottage of his birth,
> Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
> And gather feelings, not of earth,
> His fields and streams among.
>
> They linger by the Doon's low trees,
> And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,—
> And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries,
> The poet's tomb is there!

But they did not mind in the least about moving *his* bones. The rest of the dead was disturbed, and certain fussy persons "tried their hats" upon the skull of Burns. They found (as might well have been anticipated) that all their hats were a great deal too small.

Birmingham once more: returning to it for the last time. Again the dreary dinner, eaten in a populous solitude; and the cup of specially bad tea. Again climb the desolate stone stairs, uncarpeted, reminding one of a prison. The only home-like place in a great hotel is one's own little chamber. Here are the friendly faces of a few books, companions of one's solitude. Here the receptacle (warranted solid leather) which gains almost a human interest through long common travel, and faithfully keeping so much given to its care. It must be packed to-night: things go into their accustomed places: the bare little room looks barer when they are stowed away. Pasted on the door, the ominous warning obtrudes itself,—*Please bolt the door before going to bed.* How many little details are crowded into one's memory! and how capriciously they go and stay! Next morning, at 8.50, away by the Midland line. Tamworth, Burton, where were many trucks laden with innumerable casks of beer; Derby, Chesterfield, with its strange spire, much off the perpendicular; Sheffield under a thick pall of smoke; Normanton, York, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh at 8.30 P.M., after a long day. A restful day to one's mind, of pleasant reading, with little intermissions, and glimpses of not unfamiliar scenes gliding by.

STAGE BANQUETS.

A VETERAN actor of inferior fame once expressed his extreme dislike to what he was pleased to term "the sham wine-parties" of Macbeth and others. He was aweary of the Barmecide banquets of the stage, of affecting to quaff with gusto imaginary wine out of empty pasteboard goblets, and of making believe to have an appetite for wooden apples and "property" comestibles. He was in every sense a poor player, and had often been a very hungry one. He took especial pleasure in remembering the entertainments of the theatre in which the necessities of performance, or regard for rooted tradition, involved the setting of real edible food before the actors. At the same time he greatly lamented the limited number of dramas in which these precious opportunities occurred.

He had grateful memories of the rather obsolete Scottish melodrama of "Cramond Brig;' for in this work old custom demanded the introduction of a real sheep's head with accompanying "trotters." He told of a North Brittish manager who was wont — especially when the salaries he was supposed to pay were somewhat in arrear, and he desired to keep his company in good humor and, may be, alive — to produce this play on Saturday nights. For some days before the performance the dainties that were destined to grace it underwent exhibition in the green-room. A label bore the inscription: "This sheep's head will appear in the play of 'Cramond Brig' on next Saturday night. God save the King." "It afforded us all two famous dinners," reveals our veteran. "We had a large pot of broth made with the head and feet: these we ate on Saturday night; the broth we had on Sunday." So in another Scottish play, "The Gentle Shepherd" of Allan Ramsay, it was long the custom on stages north of the Tweed to present a real haggis, although niggardly managers were often tempted to substitute for the genuine dish a far less savory if more wholesome mess of oatmeal. But a play more famous still for the reality of its victuals, and better known to modern times, was Prince Hoare's musical farce, "No Song, no Supper." A steaming hot boiled leg of lamb and turnips may be described as quite the leading character in this entertainment. Without this appetizing addition the play has never been represented. There is a story, however, which one can only hope is incorrect, of an impresario of Oriental origin, who, supplying the necessary meal, yet subsequently fined his company all round on the ground that they had "combined to destroy certain of the properties of the theatre."

There are many other plays in the course of which genuine food is consumed on the stage. But some excuse for the generally fictitious nature of theatrical repasts is to be found in the fact that eating, during performance, is often a very difficult matter for the actors to accomplish. Michael Kelly in his Memoirs relates that he was required to eat part of a fowl in the supper scene of a bygone operatic play called "A House to be Sold." Bannister at rehearsal had informed him that it was very difficult to swallow food on the stage. Kelly was incredulous, however. "But strange as it may appear," he writes, "I found it a fact that I could not get down a morsel. My embarrassment was a great source of fun to Bannister and Suett, who were both gifted with the accommodating talent of stage feeding. Whoever saw poor Suett as the lawyer in "No Song, no Supper," tucking in his boiled leg of lamb, or in

'The Siege of Belgrade,' will be little disposed to question my testimony to the fact." From this account, however, it is manifest that the difficulty of "stage feeding," as Kelly calls it, is not invariably felt by all actors alike. And probably, although the appetites of the superior players may often fail them, the supernumerary or the representative of minor characters could generally contrive to make a respectable meal if the circumstances of the case supplied the opportunity.

The difficulty that attends eating on the stage does not, it would seem, extend to drinking, and sometimes the introduction of real and potent liquors during the performance has lead to unfortunate results. Thus Whincop, who, in 1747, published a tragedy called "Scanderbeg," adding to it "A List of all the Dramatic Authors, with some Account of their Lives," &c., describes a curious occurrence at the Theatre Royal in 1693. A comedy entitled "The Wary Widow; or, Sir Noisy Parrot," written by one Higden, and now a very scarce book, had been produced; but on the first representation, "the author had contrived so much drinking of punch in the play that the actors almost all got drunk, and were unable to get through with it, so that the audience was dismissed at the end of the third act." Upon subsequent performances of the comedy no doubt the management reduced the strength of the punch, or substituted some harmless beverage, toast-and-water perhaps, imitative of that ardent compound so far as mere color was concerned. There have been actors, however, who have refused to accept the innocent semblance of vinous liquor supplied by the management, and especially when, as part of their performance, they were required to simulate intoxication. A certain representative of Cassio was wont to take to the theatre a bottle of claret from his own cellar, whenever he was called upon to sustain that character. It took possession of him too thoroughly, he said with a plausible air, to allow of his affecting inebriety after holding an empty goblet to his lips, or swallowing mere toast-and-water or small beer. Still his precaution had its disadvantages. The real claret he consumed might make his intemperance somewhat too genuine and accurate; and his portrayal of Cassio's speedy return to sobriety might be in such wise very difficult of accomplishment. So there have been players of dainty taste, who, required to eat in the presence of the audience, have elected to bring their own provisions, from some suspicion of the quality of the food provided by the management. We have heard of a clown who, entering the theatre nightly to undertake the duties of his part, was observed to carry with him always a neat little paper parcel. What did it contain? bystanders inquired of each other. Well, in the comic scenes of pantomime it is not unusual to see a very small child, dressed perhaps as a charity-boy, crossing the stage, bearing in his hand a slice of bread and butter. The clown steals this article of food and devours it; whereupon the child, crying aloud, pursues him hither and thither about the stage. The incident always excites much amusement; for in pantomimes the world is turned upsidedown, and moral principles have no existence; cruelty is only comical, and outrageous crime the best of jokes. The paper parcel borne to the theatre by the clown under mention enclosed the bread and butter that was to figure in the harlequinade. "You see I'm a particular feeder," the performer explained. "I can't eat bread and butter of *any one's* cutting. Besides, I've tried it, and they only afford salt butter. I can't stand that. So as I've got to eat it and no mistake, with all the house looking at me, I cut a slice when I'm having my own tea, at home, and bring it down with me."

Rather among the refreshments of the side-wings than of the stage must be counted that reeking hot tumbler of "very brown, very hot, and very strong brandy-and-water," which as Doctor Doran relates, was prepared for poor Edmund Kean, as, towards the close of his career, he was wont to stagger from before the footlights, and, overcome by his exertions and infirmities, to sink, "a helpless, speechless, fainting, bent-up mass," into the chair placed in readiness to receive the shattered, ruined actor. With Kean's prototype in acting and in excess, George Frederick Cooke, it was less a question of stage or side-wing refreshments than of the measure of preliminary potation he had indulged in. In what state would he come down to the theatre? Upon the answer to that inquiry the entertainment of the night greatly depended. "I was drunk the night before last," Cooke said on one occasion; "still I acted, and they hissed me. Last night I was drunk again, and I didn't act; they hissed all the same. There's no knowing how to please the public." A fine actor, Cooke was also a genuine humorist, and it must be said for him, although a like excuse has been perhaps too often pleaded for such failings as his, that his senses gave way, and his brain became affected after very slight indulgence. From this, however, he could not be persuaded to abstain, and so made havoc of his genius, and terminated, prematurely and ignobly enough, his professional career.

Many stories are extant as to performances being interrupted by the entry of innocent messengers bringing to the players, in the presence of the audience, refreshments they had designed to consume behind the scenes, or sheltered from observation between the wings. Thus is it told of one Walls, who was the prompter in a Scottish theatre, and occasionally appeared in minor parts, that he once directed a maid-of-all-work, employed in the wardrobe department of the theatre, to bring him a gill of whiskey. The night was wet, so the girl, not caring to go out, entrusted the commission to a litttle boy who happened to be standing by. The play was Othello, and Wall played the Duke. The scene of the senate was in course of representation, Brabantio had just stated, —

> My particular grief
> Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
> That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
> And it is still itself,

and the Duke, obedient to his cue, had inquired: —

> Why, what's the matter?

when the little boy appeared upon the stage bearing a pewter measure, and explained, "It's just the whiskey, Mr. Walls; and I could na git ony at fourpence, so yer awn the landlord a penny; and he says it's time you was payin' what's doon i' the book." The senate broke up amidst the uproarious laughter of the audience.

Real macaroni in Masaniello, and real champagne in Don Giovanni, in order that Leporello may have opportunities for "comic business" in the supper scene, are demanded by the customs of the operatic stage. Realism generally, indeed, is greatly affected in the modern theatre. The audiences of to-day require not merely that real water shall be seen to flow from a pump, or to form a cataract, but that real wine shall proceed from real bottles, and be fairly swallowed by the performers. In Paris, a complaint was recently made that, in a scene representing an entertainment in modern fashionable society, the champagne supplied was only of a second-rate quality. Through powerful opera-glasses the bottle labels could be read, and the management's sacrifice of truthfulness to economy was severely criticized. The audience resented the introduction of the cheaper liquor, as though they had themselves been constrained to drink it.

As part also of the modern regard for realism may be noted the "cooking scenes," which have frequently figured in recent plays. The old conjuring trick of making a pudding in a hat never won more admiration than is now obtained by such simple expedients as frying bacon or sausages, or broiling chops or steaks upon the stage in sight of the audience. The manufacture of paste for puddings or pies by one of the *dramatis personæ* has always been very favorably received, and the first glimpse of the real rolling-pin, and the real flour to be thus employed, has always been attended with applause. In a late production, the opening of a soda-water bottle by one of the characters was generally regarded as quite the most impressive effect of the representation.

At Christmas time, when the shops are so copiously supplied with articles of food as to suggest a notion that the world is content to live upon half-rations at other seasons of the year, there is extraordinary storing of provisions at certain of the theatres. These are not edible, however; they are due to the art of the property-maker, and are designed for what are known as the "spill and pelt" scenes of the pantomime. They represent juicy legs of mutton, brightly streaked with red and white, quartern loaves, trussed fowls, turnips, carrots and cabbages, strings of sausages, fish of all kinds, sizes, and colors; they are to be stolen and pocketed by the clown, recaptured by the policeman, and afterwards wildly whirled in all directions in a general "rally" of all the characters in the harlequinade. They are but adroitly painted canvas stuffed with straw or sawdust. No doubt the property-maker sometimes views from the wings with considerable dismay the severe usage to which his works of art are subjected. "He's an excellent clown, sir," one such was once heard to say, regarding from his own stand-point the performance of the jester in question. "He don't destroy the properties as some do." Perhaps now and then, too, a minor actor or a supernumerary, who has derided "the sham wine-parties of Macbeth and others," may lament the scandalous waste of seeming good victuals in a pantomime. But, as a rule, these performers are not fanciful on this, or, indeed, on any other subject. They are not to be deceived by the illusions of the stage; they are themselves too much a part of its shams and artifices. Property legs of mutton are to them not even food for reflection, but simply "properties," and nothing more. Otherwise, a somewhat too cynical disposition might be unfortunately encouraged; and the poor player, whose part requires him to be lavish of bank-notes of enormous amount upon the stage, and the hungry "super," constrained to maltreat articles of food which he would prize dearly if they were but real, might be too bitterly affected by noting the grievous discrepancy existing between their private and their public careers — the men they are, and the characters they seem to be.

M. TAINE'S "NOTES ON ENGLAND."

ENGLISH GIRLS AND AUTHORESSES.

Numbers of dinners or luncheons in town, walks in the country, with persons belonging to the upper middle class, and with some of the nobility. The drawing-rooms and the dinners are the same as everywhere else; there is a certain level of luxury and of elegance where all the wealthy classes of Europe meet. The only very striking thing at table, or in the evening, is the exceeding freshness of the ladies, and their toilette also; the hue of the skin is dazzling. Yesterday, I was placed beside a young lady whose neck and shoulders resembled snow, or rather mother-of-pearl; this extraordinary white is so powerful, that, to my eyes, it is not life-like; she wore a rose-colored dress, wreath of red flowers, green trimmings, and a golden necklace around the throat, like a savage queen; they have rarely a feeling for colors.

Great reception at a minister's; the staircase is monumental, and the drawing-rooms are lofty, princely; but this is uncommon; in general the house is not well arranged for receiving guests. When one has a large company, the two drawing-rooms on the first floor do not suffice; very rich people who are obliged to make a display, give their entertainment on two floors; the ladies, for lack of room and in order to get air, seat themselves on the steps of the stairs. To-day several distinguished persons were mentioned to me, but I have not the right to describe them. Some young ladies and young girls are extremely beautiful, and all the company are excessively dressed; many ladies have their hair decked with diamonds, and their shoulders, much exposed, have the incomparable whiteness of which I have just spoken; the petals of a lily, the gloss of satin do not come near to it. But there are many storks in gauze and tulle, many skinny jades, with prominent noses, jaws of macaws; ugliness is more ugly here than among us. As to the men, their physical type and their expression badly harmonize with their position; they are often too tall, too strong, too automatic, with eyes inert or wild, with angular and knotty features. I met again the two Frenchmen belonging to the Embassy; how agreeable as a contrast are their intelligent and lively, gay faces! It is sufficient to be introduced in order to be greeted with perfect politeness. The French wrongly think that they have the privilege of this. In this respect, in Europe, all well-brought-up people resemble each other.

Another evening at Lady ——'s. One of her daughters sang a Norwegian song at the piano, and sang it well, with animation and expression which are not common. According to the opinions of my musical friends, the English are still worse endowed than we are with respect to music; however, on this subject, all illusions are possible; Miss B., having pitilessly strummed a sonata, finished amidst general attention; her mother said to me, "She has quite a genius for it." Two other young girls are beautiful and pleasing; but too rosy, and upon this rosiness are too many adornments of staring green which vex the eye. But as compensation, how simple and affable are they! Twice out of three times when one converses here with a woman, one feels rested, affected, almost happy; their greeting is kindly, friendly; and such a smile of gentle and quiet goodness; no after-thought; the intention, the expression, every thing is open, natural, cordial; one is much more at ease than with a French woman; one has not the vague fear of being judged, rallied; one does not feel one's self in presence of a sharpened, piercing, cutting mind that can quarter you in a trice, nor of a vivid, exacting, wearied imagination which demands anecdotes, spice, show, amusement, flattery, all kinds of dainties, and shuts you up if you have no tit-bits to offer her. The conversation is neither a duel nor a competition; one may express a thought as it is, without embellishment; one has the right to be what one is, commonplace. One may even, without wearying her or having a pedantic air, speak to her about serious matters, obtain from her correct information, reason with her as with a man. I transcribe some conversation taken down on the spot.

Dined with Mrs. T—; her two nieces are at table. They have the small, plain dresses of boarding-school girls. The eldest never raises her eyes during the repast, or timidly glances around. This is not silliness; after dinner I talked freely for an hour with them. Their silence is mere bashfulness, infantine modesty, innocent wildness of the startled doe. When spoken to, their blood ascends to their cheeks; for myself, I love that youthfulness of the mind; it is not necessary that a young girl should too early have the assurance and the manners of society: the French girl is a flower too soon in bloom. They spend the winter and the summer in the country, twenty miles distant from the city. They walk for at least two hours daily; then they work in the family circle, where they listen to something read aloud. Their occupations are drawing, music, visits to the poor, reading (they are subscribers to a circulating library). They read novels, travels, history, and some sermons. On Sunday there is church, and the school for the poor village children. They do not weary; they have no desire to see company. This winter they came to France, and found French women very agreeable, amiable, engaging, and sprightly. But they are surprised and hurt at the constant supervision which we keep over our girls. In England they are much more independent. Even in London, each of them may go out alone, or at least with her sister. Yet there is excess; they censure the fast girls who follow the hounds, treat men as comrades, and sometimes smoke. All is commonplace in these two young girls, — education, mind, character, face; they are very healthy, they are fresh, nothing more; they are average girls; but this modesty, this simplicity, this health, this good sense, suffice to make a good wife who will be contented with her household, will have children without being sickly, will be faithful to her husband, and will not ruin him in dress.

The chief point is the absence of coquetry; I proceed to cite trifling instances, extreme, unfavorable. This winter in a Paris drawing-room where I was, a stout, red-faced bald man, related to a rather great English personage, entered leading his daughter of sixteen; pretty, gentle face, but what ignorance of dress! She had dark brown gloves, hair in curls, not glossy, a sort of badly fitting white casaque, and her waist resembled a log in a sack. All the evening she remained silent, like a Cinderella, amidst the splendors and supreme elegances of the dresses and beauties surrounding her. Here, in St. James's Park, at the Exhibition, in the picture-galleries, many young ladies, pretty, well dressed, wore spectacles. I put aside several other traits; but it is clear to me that they possess in a much lesser degree than French women the sentiment which ordains that at every moment, and before every person, a woman stands with shouldered arms, and feels herself on parade. However, naturalness is less restrained, and breaks forth more freely. Recently, at thirty miles from London, we took a long walk with the daughters of the family, and we climbed a rather steep height. Still very young, they are true goats, always leaping, even when ascending, upon the sharp slopes and among the stones. Exuberance and freedom of the circulation, and of the animal forces: nothing feminine; in the carriage, before arriving, their noisy babble, excitedness, their sparkling eyes, above all their energy, the emphasis of their pronunciation, gave the idea of merry English boys during the holidays. The youngest had bright crimson cheeks like a rosy apple; both of them had full jaws and large feet. Miss Charlotte, aged fifteen, told me that she could easily walk twenty miles. They first learned German from a nurse; but they do not know French yet. "Yet you have a French governess?" "Yes, but when one is stupid!" Then an outburst of laughter. Certainly self-love does not constrain them; they never dream of acting a part; tall and developed as we see them, daughters of a nobleman who is wealthy, they are children still; not one of their ideas, not one of their gestures, betrays the woman. Neither precocious nor worldly; these two traits coincide and engender a multitude of others. I can bear the testimony of my eyes to the great freedom which they enjoy; I see many of them in the morning at Hyde Park who have come to take a turn on horseback, without other companion than a groom. Two days after arriving in the country I was asked to give my arm to a young daughter of the family, in order to escort her to a place a mile off. S——, who has spent a year here, considers this loyal and free intercourse charming; a gentleman to whom he was introduced said, "Come to my house and I will make you acquainted with my daughters." They are more amiable and honest comrades. One rides with them on horseback, one accompanies them to archery meetings, one chats familiarly with them on all, or nearly all, subjects; one laughs without after-thought. It were impossible even for a coxcomb to treat them otherwise than as if they were his sisters. At Manchester two of my French friends went to dine at a house. At eleven in the evening they were requested to escort home two young girls who were there. All the four entered a cab, and rode for half an hour. They chatted gayly, and without any trouble or embarrassment on either side. Thanks to these manners, the man most inured to the harshnesses and villanies of life, must keep a corner of his soul for poetry, for tender sentiments. In this we are deficient. An Englishman who has travelled among us is astonished and scandalized to see men in Paris staring women in the face, not yielding the pavement to them. It is necessary to have lived among foreigners to know how much our manners, our remarks on this subject, are displeasing, and even offensive; they consider us bag-men, fops, and blackguards. The truth is that we feel with difficulty the sentiment of respect; sex, condition, education, do not create as great distinctions among us as among other nations. Moreover, in addition to individuals being more equal among us, they experience the necessity in a higher degree of being sensible of this equality.

Dined with F——. The ladies explained to me the training of young girls. In well-to-do or wealthy families they all learn French, German, Italian, in general from infancy, through nurses and foreign governesses. Commonly they begin with French; nearly all speak it fluently, and several without any accent; I have cited the sole exception I have encountered. They read Dante, Manzoni, Schiller, and Goethe, our classics, Chateaubriand, and some moderns. Many learn a little Latin; that will be serviceable for the education of their children, or of their young brothers. Several learn natural history, botany, mineralogy, geology; they have a taste for all natural things; and in the country, at the sea-side, in their frequent journeys, they can see minerals, herbs, shells, form collections; besides, that suits the English habit, which consists in storing up facts; thus they are more instructed, and more solidly instructed, than among us. Another motive is, that many of the young girls never marry, and that it is requisite to prepare an occupation for them beforehand. Lady M—— cited the case of a family in her neighborhood, where there are five unmarried daughters, all beautiful; the older ones are thirty-five and thirty-six. This is because they have been brought up in luxury, and have scarcely any dowry. Frequently a father only gives his daughter a sum equivalent to the income of his eldest son and heir; and, moreover, he obliges the gentleman who offers himself, to make a settlement on his daughter of two hundred, three hundred, four hundred pounds sterling yearly, whereof she will have the entire control when married, and which will be her pin money. This condition keeps away many suitors; besides, it is granted that one must marry for love, settled liking; now, it often happens that one does not feel this liking, or that one does not inspire it. Hence many girls miss the chance and remain spinsters. There are some in almost every family, the position of aunt being very well filled. They help to rear the children, superintend a part of the household, preserve-making or the linen cupboard, make herbariums, paint in water-colors, read, write, become learned. Many compose moral romances, and sometimes very good novels: Miss Yonge, Miss Kavanagh, Miss Brontë, the author of "John Halifax," Miss Thackeray, and others, are known; talent is frequent among authoresses, there are some of the first class,—Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Evans, Elizabeth Browning; the two last possess genius. Reckon again the translations: numerous German and French works have been translated—and well translated—by women. Others write in magazines, compose small popular treatises, join a society, teach classes of poor children. The constant concern is to find an employment for their faculties, or to acquire a talent which serves as a remedy for weariness. The highest rank is not absolved. Witness the occupations of the Royal Family; the Queen and her daughters send water-colors, engravings, drawings done by themselves, to charity sales; Prince Albert was one of the most cultivated and most active men in the kingdom; each one thus takes up one or two special subjects, labors at some improvement in agriculture, in science,—some beneficent work or institution.

Thus life is serious, and all, even young girls, know that they must prepare themselves and provide themselves for it. N——, who comes to England every year, visited one of his old friends, wealthy, and the father of a family, who said to him,—"I am put out; my daughter Jane is twenty-four, does not marry, frequently shuts herself up in the library, and reads solid works." "What dower will you give her?"—"Two thousand pounds sterling." "And your sons?"—"The eldest will have the estate; the second a mine which yields two thousand pounds." "Give five thousand pounds to Miss Jane." This phrase opened up vistas to the father; he gave her the five thousand pounds. Miss Jane has been married; she was made to be a mother; it would have been a pity to have converted her into a learned, spectacled spinster; if suitors do not offer themselves, it is because the style of the house is too great. As for me, what I admire here is the coolness, the good sense, the courage of the young girl who, seeing herself in a blind alley, alters her course without a murmur, and silently sets herself to study. In none of the houses which I have entered in London or in the

country have I seen a journal of the fashions. One of my English friends who has sojourned in France informs me that here no well-brought-up woman reads such platitudes. On the contrary, a special review, "The English Women's Review," contains in the number of which I am turning over the pages, statements and letters on emigration to Australia, articles on public instruction in France, and other essays equally important; no novels, neither chit-chat about theatres, nor review of fashions, &c. The whole is serious — substantial. Witness as a contrast in a provincial mansion among us the journals of fashions with illuminated sketches, patterns of the last style of bonnets, explanations of a piece of embroidery, little sentimental stories, honeyed compliments to female readers, and above all, the correspondence of the directress with her subscribers on the last page, a masterpiece of absurdity and inanity. It is shameful that a human intellect can digest such aliment. A dress badly made is more bearable than an empty head. I copy the titles of some articles, all written by women, in the *Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science*. "Education by Means of Workhouses," by Louisa Twining; "District Schools for the English Poor," by Barbara Collett; "Application of the Principles of Education to Lower-class Schools," by Mary Carpenter; "Actual State of the Colony of Mettray," by Florence Hill; "Hospital Statistics," by Florence Nightingale; "The Condition of Working-Women in England and France," by Bessie Parkes; "Slavery in America, and its Influence upon Great Britain," by Sarah Redmond; "Improvement of Nurses in Agricultural Districts," by Mrs. Wiggins; "Report of the Society for Furnishing Employment to Women," by Jane Crowe. Most of these authoresses are not married, several are secretaries of active associations, of which the Review I have just cited is the central organ; one of these associations supplies women with work, another visits the workhouses, another the sick. All these articles are instructive and useful; the custom of keeping classes, of visiting the poor, of conversing with men, discussion, study, personal observation of facts, have yielded their fruits; they know how to observe and reason; they go to the bottom of things, and they comprehend the true principle of all improvement. Mary Carpenter says, "It is necessary above all, and as the first aim, to develop and direct the infant's will, enrol him as the principal soldier, as the most serviceable of all the co-operaters in the education which is given to him." One cannot be corrected, improved, but by one's self; the instinctive personal effort, self-government, are indispensable; the moral rule must not be applied from without, but spring up from within. Whoever has perused English novels knows with what precision and what justice these authoresses depict characters; frequently a person who has lived in the country, in a small set, busied with domestic cares, finds herself obliged to write a novel in order to gain her bread; and one discovers that she understands the human heart better than a professional psychologist. To be instructed, learned, useful, acquire convictions, impart them to others, employ powers and employ them well, that is something; one may laugh if one likes, say that these manners form schoolmistresses, female pedants, blue-stockings, and not women. As you please; but contrast this with our empty provincial idleness, the weariedness of our ladies, the life of an old maid who rears canaries, hawks scandal, does crochet-work, and attends every service. This is the more important because in England all are not female pedants. I know four or five ladies or young girls who write; they continue none the less pleasing and natural. Most of the authoresses whom I have cited, are, on the authority of my friends, domestic ladies of very simple habits. I have named two among them who possess genius; a great French artist whose name I could mention, and who has spent several days with each of them, did not know that they had talent; not once did a hint of authorship, the need of speaking of one's self and of one's books, occur during the twenty-four hours of talk. M ——, being invited to the country, discovered that the mistress of the house knew much more Greek than himself, apologized, and retired from the field: then, out of pleasantry, she wrote down his English sentence in Greek. Note that this female Hellenist is a woman of the world, and even stylish. Moreover, she has nine daughters, two nurses, two governesses, servants in proportion, a large, well-appointed house, frequent and numerous visitors; throughout all this, perfect order; never noise or fuss; the machine appears to move of its own accord. These are gatherings of faculties and of contrasts which might make us reflect. In France we believe too readily that if a woman ceases to be a doll she ceases to be a woman.

THE ARTIST.

The religion of Art is served as promiscuously as some Hindoo shrine by the Ganges. From the holy Brahmin who communes closely with his deity, through the infinite orders of a tolerably respectable priesthood, the suite of his godship shades away to the tag-rag and bob-tail, who practise orgies for rites in the outer courts, and whose inborn idleness counsels them their vocation. So in the painters' guild you have the rare masters of the brotherhood, whom genius welcomes to the inner sanctuary; who leave the world evidence of their inspiration in handiwork that glows with the reflection of the flame they tend. Unfortunately, there are dismal breaks in the order of their succession, and for generation after generation conscientious but commonplace mortals go on masquerading in their robes. Then comes the honest company of artists who occasionally catch a faint flush of inspiration, who educate themselves to reproduce humble ideals they gradually stereotype, and sometimes narrowly touch originality before use and habit have blunted their sensibility. Next you have the unmitigated mannerists and plodding copyists who see the substance and miss the soul; finally the mixed multitude who take to art as they might to house-painting, or make it the pretext for abjuring regular habits and honest work: while flitting about among them all goes the erratic genius whose gleams of the Promethean fire stifle in his feebleness of purpose as lights die down under an exhausted receiver. The more interesting he, that he has come so near being born to other things than his inevitable destiny. You may see the sad memorials he has left hanging upon the walls of every gallery in Europe. There is "the" picture, pregnant in its every line and touch with the promise of an immortal reputation; its power and poetry only needing to be mellowed by time and judgment. And there are its successors living in the false reflection of that first great flash of fame, each marking a step of the downward descent as plainly as if you saw the painter take it in conscience-stricken sorrow. At last he has lost his footing altogether. There is his fatal glissade over works where prepossession itself can find no solitary merit to rest upon, and he vanishes from your knowledge in the gloom of meaningless crudities.

We have him among us still, and we like and pity and lament him. The life of such as he is likely to be as brief as the art he might have honored is proverbially long. A nervous frame and sensitive temperament fret themselves swiftly out when regrets and disappointments react on the fever of dissipation. The eccentric genius naturally makes Rome his head-quarters.

> O Rome, my country, city of the soul!
> The prodigals of art must turn to thee.

Every one who has wintered in the Eternal City must be familiar with Septimus Vanike: you can see him now, as he comes sauntering down the Corso in brigand hat and brown velveteen shooting-jacket. The hat removed, he leaves a general impression of jetty beard and great hazel eyes, with jack-o'-lantern lights flitting about their surface. So long as you are in talk with him, these eyes of his fascinate you. You go on trying to fathom their depths, when once you have realized how clear they are, evoking from them all manner of horoscopes and possibilities, like an Egyptian magician with his saucerfuls of enchanted water. Yet, whatever Vanike might have been had he made himself the

master instead of the slave of his fancies, his story is a simple and not uncommon one. His family are of Flemish extraction; there is a tradition that they numbered among their ancestors the painters of the grand altar-piece of St. Bavon. If it were so, they had never been specially proud of him. From being wool-staplers at Lynn they had become old Lincolnshire county gentry, had been fruitful and multiplied, formed endless high connections, and set their faces against all trades but that of arms. The younger Vanikes took to the army as naturally as young wild ducks to their Lincolnshire meres. They were a singularly good-looking race. Those who were steady went into matrimony and did well; those with whom the fatal gift of beauty turned to a curse went to the dogs. Septimus, the seventh son of the present baronet, has chosen to go to the bad in this eccentric fashion of his own. They say genius, like gout, often skips a generation; but if the blood of old Hubert and John Van Eyck really ran in Vanike veins, it was the first time for centuries their special talent had cropped out in the family. Septimus was a sufficiently lively child — generally in mischief indeed; yet his nurses used often to surprise him in contemplation of an ancient tryptich, supposed to have accompanied the original wool-stapler in his Hegira. The outlines of the aureoled saints and angels were stiffer and harder than those of the family portraits he never looked at, and yet the child saw something there invisible to duller senses. At school he was perpetually in trouble, for his books were covered as thickly with designs as a London boarding with posters. Had Dr. Swisher cared more for art and less for discipline, he would have caught the boy to his arms instead of caning him at arm's length, when he lighted on the great cartoon of the death of the Nemean lion, in turning over the fly-leaf of his Liddell and Scott. When Septimus joined the hundred and fiftieth, the duties and responsibilities of his new life naturally interfered with what had hitherto been his favorite distraction. What with gossiping, smoking, lounging in the mess anteroom, "peacocking" in the high-street of the county town, — to say nothing of drill and pipe-clay at odd hours, — a hard-working officer has little time to spare for art. Still what is bred in the bone will come out, and in the course of his brief military career he decorated the bleak walls of many a barrack passage. There was a strange versatility in his powers, and his genius was always soaring above the suggestive surroundings that might have clogged its wings. The adjutant with his pipe, his eye-glass, his drooping eyelid and his English terrier drew levées at Aldershot new barracks, and cost the mess whole hogsheads of bitter beer and hecatombs of chops. But there was a St. Cecilia in the corridor hard by, above Lieut. Jones's bath and bullock trunks, dashed off with a charred stick on the whitewash. In her ecstatic loveliness and ineffable devotion she suggested in each rugged line the genius of a Fra Angelico. The colonel was a rigid disciplinarian. Septimus was no soldier, was baited perpetually by duns, and in the habit, as we know, of defacing her Majesty's property. The colonel never liked the lieutenant. Things came to a crisis, and Septimus sold out very soon after his commanding officer discovered that he, Col. Martinet, had posed for a venerable beggar, with snow-white beard and a stoop in the shoulders, leading Corporal Stripes's pretty little girl trotting along in his hand. As luck would have it, when it got wind that the lieutenant meant to go, Mordecai, the money-lender and picture-dealer, came down to look after some little bills of his. He smiled at the portrait of the adjutant, but stood "struck all of a heap" opposite the St. Cecilia, as he was indiscreet enough to admit in the first shock of admiration. Afterwards, when he incidentally offered to renew, on condition of Mr. Vanike painting him some little thing in the early manner of Raphael, Septimus acceded with his accustomed carelessness. Fortunately in the feverish excitement of being cast penniless and professionless on the world, he found inspiration and application. Three months later, Septimus chanced to drop into lunch with his cousin Lord Santa Croce, the great art-connoisseur. His lordship asked Septimus to give his opinion of a Raphael he had just been fortunate enough to acquire. The price had been £1,600; the drawing was hard, of course — it dated from about 1507; it would want careful restoring, but — his lordship drew back and flourished his hand in eloquent silence. Septimus rubbed his eyes; there was no mistaking old Martinet in the St. Joseph, or Stripes's child in the little St. Catherine. He burst out laughing, offended his noble cousin beyond apology, and resolved forthwith to tread the path that led to the opening portals of El Dorado.

Had he only gone regularly into training, as his elder brother remarked, no doubt he would have landed there in a canter. But any instruction he has, has been forced upon him by benevolent seniors who are only too ready to spoil him. He may neglect advice, but he is too good-natured to be offended by it. What at once ruins and saves him is his inveterate indolence. He only works by fits and starts, but then in these fits of his it is the spirit of the sublime or beautiful that possesses him. Chiaroscuro, who labors his Campagna battle bits with perseverance so conscientious, — whose mediæval *condottieri* change to a background of shattered columns and crumbling aqueduct arches — Chiaroscuro, whose works of great and equal merit command the highest prices of the day, — sighed with frank envy over Vanike's "Burial of Alaric in the Busentinus," the result of a dozen of broken noons and feverish nights. The faults of treatment were glaring, but then the composition! — and how, except by revelation from the immortal dead, could Vanike have caught the iron grief of his Gothic warriors? Chiaroscuro praised it so highly that it speedily found a purchaser at a fancy price. Vanike's creditors drew back in respectful expectation, leaving the artist breathing-time, and for six mortal months thereafter he never put brush to palette.

Mortal months they were indeed, for, with money in his purse and more courted and fêted than ever, he kept his candle flaring at both the ends. He mingles in all sets, and withdraws with his remorse to the wildest of them, when more discreet dissipation has sought repose. In his way he is a local lion. In winter the connections of the Vanikes who chance to be in Rome rally to him with some orders, which perchance he may execute. He goes to the demure dinners and decent dances of English society, and charms those he meets there with the freshness of his thought and speech. He lightens and varies their respectability with long sittings at the Caffè Greco, where his voice dominates the confusion of tongues, and his face beams through the clouds of *baiocco* cigar-smoke; with luncheons at *osterias* without the gates, professedly to study the noisy life of the Roman *contadino;* with banquets at quaint Roman taverns by the Piazza Navona and in the Trastevere, where porcupine and hedgehog and all manner of unclean meats are washed down by the champagne he contributes. He bridges over the space between night and morn by jovial suppers at his rooms in the Ripetta, where Spillman spreads the table, and the headier grape-juice of sunny France flows round the board like beer in Valhalla. All this in a climate whose children, experience taught, live with ascetic temperance. No wonder he feels his life-thread is frayed and may snap at any moment. He knows his lamp is burned so low as to be past the trimming. He wakes day after day to throw aside the duns he dare not read, and gather courage for forcing a staircase blockaded by clamorous creditors. No one of his intimates suspects half the horrors of the mornings of heart-worrying despair he passes *tête-à-tête* with his blue devils. No wonder when debt-bound in Rome through the summer, he belates himself of deliberate purpose that he may ride home through the deadly night dews over the pestiferous Campagna. His life has wasted like a delicate cigar smoked in a hurricane, and when Bohemia buries him regretfully by the gray pyramid of Caius Cestius, he will leave behind him neither a name nor memory.

It will be quite otherwise with Palette, R.A. Palette will leave name, memory, and a personality sworn under something handsome, and yet he never had a spark of Vanike's genius. But he has hereditary talent of a certain sort. His grandfather was a wood-engraver, his father a meritorious painter,

who reared his son to his own calling. The Royal Academician has an accurate eye and a firm hand, and can match the shades of his color better than the most practised saleswoman in a Berlin wool-shop. He was put to an art-school young, and most carefully taught. He developed his perseverance under the eye and by the precepts of a painstaking painter. In spite of temptation and example to the contrary, he always distinguished himself by extreme propriety of dress, morals, and deportment. He was naturally shy and self-reserved, and married young, when promise was turning to profit, and found his models in the domestic circle. After he had bought experience by painting his mammoth "Marius among the ruins of Carthage," he turned to the *sujets de genre* that command ready sale in the *salons*. Varnish, the picture dealer, took him up and gave him orders. The railway mania was at its height, and the new-made millionaires were munificent patrons of modern talent. Varnish, acting middleman, always knew where to place at exorbitant profit the pictures he liberally paid for. Many of Palette's gems have changed hands since then with changing fortunes. But still Mrs. Palette and her golden-haired high-nosed sisters are to be seen simpering on the walls of many a palace in Lancashire and the midland counties and the suburbs of the metropolis. There they are, feeding gorgeous macaws, playing with King Charles spaniels, languishing over inlaid lutes, in jewels and diaphanous muslins, and gold-spangled brocades wofully anachronical. Once the rich stuffs were rare samples of contemporary textile fabrics, but the colors seemingly were never warranted to wear, and already they are as expressionless as the ladies' faces. Some years back Palette first condescended to portrait-painting, and the prices his portraits fetch have induced him to profess them as his *spécialité*. It costs his conscience nothing to flatter, for he has a fortunate faculty of missing the characteristics of his sitters, and with rare art he can *gazer* any originality of expression with a sparkling varnish of gentleman-like and lady-like inanity. Being very far from a fool, he meets fashion on its own terms, paints his "pot boilers" against time, blurs his draperies and blotches his hands. He has his reward as he likes it. For the sake of his bank-book now, he sacrifices any chance he might have had of a place in the art handbooks of the future; and very likely he shows true wisdom. Had Vanike taken to portrait-painting, ambition might reasonably have whispered him to look for his models in Raphael's Leo X., Titian's Charles V., and Velasquez's Philip IV. Palette, with constitutional prudence, declines to invite despair and provoke odious comparisons by seeking to soar on his feeble wings.

THE IDLE LAKE.

He who is acquainted with the Idle Lake should be thoroughly versed in the topography of mythical localities — should be familiar with the Bower of Bliss, the House of Fame, and the Cave of Despair — with Doubting Castle, Vanity Fair, and the Valley of the Shadow — with the Debatable Land, and the Islands of the Blest — with Armida's Garden, and that fearfully beautiful Arbor of Proserpine, where nothing but that which was noxious grew. All these legendary regions should strengthen in the beholder the love and wonderment which, as a confirmed lotus-eater, an inveterate truant, and an incorrigible sluggard, he should feel for the Idle Lake.

It is situated — anywhere; and why not in Fairyland? Why should I not chronicle its bearings, thus? Once upon a time a certain Sir Cymochles, a mailed knight certainly, who had the privilege of the *entrée* at Arthur's Court on levee days, whatever the privilege of the *entrée* may mean, but otherwise of no very bright repute, was wandering up and down "miscellaneously" (a common practice in Faëry), accompanied by one Atin, a person of unquestionably bad character, and in quest of another chivalrous person, hight Sir Guyon, with the wicked intent him to kill and slay. Sir Cymochles, on this felonious errand bent, chanced to come to a river, and, moored by the bank thereof, what should he discern but a little "gondelay," or gondola, spick and span, shining like a new pin, and so trimly bedecked with boughs and cunningly woven arbors, that the tiny cabin at the stern looked like a floating forest. In this delightful wherry there sat a lady fair to see, gayly dressed, and with a quantity of wild flowers in her hair. She was seemingly of a frivolous and irreverent temperament, and (the legends say) sat in the gondola grinning like a Cheshire cat. When she ceased to grin, she giggled, or hummed a refrain from some idle ditty. Now Sir Cymochles was desirous of passing to the other side of the river, and he asked the giggling lady if she would give him a cast across. Said the lady tittering, "As welcome, Sir Knight, as the flowers in May;" but she was not so ready to oblige Atin: stoutly, indeed, refusing him boat-room. Possibly she doubted his capacity to trim the boat properly, or haply she thought that he could not pay the ferry-fee. So Atin was, like Lord Ullin in the ballad, "left lamenting" on the shore, and Sir Cymochles, with the grinning lady, went on a rare cruise. Away slid the shallow ship, "more swift than swallows skim the liquid sky;" but the behavior of the merry mariner on the voyage was, I regret to say, most improper. She possessed a whole storehouse of droll anecdotes, and while she told them she laughed till the tears rolled down her pretty, naughty face. It is certain that she "chaffed" Sir Cymochles, and I am very much afraid that she tickled him; but he was rather pleased than otherwise with "her light behavior and loose dalliance." Her name, she said, was Phædria. The inland sea, from which the river ran, and on whose bosom the gondelay was floating, was named, she remarked, the Idle Lake.

How the pair came at last to an island waste and void that floated in the midst of that great lake; how the laughing lady conducted the bemused knight to a chosen plot of fertile land, "amongst wide oases set, like a little nest;" how in that painted oasis there was "no tree whose branches did not bravely spring, no branch on which a fine bird did not sit;" how she fed his eyes and senses with false delights; how she led him to a shady vale, and laid him down on a grassy plain; how he — oh! idiotic knight! — took off his helmet, and laid his disarmed head in her lap; how she, as he sank into slumber, lulled him with a wondrously beautiful love-lay, in which she sang of "the lily, lady of the flow'ring field," and of "the *fleur de lys*, her lovely paramour;" how, subsequently, steeping with strong narcotics the eyelids of that bamboozled knight, she left him snoring, and hied her to her gondelay again; and how eventually she, plying at the Wapping Old Stairs of Faëry, like a jolly, wicked young water woman as she was, picked up Sir Guyon, and him inveigled to the Idle Island in that Idle Lake; and how there was a terrific broadsword combat of two about that "ladye debonnaire" — are not all these things written in the chronicle of the land which never was — in the Faërie Queene of Edmund Spenser? If you be wise, you will take the marvellous poem with you as your only travelling companion the next time you journey to the Idle Lake.

I am not habitually idle. I cannot afford it. Highly as I appreciate the delight of doing nothing, of lying in bed and being fed with a spoon, or of eating peaches from the wall with my hands in my pockets, like Thomson, I am yet constrained, as a rule, to work for a certain number of hours in the course of every day or night, in order to obtain a certain quantity of household bread. I have been wandering these many years past in a wilderness of work, not unrelieved, however, by occasional oases. I remember them all, and dwell on the remembrance of them with infinite delight; even as that stolid wretch in hodden gray, tramping the treadmill's intolerable stairs, may dwell upon that soft and happy Sybarite time he passed after he was so lucky as to find the gentleman's gold watch and chain in the gentleman's pocket, and before he was "wanted" by the myrmidons of a justice which would take no denial, and stigmatized his treasure trove as plunder, and his lucky find as an act of larceny. A jovial time he had: all tripe and dominoes, and shag tobacco and warm ale. It was an oasis in his desert life of walking about in search of something

to steal, and although there are poets and philosophers who maintain that the memory of happier days is a sorrow's crown of sorrow, I have always been of a contrary opinion; holding that, as hope springs eternal in the human breast, a man is seldom so miserable but that, if he has been already happy, he cherishes the aspiration of being happy again. He may be conjuring up visions of future tripe and warm ale, more succulent and more stimulating than ever, — that tramping man in hodden gray.

I am mindful of an oasis in Hampshire, and of one in Surrey; of a lotus-garden (where I overeat myself once) in an island in the Adriatic, and of a Valley of Poppies in North Africa. I know a bank in Andalusia on which I have reclined, pleasantly yawning, and drawing idle diagrams with my walking-stick in the sands of time at my feet. I know a cascade, far, far up in the mountains of Mexico, among the silver-mines, the silvery plashing of whose down-come rings in the ear of my soul now, drowning the actual and prosaic lapping of the water "coming in" at Number Nine, next door. I am braced up tight between the shafts, blinkers block my eyes, and a cruel bit chafes my mouth, while those tearing wheels behind me seem pressing on my heels, and ever and anon the smacking whip of the driver scathes my sides; but do you think I forget the paddock in which I kicked up my heels, or resting my nose on the top of the fence, calmly contemplated the hacks on the highway, bridled and bitted, pursued by wheels, and quivering under the whip-cord? Do you think that I forget the Idle Lake?

I had been to the wars when I came upon it. It was an ugly war in which I was concerned, a desultory, unsatisfactory, semi-guerilla warfare, in the Italian Tyrol. Our commander was a famous hero, but his troops were, to use the American expression, "a little mixed," and I am afraid that in several of the encounters in which we were engaged we ran away. We got scarcely any thing to eat, and we slept more frequently in the open air than under a roof. It was a campaign performed by snatches, and interspersed with armistices; and now and again I used to come down out of the mountains, ragged, dirty, hungry, demoralized, and "exceeding fierce," and journey to Milan for letters, money, and clean linen, to have a warm bath, and enjoy a little civilization. I am afraid that the guests at the Hotel Cavour, in the capital of Lombardy, formed any thing but a favorable opinion of my manners; still, if I did nearly swallow my spoon as well as my soup, and occasionally seize a mutton cutlet by the shank, and gnaw it wolfishly, where was the harm? It was so long since I had had a decent dinner; nor did I know, when I got back to the mountains, when I might get another.

It was on one of these expeditions to Milan that Eugenius Mildman and I struck up a friendship. He was as mild as his name; a beaming, pious, gushing, amiable creature, as innocent as a lamb, as brave as a lion, — I marked his conduct once in a battle, from which, with the prudence of a non-combatant camp-follower, I timeously retreated, — and as affectionate as a young gazelle. I wish they would keep such exemplary Englishmen as Mildman's race in England; but the good fellows have a strange fancy for wasting their sweetness on the desert air of foreign countries; they do good at Florence, and blush to find it fame at Malaga; they act the part of the Man of Ross in Norway, and their right hand knoweth not what their left hand doeth at Smyrna; they enrich Thebes and beautify Tadmor in the wilderness; and, with deplorable frequency, and in the prime of life, they die of low fever at Damascus. Mildman was just the kind of charitable soul to die at Damascus, universally regretted, yet with a life wasted, somehow, in good deeds, done at the wrong time, in the wrong place, for the benefit of the wrong kind of people. He was beautifully purposeless when I met him; was undecided as to whether he should publish a series of translations from the Sarmatian anthology, in aid of the Polish emigration, or raise a loan in furtherance of public (denominational) education in the republic of Gustimozin. Meanwhile he had been fighting a little with Garibaldi. I need scarcely add that he was a spiritualist and homœopathist, and that he occasionally spoke, not in the strongest terms of censure, of the community of Oneida Creek, the Agapemone, the followers of Johanna Southcote, and the Unknown Tongues. It was a toss-up, I used to warn Mildman, between La Trappe and Colney Hatch for him. "Do something practical," I used to say to Mildman. "Pay a premium to a stock-broker, and spend a year in his office. Article yourself to a sharp solicitor. Enlist in the Sappers and Miners. You have plenty of money. Take chambers in St. James's, and discount bills at sixty per cent. Make a voyage to Pernambuco before the mast. Go in for the realities." But he wouldn't; and I am afraid that he will die at Damascus, universally regretted, and that his courier will run away with his dressing-case and his circular notes.

I shall be ever grateful to Eugenius Mildman, for he made me acquainted with the Idle Lake. It was during one of my expeditions to Milan, and broiling summer weather. The Scala was closed; and at the Canobbiana (the operatic succursal to the grander theatre) the tenor had a wooden leg, the "prima donna assoluta" was fifty-three years of age, and the "prima ballerina" was slightly humped in the back, and was endowed with but a single eye; so, as you may imagine, the Canobbiana entertainments did not draw very crowded audiences. The garden of the usually pleasant Caffé Cova, where we dined (chiefly on macaroni and fried intestines), "alfresco" had become a nuisance, owing to the continual presence of noisy patriots, smoking bad "Cavours," and screeching about the incapacity of Gen. de la Marmora, and the shameful tergiversation of the Emperor Napoleon the Third in the matter of the Dominio Veneto. The caricatures in the Spirito Folletto were wofully stupid, and altogether Milan had become socially uninhabitable. Mildman and I determined to start on a ramble. We got to Chiavenna, and so, by Vico Soprano, to St. Moritz. Thence, hiring a little "calescino," a picturesque kind of one-horse chaise, we made Samaden, and for three weeks or so dodged in and out of the minor Alpine passes — the Bernina, the Tonale, and so forth — taking to mule-back when the roads were impracticable for the "calescino," and coming out into the Tyrol at last somewhere near Storo, where we rejoined our famous hero and his red-shirted army. After another skirmish or so — we called them battles — there was another armistice, and back I came to Milan, but this time alone. I shook hands with Mildman, and the last I saw of him was his slender figure bestriding a mule in a mountain gorge, and in the setting sun. He was departing in quest of windmills to charge, or forlorn Dulcineas to rescue; he was bound for Damascus, or the "ewigkeit." What do I know about it? Farewell excellent Quixotic man.

But I went back to Mediolanum; and for the next eight weeks I was continually running backwards and forwards to the Idle Lake. I had grown to love it. I loved even the quaint old Lombard town from which the lake derives, not its sobriquet, but its real name. There are two of the dirtiest and dearest hotels in northern Italy in that town; yet I was fond of them both. There are as many evil smells in the town as in Cologne; yet the imperfect drainage, and the too apparent presence of decaying animal and vegetable matter in the market-place, did not affect me. Was I not on the shore of the great, calm, blue lake, with the blue sky above, and the blue mountains in the distance, and the whole glorious landscape shot with threads of gold by the much embroidering sun? I had made the acquaintance of a Milanese banker who had a charming villa on the opposite side of the lake, say at Silva Selvaggia. He had a pretty yacht, in which many a time we made voyages on the idle expanse, voyages which reminded me of the cruise of Sir Cymochles. My host was an enthusiastic fresh-water sailor, so much so that the lake boatmen used to call him, "Il Signore della Vela." He was perpetually splicing his main-brace, and reefing his topsail. Sail! We did nothing but sail; that is to say when we were not breakfasting, or dining, or smoking, or drinking "asti spumante," or dozing, or playing with a large French poodle that was rated on the books of the yacht, and I think did more work then any of the crew (one man, very like Fra Diavolo in a check shirt, and without shoes and stockings, and a boy who played the

guitar), for he was incessantly racing from the bow to the stern, and barking at the passing boats. We spent at least eight hours out of the twenty-four on the water; and when there was a dead calm we lay to and went to sleep. At breakfast time the *Perseveranza*, the chief journal of Lombardy, came to hand, and our hostess would read out the telegrams for our edification. After that we bade the *Perseveranza* go hang, and strolled down towards the yacht. I never read any thing, I never wrote any thing, I never thought of any thing while I was floating on the Idle Lake, save of what a capital thing it would be to be idle forever.

In our boating excursions we frequently landed at different points on the lake, and called upon people. They were always glad to see us, and to entertain us with fruit, wine, cigars, sonatas on the piano-forte (if there were ladies present), and perfectly idle conversation. I never yet learned the "nice conduct of a clouded cane;" but I think that I acquired, during my sojourn on the Idle Lake, the art of twirling a fan, and of cutting paper. Had I stayed long enough I might have learned to whistle; that grand accomplishment of the perfect idler. By degrees I became conscious that my visiting acquaintance was extending among a very remarkable set of people; and that nearly everybody occupying the dainty palazzi and trim little villas nestling among the vines and oranges and olives of the Idle Lake was Somebody. It will be no violation of confidence I hope, and no ungrateful requital of hospitality, to hint that at Bella Riviera to the north-east was situated the charming country-house of Madame La Princesse Hatzoff, the consort, indeed, of the well-known General Adjutant and Grand Chamberlain to his Imperial Majesty the Tsar of all the Russians. M. Le Prince resides on his extensive estates in the government of Tamboff. Some say that he is sojourning in a yet remoter government, that of Tobolsk in Siberia, where he is occupied in mining pursuits in the way of rolling quartz stone in the wheelbarrow to which he, as a life convict, is chained. The Princess Hatzoff passes her winters either in Paris or Florence, her springs in England, her autumns at Homburg or Baden, and her summers on the Idle Lake. She is enormously rich; although M. le Prince, during their brief wedded life, did his best to squander the splendid fortune she brought him. She is growing old now; her clustering ringlets — she was renowned for her ringlets — are silvery white; her shoulders are arched, and her hands tremble ominously as she holds her cards at piquet; but her complexion is still exquisitely clear, and she is not indebted to art for the roses on her cheeks. Her feet are deliciously small and shapely, and she is fond of exhibiting them, in their open-worked silk stockings, and their coquettish little slippers with the high heels and the pink rosettes. Forty years ago you used to see waxen models, colored to the life, of those feet (with the adjoining ankles); ay, and of those half-paralyzed hands, in the shops of the Palais Royal and Regent Street, and the Great Moskaia at Petersburg. Forty years ago her portraits, in a half a hundred costumes and a whole hundred attitudes, were to be found in every printseller's window in Europe. Forty years ago she was not Madame La Princess Hatzoff, but Mademoiselle Marie Fragioli, the most famous opera-dancer of her age. The world has quite forgotten her, but I doubt whether she has completely forgotten the world; nay, I fancy that in her sumptuous retreat she sometimes rages, and is wretched at the thought that age, decrepitude, and her exalted rank compel her to wear long clothes, and that in the airiest of draperies she can no longer spring forward to the footlights, night after night, to be deafened by applause, and pelted with bouquets, and to find afterwards at the stage-door more bouquets, with diamond bracelets for holders, and reams of billet-doux on pink note-paper. Those triumphs, for her, are all over. They are enjoyed by sylphs as fair, as nimble, and as caressed as she has been; and when she reads of their successes in the newspapers a bitter sickness comes across her. What artificer likes to reflect upon his loss of competency in his art? Are retired ambassadors, are generals hopelessly on half-pay, are superannuated statesmen, or the head masters of public schools, who have retired on handsome pensions, so very happy, think you? Not so, perchance. Ambition survives capacity very often. The diplomatist clings to his despatch-bag, the soldier to his bâton of command, the minister to his red box, the pedant to his rod, the actor to his sock and buskin or his comic mask, long after the verdict of superfluity has been delivered; long after the dread fiat of inefficiency has gone forth — the fiat proclaiming that the bellows are burned, that the lead is consumed of the fire, and that the founder worketh in vain.

All round the coasts of the Idle Lake there were retired celebrities. The district was a kind of prosperous Patmos, a St. Helena tenanted by voluntary exiles, a jovial cave of Adullam. Here vegetated an enriched director of promenade concerts; there enjoyed his sumptuous "otium" the exproprietor of dwarfs and giants, of learned pigs and industrious fleas; and in yonder Swiss chalet lived a lion-tamer, much famed on the Idle Lake for his proficiency in breeding rabbits. Millionaire patentees of cough lozenges, bronchitic wafers, anti-asthmatical cigarettes, universal pills, and Good Samaritan ointments, abounded on the Lake; together with a group of wealthy veteran tenors, baritones, and bassi, several Parisian restaurateurs and café-keepers, who had realized large fortunes; a contractor of one of the Rhine watering-place gambling tables; many affluent linen-drapers and court milliners, and an English ex-butcher from Bond Street, as rich as Crœsus. All who were out of debt, and had nothing to grumble at, seemed to have gathered themselves together on these shores, leading a tranquil, cozy, dawdling kind of existence, so that you might have imagined them to be partakers before their time of the delights of some Eastern Elysium, and to be absorbed in the perpetual contemplation of Buddha.

But my days of relaxation on the banks of the Idle Lake came, with that autumn, to an end; and away I went into the "ewigkeit" — always into the "ewigkeit," to be tossed about in more wars and rumors of wars, and rebellions and revolutions. For years I have not set eyes upon the Idle Lake; but I often dream of it, and puzzle myself to determine whether it is situated somewhere between the Lake of Garda and the Lake of Como. But that there is such a Lake, and that it is gloriously Idle, I am very certain.

PARIS AND THE LESSONS OF ADVERSITY.

This time last year Paris and France were passing through the furnace of affliction. The teachings of adversity had been bitter, but at least we were assured that the lessons had not been lost. A great price had been paid for the wisdom that comes of experience, but at any rate the experience and its fruits were gained once for all. The pride of the great nation had been humbled by a miraculous combination of circumstances, and it was expiating its errors by merited suffering. Clothed in sackcloth, charmed with her novel ideas, Paris pleaded extenuating circumstances for her follies. In the fatal facility of her happy nature she had yielded to the arts of the enchanter who had made life too pleasant for her. It had been the policy of the ravisher who had espoused her in Sabine nuptials, to turn her head and corrupt her heart by bedizening her person and anticipating her lightest caprices. The government had given *carte blanche* to the Prefect of the Seine, who acted as mayor of her household, and until very lately there had never been a difficulty about the bills. Admirers from all the continents came to ruin themselves for her, and lavished their riches in her lap. Society and the *bourgeoisie* grew dazzled in the blaze of the Boulevards, the ball-room, and the *baccarat* tables. No wonder if the Champ Elysées and the Rue Breda forgot Belleville and the Eastern Faubourgs. Of a sudden their illusions vanished in nightmares. It came out that Reds and roughs were forcing the strong hand of the autocrat; that society and its saviour had never been in more mortal peril. The corruption of the lower Empire again landed the Teuton hordes at the gates of the capital of civilization. The moral fibre had been fatally relaxed; nothing was left of the old *élan* that had carried the French soldier to Jena

and Austerlitz. Unnumbered woes had been brought on France, but fortunately the mischief was not irreparable. Paris, ever in extremes, as became her place, set the country an example of humility and heroism. Confessing her faults, she denounced her seducer. Borrowing a congenial precedent from the imposing Hebrew ceremonial, she charged all her sins on the dynasty of her choice, and cast it out into the wilderness. Thenceforward she had broken with her past, and made a fresh pact with the future. Like a *lorette* turned devotee, and alive to the excitement of contrast, she rather gloried in the mad dissipation she had repented of. There was doubtless much ephemeral sincerity in the earnestness with which she threw herself into her part. Paris is too emotional not to be genuinely impressionable, and sincerity always has its influence, even if it be born of self-delusion.

When Paris recanted and confessed, although she vowed and promised so much, we were almost half inclined to believe her. The practical nature of the English people is so antithetical to gushing, that generosity to the fallen inclined us to an excess of charity in judging our impulsive neighbors. We were disposed to hope the best, and to believe that a regenerated France was to rise from the ashes of the Empire. Yet we might have remembered that when nations have passed their early youth they seldom profit by the schooling of adversity. A tone of thought has established itself in the ascendant, inveterate habits have become engrained; exceptional men may rouse themselves to extraordinary effort, but the nation gravitates back into the deep-worn grooves. We say nothing now of French Internationalists who renounce patriotism as treason to humanity, or of the Communists who denounce property as theft, and identify superstition with religion. We speak of all that is most respectable in a political point of view, whatever it may be as regards private morality; and we ask How have the "respectable" Parisians performed the vows that were forced from them by the pressure of the beleaguering Germans? What have been the fruits of the panic generated of murder and fire-raising during the misrule of Communist anarchy? As it happens, we have the means of satisfying ourselves, and Conservative Paris is put to a crucial test at the opening of the new year. It has to return a member to the Chamber, and the eyes of France and Europe are upon it. The dramatic element comes to the assistance of principle and self-interest with a people who delight in dramatic effects; for this particular election will, it is presumed, decide the question of the transfer of the Assembly from Versailles to Paris, and all Paris has set its heart on the transfer, irrespectively of political creed. In the opinion of many thoughtful Frenchmen, Paris is asked to decide upon its own fate, and yet conservative Paris seems to give no thought to the matter. Never had French Conservatism, taking the word in its broadest sense, its path of duty made plainer or easier. Armed order has set its heel on the revolution, and the insurrectionary partisans who would otherwise have been agitating at home are awaiting by thousands their tardy trial. It was but the other day that *suspects* were being arrested wholesale; so revolutionists have to do their electioneering in the shadow of the terror of the law, and in a city proclaimed in a state of siege by their enemies. Yet the timid *bourgeoisie* is inclined to leave the course clear to the nominee of the party who but yesterday set Paris in flames, to the poet who has prostituted his genius to apologize for the worst excesses of the Commune. While Rome burned, its Emperor fiddled. Paris has a plain duty to perform in the supreme interests of its own honor and safety, and the Parisians *s'amusent*. We would not be hard on a people for acting after their nature. We never believed that a grand national regeneration was to be operated by miracle. We know that with a volatile nation there must be a light-hearted reaction from the depths of depression, and that the journey back to better things must be all uphill, and very painful at the best. But, making the most generous allowances, it is impossible not to feel grievously disappointed. The Reds are raising their heads again. The Germans still occupy the provinces of France, and the German Chancellor has just stung the national pride to the quick. The country has to brace itself to bear a burden of taxation which only industry and frugality can render tolerable, and nothing whatever is settled as to the Government of the future. Yet long before France has left the school of adversity, she has cast all its lessons behind her, and her latter state is worse than the former, by wasted opportunities and hundreds of millions of debt.

Paris is still the Paris of the Empire. Impoverished as she is, she still finds the means for dissipation and frivolity. She has discarded decency, and seems bent on proving to Europe that the refinement and good taste on which she prided herself were only tinsel on the surface. She is holding her orgies in what should be the house of mourning. She has pitched the booths of her Vanity Fair on pavements scarcely cleansed from the blood of her citizens. The stalls are set as thickly along the Boulevards as ever they were, and the trade in *étrennes* goes forward more briskly than before. It appears as if the chosen seat of genteel comedy had lost all sense of the ludicrous. Does Paris believe life to be a *vaudeville*, and crushing national calamities things to be trifled with or jested over? It is hard to see where even the most ingenious and light-hearted and vain-glorious of peoples can find matter of mutual congratulation in the events of the past year, or the prospects of the coming one. Fancy an English or German family munching *bonbons* and exchanging jests on the day after a funeral, and while there is an execution in the house. A moralist might find something suggestive of the hollowness of things in France in those gaudy and costly cases which contain a franc's worth of unwholesome sweets. Still we can conceive that something might be said by a Parisian for keeping up the friendly fashion of *étrennes*. Abused as it has been, it is the French counterpart of the German Christmas-tree, and originated, doubtless, in kindly family feeling. There might be a false air of chivalrous spirit in struggling to be cheerful in memory of past happiness, in pinching upon straitened means in order to be generous. No such defence can be set up for the public amusements of the season. The masked balls at the Opera House are in full swing. Most people know what these are, by heresay, if not by personal observation. The masked ball means the loosest of loose Paris celebrating its saturnalia, in a disguise that invites decency to join while giving indecency its wildest license; indecency of thought, speech, and all but act, we should say, for experience has taught the necessity of detailing a powerful force of police to quell any demonstrative obscenity. It means dancing beginning at midnight after long dinners; suppers in the cabinets of the Maison Dorée and the Café Anglais; women in "costume," with as little character as clothes, shading off through the neutral classes of shopgirls, actresses, *danseuses*, and *dames de comptoir*, to ladies of society ensconced snugly in their masks and dominoes. These masks and dominoes give absolute immunity from the whispers of the world, even were the world more inclined to censure than it is. The fair wearers may rub their draped shoulders with the naked ones of the most brazen-tongued of the lost sisterhood, and listen freely to shameless talk. It is easy to conceive the facility which these balls give for assignations in a city where married women are frequently as much their own mistresses as fascinating young girls in business. One might fancy that the censorship which busies itself with the politics of the drama might profitably turn its attention to the morals of these forcing-houses for female innocence. The masked ball exhibits the dignity of French men in quite as striking a light as the delicacy of French women. The grand nation that blazoned the walls of Versailles with its victories, reared the Arch of Triumph, and cast the column of the Place Vendôme, has just been capitulating by hundreds of thousands, their arms in their hands. Here they are, fresh from the Caudine Forks, capering, shrieking, and grimacing as clowns, Pierrots, and monkeys. Not that they have forgotten the war. On the contrary, with their felicitous sense of the fitness of things, they have made the taking of each other prisoner and the spoils of the victor the standing jokes of the season. Nor are the

ladies altogether oblivious of the dead; if they wear but the lowest of corsets and the briefest of skirts, they have their minimum of raiment suitably trimmed with black and silver gray. We cannot say that we admire the taste of dancing the *cancan* on a coffin-lid, nor are we sure that we do not prefer the *pétroleuses* of the Commune to the Bacchanals of the Carnival. But then we are not French, and we suppose we must take French patriotism as we find it. The same spirit of cynical indifference reigns supreme at the theatres and the *cafés chantants*. The Théâtre Français and the Odéon have never had quite the vogue which their admirable acting, their State subventions, and the masterpieces of Molière and Corneille should secure them. Still one might have believed that their turn must have come in the grave circumstances of the hour, and that Molière's comedies might have been light enough for the taste of the desolated city. On the contrary, all the different managements are constantly ransacking their *répertoires* for frivolities and indelicacies to rival the Palais Royal and the Bouffes. We are the less surprised when we remember the delighted crowds that filled the latter house on the morrow of the evacuation of Paris by the Germans. Yet let us be just. One change the war has wrought in the Parisians, and we have referred to it already. The most sensitive of people has suddenly become the most thick-skinned. We should have imagined that for many a year to come prisons and prisoners would be sore subjects with French soldiers; that the sight of a Prussian helmet would act like a red rag on a bull. We are informed that the most popular caricature in Paris is a group of German soldiers acting wild beasts behind the rails of the Tuileries gardens, while a single Frenchman stands sentry over them. As for the German in blue tunic and spiked helmet, when he is not walking away with clocks, he is pressed into carrying *bonbons*. On the whole, it is not clear what the Parisians have gained by getting rid of the Emperor, or what they would lose by having him back to-morrow.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR HENRY HOLLAND.

It may, perhaps, be doubted whether the name of Sir Henry Holland will hereafter rank among the greatest physicians of England. Certainly no one will name him in the same breath with Harvey, Sydenham, or Edward Jenner. But there can be no manner of doubt that he will hold his place as a most accomplished and able man. The future student of literature and science during the reigns of George the Fourth, William the Fourth, and Queen Victoria, will meet with him at almost every turn. He has been the physician of Queen Caroline and of Prince Albert. Six prime ministers have been his patients. He explored Iceland, in 1810, with Sir George Mackenzie and Dr. Bright; and he was with the Prince of Wales during his American travels. He has talked with Sir Philip Francis at Holland House, has heard President Lincoln tell his stories, has discussed Homer at "the Club" with Macaulay and with Grote. He is still President of the Royal Institution of Great Britain; and his volumes of medical and scientific essays show how sound is his learning and how graceful his style.

These "Recollections," then, cannot but have a peculiar interest.* They are, it is true, somewhat discursive; and, as there is no index or table of contents, we cannot easily refer to any particular subject. Sir Henry Holland, apparently, has kept no careful diary, and the many valuable letters he must have received, he makes no use of. Were they all given away for autographs, like the letter of Dr. Johnson of which he tells us?

But we must take this book for what it really is. Four years ago, at the entreaty of his children, he wrote down for them the story of his life, as he could then recall it, and printed it for a small private circle of his friends. In his eighty-fourth year, he is induced to give it a wider range, and publishes it for the world. It is singularly open in its confidences, and wins upon us like a personal narrative which we listen to from an old man's lips. His has been a happy and successful life. He has known the two great worlds of men and books, and to his energy and his tact he has owed the knowledge. A kindly nature and a courtly manner have made him friends on every side. Unbroken health, sufficient fortune, and a fair fame, have all been his.

Sir Henry Holland was born in 1788, at Knutsford,—that little Cheshire town so well known to us all by the name of "Cranford." He was educated at Newcastle and at Bristol, and his master, Dr. Estlin, was no doubt the same Dr. Estlin who was Coleridge's early friend, and who nearly made a Unitarian minister of him. After leaving Bristol, Henry Holland went to Liverpool, to the office, we believe, of Mr. Ashton Yates, and there he was to have become a merchant. But the fates interposed; he left Liverpool and merchandise for Glasgow and metaphysics, and after attending courses there and at Edinburgh, he was fairly launched into the medical profession. He was already an author. He had been at only eighteen years of age entrusted by the Board of Agriculture with the task of drawing up a Report on Cheshire. He accomplished the work during a Glasgow vacation, and received two hundred pounds as a reward. A little later and he had contributed some most important chapters to Sir George Mackenzie's "Travels in Iceland," and his marked literary ability was now well recognized.

In 1812 he travelled in Albania, and on his return he published the account of his tour. It was then (though we do not see it mentioned in these "Recollections") that he brought back that curious letter from Ali Pasha to Lord Byron, which begins "Carissime," and ends by telling him he has just had six hundred people shot before his face.

Henceforth the life of Sir Henry Holland (he received his baronetcy in 1853) was the life of a laborious professional man. He was perhaps the best known, certainly the most aristocratic, of London doctors. In the fourth year of his London practice his income, he tells us, already exceeded £1,200, and he then resolved never to allow it to exceed £5,000. He wisely determined to maintain the health, which is all-important to success, by not pressing work beyond a certain point. He would still enjoy society; he would still write reviews for the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly;* above all, he would still refresh mind and body by foreign travel. And his travels led him into almost every region of the world. One year he is at the Gulf of Cattaro, another at the Red River; and each time, as he observes, his visit was followed by an insurrection not long after. He mentions the coincidence to Mr. Gladstone, who rejoins, "Pray, Sir Henry, may I ask what is your direction of travel this year?"

From 1830 to 1848 was, we learn, the busiest period of his life; but even then he can always find time for kindnesses to his friends. Tom Moore has told us how, in 1831, being ill for about the first time in his life, he sent for Dr. Holland, who prescribed for him and would take no fee. Visiting patients in the country was the most serious tax upon his time; and a journey to Brougham Hall, in the middle of a cold December, which Lord Brougham compelled him to take, and which cost three nights of travel, still dwells unpleasantly on his memory.

We will now turn from Sir Henry Holland himself to some of the distinguished men of whom he speaks. There are fewer good anecdotes in the book than we had a right to expect; but there are many valuable and interesting estimates of character. The sketches are slight, but the leading traits are clearly and firmly marked. There is Lord Melbourne, with his kindly nature and his rustic speech,—so outwardly careless, so deeply conscientious,—now joking about the bishops, who *would* die to plague him, now speaking of the Queen with a loyal affection which touched all who heard him.

Of Lord Palmerston we learn that his power of ignoring pain was always most remarkable. He would not give in,—gout or no gout, he would work away at his official papers, which lay in heaps on the floor and tables of his

*Recollections of Past Life. By Sir Henry Holland, Bart.

room. His interest in scientific matters, and his quick apprehension of the nature and value of any new discovery, were very great; and his happy, easy temperament contrasted strongly with Lord Aberdeen's, who "was wanting in that elasticity of body and spirit so influential in a public career."

Sir Henry Holland had travelled abroad with Queen Caroline (when Princess of Wales), and knew her curiously-mingled qualities. He says, "There was a strange sort of irrational bravery" about her, "leading her to disregard all common precautions, not solely in reference to public opinion, but even where personal risk and suffering were concerned. She had certain talents and quick perceptions, as well as some really generous affections." In the spring of 1831 he was summoned to a house in Holles Street, and there, suffering from severe gastric fever, was a young man. This was Prince Louis Napoleon; and his recovery was due to "a good constitution and great calmness of temper." Forty years later the same physician visited the same patient again at Chiselhurst.

Byron, whom Sir Henry also knew, "was not a man with whom it was easy to cultivate friendship. He had that double or conflicting nature, well pictured by Dante, which rendered difficult any close or continued relations with him."

Rogers was "the arbiter in many of the literary controversies and quarrels of his day," but "in society his most severe sarcasms were often hidden under honeyed phrases, leaving them obvious to others, while undetected by those whose foibles he assailed."

No one is better described than Madame de Staël, who was in London in 1814. She had a certain "wit of speech," and an insatiable vanity. She was "curiously demonstrative of her arms," which she believed to be the handsomest part of her body, and was constantly twisting a piece of paper in order to display them to the fullest advantage. Speaking of ghosts, she was wont to say, "Je n'y crois pas, mais je les crains."

Perhaps, however, there is no more interesting chapter than that which compares the society of to-day with the society of fifty years ago. When Sir Henry Holland glances (to use Gray's expression) "with forward and reverted eyes" on the present and the past, he is not quite sure that we are the better for the changes that have occurred. The London world is overcrowded, and in some sense deteriorated. The "happier refinements of society" are stifled by mobs of people. The "wits" are lost in the multitude, or hide themselves by anonymous writing. The classical scholar is no longer held in the old estimation. Even the best English literature is neglected, and "Paradise Lost" is rather a name than a reality to the ordinary reader. There is an "extravagant multiplication of societies and institutions of every kind, dividing and subdividing all the concerns of human life." There are too many clubs, and there is a growing vanity for accumulating scientific titles. All life is faster than it was, and even country houses are less pleasant than of old. On the other hand, there is now a wider diffusion of wealth and information; the newspapers and the periodical literature generally are abler and more important, and there is a vast increase in scientific knowledge.

On the whole, then, it would seem that life is better for the many, but less agreeable for the few. The middle classes have been "levelling up," and the upper classes hardly exert the influence they once had, and might still have again, among men of science and of letters. Holland House has become legendary in the pages of Macaulay and of Talfourd. Lansdowne House is no longer what it was. A distinguished author from Paris or Berlin may now pass through London, and receive no greeting from those who hold the highest place and possess the greatest wealth. It was otherwise when Sir Henry Holland was young, and it is natural that some undertone of regret should mingle with his "Recollections" of the past.

But we must lay down this pleasant rambling book, with its frank egotisms and its observant shrewdness. We are glad that it has been published, not only on account of its own interest, but because it will hereafter remind us of one who is himself eminent in many ways, and whose varied acquirements gained the friendship of some of the most distinguished men that his country has known.

BREVIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

In domestic rule, esteem is more potent than indulgence or even than forbearance. When boys or girls go wrong a very frequent cause is that they are not esteemed at home, or fancy they are not. This esteem must be genuine; it cannot be pretended or counterfeited. Hence, in a governing person there are few qualities so valuable as readiness to appreciate merits, or ingenuity in discovering them, especially the latter. In every large family, or small circle of friends, there is generally some very difficult person to understand. This person is often exceedingly troublesome, and, to use a common expression, very "trying." His or her merits (for he or she is sure to have some) have not been found out. Find them out and appreciate them: a great deal of the trouble of dealing with that person will be removed. The value of imagination, in domestic government, is very great. If we could have statistics on the subject, we should find, I think, that the children of unimaginative people are particularly prone to go wrong.

It may be noted as a curious fact, that a real belief in unreal merits will serve the purpose. An illustration of this is afforded in a work of fiction. In "David Copperfield" my aunt's belief in Mr. Dick's sagacity saves that poor man, and properly saves him, from becoming the inmate of a madhouse.

There have been a great many books written about old age; but to my mind they are for the most part eminently unsatisfactory. It is rather an offensive word to use, especially considering the greatness of the writers who have treated the subject, but their lucubrations seem to me to be twaddly. They dilate upon the comforts of old age; and what they say applies scarcely to anybody, for where is the old man who admits to himself that he is old? Indeed, an old man often feels that he is younger than when he was what is called young.

The world exclaims (that is the young world), How can men whose expectation of life is, according to the calculations of an insurance office, only five years at the most commit themselves to a policy which will need generations to be carried out in all its fulness? and how can they undertake undertakings of which they cannot expect to see the budding, much less the fruitage? But all history denies the validity of this remark. Several of the greatest things in art, in science, in literature, in arms, and in policy, have been done, or begun, by old men.

The poets and other writers of fiction have been much truer to real life in this matter, than the essayists and the moralists. Most of these writers have depicted fiery old men who have shown the utmost resolve at the latest period of life. Moreover, both in history and in fiction, men have been described and depicted commencing vast undertakings and putting the seal to an arduous course of policy, when laboring under mortal sickness, which is surely an equivalent to old age. For fellness of purpose commend me to an old man. Perhaps the causes of this fellness are that he has outlived sentiment; has acquired a great distrust of the world; and, therefore, is not to be diverted from his purpose by any minor considerations.

Again, both the physical and the mental powers of old men are greatly underrated by the young and the middle-aged. It is true, perhaps, that they cannot see as well; cannot ride as well; cannot find their way across the country as well as younger men. But how little these small disqualifications have to do with the great events of life! Judgment is almost always strengthened by increase of years. Resolution

is as often increased as diminished. And, to meet the main delusion which besets the minds of the young when talking of the old, it may be observed that men, even in extreme old age, are as fond of the world, care as much for the world, and even take more interest in the future of the world, than the very young man who sees the world opening before him, and thinks that he is to do great things in it.

If I am right in what I have said above, the moral to be drawn is, that you rob a State of some of its most precious materials for thought and action when you place a bar, by reason of age, against the employment of old men even in those situations and those commands which some people fancy can only be well filled or wisely undertaken by those who are comparatively young.

A good maxim for worldly men, is to be very chary of offending those persons whom they observe to have good memories. Revenge is chiefly a function of good memory. You cannot expect those persons who remember well to be as forgiving as other men. Memory is a faculty which has, comparatively speaking, but little choice in the exercise of its functions. It would surprise men of feeble memories if they could know with what clearness and intensity a long-past injury or insult comes back to the mind and soul of a man of potent memory. He flushes up with anger at the remembrance, as he did at the first reception of the insult or the injury. He must be a man of extraordinary sweetness of disposition if he can always continue to forgive. In short, with the majority of mankind, forgiveness is but a form of forgetfulness.

There is a common error in reference to a quotation constantly made about style. Buffon is made to say, "The style is the man." Whereas what he did say was, "The style is of the man." And you might as justly say the handwriting is "of the man," or his mode of walking is "of the man," simply meaning that these functions are very significant as to the nature of the man. It must, however, be admitted, that hardly any thing is more significant of that nature than the style of his writing.

I presume to think that several of those persons who have great reputations in the world for their style of writing, are singular examples of a bad style of writing. Take Tacitus, for instance; he is, to my mind, an eminently bad writer. Three scholars were lately employed in translating a passage from Tacitus. They had mastered the passage thoroughly; but it was not to be made intelligible to the English reader without great additions and large explanations. Now, for a style to be good, I maintain that the language should be easily translatable into another language.

Gibbon affords another instance of a great writer having a very inferior style of writing. Before you can thoroughly understand many of his sentences, you have to unveil the sneer, or to recollect the allusion which gives pith and force to the sentence.

The style which deals in long sentences, or in short sentences, or indeed which has any trick in it, is a bad style.

The best thing which, to my mind, has been ever said about style, was said in a metaphorical way, the writer declaring that the style should, as it were, involve and display the subject-matter as the drapery in a consummate statue folds over and around the figure. The man who has one style of writing, which he applies to all the various aspects of the subjects he writes about, is a bad writer. To exemplify this by the question of whether long sentences or short sentences should be used, it may be observed that the nature of the subject ought to govern the length of the sentence. Here, to get the fulness of the sense of what you are saying, a short sentence is required, which makes the statement clear and concise: there, with the same object in view, you have to produce a long sentence, with many clauses, and with much parenthesis, because the subject requires it, and the mind of the reader is to be kept in a state of balance until the sentence comes weightily to a conclusion.

Easy reading is the thing to be aimed at. The intelligence of the reader is always to be kept in mind. You lamentably fail in writing if you add by your style one jot of difficulty to the difficulty inherent in the subject of which you are treating. There are cruel writers in the world, who hardly ever seem to think of their poor readers, and who write as if it were a fine thing to add complexity of style to the difficulty of the subject. They have their reward. The busy world has no time to give to their vagaries of style; and surely it is a signal instance of failure, when a man ceases to make his meaning clear to the great majority of his fellow-countrymen who understand the words that he uses, but are grievously puzzled by the collocation of these words, or by the omission of certain words that ought to be there.

It is a bold thing for an author to write about style; but one may perceive errors and deficiencies without being able to rectify them in one's own conduct.

I cannot help adding a sort of postscript to this short essay; and it is, that learned and thoughtful men who have much to say to the world, which the world would be the better for its being said to them, are laboring under a great mistake if they suppose that the humblest and the least educated of the common people, are not able to comprehend great ideas, to sympathize with grand emotions, and even to master a long-continued series of facts, if only these things are communicated to them in language the order and method of which do not add any difficulty of comprehension. We are now entering upon a new and enlarged system of education. This will give the people of this country a great means of understanding the meaning of words. Let the authors of this country take care so to write, that they may be well understood.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Sultan has appointed a Christian, Vahen Effendi, to be Minister of Public Instruction in Turkey.

THE *Court Journal* says that a poem on the subject of the Prince of Wales's illness, from the pen of the Poet Laureate, is expected to appear in February.

THE Issy fort, near Paris, has been sold for about two thousand dollars, being considered useless. This is considerably below the cost of the projectiles thrown on it.

IT is stated by the *Bien Public* that on New Year's day, King Victor Emmanuel sent a message, expressive of good wishes, to the Emperor Napoleon at Chiselhurst.

PRINCE BISMARCK received as a Christmas present from the Emperor William a chateau named Schwartz-Schloss, situated in Pomerania. It is valued at a million thalers.

A NEW paper is announced in London, to be called *Woman*. It is to be a weekly journal, embodying female interests from a social, educational, domestic, and almost every other point of view.

DURING the high wind in Paris last month Count de Laredan was killed by a chimney-pot falling on his head in the street. Strange to say his father was killed by a similar accident in 1850.

SOME idea of the straits to which many of the French refugees are reduced may be derived from the fact that a well-known military officer is now performing the humble functions of a porter in London, and that an *artiste* of reputation is selling flowers in the public streets of that city.

THE gentlemen connected with the Liverpool press were lately made the victims of a cheap hoax. An advertisement appeared in the local papers, announcing a lecture in the Concert Hall on a subject of great interest. The name of the chairman was given, and cards of invitation were sent to the different newspaper offices in Liverpool. The reporters and the chairman were the only gentlemen

present; and the latter, having waited for some time, stated that he was afraid a hoax had been perpetrated, as the subject to be lectured upon was "The Reclamation of the Desert of Sahara."

A SUBSCRIPTION is being got up in Paris for the benefit of two little boys, nephews or grand-nephews of Balzac, who, born and resident in Alsace, will now have to go to German schools unless enough money can be collected to pay the expenses of their education in France. Frenchmen have had all the lessons in German that they care to have at present.

AN unambitious gentleman by the name of George Richardson, wine-merchant, of Salisbury, England, has been fined one hundred pounds by the local magistrates for refusing to serve the office of mayor, to which he was elected on the 9th of November last. Mr. Richardson would never do for an American mayor. A well-brought-up American mayor would rather die than not stick to his post.

AN interesting letter from Warren Hastings to Sir Isaac Heard was sold the other day at an auction in London. It notified the writer's desire to attend the funeral of Lord Nelson: — "I am most anxious to pay that respect to his revered memory; and if a place for that purpose may be allowed a man of no 'degree, dignity, nor quality,' I shall have a double satisfaction, if I can also obtain it from your allotment." This relic fetched four pounds.

THE doctrine of chance has been fully borne out by the Rothschilds of Paris. The firm possesses one hundred and forty-four houses in different quarters of the city, and yet, strange to say, not one of them was touched by the Prussian shells or the Communist petroleum. In gratitude for this extraordinary exemption, the Brothers Rothschild have resolved to remit to all their tenants who may have been injured by the siege, the whole of the year's rent of 1870.

THE Paris theatrical papers announce the death, at the age of eighty-six, of M. Maréchalle, a dramatist, who had at one time been a cook. "He was a better cook than Alexandre Dumas," says one eulogist; and it appears that he was not a very bad playwright. But unfortunately for him, his plays had just enough success to take him away from the restaurant which he at one time conducted with profit, and not success enough to enable him to live. He did not, it is true, expire until the age of eighty-six; but in the meanwhile his career had been an unfortunate one, and he died poor.

AN English writer says that private libraries are almost out of date. Books have become too numerous to keep, and few will take the trouble of sorting them. London houses are too small. Great family houses in the country are inhabited but for so short a time of the year by their owners that the taste for enriching them with mighty collections of books is now rare. And, besides, the facilities now afforded to the reader by the improvements of late years in circulating-library arrangements really supersede almost all necessity for books, except of reference. Special libraries, devoted to some particular subject, are still to be found on private shelves; general libraries are almost banished to clubs and institutions.

WITH the growth of modern society, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the race of wits has become extinct, or nearly so. The appearance of a real wit at a London dinner-table would excite as much sensation as the appearance of a bustard in Piccadilly. There are no Luttrells or Sydney Smiths to be found in the United Kingdom at the present moment, and it is curious to speculate on the causes which have frightened them away. The increased dimensions of the London world are generally supposed to have drowned individuality and led to a deterioration of all that made society pleasant a few years ago. Nor can there be any doubt that in the vast mob which now throngs to London during the season, only the rich and boisterous attract attention by glitter and noise, while the more refined intellects that once exercised an influence over social gatherings are either lost in the crowd or shun it altogether. But added to this is the fact that society has lost its leaders; not only are the wits gone, but those who fostered them have departed too. Surely, this is a gloomy state of things.

IT has only recently been discovered what almost inexhaustible mineral wealth the soil of eastern Siberia conceals, and that in the district of the River Amour, Russia possesses a gold-field which explorers of those parts are inclined to consider the richest in the world. Gold-washing and gold-digging is going on in the tributaries of the Russo-Chinese frontier stream and their valleys, and repays the persons engaged in it so abundantly that laborers earn from fifty to one hundred and fifty rubles in silver per day, and companies of diggers on the Olakouta find as a rule from seven to eight, but in some cases as much as seventy and even one hundred, pounds of gold per day. The River Sega is still more productive, and has yielded to one company one hundred and seventy pounds in one day. These two rivers are the richest, but by no means the only gold-producing tributaries of the Amour. Geologists have found that the Tablona Mountains, from which the River Sega springs, contain various kinds of mineral treasures — gold, silver, and especially great masses of iron, which promise in time to secure to Russia an extensive and remunerative iron manufacture.

IN the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, M. Garnier, the architect of the new Opera, raises his voice against an abuse which is not confined to Paris, but offends the eye in every capital. The huge placards and inscriptions of enterprising advertisers have, says M. Garnier, a corrupting influence on the public taste; and he sees a convincing proof of this in the fact that numbers of people, at first shocked, have ended by accustoming themselves to the hideous lines and colors of the announcements stuck and painted on the walls. M. Garnier, besides constituting himself the champion of the public in this matter, addresses to the municipal authorities of Paris an excellent argument on his own behalf. Mr. Cobden, provoked by a duelist, wrote a letter informing him that he "paid his taxes to be protected against ruffians." M. Garnier's object in paying his taxes is, it appears, to be protected against the frightful devices of mural advertisers. "I have a right," he says, "to claim that the city I live in shall be clean, well-kept, agreeable to the eye, adorned here and there with a little art; and I consider my money wasted when I find the public walls disfigured by the coarse and clumsy inscriptions of insolent advertisers." A Boston, a New York or a Philadelphia tax-payer might have written this.

AN exhibition is preparing at St. Petersburg which will throw all the known collections of gems into the shade. It is that of the jewels of the Russian crown. First in beauty comes the great Orloff diamond, which surmounts the sceptre. Like the koh-i-noor, it is one of the Royal jewels of the East, but the error of making it a brilliant has been avoided by the Russian lapidaries, and its weight is thus preserved, while the English jewel has lost more than half its original value. After this we are to see the Polar star, a diamond of exquisite beauty, bought by the Emperor Paul for one hundred thousand rubles, and the jewel once belonging to the Shah of Persia, with a mystic inscription engraven on its side. The Imperial crown may be called a dome of diamonds, the dazzling whiteness of which is relieved by an enormous ruby on the summit; the globe is surmounted with a sapphire, which has become traditional in Russia as emblematic of any object which is to be regarded as beyond all price. The coronet of the Empress is of exquisite form, composed entirely of diamonds of equal size and lustre, a marvel of beauty and skilful workmanship. Besides these priceless objects, the rich and costly jewels to be worn on State occasions are innumerable. Russia has been drawing for centuries upon Persia, India, and Turkey and adding to this hoard kept from profane sight at the Winter Palace, watched by sentries day and night. The present emperor, however, is said to prefer the crystals of

his own Siberian mines, so delicately tinted blue, green, and violet, and has been for a long time past a purchaser of the finest diamonds to form their appropriate setting.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* gives some interesting particulars as to the dispersion of the Jews over the world. In Palestine they have long been reduced to a very small proportion of their former numbers. They are now most numerous in the northern part of Africa, between Morocco and Egypt (where, especially in the Barbary States, they form the chief element of the population), and in that strip of Europe which extends from the lower Danube to the Baltic. In the latter region there are about four million Jews, most of whom are of the middle class among the Slavonic nationalities, while in the whole of western Europe there are not one hundred thousand of them. In consequence of European migrations, descendants of these Jews have settled in America and Australia, where they are already multiplying in the large commercial towns in the same manner as in Europe, and much more rapidly than the Christian population. The Jewish settlers in northern Africa are also increasing so much that they constantly spread farther to the south. Timbuctoo has, since 1858, been inhabited by a Jewish colony of traders. The other Jews in Africa are the Falaschas, or Abyssinian black Jews, and a few European Jews at the Cape of Good Hope. There are numerous Jewish colonies in Yemen and Nedschran, in western Arabia. It has long been known that there are Jews in Persia and the countries on the Euphrates; in the Turcoman countries they inhabit the four fortresses of Scherisebs, Kitab, Schamatan, and Urta Kurgan, and thirty small villages, residing in a separate quarter, but treated on an equal footing with the other inhabitants, though they have to pay higher taxes. There are also Jews in China, and in Cochin China there are both white and black Jews. The white Jews have a tradition, according to which in the year 70 A.D. their ancestors were ten thousand Jews, who settled at Cranganore, on the coast of Malabar, after the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem. The Jews remained at Cranganore until 1565, when they were driven into the interior by the Portuguese. The black settlers are supposed to be native proselytes, and have a special synagogue of their own.

Mr. T. A. Wise, in *Nature*, gives a very interesting description of the method employed by the natives of Bengal for making ice at the town of Hooghly, near Calcutta. The natives commence their preparations by marking out a rectangular piece of ground one hundred and twenty feet long by twenty broad, in an easterly and westerly direction, from which the soil is removed to the depth of two feet. This excavation is smoothed, and is allowed to remain exposed to the sun to dry, when rice straw in small sheaves is laid in an oblique direction in the hollow, with loose straw upon the top, to the depth of a foot and a half, leaving its surface half a foot below that of the ground. Numerous beds of this kind are formed, with narrow pathways between them, in which large earthen water-jars are sunk in the ground for the convenience of having water near, to fill the shallow, unglazed earthen vessels in which it is to be frozen. These dishes are nine inches in diameter at the top, diminishing to four and three-tenths inches at the bottom, one and three-tenths deep, and three tenths of an inch in thickness; and are so porous as to become moist throughout when water is put into them. During the day the loose straw in the beds above the sheaves is occasionly turned up, so that the whole may be kept dry, and the water-jars between the beds are filled with soft pure water from the neighboring pools. Towards evening the shallow earthen dishes are arranged in rows upon the straw, and by means of small earthen pots, tied to the extremities of long bamboo rods, each is filled about a third with water. The quantity, however, varies according to the expectation of ice — which is known by the clearness of the sky, and the steadiness with which the wind blows from the N.N.W. When favorable, about eight ounces of water is put into each dish, and when less is expected, from two to four ounces is the usual quantity; but, in all cases, more water is put into the dishes nearest the western end of the beds, as the sun first falls on that part, and the ice is thus more easily removed, from its solution being quicker. There are about 4,590 plates in each of the beds last made, and if we allow five ounces for each dish, which presents a surface of about four inches square, there will be an aggregate of 239 gallons, and a surface of 1,530 square feet of water in each bed. In the cold season, when the temperature of the air at the ice-fields is under fifty degrees, Fahrenheit, and there are gentle airs from the northern and western direction, ice forms in the course of the night in each of the shallow dishes. Persons are stationed to observe when a small film appears upon the water in the dishes, when the contents of several are mixed together, and thrown over the other dishes. This operation increases the congealing process; as a state of calmness has been discovered by the natives to diminish the quantity of ice produced. When the sky is quite clear, with gentle steady airs from the N.N.W., which proceed from the hills of considerable elevation near Bheerboom, about one hundred miles from Hooghly, the freezing commences before or about midnight, and continues to advance until morning, when the thickest ice is formed. I have seen it seven-tenths of an inch in thickness, and in a few very favorable nights the whole of the water is frozen, when it is called by the natives solid ice. When it commences to congeal, between two and three o'clock in the morning, thinner ice is expected, called paper-ice; and when about four or five o'clock in the morning the thinnest is obtained, called flower-ice. Upwards of two hundred and fifty persons of all ages are actively employed in securing the ice for some hours every morning that ice is procured, and this forms one of the most animated scenes to be witnessed in Bengal. In a favorable night upwards of ten hundred-weight of ice will be obtained from one bed, and from twenty beds upwards of ten tons. When the wind attains a southerly or easterly direction no ice is formed, from its not being sufficiently dry; not even though the temperature of the air be lower than when it is made with the wind more from a northern or western point. The N.N.W. is the most favorable direction of wind for making ice, and this diminishes in power as it approaches the due north or west. In the latter case more latitude is allowed than from the N.N.W. to the north. So great is the influence of the direction of wind on the ice, that when it changes in the course of a night from the N.N.W. to a less favorable direction, the change not only prevents the formation of more ice, but dissolves what may have been formed. On such occasions a mist is seen hovering over the ice-beds, from the moisture over them and the quantity condensed by the cold wind. A mist in like manner forms over deep tanks during favorable nights for making ice. Another important circumstance in the production of ice is the amount of wind. When it approaches a breeze no ice is formed.

In summing up the more notable publications of the year 1871, the London *Athenæum* pays a handsome tribute to the literary activity of the United States. At the head of the year's results of American scholarship the writer places Mr. Bayard Taylor's translation of "Faust." Although the first part was published before the end of 1870, the more recent completion of the work entitles it to rank among the books of 1871. It is the one book of the year, to which almost unlimited praise may by given without extravagance. Mr. Taylor has avoided the Scylla and the Charybdis of the translators of "Faust." He has not sacrificed one jot of the perfect power, dignity, and art of the German masterpiece, to any obviously strained attempt to preserve the roll and melody of the original metres, yet he has succeeded in giving the very ring of some of Goethe's wonderful versification, and such songs as "Meine Ruh' ist hin" have lost in his hands little of their exquisite delicacy. There are few things in translation more nearly perfect than his rendering of some of the grander passages; while, as specimens of elaborate and painstaking artistic work, his management — for an instance — of the singular difficult

metres of the Easter songs, excites thorough surprise. Of Mr. Bryant's translations of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" the critic remarks: — "These translations are with Mr. Bryant, as with Lord Derby, the work of the ripened scholarship and honorable leisure of age, and the impulse is natural to compare the products of the two minds. Mr. Bryant's translations seem less laboriously rounded and ornate, but perhaps even more forceful and vigorous than Lord Derby's." The volumes of essays published during the year have served to form a striking feature of novelty in American literature, for essay-writing, or rather the publication of essays in the permanent form of a volume, has not been much affected by the recent authors of the United States. But this year Mr. James Russell Lowell has given us "Among my Books," an admirable successor to his volume of last autumn, "My Study Windows." (The order of the publication of these works seems to have been reversed in England.) These essays on books and authors have found too general and favorable reception in England to need extended mention — such reception as the works of Lowell and Longfellow may be now as certain to find in England as in America. Mr. Edwin P. Whipple has published "Success and its Conditions," a volume of very true and manly essays, full of suggestion. Mr. John Hay's volume, "Castilian Days," is one of the books of the year most worthy of note, not only from the attention it has everywhere attracted to its author, but from its rare freshness and vigor, and the promise it holds. It is made up of sketches of Spanish life; studies during the most interesting period of recent Spanish history — that following the revolution which put an end to Isabella of Bourbon's reign. The volume is as spirited and graceful as any thing of recent years. It is a marked book of the time. Mr. T. W. Higginson's "Atlantic Essays" are among the pleasantest of the year; many of them have already been published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, but there are very few New-England writers whose fugitive pieces are so gladly welcomed when they appear in the permanent form of a volume. The writer then comes to our poetical literature, noticing "The Divine Tragedy" of Longfellow, and the poems of Bret Harte, John Hay, Stoddard, Winter, and others. Mr. Stoddard, says the *Athenæum*, has contributed to the year's literature a volume of verses of much grace and beauty, with not a few evidences of unusual power. He has called his volume "The Book of the East," and has given in it some perfect poems of the Orient, delicately and brightly rendered. There is a singular and excellent grace in many of Mr. Stoddard's shorter poems, as in the lines sent with his present of a vase, and in pieces of like character. Mr. Winter's book of poems comes in for some graceful praise. The book gives, perhaps, a greater impression of power and a nobler promise than any other of its class given us by the new authors of the year. Mr. Winter has called the collection "My Witness:" he should be satisfied with the deserved appreciation it has everywhere found. Full of vigor of expression, with singular beauty, purity and grace of language, his poems are not really sad, but have in them much of what the Germans call *Sehnsucht* — something that our word "yearning" only half expresses. Sometimes wild and weird, they are oftener dreamy and quiet; always they have choice of perfect words, that make them charming. In the department of novels the critic does not find much to commend, making an exception in favor of Miss Phelps's "The Silent Partner," which he says, is nearer to excellence than other stories of the year, for in it there is Miss Phelps's strong and somewhat marked style and healthy tone; these are always thoroughly attractive. The little story, the scene of which is laid among the operatives in a great manufacturing town, is told with force, and with the complete absence of cant which so strongly marks the author's work, and which is a refreshing rarity in books avowedly written with as plain and familiar a moral as this. Henry Ward Beecher's "Life of Christ," Dr. M'Cosh's "Christianity and Positivism," and Mr. Washburn's "History of Paraguay," are very briefly discussed. Among the single essays of the year, the *Athenæum* judiciously gives a high place to Dr. Holmes's "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," and Dr. Mitchell's "Wear and Tear." The latter treats with great ability the matter of the nervous strain always dragging down the vitality of over-worked Americans, and gives words of warning and advice that may well be heeded. Prof. Schele de Vere has written a book on "Americanisms," which the *Athenæum* rather innocently advises Englishmen to read. It is worthy of notice that the books included in this *resumé* are, with one or two exceptions, Boston notions and the publications of a single firm.

GERTY'S GLOVE.

"Elle avait au bout de ses manches,
Une paire de mains si blanches!"

Slips of a kid-skin deftly sewn,
A scent as through her garden blown,
The tender hue that clothes her dove —
All these, and this is Gerty's glove.

A glove but lately doft, for look —
It keeps the happy shape it took;
Warm from her touch! What gave the glow?
And where's the mould that shaped it so?

It clasped the hand, so pure, so sleek,
Where Gerty rests a pensive cheek,
The hand that when the light wind stirs
Reproves those laughing locks of hers.

You fingers four, you little thumb!
Were I but you in days to come
I'd clasp, and kiss, and keep her — go!
And tell her that I told you so.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

DR. O. W. HOLMES and many distinguished men recommend *Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy.*

NEGLECTED COUGHS AND COLDS. — Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "Common Cold," in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," if neglected, often works upon the lungs.

THE HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE is one of the most agreeable condiments that has been placed before the public. It has already taken the precedence of other similar preparations upon the tables of our principal hotels throughout the country. It possesses a very fine flavor, not too pungent, and sufficiently delicate to please the palate of the most fastidious. We can testify from experience as to its excellent properties, and can most heartily commend it to housekeepers, hotels, and others who cater to the public. —*Boston Transcript.*

EXCELLENCE is not always combined with magnitude. The AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON, possesses this happy blending, being one of the best hotels in the country, as well as the largest in New England.

"WHITE'S SPECIALTY" CURES DYSPEPSIA. See Advertisement.

A LADY returning to her home in the country after a sojourn of a few weeks in the city, was hardly recognized by her friends; in place of a course, rustic, flushed face, she had a soft, clear, smooth and beautiful skin, and instead of thirty, which she was, she really appeared but eighteen. Upon inquiry as to the cause of so great a change, she frankly told them that she had been using Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," and it was this invaluable acquisition to the toilet that made the wonderful change. Sold at all druggist's. Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES. — Mrs. W—— has had a Wheeler & Wilson machine since June, 1857; to January 1st, 1871, she had made 24,476 vests (in 1870. 2255 vests), 17 coats and 50 pairs of pantaloons, besides doing the family sewing for six persons; all the work ranging from the finest muslin to the heaviest beaver cloth.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1872. [No. 7

ENGLISH MARRIAGES AND MARRIED WOMEN.

FROM M. TAINE'S "NOTES ON ENGLAND."

A CONVERSATION with several Englishmen about marriage; they have lived abroad, and I think them impartial; besides, their statements agree. A young English girl will not marry unless through inclination; she weaves a romance for herself, and this dream forms part of her pride, of her chastity; thus many, and of exalted character, think they have fallen short should they marry without experiencing the enthusiasm suited to an absolute preference. To marry is to abandon one's self wholly and forever. Witness, with regard to this deep sentiment, the novels by ladies — above all, "John Halifax, Gentleman," and others by the same authoress. These are the theories of a pure, exclusive mind, which seems to have traversed the world without receiving, I will not say a stain, but the shadow of one.

In this romance of the heart the young girl continues English, that is to say, positive and practical. She does not dream of outpourings of sentimental walks, hand-in-hand, in the moonlight, but of her share in an undertaking. She wishes to be the helper, the useful partner of her husband in his long journeys, in his difficult enterprises, in all his affairs whether wearying or dangerous. Such, for example, were Mrs. Livingstone and Lady Baker; the one traversed Africa from side to side; the other went to the sources of the Nile, and narrowly escaped dying in consequence. I have seen an English Bishop of a large island, a country of beasts and cannibals; his poor wife carried on her countenance the marks of that terrible climate. A young girl of the neighborhood, rich and of good family, is at this moment making her preparations, packing up her piano, &c.; the gentleman she is about to marry will take her to Australia; she will return once only in five or six years to kiss her old parents. Another young lady of twenty-four, very weak and delicate; her husband is in the Punjaub (£6,000 of salary, £1,200 for the expenses of his establishment); she has been for two years in Europe with an affection of the throat, which will return as soon as she returns to India; four young children; they are sent to Europe before they are two years old; the Indian climate kills them; there are entire boarding-schools here recruited by these little Anglo-Indians. Very often a lady, daughter of a marquis or baronet, having a dowry of £3,000 or £3,250, marries a simple gentleman, and descends of her own free will from a state of fortune, of comfort, of society, into a lower or much inferior grade. She accustoms herself to this. The reverse of the medal is the fishery for husbands. Worldy and vulgar characters do not fail in this respect; certain young girls use and abuse their freedom in order to settle themselves well. A young man, rich and noble, is much run after. Being too well received, flattered, tempted, provoked, he becomes suspicious and remains on his guard. This is not the case in France; the young girls are too closely watched to make the first advance; there the game never becomes the sportsman. Commonly, the dowries are very small. I have been told of several families in which the eldest son has one or two hundred thousand pounds sterling; the daughters receive from three to five thousand. However, in order to marry, it is necessary that they should feel a passion. Many do not marry in consequence of a thwarted inclination, and continue to live with their eldest brother. Every Englishman has a bit of romance in his heart with regard to marriage; he pictures a home with a wife of his choice, domestic talk, children; there is his little universe enclosed, all his own; so long as he does not have it he is dissatisfied, being in this matter the reverse of a Frenchman, to whom marriage is generally an end, a makeshift. Frequently he is obliged to wait, especially if a younger son, because he has not sufficient as yet wherewith to maintain his wife. He goes to India, to Australia, labors with all his might, returns, and marries. Here the passions are tenacious and deep. When an Englishman is in love, one of my entertainers said to me, he is capable of any thing. Thackeray has very well marked the intensity and the persistence of this sentiment in his portrait of Maj. Dobbin, the lover of Amelia, in "Vanity Fair." He waits fifteen years without hope, because for him there is but one woman in the world. This causes silent rendings of the heart and long inner tragedies. Numbers of young men experience it; and the protracted chastity, the habits of taciturn concentration, a capacity for emotion greater and less scattered than among us, carries their passion to the extreme. Frequently it ends in nothing, because they are not beloved, or because the disparity of rank is too great, or because they have not money enough wherewith to maintain a family — a very costly thing here. Then they become half insane; travel to distract their minds, proceed to the ends of the earth. One who was mentioned to me, very distinguished, was supplanted by a titled rival; during two years fears were entertained for his reason. He has gone to China and to Australia; at present he occupies a high post, he has been made a baronet; he presides over important business, but he is unmarried; from time to time he steals off, makes a journey on foot, in order to be alone and not to have any one to converse with.

I have previously noted that young people see and associate together in perfect freedom, without being watched; they can thus study and understand each other as much as they please; for four months, for five months and more, they ride on horseback and chat together during several successive seasons in the country. When the young man has made up his mind, it is to the young girl that he addresses himself first; he asks the consent of the parents in the second place; this is the opposite of the French custom, where the man would consider it indelicate to utter a single clear or vague phrase to the young girl before having spoken to her parents. In this matter the English find fault with us, ridicule our marriages summarily settled before a lawyer. Yet C——, who is English, and knows France well, allows that their love-matches end more than once in discord, and our marriages of arrangement in concord. Nearly always the woman's dowry is placed in the hands of trustees, who take charge of it on their own responsibility, handing over the interest only to the family; in general this income is the wife's pin-money; with it she must dress herself and dress her children. The fortune becomes thus a kind of dotal or paraphernalia fund, secured against the accidents which may happen to the husband. This precaution is taken, because, according to law, all the wife's property is engulfed in that of the husband; without this clause, she would enter the

married state deprived of all share in the common fund; she can hold nothing in her own right; she is a simple infant in presence of her husband. Such is one of the reasons compelling Mr. J. Stuart Mill to protest so vigorously against the subjection of women. In fact, they are kept in subjection there by the law, religion, manners; and much more closely so than among us. The husband is their lord, and very often he accepts the title seriously; as the wife brings but little money into the establishment, and as her small share remains apart, he thinks himself authorized to say nothing to her about his concerns. Sometimes she is unacquainted with what he does, how he makes the money which he requires; he gives so much monthly for the household expenses, and renders no account of the rest. Whether he speculates, builds, sells, or buys, is none of her business; frequently ruin arrives without her being able to foresee it. She is merely a housekeeper; she must not busy herself about any thing save her household and her children. Most frequently she contents herself with that part; owing to her conscience and education she is gentle and submissive. Nevertheless, on the avowal of my friends, this inequality has grave inconveniences; the husband is often a despot, and, should he die, the wife, kept all her life in ignorance and dependence, is not capable, as with us, of unravelling affairs, of governing the children, of replacing the head of the family.

Marriage is encompassed with profound respect, and as regards this matter, opinion is unbending; it is quite sufficient to read books, newspapers, especially the writings in which anonymous authors indulge in the greatest license, for example, romances, comic journals; adultery is never excused; even in the latitude of intimate conversations between man and man, it is always held up as a crime. There are breaches, of which I shall speak later, in the class of tradesmen, and in the lower order of the nobility which is fashionable, travels, and copies continental manners. But, in the mass of the nation, among well-brought-up persons in the great world, the wives are almost always faithful. C—— tells me that I might remain here for eighteen months, and visit all the drawing-rooms, without meeting an exception; one only is cited among the highest class. More such cases occurred fifty years ago, in the time of Byron and Alfieri; since then, opinion has become severe, and the Queen has labored with all her might in this direction, firstly, by her example, secondly, by her influence; she excludes ladies of doubtful reputation from her court; the extreme urgency and pressure of affairs were needed during the Crimean war for her to tolerate under the same roof with her, at Windsor, a statesman known as a profligate. Another guarantee is the dread of publicity and of the newspapers. On this head our free and rakish manners grievously offend them. C—— related to me that in a Parisian circle he heard a man of the world observe to another,—"Is it true, then, that your wife has got a lover?" This remark he considers monstrous; and he is right. A book like Balzac's "Physiologie du Mariage" would give great offence; perhaps the author would be prosecuted by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and probably it would not have been accepted by any publisher. As regards our ordinary novels, a liberal review, the *National*, could not find a strong enough expression wherewith to designate them—"nameless ignominy, the morality of stock-jobbers and lorettes." They forget three things. In the first place, these irregularities are not habitual among us, excepting in the case of fashionable upstarts; they very rarely reach the rich or well-to-do middle-class which possesses family traditions. Besides, in the provinces, life goes on openly, and scandalmongering, which is greatly feared, performs the part of the police. Finally, the Frenchman flaunts that which a foreigner conceals; he has a horror of hypocrisy, and he prefers to be a braggart of vice. According to my friends, the good conduct of English ladies is explainable by the following causes. 1. They are more habituated to take care of themselves, having been free from their infancy. 2. They are less accessible to illusion, to enthusiastic dreams, because they have mixed with young men, and had some experience of the world. 3. They have habits of reflection, and a fund of good sense, because they have received a more serious education, having learned several languages, gained a smattering of science, travelled nearly always in England and often abroad, and heard their father discuss politics and grave subjects with his friends. Besides, Protestantism develops habits of reflection and reasoning. Lastly, the novels are always moral, and in contact with the poor, in charitable societies, they have gathered some knowledge of real life. 4. They live for eight or nine months of the year in the country, and are there sheltered against temptation. 5. They have many children who occupy their time; a full nursery, with its train of nurses and governesses, requires continual supervision. 6. They give themselves all manner of occupations in addition, Sunday schools, country sewing classes, visits to the poor, botany, mineralogy, collections of plants and of butterflies, reading. Every family in easy circumstances when in the country receives in addition to the *Times*, in addition to other journals and very solid reviews, numbers of new books sent from the circulating library. Mudie's, which is the principal one, purchases one hundred and fifty thousand volumes yearly; it took three thousand copies of Livingstone's "Travels in Africa," two thousand five hundred of Macaulay's "History of England." A quantity of serious books arrive in this way, and are renewed monthly on the library table in country-seats. Among these books the most common are works of political economy, natural history, history, and, above all, travels. Each year scores of them are published. Next to the pleasure of travelling, the greatest pleasure for an Englishman is to read a volume of travel; in this way he augments his store of facts. The ladies have the same taste; all those with whom I am acquainted have visited France, Italy, Germany; a young wife with whom I dined yesterday, will pass the winter in Rome, the spring in Jerusalem; those who have delicate chests go to Cairo as readily as we go to Nice. During the journey they take notes, keep a journal; on their return, some of these are printed, others are communicated to their friends in manuscript. They thus keep the globe perpetually at their finger-ends; and I have seen those who, with a knowledge of the subject, interested themselves in the settlement of Australia, the oil-springs of Pennsylvania, the revolt of the Taepings in China, the annual massacres of Dahomey. Add lastly, the great amount of physical movement and the talents which are cultivated; there are always one or two painters in water-color in a family, and every one rides on horseback once a day. By these occupations the mind is engaged, the time is filled, and that closes the door against unhealthy ideas. These are the auxiliaries of the moral principle; but the principle itself must also be taken into account. In France it is based on the sentiment of honor; in England on the idea of duty. Now, the former is rather arbitrary; its reach varies in different persons. One piques himself upon being rigid on a certain point, and thinks himself free on all the rest; in the circle of bad actions, he cuts off a segment from which he excludes himself; but this part varies according to his preferences; for example, he will be truthful in speaking, but not in writing, or the reverse. My honor consists of that wherein I place my glory, and I can place it in this as well as in that. On the contrary, the idea of duty is strict, and does not admit of the slightest compromise. The English woman knows that in marrying she has vowed fidelity, and the remembrance of this remains anchored in her conscience. According to my friends, this anchorage is so strong that frequently after a slip the wife breaks off altogether; all her past flows back upon her like a flood, till she is well-nigh choked with shame and sorrow. Besides, she has not the elasticity of mind, the manual dexterity, necessary for harmoniously conducting an intrigue and a household; ambiguity is repugnant to her decided character; division revolts her; the obligation to lie unceasingly is insupportable to her. She insists upon being carried off in order to bring about a divorce.

I continue to reproduce conversations. I find nothing more agreeable than an evening spent in this way with one or two sincere, friendly, unprejudiced interlocutors, who have lived and travelled. National self-love does not interfere; one talks to learn, not to compete or shine. One ventures to give the minor characteristic fact, the precise and genuine detail; each supplies, as briefly as possible, the cream of his experience, his provisions made during a lengthened period, his choice dishes. The following are those of my friends. My mind has never been so fully or so well fed. I continued questioning and listening to them till one o'clock in the morning. Generally an English woman is more thoroughly beautiful and healthy than a French woman. The principal cause of this is the hygiene; the children ride on horseback, are much in the open air, do not dine with their parents, do not eat sweetmeats. Moreover, the nerves are less excited, and the temperament is calmer, more enduring, less exacting; what is the most wearing in these days, are incessant and unsatisfied desires. For example, in the Crimea the French wounded recovered less frequently than the English, because they resigned themselves less rapidly. This is still truer in the cultivated class, notably among the wives; in their case, the uneasy or ardent brain deadens and dries up the springs of life; in our day, a wife must accept her condition, if she wishes to be well. On the other hand, the English woman is less agreeable; she does not dress for her husband, she does not know how to make a pretty woman of herself; she has no talent for rendering herself fascinating and enticing at home; she is unacquainted with a number of fine and delicate graces; she considers it unworthy of her to employ minor means for re-awakening love or fondness; more frequently still she is not clever enough to invent them. She puts on handsome new dresses, is most careful about her cleanliness, but nothing more; she is not attractive; one soon wearies beside her. Fancy a very beautiful pink peach, slightly juicy, and alongside of it a perfumed strawberry full of flavor. It is the same with respect to the other affections. B —— says that they have more charm in France when they are sincere and strong. In all things there is a turn, a manner, a degree; among the sentiments these consist of forethought, attentions, certain phrases, the tone in which they are uttered, the considerations, the caretakings which constantly renew and diversify the softer emotions.

According to C ——, an English woman is incapable of presiding in a drawing-room as cleverly as a French woman; I mean a drawing-room like those of Paris, in which one is amused; he barely knows two or three married ladies of his country who could do it. The English woman has not sufficient tact, promptitude, suppleness, to accommodate herself to persons and things, to vary a greeting, comprehend a hint, insinuate praise, make each guest feel that she thinks his presence of much consequence. She is affable only, she merely possesses kindness and serenity. For myself, I desire nothing more, and I can imagine nothing better. But it is clear that a woman of the world — that is to say a person who wishes to make her house a place of meeting frequented and valued by the most distinguished persons of every species — requires to have a more varied and a more delicate talent. C —— greatly admires the facility with which a young married lady among us gets to know the world. A month after her marriage she knows how to do the honors to everybody in her house. In like manner a shopkeeper's wife takes her place at the desk the day after her wedding — understands the tricks of the trade, chats, smiles, retains the customers. I have seen the contrast in a restaurant at Dieppe. The French husband, always attentive and smiling, sped around the tables bowing and scraping, and seemed to take pleasure in waiting on the people; his English wife, stiff and solemn, said in an icy tone to the persons rising from the table, "Ave yer paid, sir?" She never suspected that such a question put in this way could annoy. As a compensation, my friends said that French politeness was but veneer — an ornament; many foreigners misinterpret it. You have received them well, they think you their friend, and are greatly surprised to be forgotten by you three days afterwards. Our obliging demonstrations are not all the effect of true sympathy, but of natural goodness; we perform them, owing to education, custom, as a matter of honor, and even a little through egotism. They are a proof of our good-breeding; we vaguely feel that the same will be done us in return; for a quarter of an hour we enter an agreeable atmosphere of respect and mutual civilities; we lay hold of this pleasant opportunity, and we give ourselves up to it, without it leading to any result in our eyes. A piece of politeness is repaid by a piece of politeness, as one anecdote by another anecdote. I have repaid you; the exchange made, we are quits; I go my way, you go yours; neither of us has any thing more to claim from the other, save at the next meeting a smile and a bow. The Englishman is more thoroughly cordial and serviceable. He puts himself to inconvenience for the foreigner who is introduced to him; he goes about to serve him; he gives himself trouble on his behalf. As well as I can decide from my own experience, this judgment is correct. In the first place, I have never found the English selfish and discourteous, as they are represented to be. In London and in the country I have inquired my way hundreds of times; every one pointed it out, and several gave themselves trouble, accompanying me far enough to put me in the right path. In an omnibus or in a railway-carriage, when I have requested my neighbor to inform me, he has always done so with good grace; when I attempted to converse, he did not smile at my blunders of speech, and he talked with me in a kindly fashion. One evening lately, when on foot at some distance from my hotel, a gentleman whom I accosted wished to accompany me back, spoke in praise of France, asked me what I thought of London, and shook hands with me at parting. Another, on a like occasion, made me enter his carriage and drove me to a cab-stand. The newspapers announcing the arrival of three thousand French Orpheonists, remarked that they must be welcomed with heartiness, in order that they might return home with a good opinion of England. On no single occasion has a policeman, an official, a cabman, or conductor been rude or insolent to me. But what is altogether admirable, and perhaps unique in Europe, is their manner of practising hospitality; I cannot think without grateful feelings of that which I have received. The person to whom one presents a letter of introduction does not consider himself quits by an invitation to dinner; he gives you information, acts as your guide, traces out your plan, charges himself with occupying and amusing you, takes you to his club, introduces you to his friends, takes you to his parents, introduces you to his set of acquaintances, invites you to visit him at his country-house, and gives you other letters of introduction when you take your departure. You end by saying to him, "This is too much; I shall never be able to make a return in Paris for what you have done for me here." The like reception is met with among those to whom you have been introduced in the second place, and the same in succession; sometimes, after an hour's conversation, the gentleman whom you see for the first time books you to come and spend a week at his country-seat. Should you go, you will be treated as a member of the family. Still more striking is the opening of the heart; frequently at the end of one or two days a gentleman does not hesitate to tell you about his private affairs. I requested information concerning domestic matters. Sometimes my host, in order to be precise, told me the amount of his income, of his expenses, the amount of his rents, the history of his fortune, of his family, of his marriage, a quantity of minor domestic and personal facts. Persons in society are more reticent in France.

We seek for the causes of this difference; the following is a summary of them: — The Englishman is hospitable: 1. On account of weariness. Most of the persons in society live in the country for eight months of the year; sometimes at a distance from a town, and very solitary. They have a need of conversation, of new ideas. 2. As an effect of social customs. They scarcely speak in London; they live in passing; they remain too short a time, sometimes less than three months; there is too great a

crowd, and too much to do. The country-house is the true drawing-room, the place of greetings. 3. As an effect of domestic habits — many children, many servants. In a well-appointed great house order and a certain reserve are indispensable; the habitual stoicism of characters and manners acts in the same sense. Then, the presence of a stranger does not have the result as among us, of interrupting acquaintanceship, stopping the general impulse, the gayety, the chit-chat, compelling people to be on their guard, to restrain their familiarity and their heedlessness. There is only another chair filled at table, in the drawing-room, nothing more; the tone has not changed. 4. By the arrangement of comfort and of service. The organization is perfect, and the machine in order; the domestics are punctual, the rooms ready, the hours fixed; there is nothing to undo or do over again; nor, above all, is there any makeshift required to entertain a visitor. 5. By kindliness, humanity, and even by conscience. To be useful is a duty, and a foreigner is so thoroughly lost, so little at his ease in the new country where he has landed! He ought to be helped.

AN OLD HIMALAYAN TOWN.

FROM immemorial times, certain wild tracks through the mountains have served as a highway between the bleak steppes of Tibet and the sunny slopes of the lower ranges of the Himalaya. The wild herdsmen of the dimly-known land beyond the snows, cross to-day, as they did before William the Conqueror landed in England, over the Niti Pass and the wild currents of the Sutlej, through the pretty villages of Nagkunda and Muthana, through the pine-forest of Fagu, and over the Mashobra Hills, to exchange their butter and bear-skins for grain and knives. On a mountain, warmly wrapped in pine and rhododendron, and honey-combed with deep valleys, stands a quaint little red wooden town, wandering up a hillside, and running for some distance along its crest. It stands about fifty miles deep in the mountains from the nearest plains: and to reach it, you have to climb many a hill and cross many a brawling torrent. It must have been the obscurest little city in the world, only known to the eagles and swallows who dance forever over the valleys. One would suppose that a traveller might have looked for it in vain among the thousand hills of the Himalaya, till his hair turned gray; and so, indeed, many a one might; but a different fate awaited it. An Englishman in search of a sanitarium found it, after it had hidden itself successfully for — one does not like to say how many hundred years; ay, found it, and within a few years forced it to take a very prominent place among the pleasant places of the earth. The little town is now one of the capitals of the greatest empire in the world. Subject princes, mighty western nobles, and travellers from every country, are seen in its narrow bazaars. Long lines of camels, and caravans of oxen-carts, are unceasingly, for six months of every year, pouring into it the luxuries of Hindostan, and the magnificent comforts of Europe. A thousand beautiful villas look down upon it from the surrounding hills; and on the splendid roads which lead from it in every direction may be seen, of a summer evening, a wonderful show of fashion and beauty — the *crême de la crême* of England in Asia. Amid all her greatness, however, Simla never forgets her origin, but still, as of old, barters with the simple shepherds of Tibet, supplying all the little luxuries they seek, and absorbing the primitive wares brought in exchange. Wild and unkempt-looking fellows are these Tibetans, with their long hair falling over their shoulders, and thin sheep-skins and woollen jackets hanging down a mass of rags and dirt. Their hairless faces, small squat noses, and upturned eyes, plainly denote their race, and contrast strangely with the delicate Aryan features of the Punjab hillmen. Always smoking long wooden pipes, — like those of the lower classes in Germany, — smiling and pleased at every thing, ever ready for any amount of conversation or food, they are great favorites with the mountaineers of the lower ranges; and, indeed, they have many very amiable and lovable qualities. They are eminently truthful, honest, and chaste, easily amused, easily satisfied, very sociable, and of great physical endurance. The women are not characterized by such strongly-marked Tartar features as the men, and many of them are exceedingly pretty, though sadly dirty always.

A considerable number of these people remain in Simla during the whole summer, finding employment as wood-cutters and coolies. Strings of them are always to be seen carrying in enormous beams from the Fagu forest. They fasten them behind by ropes suspended over their shoulders, and go staggering along almost bowed to the ground with the weight. You sometimes see a slight young girl carrying one of these huge logs, — the best part of a young pine-tree, perhaps, — and, though bent double with the ponderous burden, looking quite contented and happy, and carrying in her hand a wooden pipe, to which she occasionally applies for comfort and solace. Or a whole family — papa and mamma, big brothers, little brothers and sisters — are all seen struggling along in single file, with loads proportioned to their respective sizes, all smoking, talking, and looking merry enough. These great pieces of timber not only stretch across the whole breadth of the road, but frequently stretch out far over the side, and sometimes, indeed, are of such length that the unhappy coolie has to sidle along with them the whole way from Fagu to Simla, about eight or ten miles. When riding quickly along this winding road one sometimes comes very awkwardly upon these great timber barriers, stretching, one behind the other, across the path; and not unfrequently accidents have happened by this means; but, generally, the Tibetans manage, by a twist of the body, to bring their beams in line with the road with astonishing celerity. But enough of the wood-carriers. The reader must come and take a look at the principal bazaar or street of the little town.

A long, narrow, winding road, between wooden houses, stained dull red, and two stories in height, runs up a slight incline on a sharp hill-crest, dividing two valleys. The lower story of every house has neither doors nor windows in front, but is a little cave merely, serving at once as warehouse and workshop. Passing through this busy little street, you see, in turn, every trade and occupation being carried on. There is a shop full of tailors, with high turbans on, busily at work; one of them is reading in a sing-song voice to the others some ancient tale of Mussulman prowess, or of the miraculous deeds of the prophet. In the little adjoining cell, or shop, as we may call it by courtesy, is an old gray bearded man, brooding over a little earthen stove, and blowing into flame a few lumps of charcoal, through a little brass tube, with all his might. Opposite to him is sitting another old fellow, who is picking and catching at something in the fire with a pair of tiny tongs. One or two large gold nose-rings are lying near on a little tray, beside a silver bangle or two, indicating the manufactory and dépôt of a goldsmith. After every few minutes of exertion, the two old gentlemen cease from their labors, to take a whiff from the tall hookahs standing near, and to exchange a friendly word with the carpenter who works in the little hole on the opposite side of the street. At present, this artisan is bending over a piece of wood he holds between his toes, and into which he is drilling an eyelet with an instrument that looks like a child's bow. Near him, his son, also sitting on his haunches, on the floor, and holding between his toes a half-made comb, is vigorously working with a tool, suggesting the idea of some horrible instrument of torture, but really acting in the capacity of a saw. Strewed about the floor are a plank or two; some unfinished pieces of work; a couple of long pipes; a small, naked, crawling child; and a piece of sugar-cane.

From a neighboring shop, sounds of animated conversation strike upon the ear. A grain merchant, surrounded by little bags of corn and boxes of flour, is sitting in a remote corner of his shop, wrapped up closely in a dirty-white cloth, and without moving his hands, is raising his head to suck the fragrant hookah. Half-a-dozen of his clients are attempting to bargain with him, and sitting in a row on their hams in front, are all talking at once. Proudly

conscious of his monopoly, he does not trouble himself to bandy idle words, but, with all the patience of the Oriental, calmly waits till they have made up their minds to pay *his* price for whatever they may happen to want. In the opposite corner, an enormously obese old man is stretched out at full length, sound asleep. This is the shopkeeper's venerable parent, who has retired from active life, and pensioned himself on his son. But we must peep into a tiny little place about the size of a rabbit-hutch, next door to the grain-merchant's shop. An aged gentleman, with huge brass-rimmed spectacles, is fingering delicately with a wire forceps some hard, gray little particles collected in an iron dish. Presently, he picks out one, and applies it to a very small grindstone, the handle of which he turns with his great toe. This is a jeweller, as you can see by the little papers of green and yellow stones exposed on a board, lying beside him; and he is putting faces on rough garnets which have been brought to him by some of the neighboring villagers. His grandson, a fat little urchin, in summer costume, — a yard of string,— is sitting gravely in front of him, reading out of a very ancient-looking book in Hindi character. It is the whole library of the family, and the old man has known it well since the day he first read it to his grandpapa in the same ancestral little shop. But still he appears to be interested, and every now and then pauses in his work to exclaim "Wah! wah!" as an incident of peculiar interest is arrived at. To the Eastern mind novelty has no charms; and a book with which the reader is familiar is regarded as an old, tried friend, who will not disappoint by any unanticipated dulness, or disturb the mind by any unlooked-for brilliancy.

We must visit one more shop in the bazaar, — the largest and one of the most important, — the sweetmeat shop. We had better not enter, though, as the floor is honeycombed with numerous little clay ovens, and there would be no little danger of being precipitated into a caldron of liquid toffy. Four — dreadfully unclad — men, carefully oiled, to protect their skin against the great heat, are moving about with long iron spoons, stirring here and mixing there, or kneading into little fids various compounds of coarse sugar and rancid butter. The outcome of their labors is exposed to view on a broad board. Candies, rocks, and toffies of every shape, but all of the same light-brown color, buried in flies and wasps, both dead and alive, are heaped up in brass dishes or little wooden platforms. A stray child, the color of the confections, has got mixed up with them, and is languidly sucking a column of "lump of delight" nearly as big as its leg. Less fortunate youngsters are seen hovering about, regaling themselves with the savory smells which issue forth. Now and then, some big hill-man purchases for a few little shells a block off one of the dishes, and straightway goes out into the road, seats himself on his heels, and devours it, to the great entertainment of a swarm of naked little urchins and a pariah dog or two.

All over India, sweetmeats are consumed as a substantial article of food. A native when travelling seldom eats any thing else; and between the two great meals, at all times, he whiles away the long noon of the Indian summer day by sucking lollipops or candy between the whiffs of his hookah. Large dishes of sweetmeats are very common presents to make on religious festivals or domestic red-letter days; and when a Hindu wants to be very merry or very dissipated, he never gets drunk, as a Scotchman does, but goes to a "mithai" shop, and makes himself ill with candied sugar.

Now that we have shopped a little in the bazaar, let us take a stroll through it. It is thronged with natives, from the scarlet and golden messenger of the British government, to our old friends the wild, dirty Tibetans. Sauntering in a bazaar is the *summum bonum* of life to a Hindu. Standing chatting in the middle of the roadway, or smoking a pipe with some friends in a shop, or sitting on the edge of the gutter, quietly contemplating the passers-by, he is perfectly happy. Within twenty yards is one of the grandest scenes in the world — a splendid panorama of hill and valley, with the eternal snows as a background, on one side, while on the other the view melts away into the distant plains across which the great Sutlej is seen like a silver band. But to our brown friends such things possess no attraction. The bustle, the closeness, the smells, the flies, the pariah dogs, the unowned children of the kennel, and all the other attractions of the bazaar, are to them more pleasing than the majestic tranquillity of mountain and valley and far-off plain. But we ought not to be too severe on the bazaar; it has its spectacle and pretty objects now and again. See that long line of horsemen coming slowly along with the stout little gentleman riding in front. He is a mountain chieftain, whose home is a lonely castle on a hillside, overlooking a great rich valley which is his own. One cannot help observing how gallantly he is dressed; in gay, but well-matched colors, and cloth of the richest material. The horsemen behind are his suite. One is probably his commander-in-chief (for he is sure to have an army, however small), another the keeper of his privy purse, others lords in waiting, and so on. All fine little gentlemen in their way, and men in authority. Simla is "town" to them, the metropolis of civilization; the bazaar is Regent Street and Cheapside in one. As they pass, the shopkeepers come to their thresholds and make low salaams. The stout little prince who is passing is the representative of a family which for generations has been to their ancestors and themselves the ideal of greatness, the incarnation of power, the pink of nobility. Is it not recorded in their unwritten traditions how his grandfather, at the head of a great army, drove back the Goorkhas, who were hovering over the town, and then, out of mere light-heartedness, looted it himself, and carried away its female population, to a woman; and how, when the carpenter and goldsmith and sweetmeat-men went, as a deputation from the burghers, to expostulate with him, he relented, and wept on their necks, and promised to give them back one-half of their wives and daughters, on condition of receiving a sum of tribute-money yearly forever; and how they only got their grandmammas after all. With such legends living in their memory, how can they help honoring and fearing those of their rajahs who are still left to them?

Look at those gayly-dressed, fair, and pretty women; they come from the valleys immediately under the snowy range, to buy the nose-rings and bangles which their souls love. Although some of them have two or three real husbands, they are good and happy women, and have pleasant homes among those giant mountains of the Himalaya beyond the Sutlej. Theirs is a cool fruit-growing land, abounding in peaches, strawberries, walnuts, and grapes; and their fair, pretty faces, and their merry, wholesome laughter, speak of the happy glens from which they come.

To all these people, Simla is just what it was before the irrepressible English found it. It is their own town still; and if the English left India to-morrow, it would go on making its nose-rings and sweetmeats; and, beyond a passing remark, the simple dwellers among the mountains would never note the change.

LIONS AND LION-TAMING.

BY AN EX-LION-KING.

And so the beasts have savaged poor Jack Macarthy at last, have they? I expected it would come some time, sir, as soon as I heard poor Jack had forgotten the way to keep his little finger down. It's the drink that plays the mischief with us fellows, and yet how is a man to keep off it? He may be as bold and as sober as he pleases, till he gets once torn, and then his nerve begins to fail — wouldn't yours, sir, if you had half the flesh peeled off your side, or the side of your head torn off? — and he must have something to "steady himself" before he goes in. One steadier brings more, and there are plenty of people always ready to treat the daring fellow that plays with the lions as if

they were kittens; and so he gets reckless, lets the dangerous animal, on which if he were sober he would know he must always keep his eye, get dodging round behind him, or hits a beast in which he ought to know that a blow rouses the sleeping devil, or makes a stagger and goes down, and then they set upon him. Don't I know the whole game from beginning to end? Look here, sir, and here, where the living flesh has been tore off me, till the bare bone was visible! I'm an old man now, but my hair was gray when I was comparatively young, and it was going into the den as did it. I was never meant for a lion-king, for I never had any nerve to speak of, only I was a big, broad-built man, and the management fancied me for the job. Old "Manchester Jack" had given notice, and there were the lions, and nobody to do any thing with them. I was a bill-sticker, out of work, when Bromsgrove spoke to me about the job. Mary Anne was down with twins, and s'help me, sir, if I had a way to get her a drop of comfort. Rather than see her starve I took the billet; but there never was a day when the time came for me to go in among the devils that I did not try a rough bit of a prayer, for that seemed somehow, for the first while, to drive away the nervousness. Then I found brandy took the shine out of the prayer, leastways such a prayer as I knew how to come, and I used always to have a tidy drop inside me before I ventured in. I knew the risk of the brandy. Didn't I get this tear down the left arm one evening when I had taken so much that I could not see that old —— of a lioness creeping round to my back? But I couldn't help it, and that's all about it. I had the *delirium tremens* once, and my blood runs cold when I think of that time. Other chaps as have had the *deliriums* have told me as how they saw serpents, and black tadpoles, and comical little devils, squatting all about them and making mouths at 'em. As for me, I was haunted by lions and tigers all the time. Sometimes it was the Royal Bengal tiger a standing just over my throat with that great paw on my chest, and his hot, strong breath blowing into my throat fit to choke me. Fancy after I got up again having to go into the den after such a spell as that. And then there was the wife at home, believing every night that I would be brought out to her a mangled corpse.

I don't say as all the lion-kings funk on it so bad as I did. Some of them has more nerve, and take to the work kindlier; but there arn't ever a man going in the line as hasn't been torn or worried somehow since he began the game. Do I know the history of lion-taming, ask you? I ought to. Having been in the profession so long, I know most of those who were comrades in it with me; and then somehow I took a sort of morbid interest in hearing all the stories about tearing, and pluck, and what not, that might escape men who had less on their minds on the subject than I had. There are three kinds of lions come to this country. The greater number are fetched from the Cape; some come from Egypt, but are really Nubian lions, and they are the biggest and dangerousest; and another kind, the nameless sort, comes from Senegal. The man that imports nearly all the lions into this country is Jamrach, down in Ratcliff-highway. He has his agents out abroad, and also buys from stewards and captains of ships who bring the animals home on spec, and he sells them to the menageries and the zoölogical gardens. You get them from him well-nigh as wild as the day they were caught, for I believe he never allows any of his men to go into the cages, and if he wants to shift them he places one cage alongside another and drives the beasts in by setting fire to the straw in the den he wants them to quit, if no other way will do. But even with these precautions his men sometimes get torn. I am told he had a man badly hurt a short time ago. I reckon that at present there are about fifty lions altogether in England, but of these only a certain number have been imported. You see, they breed like cats, — have a litter every eight months if you will let 'em, — and three, four, five, or six at a litter. The confinement-bred lions seldom live very long, and are not to be compared for looks to the forest-bred beasts; but of course they are cheaper, and that has of late hurt the foreign market. The tigers come from India, and don't breed so free in captivity. The tiger is not so sullen in confinement, but he is more treacherous, and when he once loses command of hisself, there is not a pin to choose between him and the lion. I think I would sooner on the whole have truck with the lion than the tiger. Some people will tell you that there is no vice about either. Then I ask them, how is it that men who have to do with 'em get so often torn? It is very easy to say that they let their talons out sometimes unwittingly into a chap's flesh, and that if he has presence of mind he will lift the paw and think nothing about it. But when you feel the claws going into the flesh, an inch and more, may I never if you can help dragging the limb away. Then the beast drags *his* way, and so you get torn, and the blood comes, and the animal, partly through the sight of blood, partly through a feeling of desperation at knowing he has done wrong, lets go anyhow; and the others in the cage with him catch the infection, and then you may say your prayers. The dangerousest time, ordinarily, to interfere with lions is when they are feeding, especially if they are gnawing a bone. It is pretty well certain death for a man to go without warning to an old lion or lioness and try to drag a bone away from it. You may switch them away, but it is very dangerous. Crockett used to take the most liberties with lions feeding of any man I ever saw. Then, there are seasons when if there be a lioness in a cage, both she and the lions that are with her are well-nigh mad with savageness, and daren't be interfered with if a man values his life a button. True, tamers have to go among them then, else business would be at a stand-still; but the chap that does so takes his life in his hand. I fancy that had something to do with the death of poor Jack Macarthy. They ought to have had the irons then; for, indeed, when lions are like this, is the only time I ever knew irons to be in the fire in case of accidents.

The lion-tamer likes to get his beasts as young as he can, because then they are more easily brought into order, although, no doubt, there are many instances where a full-grown forest lion has been trained to high perfection. Whatever is the reason, the forest lions are more intelligent and teachable than those bred in confinement. The lion-tamer begins by taking the feeding of them into his own hands, and so gets them to know him. He commences feeding them from the outside of the den, then ventures inside to one at a time, always carefully keeping his face to the animal and avoiding any violence, which is a mistake whenever it can be avoided, as it rouses the dormant devil in the beasts. Getting to handle the lion, the tamer begins by stroking him down the back, gradually working up to the head, which he begins to scratch, and the lion, which, like the cat, likes friction, begins to rub his head against the hand. When this familiarity is well established, a board is handed in to the trainer, which he places across the den and teaches the lion to jump over it, using a whip with a thong, but not for the purpose of punishment. Gradually this board is heightened, the lion jumping over it at every stage; and then come the hoops, &c., held on top of the board to quicken the beast's understanding. To teach the animal to jump over the trainer, the latter stoops alongside the board, so that when the lion clears one he clears the other; and half a dozen lessons are ordinarily about sufficient to teach this. To get a lion to lie down and allow the tamer to stand on him is more difficult. It is done by flicking the beast over the back with a small "tickling" whip, and at the same time pressing him down with one hand. By raising his head and taking hold of the nostril with the right hand, and the under lip and lower jaw with the left, the lion, by this pressure on the nostril and lip, loses greatly the power of his jaws, so that a man can pull them open and put his head inside the beast's mouth, the feat with which Van Amburg's name was so much associated. The only danger is lest the animal should raise one of his fore-paws and stick his talons in, and if he does, the tamer must stand fast for his life till he has shifted the paw. Lion-hunting, for which Maccomo was so famous, is never to be attempted except with young animals. When the lion begins to get his mane, and becomes near full grown, he will not suffer himself to be so driven and bustled about; and so it is that the animals that are put

through this performance are so often changed. But most men with strong nerves and high courage like an old lion best for ordinary performances. His training is sure to be better, and they take their chance of the temper; that always grows crustier with age. But there are comparatively few old lions in England. It takes a lion well into ten years to come to his full growth; and when this is once attained, confinement seems to bear uncommon hard upon them.

Who was the first lion-king in this country? Well, sir, I can tell you all about them, and, in fact, the whole story about menageries. The first great menagerie proprietor I ever heard any thing on was old Wombwell, who was originally a shoemaker in the Commercial Road, and who first travelled about with a big serpent. Before ever Van Amburg was heard on, old "Manchester Jack" was doing the lion-king in one of Wombwell's travelling menageries, well on to fifty year ago. The manager, I remember well his name, was Bromsgrove. He was a better man — was Manchester Jack — than Van Amburg; they were to have had a regular competition once at Southampton, and lots of money was betted over the matter, but before the time came the American funked on it, and would not come on. Jack took to hotel-keeping in Taunton, with Bromsgrove for head-waiter, and died within the last seven years. Van Amburg, after having been killed on paper over and over again, his back broken twice at least, and his head once swallowed by a Royal Bengal tiger, died in his bed within the last three years; but he must have been fearfully scarred. Some of the old menagerie stories are funny enough, sir, although there is grewsomeness about them all. Long ago two men called Gilbert and Atkins had a joint menagerie, a lioness belonging to which got loose on Salisbury Plain, while the caravans were halted at a public-house called the Pheasant. Springing out of the ditch, she seized by the throat one of the leaders of the mail-coach and tore it very much before she let go her hold, after the guard of the coach had fired a shot into her with his pistol. Two men — one named Multer, the other Reader — went after her, and caught her cowering under a granary raised from the ground on arches. She was brought back, muzzled, and tied with ropes, and the proprietors bought the coach-horse, and drew great audiences in Salisbury to see the identical beast as the savage brute had torn so badly. Did you ever hear of old Wallace's fight with the dogs? George Wombwell was at very low water, and not knowing how to get his head up again, he thought of a fight between an old lion he had — sometimes called Wallace, sometimes Nero — and a dozen of mastiff dogs. Wallace was tame as a sheep, I knew him well — I wish all lions were like him. The prices of admission ranged from a guinea up to five guineas, and every seat was taken, and had the menagerie been three times as large it would have been full. It was a queer go and no mistake! Sometimes the old lion would scratch a lump out of a dog, and sometimes the dogs would make as if they were going to worry the old lion; but neither side showed any serious fight, and at length the patience of the audience got exhausted, and they went away in disgust. George's excuse was, "We can't make 'em fight, can we, if they won't?" There was no getting over this, and George cleared over £2000 by the night's work.

In later times Crockett made the greatest name for himself of any lion-tamer, not in England alone but also in France, Germany, and America. I remember well the time when the six lions were loose at one time in Astley's, when old Batty had the place. The Sangers had sent the beasts up from Edmonton the night before. Nobody to this day knows for certain how they got out of their dens, but it was thought at the time that some of the grooms — with whom Batty never was popular, he used to fine them so mercilessly — had let them loose maliciously that they might get at the horses. There they were, anyhow, loose and mad in the place, smelling the horses and mad to get at them. They had already killed a man and half eaten him, when Crockett arrived; without halting for an instant he dashed in among them single-handed, with only a switch in his hand, and I'm blest if he didn't manage to den them all single-handed. That was nerve for you. At that time Crockett never drank. Crockett's history was a strange one. His mother was the finest woman I ever saw. She was exhibited for twenty years as "Miss Cross, the Nottinghamshire giantess." She stood six feet nine, and broad in proportion, with quite a beautiful face. His father was a musician as used to play the key-bugle, and the pair made a good deal of money. The way Crockett came to be a lion-king was curious. He was a fine-looking, imposing man, a musician in Sangers' Circus, but with a bad chest, which playing affected. When Howes and Cushing came over from America with their circus about fifteen years ago, they proved to be too many for the home circuses of the day, and in search of novelty, the Sangers determined to try performing lions from a menagerie. Crockett, being a fine-looking man, was offered the billet to perform them. Originally he was a man of no nerve for lion performing, or any other calling requiring determination; but, after seeing two or three others go into the den with impunity, he accepted the job, and followed the profession to the day of his death. Howes and Cushing took him to America at £20 a week, to perform the animals they had bought from the Sangers, and after being in the States for about two years, he fell down dead as he was "going on," about midway between the dressing-room and the circus. This was at Chicago. Crockett was born at Presteign, in Radnorshire, and several times was severely torn while performing lions.

You ask about Maccomo? I know all about him too. There were two Maccomos — one a duffer, the other the genuine article. Some twenty years ago George Hilton's Menagerie was at Manchester fair, with "Kitty" Lee for manager, a brother of the Nelson Lee who died the other day. "Kitty's" real name was Jem, but everybody called him "Kitty." Newsome, who was the performer of the lions, had left without an hour's notice, and Lee was aground. But a man named Jemmy Strand, who kept a gingerbread-stand, came forward, and volunteered to perform them at a moment's notice, and Lee christened him "Maccomo" on the spot. Strand was an Irishman, like poor Macarthy; and his head got so turned by success that nothing could be done with him, and his sauce was unbearable. One day at Greenwich fair, a musician, playing in front of the menagerie, came to Mr. Maunders, into whose hands Hilton's business had passed, and told him that there was a black man outside, who said he was a sailor just come home from sea, and would like to get a job with the wild beasts. Mr. Maunders sent for him, struck a bargain, and sent him into the den at once, and the black man proved to have a wonderful control over the beasts, so that the "gingerbread king" lost his crown at once, and the black man got his name of Maccomo, which he bore until he died of consumption about fifteen months ago. Maccomo was the most daring man among lions and tigers I ever saw. He never drank any thing stronger than coffee, but he always believed he would meet a violent death. He was fearfully torn, over and over again, but not killed. It was riskier for him than for a white man, if it be true, as they say, that the beasts can nose a black man and are mad after the flavor of his flesh.

These are about the leading lion-kings I remember, but there have been many others of less note. As a rule drink is what plays the devil with them all, and you can hardly wonder at it. Ah! so you have heard about lion-queens too, have you? Well, I can tell you all about them also. The first lion-queen came out in Joe Hilton's circus, at the suggestion of "Kitty" Lee, to counterbalance the attraction of Crockett as a lion-king, and he proposed that Hilton's daughter should come out as the lion-queen, as she had previously been in the den with the lion. He proposed that she should appear under the name of "Madame Pauline de Vere, the Lady of Lions," and so she did. I remember her first appearance quite well. It was at Stepney fair, and didn't she cut a dash on the platform in front of the menagerie before going into the den! At this time Mr. Wombwell's menagerie — as was under Edmonds' management — had an excellent group of wild beasts, and Miss Helen Chapman (now Mrs. George Sanger) volunteered to perform

with them as the rival lion-queen to Madame de Vere. You may have heard of Miss Chapman's appearance before the Court at Windsor. At another of Wombwell's menageries another lion-queen came out soon after, — Miss Helen Blight, — but she had not performed long before she was killed by the tiger. It was at Greenwich fair, and I was in the menagerie at the time. As Miss Blight turned from one tiger — the oldest — to perform the other, the old devil, with a roar and a lash of his tail, sprang at her, got her by the throat, and tore it open with such fury that she was dead before they got her out of the den. After this horrible mischance, lion-queens we prohibited by order of the Lord Chamberlain; and a bad day it was for the treasury, for they used to fetch the money in better than any thing else. But it was time. Here was Helen Blight killed, and both Madame de Vere — Polly Hilton as was — and Miss Chapman had been badly torn more than once.

Lions are just like human beings — every one has got his temper. Some you might trust forever till they tasted blood; others you cannot watch too cautiously, for they will pin you if they can. And then in confinement, you see, they get used to the human eye, and it ceases to work any effect upon them. But the worst time for the performer is when the lions and a lioness are together at the season I have already spoken about. What a battle-royal that was once at Weymouth among Sanger's lions! There were five lions and a lioness. One of the lions used to be brought out of a morning and driven in a fancy car round the town with a lady beside him, the pair representing Britannia and the British lion. One morning, when we came to take out this lion, we found the den a pool of blood and the lions fighting furiously with each other, their manes up, their talons out, and their eyes flashing. We all funked on it — we lion-kings. There was Crockett, Bill Phubbs, Billy Strand, "the ginger-bread king," "Nosey Joe" — a well-known tamer, so called because his nose had been split right open by a blow from a leopard's paw — and myself; and not one of us would venture. But George Sanger did. Snatching the handwhip, he jumped off the wheel of the carriage into the den, shot in among the beasts, beat the lions on one side, and the lioness on the other, and made a barrier between of the boards that we shoved in to him. Then Crockett got his nerve again, and at the termination of the equestrian performance, he brought the five males into the ring, and put them through their regular feats.

Why, it's not long ago since some lions were nearly loose in Islington. Perhaps you have seen "one-armed Reeves." Some few years ago he had been taken on as feeder to some lions in a circus in the Agricultural Hall. All of a sudden the cry rose, "The lions are loose! the lions are loose!" and Reeves came rushing up the corridor streaming with blood, and making wildly for the street. Mr. Layard, the under-secretary of the hall, caught him, and laid him down on the floor, bandaged the arm, and sent for the doctor. He went in the hospital, where his arm had to be amputated, and all just because one of the lions suddenly got hold of it as he was settling the straw by the door of the den while as yet he was unused to the beasts.

If you could stop long enough, sir, I could tell you lots more about lion-taming and lion-tamers; but you say you must go. Well, in parting, let me tell you that I think the wisest thing the Lord Chancellor could do would be to abolish lion-kings as well as lion-queens. They risk their lives several times a day, and that for no useful object whatsoever.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF GEORGE ELIOT.

WE will not say that the writer who signs herself "George Eliot" is the only female humorist who has written in English, for there is much delicate and subtle humor in Miss Thackeray's fairy stories, much humor, usually of the broad and indelicate kind, in Lady Mary Wortley-Montague's letters, and wonderful power of humorous observation in Miss Austen's novels; but undoubtedly George Eliot is the only woman of our time whose writings would be remembered for their humor alone, or whose sayings, just now collected into a volume by themselves, are at all likely, like Shakspeare's sayings, to pass into the substance of the language. Humor is not one of the feminine faculties, and least of all humor like George Eliot's humor, which is essentially an expression of shrewdness, of keen, hard sense, rising occasionally to the level of true, though usually earthly wisdom. There is nothing exactly like it that we know of in our language. The author herself, to judge from occasional turns of style, has a notion that on this side of her head she has some relation to Thackeray; but Thackeray could no more have created Mrs. Poyser than George Eliot could have created Major Pendennis, — he could not have made her so shrewd and incisive and witty, yet with so little of the anatomist about her inner character. Still less is she like Charles Lamb, whose grotesquely felicitous conceits are foreign to her whole style; or Charles Dickens, with his keen eye for the incongruities of the people and minds that he had known. No character throughout George Eliot's long *repertoire* is in the least grotesque. There is a resemblance between her humor and that of Shakspeare, who might have written the wonderful scene in the inn parlor in "Silas Marner," a scene which of itself would stamp her rank as a dramatist; but Shakspeare is less dependent upon the relation of his humor to the mouth in which it is placed, and seldom gives such an impression of mere shrewdness, or approaches so close to the Scotch form of wit, the basis of which is worldly wisdom. This, for instance, is utterly Scotch, — a perfect illustration of the word "pawky:" — "'You're right there, Tookey: there's allays two 'pinions; there's the 'pinion a man has of himsen, and there's the 'pinion other folks have on him. There'd be two 'pinions about a cracked bell, if the bell could hear itself.'"

And no one ignorant of George Eliot, but familiar with that prince of the novelists who teach by innuendo, Galt, the one great humorist whom Englishmen have never recognized or have speedily forgotten, would doubt to whom to ascribe this saying of Dolly Winthrop herself, a character almost or quite unique in the literature of fiction: —

"*Dolly.* —You must fix on a name for it, because it must have a name giv' it when its christened. *Silas.* — My mother's name was Hephzibah, and my little sister was named after her. *Dolly.* — Eh! that's a hard name. I partly think it isn't a christened name. *Silas.* — It's a Bible name. *Dolly.* — *Then I've no call to speak again it;* but you see I'm no scholard, and I'm slow at catching the words. My husband says I'm allays like as if I was putting the haft for the handle — that's what he says — for he's very sharp, God help him! But it was awk'ard calling your little sister by such a hard name, when you'd got nothing big to say, like — wasn't it, Master Marner? *Silas.* — We called her Eppie. *Dolly.* — Well, if it was noways wrong to shorten the name, it 'ud be a deal handier."

This gibe, too, at old age might have appeared in Dean Ramsay's collection; though there is a touch of bitterness in it, a taste of vitriol, an appreciation of the evil side of human nature, ordinarily absent from Scotch humor, which, often severe, is very seldom cruel: — "It seems as if them as aren't wanted here, are th' only folks as aren't wanted i' th' other world." "Annuitants never die" is the English form of that epigram, and though more direct and intelligible, is infinitely less shrewd, covers within its range much less of the discontent youth feels with age. "I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made them to match the men," is just one of the sentences one would expect from those grand old women, the last generation of Scotch ladies, such as Scott knew and worshipped; and so is this illustration of the power of habit, an illustration curious for the brevity and force with which recognition of that power and dislike for it are both expressed. "A maggot must be born i' the rotten cheese to like it, I reckon." In many of Mrs. Poyser's best remarks the humor consists solely in the laughing surprise created by their unexpected shrewdness, in the wonder the reader feels at being compelled to give admiring assent to what, after all, is a very simple proposition: — "If you could make a pudding wi' thinking o' the batter, it 'ud be easy getting dinner." "It's poor eating

where the flavor o' the meat lies i' the cruets. There's folks as make bad butter, and trusten to the salt t' hide it." Or this, in condemnation of the habit of perpetually praising the dead: — "It's but little good you'll do a-watering the last year's crop." Or this, "I know the way o' wives; they set one on to abuse their husbands, and then they turn round on one and praise 'em as if they wanted to sell 'em." "If Old Harry's a mind to do a bit o' kindness for a holiday, like, who's got anything against it?" "As for age, what that's worth depends on the quality o' the liquor." This is the shrewdness of insight, not the shrewdness which comes of observation, like this description of a Scotch gardener, perhaps the very best description of that kind of conceited efficient ever put into words: — "You're mighty fond o' Craig; but for my part, I think he's welly like a cock as thinks the sun's rose o' purpose to hear him crow." Nor is it the shrewdness born of long experience of men, like that which gives point to this profound saying of Rochefoucauld, in illustration of the effect of subservience upon manner: — "Awkwardness sometimes disappears in the camp, never in the court;" or to this other, — "Rank is to merit what dress is to a pretty woman;" or to this, — "However much we distrust the sincerity of others, we believe them most to be sincere when talking to ourselves:" or to this, perhaps the most subtly true remark even Rochefoucauld ever made, — "We can forgive those who bore us, but never those who are bored by us." The humor here is clearly the result of knowledge so wide that all men who read its conclusion recognize that it is accurate, and it does not spring from any depth of mental power, as that of George Eliot seems to do, even when she is only shrewd, as in Mr. Tulliver's summary of the use of brain to women: — "An over-'cute woman is no better nor a long-tailed sheep — she'll fetch none the bigger price for that."

Sometimes, however, George Eliot rises above this level, and then she curiously enough suggests, as Rochefoucauld always seems to us to do, not any rival humorist, but the one man whose writings, without being humorous, have had all the effect of humor on men's minds, the wise king of of Israel. It is a curious bit of evidence for the tradition that Solomon wrote most of the proverbs which bear his name, and did not merely collect them, that the proverbs of the fine French gentleman are so like those of the first King of Israel who was porphyrogenitus, the indolent, sensual, luxurious sayer of sayings which, for their bourgeois shrewdness and adaptability to life, obtained acceptance among all peoples. "The wit of most women rather strengthens their folly than their reason," is a biting sentence that might have come out of the Proverbs, whose testimony as to woman is identical in spirit, though not, of course, in form, with Bartle Massey's famous diatribe against the sex in "Adam Bede:" —

"Nonsense! It's the silliest lie a sensible man like you ever believed, to say a woman makes a house comfortable. It's a story got up, because the women are there, and something must be found for 'em to do. I tell you there isn't a thing under the sun that needs to be done at all, but what a man can do better than a woman, unless it's bearing children, and *they do that in a poor make-shift way;* it had better ha' been left to the men — it had better ha' been left to the men. I tell you, a woman 'ull bake you a pie every week of her life, and never come to see that the hotter th' oven the shorter the time. I tell you, a woman 'ull make your porridge every day for twenty years, and never think of measuring the proportion between the meal and the milk — a little more or less, she'll think, doesn't signify: the porridge *will* be awk'ard now and then: if its wrong, it's summat in the meal, or its summat in the milk, or its summat in the water. . . Don't tell me about God having made such creatures to be companions for us! I don't say but he might make Eve to be a companion to Adam in paradise — there was no cooking to be spoilt there, and no other woman to cackle with and make mischief; though you see what mischief she did as soon as she'd an opportunity. But it's an impious, unscriptural opinion to say a woman's a blessing to a man now; you might as well say adders and wasps and foxes and wild beasts are a blessing, when they're only the evils that belong to this state o' probation, which it's lawful for a man to keep as clear of as he can in this life, hoping to get quit of 'em forever in another — hoping to get quit of 'em forever in another."

This from Rochefoucauld is Solomon all over, though the opinion it contains is the opposite of that of the great king, who hated fools, probably for the reason that makes "good society" hate them, they are so very seldom amusing. Bray a fool in a mortar, says the King, and you get only foolishness. "I have tried George of Denmark sober," said Charles II., himself a sayer of sayings, "and I have tried him drunk, and drunk or sober there is nothing in him." "We may cure a fool of his folly," says Rochefoucauld, who hated not folly, but temper, "but there is no cure for a cross-grained man." George Eliot deals little with fools, — her only proverb about them, we think, is that "An ass may bray a good while before he shakes the stars down," which is not half as good as the old one about setting the Thames on fire, — and, so far as we remember, has not been at the trouble to paint one, for Lisbeth Bede, though foolish, is no fool; but she often rises to this level of wisdom based on shrewdness, as when she says, "A feeling of revenge is not worth much, that you should care to keep it." "Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand" is her variation on "Vanitas vanitatum," and in these sentences Solomon and Rochefoucauld alike would have recognized an equal. "In the vain laughter of folly wisdom hears half its applause:" — "Women think walls are held together with honey." "To manage men one ought to have a sharp mind in a velvet sheath." "A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts." "Half the sorrows of women would be averted, if they could repress the speech they know to be useless, nay, the speech they had resolved not to utter." "Reduced to a map, one's freehold seems insignificant," — a curious form of the Hebrew saying about "comparing themselves with themselves." "Your trouble's easy borne when everybody gives it a lift for you." "A neighborly man must let himself be cheated a little." "To the sentinel that hour is regal when he comes on guard." "Wise books for half the truths they hold are honored tombs."

MODERN SERVANTS.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

A SUGGESTION was made at a late meeting of the British Association, to measure civilization by soap. So much soap used per head, in proportion to a population, so far — it was argued — might we reasonably infer that the population in question had progressed in civilization, or remained yet in the condition of dark and unablutionary ages. Perhaps the true test of the same progress might be found, not precisely in the quantity of our soap, but in the quality of our servants. Real civilization without good servants is simply impossible, unless indeed some more benevolent Mr. Home will summon spirits from the vasty deep under our tables, to serve what is placed upon them, like the mysterious hands in the "White Cat;" or some sublimer Watt should invent a machine which can not only cook, wash, and iron, but open doors, announce visitors, make beds, and hand round the dishes of a *dîner Russe*. The more beautiful and sumptuous we make our houses, our furniture, our equipages, and our feasts, the more urgent becomes the need of refined and well-trained servants, and the more deplorable and ridiculous the failure of our costly efforts if we lack them. Better is a dinner of herbs wherewith a cook intermeddleth not, than a banquet of turtle over whose preparation a culinary witch of the Macbeth order has presided. Better is it to live in a tent, and eat with our fingers, than to dwell in a paradise of ormolu and knick-knacks, haunted by an unwashed spectre of the *Broken*, and discover frequently that our forks, spoons, and plates have done duty since their last purification. In America, at this moment, the effort to carry out all the luxurious devices and enjoy the elegancies of a high-pressure modern civilization, with such tools

as Irish Judys and Biddys, is driving half the ladies of the country to distraction and despair. The grind of the machinery is heard above all the music of life, and mere discord and disappointment are the result.

It is, I believe, a very great mistake to imagine, as many people seem inclined to do, that the present order of progress must inevitably land us, here, in a state of things as miserable as that which prevails across the Atlantic, and that the only thing for us to do is to cling to every fragment of the wreck of the old patriarchal order which may come within our grasp. There is no more chance of restoring the old relations between masters and servants in England, than of bringing back Roman slavery or Saxon serfdom; and those employers who complain hourly that "things are altered," are as foolish as the travellers who, when they have reached a Southern land, lament that they no longer find the customs and comforts of the North. The great world has spun down several "grooves of change" since Shakspeare's Adam was presented as a pattern of what servants in "good old times" used to be, and it is rather unreasonable to expect that a type which was dying out in the Elizabethan age, should be found flourishing in that of Victoria. What we have got to do in this generation is, not to revert to the old order of domestic relations which had its place in a former order of society at large, but to take care that the new order, which is in process of formation, shall be such as will best secure the welfare of both employers and employed; and shall certainly not degenerate into that anarchy which, as I have just remarked, is simply the ruin of all our laboriously constructed civilization. It is quite an open question, as yet, what this new order may be, either one actually an improvement on the past, or one very little better than that which is making America the purgatory of mistresses. If mistaken friends of servants will persist in disparaging domestic service as a degradation, and so deter the best men and women of the working-class from undertaking it as an employment, of course the despised profession will be filled by despicable persons; and if mistresses will persist in childish efforts to claim a power which has passed from their hands, and servants will persist in the no less childish effort to combine the pleasures of a nomade existence, with the largest profits of an employment whose first condition is fixity of tenure, then indeed there is nothing before either one or the other but disappointment and mutual recriminations without end. But I do not believe that any of these rocks are unavoidable. The notion that the personal services, and immediate receipt of directions, involved in domesticity, are things in themselves degrading, is one of the grossest of the fallacies and vulgarest of the vulgarisms of the day. As a recent admirable essay on the "Service of the Poor" well shows, there is no position in which perfect disinterestedness and devotion can be more thoroughly displayed than in faithful service. The payment and receipt of wages, so far from detracting from the honorableness of the relation, places both master and servant on a footing of plain justice whereon their mutual kindliness and "works of supererogation" can be displayed, infinitely better than on any other ground. The difference is seen when men or women consent to live as unsalaried dependents on persons not called on to support them. No observer can hesitate to say that a paid servant, free to come and go, neither owing nor claiming any pecuniary obligation, holds a far better and more really respectable attitude than that of such an unpaid dependent, whose services, however devoted, never wholly suffice to wipe away the semblance of obligation for material benefits. To talk of being a "hireling" as detracting from the beauty of any service, high or low, is simply absurd. The clergyman, who lives on his tithes, preaches "hireling" sermons; the soldier, who pockets his pay, dies a "hireling's" death at the cannon's mouth; the poet, who condescends to send to his banker his publisher's cheque, has but a "hireling's" inspiration — in any sense in which a faithful butler, housekeeper, maid, or groom can be said to do "hireling" service to master or mistress. The evil repute of such contracts has come out of this: that the two parties to them do not keep them equally honestly. The employer usually pays the wages he has engaged to pay with tolerable punctuality; and if he should attempt to tender a shilling short money, or a shilling of base coin, the defrauded servant would quickly obtain justice. On the other hand, the servant (how often we do not care to speculate) gives short service or bad service for his wages, and the master has no remedy save to send him away and find another, who will perhaps do just the same. The dishonesty in the one case is, beyond question, quite as great as in the other, though habit has so far dulled us to its observation, that we hardly pass any strong censure on instances of it; while a mere rumor that a gentleman had offered his footman a bad half-crown, would set a county gossiping for a month. All the result apparent is this unfortunate prejudice against household service in general, a prejudice which ought to be limited, and very urgently directed against the dishonest kind of eye-service aforesaid.

Again, it is not at all inevitable that employers shall go on, as so many still do, waging ineffectual strife, to keep up patriarchal authority over their households. We have had a great deal too much of this kind of thing in all relations of life. The moral freedom which God himself has thought so precious, that to give it play he has permitted all the sin and misery of the world, that Divine boon, without which no growth of soul is possible, has been for generation after generation cribbed and curtailed for nine-tenths of the human race, till half its significance is lost. The despotic husband has prided himself on making his wife his puppet; the despotic father has taken it as his duty to dam up every spring of his children's minds which did not flow at his bidding. The tyrant mistress of a household has interfered and controlled and invaded the natural freedom of every creature around her, till her petty laws have become the shackles in which they are compelled to move through life. To learn to respect the lawful freedom of others, and to consider any invasion of it as an act, not of nobility, but of meanness, is one of the first lessons we have now to acquire in all relations of life. At all events, whether wives and children may or may not continue to suffer oppression, it is clear that servants will do so no longer, and that the condition of any peace in our households must be the relinquishment of despotism. Practically, I conceive the difficulty of regulating a house, and preserving order and morality, while abandoning all needless interference, might be met far more easily than is supposed. Especially ought the first contract to include a precise specification of what the employer expects in the way of attention to hours, and beyond this, there ought to be the greatest caution observed in adding any bond of restriction. It ought to be borne in mind from first to last that the whole connection amounts to this: that the servant engages for a certain price to do certain things. He does not for that price sell himself body and soul to be obedient to his employer in all things — though half the masters and mistresses in the world are absurd enough to act as if such were the case.

Lastly, I earnestly hope it is not inevitable that servants shall remain, as they have been called of late, the Bedouins of the Pantry; living in a constant state of migration from place to place. No hope remains of establishing any thing like a proper state of things so long as this abominable practice prevails. No justice can be done, even if the servant means to do it, during his brief term, to his employer; for it is in the very nature of domestic service to require a certain length of experience of the habits of each family, the articles of their common use, their arrangements with their tradesmen, the names of their visitors, and a dozen other matters. To go through the trouble of training a servant, and then discover that he or she never intended to allow us to reap the harvest of our trouble, is to be, strictly speaking, cheated of time and labor, and often in a way for which twice the servant's wages would not compensate. As to the higher and more kindly relations which ought to grow up on the bare rock of justice, they are, of course, in such cases utterly out of the question. Neither the servant nor the employer can look on each

other save as cheating and cheated; and as to personal interest and attachment, it would be merely a mockery to talk of them under the conditions of a three-months' visit to the kitchen. The result of the modern plan is simply that the hearts of mistresses are made sore and hard; and the servants, when their prime is over, end in an immense number of cases by sinking, unnoticed by any one, into the wards of the workhouse, where they are left to ponder on "the days when they went gypsying" at their leisure.

To stop altogether this wretched fashion, which the present facilities of locomotion and advertisement, and the restlessness of the age, have together brought about, is of course beyond hope. Yet I think a good deal might be done which is not yet done towards putting a strong check on it. In the first place, a practice long prevalent in Ireland might be generally adopted by ladies in England. Each servant, on leaving a place, should obtain what is called a "discharge;" a paper written by his employer, stating when he entered and when he quitted his service. To this may be added a *bene decessit* of praise, if deserved. Each new employer reads these papers before making an engagement, and the check on frequent changes which involve the production of scores of discharges to account for ten years of service, is consequently very considerable. Nothing would be easier than for mistresses to offer their servants such papers and recommendations when deserved, till by degrees the practice should become sufficiently general to make the possession of good ones an object of ambition. In any case, the discovery that a servant habitually leaves his or her places after short service, should be held to be a fault of magnitude sufficient to bar admission into any well-managed household, where he will probably only come to infuse a spirit as wayward as his own. And on the other hand, the value and confidence to be given to old and faithful servants, and the encouragement to young ones to remain fixed in one place till they reach a similar position of trust and regard, can hardly be overstrained. It is not too much to say that the true human friendship between a good man-servant and his master, or a good maid and her mistress, may and ought to be one of the most beautiful, honorable, and blessed which the catalogue of earthly relationships can include; and when we reflect how often it is spoiled and marred, our hearts burn within us with regret and indignation.

THEATRICAL REHEARSALS.

People who have hitherto described rehearsals have dwelt chiefly on the paucity of gaslights and on the fact of the actresses being in every-day dress — peculiarities at which, without any great effort of imagination, one might have guessed before going in. A rehearsal is never a brilliant spectacle; on wet winter days when half the company are afflicted with colds it is apt to be a depressing one; but even on a winter's day one might spend one afternoon to worse purpose than by sitting in a stage-box and watching a comedy in three acts being put through its goose-steps. If one learned nothing else, one would at least gather a conception of the difficulties, anxieties, and labors to which half a hundred people are subjected before even the most meagre comedy is fit to face the public.

We will suppose that a play is accepted,— and this is taking a big leap at once,— for if kind-hearted persons had any idea of the number of dramatists who, like Mr. Grewgious's gloomy clerk in "Edwin Drood," stalk about from theatre to theatre with sealed MSS. for the managers, somebody would surely propose that a charity theatre be erected somewhere, where all these rejected and much-to-be-pitied men of talent might get their works played for nothing. It is not so sure, by the way, that among the works thus played some might not be superior to those which attain the honor of genuine performance. This is said without malice, but all managers are not infallible, and it is a known fact that to judge a play sagaciously in manuscript, requires almost as much cleverness as to write one. However, we will suppose all these obstacles surmounted. The manager has opened a manuscript, read it, liked it (being in a good humor), and written to the fortunate author to say that with "certain modifications" (this phrase is inevitable) he thinks the play will do. A day is fixed for the reading before the company. The French, who are models in all these matters, invest their readings with a sort of solemnity. All the "friends of the house," patrons, play-surveyors in ordinary, and friendly critics, are convoked, and the author makes his appearance in dress clothes with a trusty friend by his side to encourage him, and, if nervousness should supervene, read for him. Some French playwrights are capital readers; others always have recourse to the trusty friend. Alexandre Dumas read in such wise that his hearers wept, and when the performance was over threw themselves into his arms. Balzac, in reading his "Mercadet" before the committee of the Théâtre Français, tore off his coat, waistcoat, and necktie, brandished his fist above his head, and bellowed as if he were in a fever; and it stands on record of a third and still living dramatist that in reading a first work he threw so much spirit into the exercise that at the last act, where a murder was to be enacted, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and bawling out "This is loaded!" discharged it in front of him, amid a pretty panic, very easy to imagine. Of course the pistol was not loaded, and the words to the contrary were merely part of the text; but this shows into what emotional incidents a reading may culminate under the auspices of a truly conscientious playwright.

The piece then stands read, and the next thing to do is to distribute the parts. Now, those who have ever been present at a reading, will remember that after the buzz of congratulations which attends the close of the author's labors has subsided, there is a sudden lull, and the lady members of the company fold their hands, beat down their skirts a little, and set their lips. This is like clearing the decks for action, and veteran playwrights know the symptoms so well that when the piece they have been reading is not one that was ordered beforehand, with all the parts cut to measure, they instantly follow up their conclusion by crying out, half defiantly, "I propose distributing as follows. . . ." and distribute as follows they do, all prayers, protestations and tears notwithstanding. Young playwrights, however, commit the blunder of pausing after they have shut up their manuscripts, and smile benignly at everybody. Then comes the war. It is not the leading parts that are so hard to award, for there is always a male star and a lady star who decide at once and very peremptorily (especially the lady) whether the chief parts suit them; but it is the second-fiddle members of the company from whom tribulation comes. The ladies have been following the number of lines in each minor part with a watchful, critical ear, and each now protests with a flushing face that her part is by ten lines short of that which she took in her last play. If one adopted the scale of promotion advocated by these ladies, a 50-line part in July would give a clear title to a 100-line part in December, a 150-line part next June, and so on, independently of all considerations as to how the first part was acted, this issue being, according to the ladies interested, altogether foreign to the question. In vain does the young author argue that the importance of a part depends in no way upon its length, that Molière's Fartuffe does not appear on the scene until the third act, that — he is overborne, talked down, treated with bitter scorn; and it is then that the meaning of the word "modifications" in the manager's letter is first made manifest to him. He is given plainly to understand that, if he does not want to have all the ladies there present his enemies for life he must modify, that is, add at least twenty lines to all the smaller "rôles." If, like M. Rayor in M. Hervé's last operetta, "Le Trône d'Ecosse," he be a man of bronze, resolved to make no concessions, he holds out firmly and takes the consequences. If he be a simple man, like other mortals, he yields, adds to the parts, and has the satisfaction of reading in the newspapers on the morrow of the first performance that the piece "would be all the better for a great deal of cutting."

But we have not reached the first performance yet. After the distribution comes the learning by heart, and this occupies more or less time according to the greater or less intelligence of the actresses. It will be observed that we lay some stress on the actresses, and but little on the actors, the ungallant fact being that whatever hindrances are thrown into the way of the smooth production of a new piece come generally from the fairer half of creation. It is surprising what a time some actresses take in learning their parts, and what a peculiarly unsatisfactory way they have of reciting them once they are learned. The manager expostulates, the stage manager storms, the prompter groans aloud in his distress — impossible to bring the ladies to commit the text to memory without embellishments or substitutions of their own. "You have wantonly deceived me once, but I vow you shall never do so again," were the indignant words put into the mouth of a subheroine in a metropolitan drama; and the lady intrusted with the part being of short memory broke out at the first rehearsal, "You have gammoned me once, but, by George! if you do it again you'll be a cleverer fellow than I take you for." A young author fumes under these profanations as if his hair were being pulled: an older man usually checks them at about the third rehearsal by the scourging threat that he will withdraw her part from the culprit unless she show herself more appreciative of his writings. This leads to indignation, tears, uncomplimentary mutterings, but eventually to repentance and a return to grammar. About six weeks after the distribution the author may heave a sigh of relief, and hope on being told that things are getting on pretty well. "Not as well as might be expected," adds the stage manager, who is by profession of despondent mood, "but still fairly." This means that after the battles with the scene-painters have been fought and won — (there are always battles with the scene-painters, who are for placing grand effects where none are needed) — after the *costumier* has been prevailed upon to follow your ideas of the becoming and not his, — you may expect the last undress rehearsal; as soon as the principal actress shall have deigned to recover from her cough, her cold, or whatever other infirmity she may be pleading to stop the way.

At length it comes, that last undress rehearsal. Two o'clock, P.M.; mud in the street outside; crustiness on the part of the manager, who has seen that a rival house announces for performance next week a piece whose *dénouement*, he hears, is exactly like that of the play about to be rehearsed. A manager may never be more than crusty, for his are the duties of an autocrat, and need to be exercised with command of temper and outward courtesy; but when the manager is crusty the stage manager is furious, and fines are scattered about with a prodigality which makes scene-shifters, call-boys, and others to whom fines are of consequence, tremble in their shoes. The author meanwhile, who has been cut dead by two actresses whose parts he has refused to lengthen in such a way as to admit of three changes of costume during the evening, takes his seat on a chair at a corner of the stage near the footlights, and fans himself with his handkerchief; the stage manager scrambles down into the conductor of the orchestra's seat, and casts a searching eye about the house to see if nobody from without — reporter, or person of that kind — has introduced himself by stealth. But nobody is in the stalls save three old women with baskets, mothers of actresses, and no one in the boxes except a carpenter in shirtsleeves, who is mending something and pauses to look; so the stage manager shouts, "Begin!" and the interesting heroine enters. Now, if the stage manager be a man of soft mould he is indulgent towards the chief actress, but if he be a functionary well up to his work, he shows no respect of persons, and overhauls the stars as he does the lesser satellites. "I have sacrified every thing to Henry," sighs the star; "my maiden innocence, my hopes of happiness, my "— "Stop!" roars the stage manager. "When you say, 'I have sacrificed every thing to Henry,' you must make a resigned gesture, as if you felt the sacrifice to be worth something; and when you say 'my maiden innocence,' try and avoid smiling as you did just now." "I didn't do any thing of the sort," protests the star, hotly. "Then it was the gas made it seem so," retorts the stage manager. "Now go on." The star does go on, and has a three-hours' drilling of it. Simultaneously with her the satellites get their share much in this fashion: "Miss A., don't throw your eyes about in that manner; you're always looking at the orchestra stalls." "I don't look at the stalls." "A good actress," resumes the stage manager sententiously, "is so enwrapped in her part that the world ends for her at those footlights." (Miss A. pouts.) "Miss B.," goes on the stage manager, "pronounce five times over the word 'harrowing,' which you just pronounced ''arrowing." "H-h-h-arrowing, then!" cries Miss B. fiercely; "but you're always at me about something!" "Miss C.," proceeds the stage manager imperturbably, "three times already I've told you to assume an outraged expression when you are asked to betray your family for gold, and you don't look outraged in the least." "I shall look outraged at the performance," answers Miss C. "That's what all of you always say," vociferates the stage manager, "and when the performance comes it's as bad as ever." By this time the *finale* has been reached, and everybody looks as if he or she had had enough of it, especially the manager, who finds somehow that the dialogue does not sound so witty as when he heard it first. "My impression is," grumbles he to the author, "that, with all those additions of yours, the piece will not be over till three in the morning." "And it will certainly be one of the dullest pieces ever heard," breaks in one of the rebuked and angered actresses, brushing in high dudgeon by the pair; "it's a dull piece, and it'll be hissed; you mark my word!" An author does not always dine pleasantly after a rehearsal.

MALMAISON.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN," "RAVENSHOE," "SILCOTE OF SILCOTES," &c.

I.

THAT part of Lorraine which lies nearest to Prussia and to Luxemburg is very little known to ordinary travellers. In good years, when the Moselle is full, idle tourists go up the river as far as Alf, get out of the steamer there and then, and go on by the quiet little baths of Bertrich, across the Eifel by Bittburg, and so on to Treves. Few, however, go higher than Treves. The river, although very beautiful, is more monotonous than the Rhine, and travellers are easily tired before they get past Treves. Beyond this glorious old city with its Roman ruins, however, the Moselle has some grand reaches; and having passed Treves, you get to Remeck, a most beautiful place, and beyond Remeck you come to Sierck. At Sierck the Stomberg rises twelve hundred feet out of the river, part of the mountain being in Luxemburg or Dutch territory, and part of it in France. From this really noble hill you look into glorious Lorraine, and see the river winding away like a silver ribbon towards Thionville, which is in sight, and so on to Metz.

I have only to shut my eyes now, in this quiet London street, to see the wide plains stretching far away before me, bounded by forest, brilliant near the river side with vineyards, and overarched everywhere by a cloudless sun. I can see the spires of the village churches, some far out upon the plain among the cornfields, some nestling among the boscage of the forest, some just peeping from among the trees in a hollow by a trout stream — nay, I can go farther than that in my imagination, for I can hear three old familiar voices calling to me, and saying, "Confess, now, that there is no place in the whole world like our Lorraine." I find myself answering, "No, and your Lorraine shall be as fair as ever again, my loved ones." And so I open my eyes again, and look on the dull London street, and the old voices are dumb for a time.

I go back to Lorraine with more recent recollections. Once more I am in the old land.

"Is the green land stained brown with flame?"

They will not let me go over that ridge, and look at Bazaine lying under Metz. Not a human being on this autumn afternoon is allowed to look at him. I say that I am a swift runner, and will be back in three-quarters of an hour. The Bavarian officer says no, and the guns begin to mutter again. All around in the steaming heat the German swarm are under arms, for he is coming out once more. You may see every thing and hear every thing; but you must not look on doomed Bazaine. He must not know that we are here. I hold my open letter in my hand, yet I am laughed at. Mademoiselle must do without her news this time, and if Louis dies, *tant pis pour lui.*

So I sit on a broken wall, and look at Lorraine until the ambulance is ready. And wonderfully beautiful it is, even now. South is Metz, with the great cathedral, like a ship at sea, sailing amidst the grim smoke. To the right is Champagne, a dim, pearl-gray cloud; to the left the Vosges and the hills of the Moselle. Around is a hideous and horrible ruin, such as the human mind cannot understand until it has seen it with the eye of the flesh. That heap of shattered stone behind me was once a farm-house, and in the lower part of the ruins of it I detect an eye, then a head, then a very weary old woman, who pulls herself out from among the ruins, and looking round her, asks for bread for the love of God. I have bread, and give it to her, and ask her if she knows people who lived here — one called Courrier. She throws her bread upon the ground, and clutches me by both arms. She is the very woman we thought dead — old Sophie, the nurse of the family. Is it possible, we ask, to get this letter into Metz underground? It is only to Mademoiselle Marie, to tell her that *he* is dying at Briey. The old woman looked cautiously round and took the letter from me, after which she caught up the bread again, and began gnawing it like a hound.

I asked how the letter was to get into Metz, and she laughed at me. I must do her the honor to say, that while I looked at that old lady, I felt very much reminded of the first French revolution, and of the good women who sat and knitted under the guillotine. But somehow or another I had a feeling that that letter would get into the hands for which it was intended in some way. I was doing a thing which possibly I ought not to have done. If my letter could get in, other information could get in with it; and I felt that I was betraying my trust to my employers. But I could not help it. He looked so bonny on his bed when I thought he was dying, that I could not refuse him. And the siege was not very close then; also the doctor said, that if I did not promise him, he would die. I promised him. What could I do?

However, the letter went. The old woman finished her bread, and I was wondering what would happen to a German officer if he fell asleep in a house of hers, when she looked round again and gave a low whistle. Instantly the ruins of the house behind us seemed to move, and a young man in a blouse came into the open air. He was a very handsome young man, and I began at once to think of St. Just, and of what might happen to a German officer if that young man caught *him* asleep. The old woman embraced the young man tenderly, and, I suppose, gave him the letter, for I never saw any more of it. At this moment a Brandenburg staff-officer came riding past, and the old woman dashed out on him at once, and pulled him up.

I never in my life saw any thing so astoundingly clever. We had very nearly got into a heavy scrape; for the young man, Sophie's son, was actually standing by us, with my letter on him, and in all human probability enough treasonable matter on him to hang us all together. The old lady saved us all by taking the bull by the horns, and roundly abusing the staff-officer, who behaved like a thorough gentleman. Her cow, she said, had been taken by the German Landwehr, who chose to call themselves soldiers. The staff-officer said that he was very sorry, but that the requisition had been made formally through the *maire*. It was the *maire* who had taken her cow, not he. She replied that the *maire* was a gentleman, and not a Prussian, and would never have taken an old woman's cow. The staff-officer asked if she could point out the man who had taken her cow without the authority of the *maire*. The old woman said that she could not, at her time of life, single out one thief from seven hundred and fifty thousand. As our good luck would have it, I burst out laughing here, and the good-natured staff-officer joined, recognizing me. He took out a thaler, and asked me to give it to the poor woman; "for," he said, "she would never take it from me, poor old soul."

Indeed he was right; for when he was away over the hillside, I gave it to her, and she stamped it into the earth, and spat on it. Afterwards the Lorraine peasantry got to know the Germans better, and to love them more.

That was the saddest evening I had in the whole war. I took away old Sophie, and together, under the gathering gloom of the summer night, we saw the horrible ruins of a beautiful place, Malmaison, which I had known before under very different circumstances.

Until I went to these wars I had never seen death, save in the faces of those dear to me. Now I have seen so many dead faces, that they are confused in my memory, and I cannot say this one lay here, or that one lay there. I remember when I was a boy crying over a house which had been burned down; but I had not known the house. Now, in a certain way, I knew Malmaison well, for Marie and her cousins had described it to me a hundred times. I had, in fact, seen it once; and as a lad I used to think of it as an earthly paradise. We four fools went in the omnibus to Hampton Court once, when we were all children, and it was my treat. They thought highly of Hampton Court, but they said one and all, "Mais Malmaison!" To tell the truth, I believed in Malmaison just as much as I did in my boyhood, when I got the last view of it, under the guidance of old Sophie. Then I saw that I and my dear French friends, who had left France so long ago, had rather miscalculated height and space. Malmaison must have been very beautiful; but had only been a grand farm château after all.

I have an extreme objection to the melting mood; I agree with Mark Tapley, that it never did any good to man or woman. But somehow, when I had shown my pass to the German sentry, and old Sophie had taken me round into the flower-garden, which I knew so well by report and recollection, as well as by sight — when I saw the Malmaison of my boy's fancy a ghastly heap of hideous ruins, I, like a great fool, sat down on the edge of the dried-up fountain, and began crying like a girl. At that moment Bazaine (to annoy me) burst into a wild hideous roar of artillery and musketry fire two miles off. I would not have cared much for that; but I was afraid that I heard the heavier guns firing from the forts. In case of a mere sortie, I did not care; but when the "town guns" began to go sharp and swift in that month, correspondents had to be in front pretty quickly. And I was to the north, with no road, whereas all the other fellows were to the east.

But Bazaine got quiet, and the old woman and I buried our man. The Prussian lieutenant (a Pomeranian) said that she was a witch, and objected; but the old French woman and I got it through. She frightened him a little by saying that she could find amber in the forest, if she chose. *She* says that our lad was buried in consecrated ground. I extremely doubt it. Malmaison is so utterly shattered, that you cannot judge by an inch or two. She knew where he lay — it was in the corner of the orchard by the pond. *I* knew the place more by observation. The Pomeranian lieutenant gave us hands, and we got a good grave dug in the orchard. I had seen by that time a good deal of trench-work, and so I happened to do the last honors of death for Alphonse, whom I remember as a mere child with a drum. I recollect boxing his ears for playing his drum on the day of the late Duke of Wellington's funeral, and I am sorry for it now. I did what none of his family could do for him — I buried him with military honors. Perhaps the stay-at-home people would care to know what military honors are like. You take your man by his two heels as if he

was a wheelbarrow, and you drag him to the edge of the trench. Then you get down yourself, and pull him in, laying him as decently as you can. Then you get out, and he stays there. Then you pitch the earth down on his face as if he was a dog.

That night above Metz I spent with old Sophie, and I got all the truth from her. I do not assert that I did my duty by my employers — in fact, I know that I did not. My employers were very strongly German, and I in reason was strongly German also; but I had lived so very much in France, that I was sympathetically and sentimentally most decidedly French. I can stand unutterable horrors as well as another; I have proved it. I have looked into more dead men's faces then I could count; I have been in more hospitals than I can well remember. At Sedan I waited at the corner of the street while twelve thousand French prisoners passed, yet I was always in terror that I should see the face of Alphonse Courrier. In all the hideous butchery I never saw it at all. The English doctor who got me to go with him and examine the dead at La Chapelle thought my nerve was at fault at first. He said kindly, "You will get used to this." I said, "If I could see one face, I would care for nothing." I did not know that the man we buried at Malmaison was the man whose face I dreaded to meet at Givonne. I wish I *had* known; I thought that it was a son or relation of Sophie's. In truth, the man we buried in the orchard was our own Alphonse. It is too horrible to think of now.

They look so pretty, those French dead! Long lines of scarlet and blue — you cannot tell how beautiful they look until you have seen them. I have tried hard, but I never dreamed that I should see death in this degree. And to think of my burying Alphonse, and the old witch Sophie keeping her secret! The heaped blue Germans beyond Bazeilles were very terrible, the trenches there are terrible; but at the last, in the mere beauty of death, France is supreme. No human mind ever conceived any thing more terribly beautiful than the French dead on these fields.

I would not have cared much, had it not been for Alphonse. I always liked the boy, and I knew that he loved Marie, as boys will love. I had loved her myself, in fact; and when the dead lad had been dragged to his grave in the orchard by the heels, and when old Sophie told me that the unrecognizable corpse was that of Alphonse, I took her away with me; and in a half-ruined room of the old château she and I talked through the whole story together. The room was the head-quarters of Gen. von Stein, who sat by the window; while I, with old Sophie under my protection, cowered over the fire, surrounded by French peasants who had crept in for warmth.* The room properly belonged to the Pomeranians, but they gave us the best places. Young Franz Hertz (of Pomerania), who was a friend of mine, and who had been educated at King's College with me, asked me why I had got the old French woman in tow. I told him very quickly who she was; and he went away at once, and came back with sausage and wine for her. At this moment Bazaine began, or, to be more correct, some of his out-posts began, a spluttering fire of musketry, and a few large guns were fired. It might be a sortie, or it might not; but the German officers hurried out, and left old Sophie and me alone to talk through the story.

The Courriers have always been rich, and the Canzons are richer than they. The Canzons are of an old family — a family who, however, kept a great deal of their property in Champagne through the Revolution. The Courriers made their money while the Canzons kept it. But an alliance was made between the two families in 1828, when the gentle and pretty Alice de Canzon married Adolphe Courrier. At the same time Elize Courrier married young Hubert de Canzon. Some said that they were mere *mariages des convenances*, but it was not the fact. Old Courrier (into whose share of the Revolution of 1792 I decline to inquire) was a kind of tenant of old De Canzon in the Champagne wine-trade. The children had grown up together, and so no one was in the least surprised at their making mutual marriages. But there was something more tender between the families than mere mercantile matters. The old men had a very strong feeling towards one another. The Courriers and the Canzons had helped one another through very hard times with all loyalty and good-will. That traditional loyalty descended to other generations. Elize Courrier-Canzon died ten years after she had given birth to Marie Canzon, and old Canzon dying a few years afterwards, left Marie Canzon his heiress.

The families were Huguenot, and it so happened that both old Courrier (still alive at eighty) and De Canzon desired that their grandchildren should have a certain amount of English education.

It therefore came about that Marie De Canzon was in England with her two cousins. Marie used to go to school at Mrs. Protheroe's, in Earl's Gardens, Brompton; and the two cousins, Louis and Alphonse, were boarded with my father, a clergyman at Holloway, for the purpose of attending King's College. My father was glad to have two French boys in his house; and he used to make us speak French at dinner. My father was also of the Evangelical school, and was rather proud of having Huguenots in the house. If my father ever could have bored me, it would have been on the subject of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

I wanted to be a soldier; but my father could not afford it, and wanted me to be a clergyman. To this I objected; and the end of it all is that I am a journalist. When war ceases, I shall have to find a new employment. However, it has not ceased as yet. While there is life there is hope. I will undertake to go under fire for any paper — political principles no object — for fifty pounds a month, and twenty francs a day for expenses, excluding telegrams, which are always incorrect. I suppose that I shall end by going to a farm in Ontario, just to win bread between the wars, for I never can settle down permanently any more. I have the war-fever on me ever since the Crimean campaign, when I, as a mere boy, won commendation by my letters. I have been through every campaign since that; and I wake in the night, here in quiet England, and fancy that I hear the sound of guns. I have been wounded twice: once on the day of Balaklava, and once on the day of Agra. I suppose I shall have peace in my grave, for there seems no peace here.

There was a time in my life when things were not so with me. The morning of my life at college was very peaceful. Louis and Alphonse Courrier used to go to the college together, though I was much older than either of them, and in the senior department. Louis, again, was much older than Alphonse, who was about the same age as his cousin Marie. I took to these gentle French lads, as some English boys will take to French boys in preference to any boys of their own nation. They were so gentle and pleasant, that it was impossible to help loving at least one of them; and besides, they were the only two pupils my father had at the time, so we were always together. They knew no ill, and were contented with the simplest pleasures — an excursion to Hampstead Heath, or, still better, a ramble among the shops, were pleasures enough for us. I have been very fine since then, and have dined with princes and rajahs; but I never was so happy as I was in the very old days before this journalist business began.

One Christmas my mother announced to us that we were to have a visitor, but she refused to tell us the name. On Christmas-eve a fly drove up to the door, and there stepped from it Marie Canzon, at the sight of whom her cousins gave a wild cry of joy.

She was an exquisite blonde young woman, of about fifteen years old; very tall for her age. I have never seen any one so beautiful in my life. She is handsome still, in spite of all she has gone through. Ask any of those kindly romantic Germans who were first into Metz, whether they remember the beautiful French woman who watched by two corpses under the cathedral; ask Bazaine if he remembers the lady who headed the women of Metz, when they came and prayed him not to surrender to the very

* The writer is describing only what he has seen.

last; ask the Germans if they remember the lady who carried the white flag in that most lamentable sortie of women.

I remember that there was deep frost and ice when she came; and that the waters were bearing, and all the world was on the ice. It was early in the day when she came, and we were going to skate on our pet piece of water, St. James's Park. She asked to go with us, and my mother gave leave; and so we took her tripping among us.

Her whole soul seemed filled with delight, but delight of a very quiet kind. She thought that we boys were doing her the very highest honor in the world. She was humbly grateful to us; and she once said to me, —

"You are too kind altogether, monsieur, to burden yourself with me; but I will be very good, and do exactly as I am told. I have never seen ice, save once on the Moselle at Thionville. Monsieur knows Thionville? No! Well, I can assure monsieur that Thionville is a very nice place, though not so nice as Metz; but of all places in the world, I think Strasburg the finest, in regard to shops. Stay, I am incorrect, as usual. I said that I had only seen ice once; yet I have seen it twice. I saw some at Namur on the Meuse. Does monsieur know Namur?"

I did not.

"Ah-h-h! but at Namur, in the shop on the other side of the way from the Hôtel de l'Europe, there is the finest gingerbread in all the world. I stayed with my Aunt Courrier at Lafontaine for a week, and I used to walk into Namur every day to buy that gingerbread. It was a *spécialité* of Monsieur Leroy's. I like Sedan also; but Bazeilles is very pleasant — you are more in the country. There are very pleasant places round Sedan, where all the world goes and has milk and strawberries — for example, Fond de Givonne, and beyond again, up the little valley to Givonne. Monsieur must travel and see these places."

Monsieur travelled and saw them years after. Sedan was a horrible pest-house; Bazeilles a ruin and a horror such as the world had never seen before; Fond de Givonne ruined with shells; and the height between Givonne and Fond de Givonne covered with French corpses in heaps.

So we took her on to the ice, while we skated round her. I can see her now, sitting on a chair, which I hired for her, her eyes bright with pleasure, thinking herself as fine as a queen, but perfectly humble and grateful. After a time she asked us to skate away, for she was perfectly safe; and we did so. When we came back after half an hour, we found her in animated conversation with the man who let out the chairs and skates. We told her that it was time to go home, and she came at once; but when I offered the man the money for the chair, he emphatically refused to take it, to my great astonishment. He looked like a common "ice blackguard;" but he would have none of my money — "he would not take money for miss."

When we were tripping home she took my arm — she was nearly as tall as myself, though I am not small — and asked me if I would do her a favor. I tell the honest truth when I say that I was so madly in love with her, that I would have done any thing.

> "I cannot tell you how it was;
> But this I know, it came to pass,"

as Christina Rossetti sings. I promised her that I would do every thing she told me forever.

"But that is unreasonable," she said; but the English are *bizarre*. I ask you to do one thing for me, and you promise to do all things. I do not understand."

"Chivalry," I said.

"Oh, *comme cele*," she said, laughing. "Well, now then, good knight, you must take me to see the wife of that man who hired to us the chair. He is in distress, and I have money, and I want to give him some. You hear, you knight?"

I heard, and I obeyed. She had got the address neatly written down in her pocket-book, and we went the next day. As we started together, she said to me, —

"You are so very kind to me, that I do not know how to thank you. For you to take me to the ice yesterday, and again to take me to these poor people! I will try to give no trouble to you; but you spoil me with your kindness. Will you do more for me?"

I do not remember exactly what I said, but I did not make a fool of myself.

"Then," she said, "I want to slide on the ice, as I saw those people doing, and I want you to show me a shop where they sell chocolate."

I went with her then to Fortnum & Mason's; after which we crossed the ice together, and went down the Horseferry Road into a slum, where she found the woman she wanted in bed with a baby, and four children cowering about the floor before an empty fireplace. She looked round the room with a rather experienced eye, as it struck me, and without saying more than "Good-morning" to the woman, took out a sovereign, and requested me to step out and order in half a ton of coals and some small wood to be sent round instantly. I went at once in admiration, and she followed, only, however, to turn into a butcher's, which she had observed in passing. "I am quite safe," she said; and when I came back after ordering the coals, I found her in the woman's room chattering, and preparing beef-tea in the only sauce-pan which had not been pawned.

"Have you no sisters of charity here in England?" she said.

I said no, with the exception of the Roman Catholic sisters.

"*Tant pis*," she said. "We French Protestants have, though. We are before you English Protestants in that. You English should have sisters of charity. My old nurse was one only last year, and I worked with her; so I know, though I am only fifteen. Could you nurse a man with a broken leg?"

I said no.

"Ah, but I could," she said triumphantly. "I helped to nurse old Pierre, our gardener. I am rich, I; but I would sooner relieve human suffering than marry a minister of of state. Now let us go slide. I say, you kind Englishman, you will take me there to that poor woman again tomorrow?"

I promised, and we went and slid. I can see her now, with the thoughtful look on her face as she was preparing, the look of calm pleasure as she was progressing, and the bright flush of triumph when she ended. We were on a very quiet piece of the ice behind the island, where other ladies were sliding, but Marie was as quiet as any of them. A great hulking Irishman, a sergeant in the Coldstream Guards, O'Halloran (he was shot through the heart just in front of Jones of the *Daily News*, trying to get over the vineyard wall at Inkerman), came over from the barracks, and said that he would cut the slide clean for the ladies. He came down by the run, and Marie laughed so prettily, that O'Halloran said he was quite sure that her ladyship was an Irish woman.

I don't know what I said that evening as we walked home. Sad nonsense, I doubt; I only know that she was crying when we came to the door, and that when I had gone up to my room she came and kissed me, and told me that it never could be. With her glorious frankness she told me that it might be with Louis, but with no other in this world. I accepted my fate, and am a journalist unto this day. It seems hard: I would have worked for her well, and you shall see that I did work for her. She knows why she made her decision once for all, and left me a little like the Wandering Jew, and very much like a stormy petrel.

I had got the answer which no gentleman takes twice from any woman, and with an aching heart I began to watch many things, young as I was. First, I looked at my own prospects, and saw that they were very bad. My father was very poor, and I perceived that unless I could do something for myself, I should have hard work to keep the wolf from the door. I thought of journalism, and I saw (young as I was) an opportunity of destroying the fiction that Russia only *resumed* the right of sending ships through the Dardanelles. I was the first who said that she

never had it. I wrote a leading article on the subject, and sent it to a newspaper which I knew agreed with me. The article was inserted, and I was requested to call on the editor. I dared not go; I was little more than a schoolboy, almost without down on my face — I should have ruined every thing by going. I told my dear father the whole truth, and *he* went to the editor with a high hand. The editor was utterly astonished at seeing my father, a London rector, and was more than utterly astonished at hearing that the article was written by his son. The editor offered money for the article, but my father refused it. He said that in the case of a young man like myself, with such brilliant prospects before him, it was extremely doubtful whether it was not the duty of a father to stand between him and the press. I think that my father got the best of it for the time, in spite of his verbosity; but at the same time I am only a journalist, with prospects of Ontario.

There was a sickening of the heart as I watched the relations between Louis, Marie, and Alphonse. As time went on, the sickening at the heart grew worse and worse; for while I saw that she never could love me as a wife should love her husband, I saw that she loved Louis, and that Alphonse loved her. Before the end of these Christmas holidays Louis was her avowed lover, and we heard from France that the members of the two families, Courrier and Canzon, had required for family reasons that they should be affianced. Louis was therefore engaged to Marie, while Alphonse was desperately in love with her; from this moment I say nothing of myself.

I think that Louis loved her — I am sure that he did: that she loved him, I know to my cost. We must say one word for Alphonse, whom Sophie and I buried in the orchard the other day. He was as brave and as true a boy as ever lived. Always in my mind he seemed the superior of Louis; he seemed to me the model of a French lad; perhaps a lad who was more inclined to attend to words than to facts; very much the same kind of lad as is prepared to resume this war. He loved Marie with a wild and devoted love, such as Louis and I never could give her. I need not say which was his favorite author. He loved Marie and France together, and he would read Thiers at night until my father took the book away from him, for fear he should set the house on fire.

I argued with him on this matter of Francomania. France, I declared, was after all only a congeries of States, most of which had been in historical times held by England. It was of no more use than shying bread pills against the sides of the *Monarch*. He believed in France, and taunted me with the relations between England, Scotland, and Ireland. There he was unanswerable, and I had to give way to him at once. He had erected a god, and called it France, and who was I that I should gainsay him? Have we not a god called England ourselves? The pretty little fellow loved France as he loved Marie; he died for both of them; what man could do more? It seems to us, in the beginning of a new movement about the rights of women, that women, if they gain much, will lose much. The relations between men and women will be altered, and God only knows whether it will be for better or for worse. Alphonse would have been a simple slave to Marie, which would have been ill and foolish; but they might have been happy, if in this bad world any one can be happy. It was, however, evident to me that Alphonse was in love with Marie before the down was on his chin. The boy did not know what was the matter with him, and I naturally was the last person to speak about it, because I was in love with her myself.

I cannot say that I ever thoroughly *loved* Louis. He was a prig, and I dislike prigs; and again, French prigs are the worst of all prigs, not excepting English and Prussian prigs. I do not say for an instant that I speak without prejudice, because he was my rival in regard to the matter of Marie. You may say that Alphonse was to a certain extent my rival; but I could at any time have taken Alphonse round the neck and told him the whole truth, whereas I would have died sooner than tell Louis one solitary word. It comes to the same thing in the end. Louis went to Brienne, from which school he at once, with his English education, got his commission, while Alphonse and myself were left alone in England with Marie.

I had given the matter entirely up; I saw that she would never be the wife of myself or of any other Englishman; but I was very much distressed at seeing the effect of her presence on Alphonse. As the lad matured, the love grew. He was aware that Marie was engaged to his brother; he was quite leal and true; but I have had that lad, who slept in the same room with me, crying half the night over a matter which he would sooner die than divulge. *I* knew what the matter was; and I take the opportunity of saying, that the mere matter of crying is no proof of cowardice in a French boy, as it is in the case of an English boy. They are more excitable; but in the face of an enemy they have always had the character of courage. Alphonse used to cry, and I used to think him a fool for doing it; we shall see the end of this boy before we have done.

My father had three months' leave from his living from the bishop, and, bethinking him of many economical matters, thought that the cheapest thing to do was to go abroad, brush up his languages, and also take my mother, myself, and Alphonse. Marie stayed at her school. It was a trip well conceived (there never was any one like my father) and well carried out. We went to Antwerp, from Antwerp to Cologne, from Cologne to Coblentz, and so by steamer up the Moselle to Alf. Now my father was a geologist, and he must needs see the volcanoes of the Eifel. After we had finished trying to break our necks, and drown ourselves in the Schalkenmar and the Gemundenmar (now marked by the track of Prince Frederick Charles's armies), we headed for Treves, and from Treves on to Wasserbillig, and away into Lorraine on foot, three happy boys — for my father was as good a boy at fifty-three as either Alphonse or I. Leaving Wasserbillig, we walked so far and so fast that we got into Metz as the drums were beating the "couchez." Heavens! it seems as if it had all been a hundred years ago, and in another world.

My father was a singularly resolute man, who had not only read history, but who was determined that every one else should hear it from his mouth. The end of our journey was Malmaison, close to Amandvilliers (the centre of the battle of Gravelotte, according to Bazaine); but my father wished to improve our minds by going round to Thionville and Longwy; and so we tramped with him over the dusty roads, and when we got near Thionville, we hung on his words as he told us the glorious old story of the horse and the bundle of hay. We slept at Thionville, I remember; and I remember also that my father took us over Luxemburg frontier to a place called Otange, where the landlord of the inn in which we slept told him that he had killed thirteen boars with his own hand in the last winter. My father said that he had not come after boars, but that he wanted to see Longwy from the heights. We boys kept close to my father's coat-tails while he brushed through the copsewood, for we expected a boar every instant. I recollect seeing chimneys below me through trees; and my father turned and said to us, or to the air, "The French are mad; in case of a violation of neutral territory, this place might be shelled in an hour. I shall go on to La Chapelle, you boys."

We had not the slightest objection to go on to La Chapelle, so long as he took us to Malmaison at last. We walked quickly away with my father, and we got a bed in one of the outskirts of La Chapelle, at a place called Aboue. It was a very pleasant little place, and Madame Duprez (the landlady) was very kind to us boys. My father and she fell to what may be called "polite loggerheads" on the subject of Romanism; but when she gave him his chamber candle-stick they were the best of friends. My father hoped that she would find her way ultimately to a good place, and she hoped most sincerely that he would not find himself in a very bad place. She had nailed her colors to the mast, and I do not think there was much harm done; they agreed to squabble over religious matters, and they did it. The next time that I was at Aboue, madame's house was ripped

to pieces by shells, and I saw there what I hope I shall never see again, — the French dead who had died from their wounds were brought out into the pretty street, and laid with their faces covered by a cloth, ready for the German burial-party.

Then, I remember, we looked about Sedan, and we thought it a very dull place; and we went across to Bazeilles, and that was intolerably dull. Little did we dream that Sedan was a word to be written on the hearts of this generation. My father did not think highly of Sedan in any way. He did not like the cookery. Perhaps if he had known that his son was to sit there with German officers, eating horse-flesh, he would have liked it less.

My father, Alphonse, and myself cut straight across the country from Sedan to Briey, passing as we went Montmédy, a place which caused my father to lecture about the old Spanish-French fight there. From Montmédy we passed away south; and my father, who carried a little fishing-rod (from which implement of war he was never separated), caught trout, grayling, and chub, while Alphonse and I rolled in the grass, and read Grant's novels. It was a quiet, happy time; and going over the ground again last year, I could not help making a fool of myself at seeing the pretty dead Frenchmen lying in the old spots unburied, where my father had been catching trout. If this is read by any young man who intends to be a journalist, let him take my advice, and get rid of sentimentality. I can assure that young man, that after he has looked into the first dead face, the process will be by no means difficult. After one or two violent outbreaks, he will become perfectly fit for his work — that is to say, to a certain extent brutalized.

I can still hear my father's British roar in the principal hotel at Briey. I remember the little inn in front of the château, served, even in those old times, by the little niece of old Sophie, and who bore her name. Young Sophie has grown up now, and has covered herself with a glory which is not of this world. On the horrible day of St. Privat, when the glass was broken in her house and her brother's with the concussion of the cannon, she never lost heart for an instant. She slaved all the morning among the French and German wounded; and the next day, when the Germans came in, she served them without any pay at all. I have few pleasant recollections in my life, for I have been a wild wandering bird; but have a pleasure in remembering young Sophie.

Briey, I remember, in the old times before the cataclysm, was a pretty abrupt town over a little stream, with narrow streets and a nice château in a little square. My father knocked up the curé (as was his habit in all Romanist towns), and had a rather strong argument with him on the subject of religion. On the occasion of our visit to Briey, the argument between Romanism and Protestantism was continued far into the night; and when my father came to bed with me, he talked himself to sleep on the subject. Meanwhile Alphonse and I had been doing a little matter on our own account. The lady of the château had caught us in the square, and had taken us into the château itself. Little did I think to what purposes that château was to be applied last year.

When I went in with her into her garden, it was a garden of all delight. She let us turn on the fountains, and she let us eat the strawberries, which grew on terrace after terrace. When I went into it last year, it was a hospital. There were five young Frenchmen and one young German in the *salon;* and there was also some one else, of whom we shall hear anon. At the time of my first visit to the château of Briey there was no dream of the horrors of war. I have been there twice: but I never will go any more — never more, forever. Briey is, as the Scotch say, a place which I have "put past."

My father's argument with the curé was so exceedingly warm, and so successful on my father's side, that the curé insisted that he should accompany us to the village of Ste. Marie aux Chênes where lived a curé who would demolish and ruin my father, with fifty-Protestant power at his back. The curé was politely infuriated at my father's arguments, but pleaded inexperience in divinity; so all the way from Aboue to Ste. Marie my father hurled the fathers of the church at his head like German cannon-shots. In the horrible shattering roar of last year, I remember smiling at the old ecclesiastical battle. My father had distinctly the best of it until we reached Ste. Marie aux Chênes, and met the curé of that place out walking. Our good young man of Briey handed my father over like a bale of goods to the curé of Ste. Marie, and the curé (now Monseigneur) of R—) took him in hand. My impression was, that although my father's arguments were excellent, he got the worst of it.

Under the broad black skirts of my father and the curés of Briey and Ste. Marie aux Chênes I saw, in the midst of the ecclesiastical battle, the village which is the centre of one of the battles for the century at least — the village of St. Privat, Bazaine says that Amandvilliers, three miles away, was the object of his centre attack, in the battle called Gravelotte. Bazaine should know better than I; but St. Privat is shattered far more than Amandvilliers; and so I fancy that Bazaine's grand plan must have gone a little wrong, as French plans generally seem to have done last year.

Alphonse and I liked St. Privat very much, because the *maire* had a remarkable kind of early pear in his garden, which, as he proudly remarked, were ripe before the strawberries were gone. I pointed out to the *maire*, that if I said that we had eaten pears and strawberries together, we should not be believed. The *maire* laughed, and advised me not to tell the story, adding, that I was a boy of genius. Yet I have something stranger to tell than the fact of eating pears and strawberries at one and the same time.

I have come home so weary and broken-hearted over this matter, that I must be allowed to tell my story in my own way, or I cannot tell it at all. I must, for instance, tell you what St. Privat was like before the day of judgment came, and it was left the hideous heap of ruins it is now. It was never a pretty village; it lay out on the bald plains of the table-land of Lorraine, looking at the pearl-gray cloud which we boys were told was Champagne, and at the rolling peaks which we were told were the Vosges. It seems very strange to me that those who have taken such an interest in this war have heard of Gravelotte, but do not seem to have heard of St. Privat. The horrible shattered ruin of St. Privat is worse than any thing except Bazeilles. Among the men who guided those God-sent wagons of the International Society you will not find one who does not tell you that St. Privat is the worst thing of all. Readers may think I am writing fiction when I mention St. Privat; would they be so good as to get the report of these glorious Quakers, who have been risking their lives by disease? I, who write these words, was in St. Privat in the lowest depths of her ruin. We had to ask the German doctor where certain wounded were after whom we had come. "Moved to the rear," he said; "we expect Bazaine out every instant, and there will be a great battle." I looked right and left over the desolated fields, and saw the steel-blue line which hemmed Bazaine in, and I came to certain conclusions which were found to be correct. I remember in these late horrible times likening Bazaine to Sterne's starling; but that is no matter. On the old visit to St. Privat things were very different. My father was now determined to see Metz or die, and the last memory I have of St. Privat is this. My father had so violently squabbled with the curés of Aboue, Ste. Marie aux Chênes, and St. Privat, that he gave the curé of St. Privat his own private copy of Thomas à Kempis as a keepsake. The curé of St. Privat gave my father pears in his *bonhomie* — he had little to give then, and less now — and my father put them in his pocket, and when the diligence for Metz came in, sat on them and made jam of them. Pretty old times! I do not like laughing at my father, God bless him! but it is better to make a harmless joke about one's own father than cry over the corpse of Alphonse. Through all this break-heart business my father is dearer to me than any other. Yet we who have seen matters, get so used to them, that we can make a joke about our own fathers. Believe me that I tell you the truth about that. *Experto crede;* war is brutalizing, not ennobling. The German officers, commanding the best of all good men,

say so, and in the German army there are men who can think while they fight.

My father was bound to go to Metz, or perish in the attempt, because he said that the expanse of that great apsis dominated in the most inartistic way the height of the main tower. Whether he thought that he could put the matter right by going there, I am unable to say; I can only say that we never went there, in consequence of my father having a violent attack of sciatica, which laid him up at Amsndvilliers. Some fool of a doctor had told my father that his life was not good; and so, when L and Alphonse got him to his bed at Madame Leroy's at Amandvilliers, four miles from Metz, my father told me that he was not in in any way afraid of death, and that all his affairs were in order. (They were not, but that is no matter.) My father now told me for the first time, that Louis was at Metz, and he begged me to send for him. I of course at once sent Alphonse. He went and fetched Louis, but by that time my father was perfectly well; and Louis, instead of having his dying directions, only found a powerfully-built English parson before him, intent on bullying him on any point he would like to air. I am a little bit afraid that my dear father did bully Louis. I never had sciatica myself, but I should conceive it to be nearly as exasperating a disease as toothache. At all events, my father, who was the sweetest-tempered of human beings, was very cross over it: but he brightened up and got pleasant when Louis said that he had got leave from his regiment, and that he insisted on our all going away to Malmaison together. Malmaison was Louis's property, you will see, and he was to marry Marie in spite of every one. Nevertheless, we had a very pleasant day, though my father would be jocular over Louis's red trowsers. These were old, old times.

We got, I remember, one of those queer vehicles now called an américaine. Louis and Alphonse sat in front, while my father and I sat under the hood. Louis drove, with his red trowsers, on the splashboard, and, as my father remarked once or twice, drove principally into the ditch; but that ditch was not deep enough then to bury dead men, and so we reached Malmaison with nothing worse than my father's objurgations.

At that time the ghastly old harridan who now calls herself Sophie was an uncommonly handsome woman of forty-eight. She was then very brisk and gentle, and she showed us every thing, to my father's great approval. The country around was bare, without hedges, and well tilled, and my father said that it reminded him of Waterloo. There was an undoubted resemblance, as we all agreed. Malmaison is singularly like Hugomont, only it is bigger, and stands more alone.

That day among days was a great day for me. Sophie got the peacock to come and eat corn; and she gave me a feather which he had dropped out of his tail. And there were fowls there of the Crêvecœur sort, which could hardly see to eat for feathers. There was also a delicious kind of swine, like a greyhound, about which I irritated Sophie, because I said they must be wild. Sophie said that they were such good pigs, that they would fatten on any thing. I asked her why she did not give them something to fatten on. She rode the high horse with me, and said that I doubtless knew best.

We were to lie at Malmaison, and that was most delightful; because we could see the place again the next morning. I went to bed very early with Alphonse; but my father and Louis sat up to drink a bottle of Walportsheimer together. I was very restless (Heaven only knows why — I do not believe in brain-waves), and I was walking up and down the room in my shirt, when my father came in.

"I was going to rouse you up, my boy," he said. "Why are you not in bed?"

And I answered that I could not tell. I could not sleep. I said that there were ghosts — I was young enough to say that — and my father did not laugh at me, but said, that there were ghosts enough there, without doubt, but that that was not the time for seeing them. He then told me to put on my trowsers, which I did, and to come down stairs, which I did.

I had to look on the game which the forester had just brought in, and the beauty of the sight was beyond belief. The heaped French dead, which I saw afterward in the dung-yard before the door, were not more beautiful. The forester had cast down a great wild boar, and on it he had thrown hares, black-cocks, hazel-hens, and quail. I was very much delighted with it. My father pointed out to me, that the real beauty of heaped game consisted in the wondrous half tints and colors. And then I went up stairs, and lay quiet beside Alphonse until the glorious sun awoke us in the morning, and we rose and stood looking together across the vast fields of waving grain which spread round us on all sides. I said to Alphonse, "What a big dog is yonder on the lawn!" and he said, "Dog! it is a boar."

I dressed hurriedly and ran down stairs as fast as I could, and out round the garden to capture that boar. I very nearly succeeded, for I met the brute in an alley, with a box-hedge on each side, through which he could not pass. With the madness of youth I tried to seize the animal; but after a fierce grunt he turned back and hurried through some flowers. Louis, who ran up, drew his sword as the boar went past him, and cut at him, and says he thinks that he hurt him; but I am now so used to French war despatches, that I am very doubtful.

Louis had come out after me, and had met the boar at the head of an alley through which I had chased him. Louis was at that time seventeen, whereas I was nearly nineteen; but Louis, in consequence of his red trowsers, was a great deal more than a hundred years older than I was. I yielded entirely to Louis's knowledge of the world, and gave way to him on all points. Louis had had four months in a French regiment, and knew every thing. My father used to talk too fast; but my father, although a clergyman, knew a great deal, in consequence of having to take pupils to eke out his income.

Louis said to me, —

"Come to breakfast, and leave the hunting of boars. There has arrived a German, a cousin of Marie's, from Saxony. Come quickly, or he will eat all."

I ran up to our bedroom and made myself tidy, and I came down and met this brute of a Saxon. My French proclivities were then so strong, that I considered this young man as my natural enemy before I saw him. I was most agreeably surprised. The young man to whom I was introduced was one of the handsomest young men I had ever seen. He was very blond, and, in fact, his moustache was no darker than a tooth-brush, though his whiskers were darker. He took me utterly by surprise with his politeness and his wonderful knowledge. He told me quietly that I was the first educated English youth he had met, and he wished me to explain to him some passages in Mad Tom in *King Lear*. He was puzzled about the "old gray rat and the ditch dog;" and I explained to him the difference between the old English rat and the water-vole. Then he must have me explain why "Hopdance crieth in Tom's belly for two white herring." I explained to him that white herring was to be distinguished from red herring, and that Tom was supposed to be thirsty. Then I got talking over the subject, and among other things told him that the character of Mad Tom was entirely artificial, although probably the greatest effort of all Shakspeare's genius. I said that Mad Tom was a gentleman, who was fit to govern the people by knowing their wants, and that he showed his knowledge of their wants in his assumed madness. I warmed with the theme to this young Saxon officer, and told him roundly to his face, that no German poet had ever equalled the line in Mad Tom in which he says,

"Away to wakes and fairs and market-towns."

I went on eagerly, and abused Shakspeare for the utter improbability of Edgar acting so wondrous well as to identify himself so thoroughly with a lunatic beggar, whose only pleasure was motion and excitement. I went through the character from beginning to end; and when I had fin-

ished my say, I saw young Caspar the Saxon and my father looking at me steadily and calmly, while Louis and Alphonse were laughing.

"He should write that down," said my father. "The boy thinks."

"He has told me more than I knew before," said Caspar. "Who knows the route from here to Ste. Marie? Can one get to Aboue any shorter way than by La Tige?"

"I cannot say," said Louis. "You seem to know the country pretty well."

"We study geography, we Germans," said young Caspar. "We may need it."

Louis was furious in a moment.

"You mean the geography of Lorraine," he said.

"I mean geography generally," said Caspar.

After this, Louis strutted and fumed, and I was very glad that we got out of it without a quarrel, more particularly as Caspar told me that he happened to be in love with Marie, and that he was perfectly prepared to put a bullet into any man who ventured to be in love with her besides himself. *I* replied, on the other hand, that I was violently in love with her myself, and that I was perfectly ready to be shot at his earliest convenience. He saw the outrageous nonsense of his proposition, and laughed. But he asked me whether Marie loved me; and I said no, I did not think so. "Any one else?" I said that we were all such children, that we should not think of such things. I said that I was still such a baby, that I could run after a peacock; and he said, that though his beard was grown early, he was as great a baby as I was.

So we parted; and my father insisted on having sciatica again and going back to Luxemburg. On arriving at Luxemburg my father sent for the doctor; and the doctor being out, he sent round for the prime minister. The prime minister being at the Café de l'Union, and being hunted up there by a dexterous and nimble commissionnaire, came at once on being told that an Englishman of eminence was in trouble. I do not know why my father did this; but I only know that there was the most *awful row* you ever heard in your life. The most unfortunate thing was, that the prime minister could understand English, and so could understand what my father said. I do most sincerely hope, that the new education boards will put an entire veto on the learning of languages. It is the greatest mistake in the world. All difficulties with America, for example, would sink into nothing if we did not understand one another's language. My father could talk both German and French to a limited extent; but that night, with the irritation of the sciatica on him, he persisted in talking English, and, as I have said, the prime minister understood him. My father ended by saying, that a State which would raise no army had no *raison d'être* at all.

The prime minister burst out of the room, and fell over my father's foot-pan. At the same time the Prussian officer of the garrison came into my father's bedroom, and asked to see his paseport. My father was thoroughly cross now, and said that his passport was under his pillow, but that he would not show it to any German unhung. This conduct on the part of a British rector naturally led to a terrible scene, in which I, as an undeveloped journalist, took part. My father refused to get out of bed, and so the whole quarrel was carried out on the stairs. Alphonse was no use; he got frightened. I stood on the stairs, and called the Prussian officer every name I could lay my tongue to; but he would not go at all. Then I said in German that I would make him go. Upon this he requested me to come to the bottom of the stairs. I at once did so, and there was a struggle, the landlord holding the light. I got by far the worst of it; for the Prussian was stronger than I was, and I was marched off to a guard-house, while my father was arrested in his bed.

Alphonse meanwhile had knocked up a bill of sixteen francs in bribery and treating. The lad said that he paid for a bottle of wine for the prime minister; but I doubt that, because the prime minister was a gentleman, and the boy could not be trusted to tell the truth. My father and I were liberated, and so ended our first expedition through Luxemburg and Lorraine.

It is as well to state the whole truth, even in a story like this. Luxemburg must be very careful, if she desires to preserve her neutrality now. The Germans have been very long-suffering with her, and she must take care. The neutrality of Luxemburg has cost the Germans twenty thousand lives; and when men get mad, as they are getting now, a small State like Luxemburg must look out lest she commit a violation of neutrality. *

II.

So ends our first visit to Malmaison. After this there came a long time and worry. Louis wanted to marry Marie, and the whole party of Courriers and Canzons, who seemed to get more innumerable as time went on, insisted most emphatically that they were both too young; and as the wild argument went on, it became evident, both to myself and my father, that Marie was getting very doubtful whether she cared to marry him at all. There were two parties among the Courriers and Canzons, by no means divided by name, only by sex. The women, to one woman or nearly so, said that she ought to marry him; and the men, to a man or nearly so, said that she ought to have time to think over the matter. As it was no possible business of my father's, he naturally took the most lively interest in it. He took the female side of the question, and worked at it to that extent that he got into trouble with his bishop. My father knew one of the Courriers, a teacher of languages, who was an *émigré* of old times, and who lived at Chelsea and cultivated tulips and ranunculuses; my father must needs go to him and talk over the matter. The end of the interview was so very stormy, that the old Frenchman told my father that he was to be found at Boulogne, or if it pleased him, at Calais, any day which he chose to name. On discovering that my father was an ecclesiastic, he got still more infuriated, for he said my father, by his language, had violated the sanctity of his order. I do not believe that my father went farther than to tell the old man that he was not speaking the truth. My father was the most perfectly refined gentleman; never rude, though he might be boisterous and contradictory at times. Anyhow, he wounded that Frenchman's feelings to that extent that he wrote to the Bishop; and the Bishop wrote in a rather peremptory manner, to my father. I will give the correspondence:—

Enclosure No. 1. *From the Bishop.*

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I beg to call your attention to the enclosed copy of a communication which has been addressed to me by M. Ernest Courrier, and I beg to call your immediate attention to it."

Enclosure No. 2. *From M. E. Courrier to the Bishop.*

"MONSEIGNEUR,—I beg emphatically to call your attention at once to the conduct of the Anglican parish priest of Holloway, who has, under protection of his sacred cloth, spoken injuries of me in my presence, not in any way to be tolerated by a man of honor. Had I been living in a civilized country, I, as a military man, though now retired, should not have dreamed of writing to any man's colonel about such an affair myself. I should have taken the usual course with Mr. Thompson, and have fought him. But, Monseigneur my Lord Bishop, I have already done that, and he declines to meet me, on ecclesiastical grounds. My sword failing me, I am obliged to invoke the thunders

* On the great day of Sedan, when we were pushing forward to the fight, the Brandenburg hussars, the regiment of the ever-memorable Ziethen, were sitting with their horses' fore hoofs on the frontier of Luxemburg. The writer happened to be with them; and sooner than the line should be violated, they backed their horses, *lest the hind feet of their horses should go over the frontier line.* To this I can swear. One violation of neutral territory occurred: a hunted Saxon hussar, of a regiment I know pretty well, crossed the Alsette, and his horse was shot dead under him on the wrong side of the frontier. With the exception of that case, I will defy any Luxemburger to prove a case of violation of frontier against the Germans. They were violating such neutrality continually, as I can prove.

of the Church, and request your excommunication. As a republican and communist myself, I do not think they will have the least effect, as I am bound to tell you; but a Frenchman's honor is at stake."

Enclosure No. 3. From the Bishop to M. Courrier.

"DEAR SIR, — *Voulez-vous précisez votre accusation?* What has he said? I know that he is often *emporté*, but he is certainly a gentleman; pray answer at once, for I have a great respect for him."

Enclosure No. 4. From M. Courrier to the Bishop.

"MONSEIGNEUR, — I deeply regret the conclusion of your most courteous (though brief) letter. You say that you have great respect for Rector Thompson; I, for my part, have none whatever, and so it gives me deep pain to disagree with so gifted a man as your lordship. The affair between myself and Rector Thompson eats itself, and I have been informed by a compatriot that the Rector Thompson has called me in public an old fool of a French grammar-teacher. I take no notice of this, because it only comes from second hand; but as you ask me to precise my accusation, I will do so, and tell you what Rector Thompson said to my face. I will leave you, monseigneur, to decide whether or no he is fit to minister the offices of the religion in which you both believe, but in which I do not.

"A marriage is on the *tapis* between my cousin Louis and Marie Canzon. I, with the rest of my family, object to it. They are both too young to know their own minds. When I said this to Rector Thompson, who knows nothing about the matter, he said I was as one deprived of understanding; and when I said that the girl did not want the man, he said that I was not speaking the truth. I have thus, my dear monseigneur, precised my accusation."

Enclosure No. 5. From the Bishop to my Father.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, — I have received a letter from M. Courrier of Chelsea, in which he accuses you of calling him an old fool, and also accusing him of untruth. Is this so?"

Enclosure No. 6. From my Father to the Bishop.

"MY DEAR LORD BISHOP, — It is perfectly true that I called M. Courrier an old fool (and if he is any thing, he is that); it is equally true that I think him so; and if your lordship chooses to suspend me, I shall submit to your lordship's decision with the most perfect and entire obedience. I am here, my lord, to speak the truth, and I will speak it. The man *is* an old fool; I never saw a greater. With regard to my telling him he was not speaking the truth, I acknowledge that also, and I will hold to my words. Any punishment from your lordship will be received with thankfulness and meekness; but I am resolute."

Enclosure No. 7. From the Bishop to my Father.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, — There is something behindhand which you have not told me. Please, like an old friend and fellow-collegian, tell me why you are so hot over this business. *Dear Sam, tell me the whole truth.* Never mind Bishop or Rector, but let me know all, as if we were in neighboring beds, as at Eton thirty years ago. This Frenchman is very troublesome, and you know that you were a fighting boy in old times. Let me know all about it, old friend, — dear friend forever. You know my position; don't try me too hard."

Enclosure No. 8. From my Father to the Bishop.

"DEAR GEORGE, — You remember that pretty boy Shepherd of Lincoln? Well, he has done no good except marry a wife as pretty as himself, beget nine children, and then die of phthisis. He was my curate when he died; and I don't in the least degree see what Mrs. Shepherd is to do. Underpaid parsons should not marry; but at all events, send me something for her, and get some of your charitable women to do something to prevent her going entirely to the bad.

"There has been trouble between us for a post or two, my dear George, and I will tell you all about it. As in all great rows of this kind, there is something personal going. Marie Canzon is engaged to one of my former pupils, Louis Courrier; but his brother Alphonse is as badly in love with her as Louis. Now this I could stand — I could see my way out of all that; but my own boy, the boy of my heart, who will take to nothing [This is your journalist] is as bad about her as any one. I want to see her married out of the way. She is a good girl, and has money; but I do not want my son to marry her. He is a capital fellow, but an utter fool. [I must pause to call your attention to the fact that my father is alluding to *me*. Nothing has happened since which makes me think my father wrong.] I don't know what I can do with him, and I wish I may be hanged if he knows what he is going to do with himself. But he must not marry that girl. If she was poor, my dear Bishop, I would not care; for the boy has pluck and chivalry, and they would get on together; but the girl is rich, and my boy would never stand being kept by his wife. Old Courrier is exasperated over the matter, and I have lost my temper with him. That is all. Mind you, Bishop — or rather, George — I am not sure whether she does not love Alphonse the best, when all is said and done; but I will not have my son marry a rich woman, on whom he is dependent. A man had better hang himself than do that."

Enclosure No 9. From the Bishop to my Father.

"DEAR SAM, — I see you have not clearly explained the old Frenchman's exasperation; but I will do that for you. *Don't let the girl marry your boy.* Any man who lives on his wife's money becomes necessarily brutalized. The very savages don't do it. I don't want to make woman utterly dependent on man; but until these rascally laws against women are abolished, the old evil will go on. I know a very good fellow now, who through illness has been forced to cut into his wife's property, and now wishes he was dead for doing so. Pray don't let your son marry this rich French woman. A man had better marry a dairy-maid than marry a rich woman, more particularly of another nation, with all sorts of foreign influences around her, political and religious alike."

Here closes this curious correspondence. Old M. Courrier made friends with my father, through the Bishop's influence; and with regard to Marie, myself, Louis, and Alphonse, we never married at that time.

Pretty times came. I did little good at the university; but a man came to me and asked would I go for the *Daily Intelligence* to Balaklava. I would have gone on bread and water; and I went. The affair of Sebastopol must never be compared to the affair of Sedan. It must always be remembered that the affair of Sedan is the most terrible thing in history. In those very old days I was very young, and went away with the most enormous belief in the French army; and as a matter of fact I have never had to alter my opinion of it at all. I believe now, that if the best generals are appointed, and if the officers will get out of that absurd habit of sauntering into the first café the moment their men are dismissed, there will arise from the ashes of the present ruined army an army as fine as France ever saw. A French baron said to me the other day, just after Forbach, "Nos officiers sont toujours en café." It is terribly true about French officers; let English officers take care that it is not said about them. In the Crimea there were no temptations of that kind, and look how well both English and French did! No three armies ever behaved more nobly in the field than the British, the French, and the Russian. For me, after Inkerman, I would back the Russians against the Germans; but then I should require one German to three Russians, which is very long odds. I am of opinion, that, of all the troops in the world, the Germans are the best, and the Bavarians the best of the

Germans. (An exasperating friend of mine says that the Affghans, give them equal arms, are the best of all; but he is a lunatic at large.) It is most perfectly certain that Saxony, Bavaria, and Baden have developed powers of swift marching, and *élan* in attack, to which no other nation can compare. I am speaking simple truth when I tell this story. I interchanged bows with Gen. Alvensleben in Lorraine, and in five days he had taken up his command before Paris. In old times the French used to say of other armies, "Ils marchent, nous courons." The reverse is the truth now. The French march slowly and fight badly. Why? Because in that flashy Italian war the Emperor Napoleon III. won his battles by destroying his best troops. That is the little reason why.

As to the Crimea, Louis was in that fight on the telegraph-hill at the Alma, which Kinglake denies altogether. He was, however, wounded and decorated, and seemed to like it. After this he went to New Caledonia, where he did not get decorated, and then he went to Mexico, where he did. He was out of the Italian business altogether, and was always going to marry Marie when he came home. He seemed in no great hurry; and indeed Marie waited with wonderful patience. She, during the Mexican business, went into retreat, taking vows for four months with the Sœurs des Sept Douleurs, in a dirty, silly, insignificant place called Sedan. (The place is on the Meuse, and has pleasant groves on the glacis.) Louis was very angry at her doing this; and when Bazaine sent him home with despatches, he went straight to Sedan, after depositing his despatches at Paris, for the purpose of seeing Marie. Marie, being *en retraite*, was not allowed to see him, which gave rise to the following correspondence: —

The Lady Superior of Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs, Sedan, to M. Louis Courrier.

"MONSIEUR, — I have the honor to inform you that Mademoiselle Canzon is *en retraite*.

"AGATHA."

M. Louis Courrier to the Lady Superior.

"VENERABLE MOTHER, — Mademoiselle Marie Canzon is *fiancée* to me, and if I do not see her I will beat your doors down. We have done by no means well in Mexico, and are a little out of temper. If you refuse me a sight of Marie, I will have the garrison of Sedan at your gate."

The Lady Superior of the Sept Douleurs to the Capt. Louis Courrier.

"DEAR SIR, — I received your communication duly. I have only to say that we will die praying. You have our entire forgiveness. When we meet in another and a better world, which seems hardly probable, you will regret this."

Louis Courrier to the Lady Superior.

"MADAME OR MOST HOLY MOTHER, — I should be very much obliged if you would explain yourself. Neither I nor any of the garrison have the slightest intention of cutting your throat or injuring you in any way. I have come from Mexico, and I want to see my *fiancée*. Why can I not see her?

"LOUIS COURRIER."

Lady Superior to Louis.

"SIR, — I am not aware that you wished to cut my throat; but Mademoiselle Canzon is in retreat, and cannot be seen at present."

Bishop of L—— to Louis Courrier.

"DEAR CAPTAIN, — I am very sorry for you, but what can I do? Your lady-love is in retreat, and, as far as I see, must stay there for another month. Let her remain; let her be. Are you sure of her? In my opinion, you have rivals. I know who those rivals are, but I do not choose to tell. Don't plague the girl with your addresses. I assure you that I want to see the girl as well married as if I was her father. I would not object to her marrying a Protestant Englishman or an utter atheist like yourself. Leave the girl alone, and she will come to you. She does not know her own mind yet. Let her alone, and you may get her yet. I could tell you more, but I dare not. Be kind to her, lad, and she will be kind to you through every thing."

Louis to the Bishop.

"MONSEIGNEUR, — I do not understand your letter entirely. Marie was *fiancée* to me, and, in the name of all furies, I will have the contract carried out."

The Bishop to Louis.

"MY DEAR BOY, — No one ever dreamed that you *would* understand my letter. I only say this to you — don't marry that woman until you have thoroughly won her heart. Come, Captain, let us have it out between us. What have you done to deserve her? I have got you there. She is infinitely your superior. You are a mere machine. She has genius; you have none. You are a sharp fellow; she is no fool. She may marry you, if you behave yourself. If she marries you, it will be the first piece of folly she has ever committed. In the meantime, I ask you to leave the Lady Superior of the Sept Douleurs alone."

Louis to the Bishop of L——.

"MONSEIGNEUR, — I thank you for your allusions to my Voltairism; but I deeply regret that I cannot take your advice, excellent as it was. My sweetheart is mewed up by the Lady Superior of Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs, and I cannot in any way get at her. I am only a young Frenchman, and not a young Englishman; if I am not allowed to see my sweetheart, I will raise a dust about your head and that of the Lady Superior which will sweep you utterly away. Such an affair would not be tolerated for one instant in England or Prussia. I demand to see this girl, who is *fiancée* to me. I demand to know her mind about myself."

The Bishop to Louis.

"DEAR SIR, — I will take good care that you see the girl. Do not get *emporté*. I will meet you in Bazeilles to-morrow at ten, and I will bring the girl with me."

It was in that horrible street, horrible forever now, where they met. It was not in any way horrible then, but it has become dreadful for all time now. What can one say? It was the only way for the Bavarians into Sedan, and they had to ruin it. The people were not ready for the ruin, and were mainly in their houses when the rain of shells came upon them. The writer has stood many things, but Bazeilles turned him away. St. Privat was bad enough, but Bazeilles will stink in one's nostrils forever. And yet I blame nobody for it — not one solitary human being. I have seen the French in ruined Lorraine tending their wounded brothers, the Germans; I have worked through hospitals in which no man knew whether the wounded man was a German or a Frenchman; and I say that there is no real quarrel at all. If such men as the late Emperor and Gambetta will keep quiet, all things will go well. But we are leaving two young lovers and a Bishop in the street of Bazeilles all this time.

That is actually a fact. Louis, by some of those wonderful arrangements of the French army, found it possible to be at Sedan, because Marie Canzon was staying with her aunt. The Bishop, for reasons only known to himself and probably the Pope, was there also; and Sedan being a most disagreeable place, you naturally strolled out to Bazeilles. So the Bishop, Louis, and Marie were all together in the street of Bazeilles.

Bazeilles was a little suburb of Sedan, and a very pretty street. There were trees there, and the work-people from

the manufactories made it like a Clamart or a Meudon, and used to go out to it and amuse themselves in front of the cafés. They used to bathe in the Meuse also, but no one bathes now lest he should swim against a corpse. I asked, the other day, at Namur in Belgium, "Had any corpses come down?" and the singularly practical answer was, "Not yet; we shall have no bodies down until the winter flood." It was at Bazeilles that Marie and Louis met at this time.

He saw her at the street's end; and when the Bishop had described him, he went into the church and assisted the curé, leaving her to tell the whole story by herself. I think he was wise.

Louis came clanking on towards her, in his blue tunic and scarlet trowsers, looking like a king of men. She was dressed in quiet gray, but looking as lovely as French women always do. She ran up to him, and took his hands in hers.

"There is difficulty in seeing you," he said.

"Will you kiss me, Louis?"

"Do you care for me, Marie?"

"I think I care for you more than any man on the face of the earth. There are two others, Louis — there are two others whom I love."

"There may be half a hundred, for all I know. All I want to know is, whether you love me above all men in the whole world?"

Marie said, —

"I love you as well as any, but I love the Englishman and Alphonse as well as I do you. Dearest well-loved, do not let us marry: it would be a *bêtise*."

"I will murder Alphonse and the Englishman!" said Louis.

"Dearest, why?" she answered. "They have done no harm."

"They have done harm to me, curse them! I wanted you, and you will not come to me."

"Think of your own folly, my Louis. You would never be contented with one-third of a heart. Pray think one instant. I love you, but I love others as well. What would you have? I know that you do not want my money; if you care for it, I will give it you at once. You have only to say one solitary word, and all the money which I have is yours forever. Leave me poor, for your own dear sake; but understand once for all, that at present I cannot be the wife of you or any other man. Will you take my money, and let me go free?"

Louis could not do that. I think that at bottom he was a snob, but at all events he was not snob enough for that. He said: —

"Am I such a hound that you cannot take me?"

"Dear Louis, you are the best of men, I am sure, the very best of men; but, dear, dear Louis, I am afraid I cannot marry you."

Louis urged his case.

"Am I ill-looking?"

She answered by saying, "Give me a kiss."

And he bent his handsome head down, and gave her one.

"You are the handsomest man in France," she said.

And he did not disagree with her.

"Am I cruel?" he said.

"I never knew you so," she answered; "you have always been kind."

"Have I worried you with my attentions?"

"Never, dearest Louis, for an instant."

"Then why cannot it be?"

"Because it cannot, Louis; it can never be in all time. I cannot, cannot do it."

"Are you going to marry the Englishman?"

"Now, Louis," she said, "we are coming to terms. I swear to you, in this street of Bazeilles, that if I ever marry any one, it shall be you. Will that content you?"

Louis said, "That ought to content any man," for Louis, though a prig, was a gentleman.

"I love Alphonse, I love the Englishman, and I love you far more dearly than you think; but why cannot I love you without marrying you? I have three friends now; why should I make two out of the three enemies? Do you see?"

Louis never could be brought to see it. Alphonse and your humble servant accepted their fate. Marie did not want to marry — an old fool at our club said that she would have been a great fool if she had; but he was only an old fool, such as one meets.

At this period of the conversation the Bishop, having finished service, deployed out of the church, and came upon Louis and Marie.

"I know," he began, "all that you have been saying. Has she told you that she has taken vows for one year?"

Louis stood aghast. His hopes were over.

"Ah, but she has, though," said the Bishop; "and I think that she is perfectly right, if it is only on the ground of defending her property. Like a true woman, she has concealed the whole truth; but she has done it. She did not tell you?"

"No, monseigneur," said Louis.

"You must have penance for that, my lady," said the Bishop. "But you see your fate, M. Louis Courrier. For me, I would sooner have had her marry the Protestant Englishman; for the English have a notion of Christianity, though their sacraments are of no avail to salvation. It is all over; she has taken vows for one year."

The dark, horrible cloud came down. In an evil hour France marched on Germany, and the Teutonic wave rose like a sea. Every one who knew any thing about affairs knew that it was a horrible and ghastly affair; but our daily press insisted on fiddling while Rome was burning. I was among the French *émigrés* at Luxemburg, and was talking to them about the state of affairs. It was most obvious that I could not get into Metz (the last man who ever left Metz was the correspondent of the *Scotsman*; the only man who stayed through that hideous business was R——, of the *Guardian*). It was obvious on the 10th of August that I could not get into Metz, and so I determined to get into Longwy. With this idea, I stayed a little time at Luxemburg, making dangerous expeditions across the frontier.

I came, hurried with dust and heat, back to Luxemburg. The first thing I asked for was my own paper, which was handed to me. I was very late for the dinner, but I asked for soup, and ate it. Then I looked up for the French Baron, an *émigré* from Metz, a man whom I had met often before. I bowed to him, his wife, and his two beautiful young daughters, and they returned my bows.

"What news, M. le Rédacteur?" he said.

I said in reply, "M. le Baron, the worst of news. I cannot conceal the truth from you. The French are beaten back on all quarters. M. le Baron, the French are not fighting."

A Frenchman said the 32d Chasseurs had been cut to pieces; a lady in the room rose and left the table. She went down through every kind of danger to Metz. The 32d Chasseurs was her own son's regiment; at Metz she heard that the regiment had never been engaged, but was at Strasburg.

But to resume: when I told the Baron of the results of Forbach and Spiecheren he sat silent, and his beautiful daughters began to cry. And looking past them I saw a woman I never thought to see again; it was Marie Canzon, dressed all in gray.

I said to her at once, "Come here;" and she came. I said, "Where are you going?"

She said, "Into Metz."

I replied, "I am a hired man, and cannot go. Hired men can do nothing. Hired men have no souls. When once a man is hired and paid, he is dead for most good things: a man had better be dead and trusting to God's mercy than be hired to lie."

"You need not lie," she said. "You never did lie in old times."

"I never lie now," I answered; "but I am irritated, dearest Marie, by my proprietors writing and asking me to

put a gloss on to matters which are perfectly obvious, to suit their politics."

She laughed so pleasantly. "I can give you a piece of good advice," she said.

"And what is that?"

"Do nothing of the kind, but speak the plain truth. You are poor and must live; but you are not poorer than I am."

"You are so rich."

"I am vowed to poverty; my money goes to the poor. Now we must have a most important talk together; you must get me into Metz."

"Marie, it is utterly impossible. Woods has come out, the last man left; R —— has been too late; —— dare not try it for his life. I cannot do it; it is utterly impossible."

"I know that it is utterly impossible," she said; "but it must be done, and you must do it."

"But my duty to my proprietors?" I said.

"I am not talking about your proprietors; I am talking of mine."

"Who are they, Marie?"

"The Jesuits. I am ordered into Metz, and I must go. Am I to go alone, or will you help me? If you can get me to St. Privat and Malmaison, I am safe. You must do it, you know, dear. We have got word that Sister Agatha is dead, and I am to take her place. I do not know the route from here to Malmaison; but I *must* go as far as that, and then I will trouble you no farther."

I took it into my head that I would do this thing, and I did it. I went a rather remarkable way to work about it, however. I told her to stay where she was for two hours, and not go to bed until I came home; I then lighted my cigar, and sauntered down the street to the Café de l'Union to look at the telegrams, with my hands in my breeches-pockets.

I knew that I should meet the staff of the Luxemburg army there — but I commit no one in any way whatever, the Luxemburg people *are* terribly French. But I was not very long at that café; I was very soon down in the lower town (the only thing worth seeing at Luxemburg, if it mattered), and went into the Cabaret Moses, which was kept by an aged Jew; and if there was a Christian in the place except myself, I am none. I wish that I had had a Jew with me, but I had not, and being extremely unlike a Jew myself, I had to brazen it out as an English commercial traveller. I seemed to play the *rôle* pretty well, for the Jews took me entirely at my own valuation. I spoke neither French nor German, but simple plain English. I knew that by that means I should catch a Jew who could speak English, and I caught three in no time. The English are by no means the stupidest of nations. I had not been speaking ten minutes when a young Jew came rushing into the room eager to see the English commercial traveller, and eager for trade. I at once saw that he was the man I wanted, because he was obviously the poorest of the Jews, but I did not tell him so. I saw that he was poor, and a tanner by trade from the color of his fingers: he was my man.

I say that my course of action was most distinctly immoral, but I thought that it was for the best. She was very dear to me even then, and I would have died to serve her.

To this young Jew I pointed out that it was notorious that they were certain to have their horses die in Metz, and that it would be (God forgive me; I cannot forgive myself) a most excellent thing to have an agent in Metz to buy up the dead horses — at that time I did not know that they would have to eat them. I will tell the truth, and the truth is that I lied for Marie's sake, though she never knew it. I told this young Jew tanner that I was a commercial traveller, and that if he could get my wife underground into Metz I would pay him, and, if it suited us both, do business with him as regarded the horses' skins. I expect that one of the heaviest outcomes of this war, as of all others, will be a habit of hard lying not known in times of peace.

The young Jew believed me, for which I was extremely sorry; he winked his eye and went away. I sat there smoking and thinking for above an hour, and the results of my thoughts were, that I was a great rascal, and that the cigars were extremely bad; but my Jew came to me at last with a man whom I had seen before. I dare not give his name, or the place of his abode. I was most utterly astounded.

"M., you know what I want."

"Tout est possible, monsieur."

"Mais, mon cher, c'est si dangereux."

"Le danger est pour vous, mon ami."

I never was more astonished in all my life. He was perfectly ready to help us in any way, and if the *revanche* came, it must ultimately fall on him. It is no use blinding our eyes to the fact that the Luxemburg people love the French in the deepest manner. They may be foolish or they may not, but we consider the definition of a fool is "a man who won't face facts." I wish that Ireland loved us as well as Luxemburg loves France. Ireland seems not to love us at any time, but the love of Luxemburg for France is a matter which I have by no means made out.

My gray-haired acquaintance said that matters would be extremely difficult, but that he would do every thing he could.

I asked what could he do?

He answered, "Rien du tout," and went away.

And as I was asking the Jew if he could do any thing, he suddenly flew into a most violent temper, and said that all we Christians were congenital fools. I let his temper go by (and a Jew, though violent, is not ill-tempered for a long time), and then I asked him, "was there a chance?"

"A chance with a Jew in it!" he said; "you have only got to hold your tongue."

"At what time shall I come to you?" I asked.

The Jew said, "About eleven."

I went to Marie, and told her to hold herself in readiness about twelve; then I ordered the horses, stipulating that they were not to go farther than Bettemburg, and then I sent off my despatch. My despatch was all lamentation and mourning and woe; for our paper went a little on the French side at that time. But a journalist must live — every one must live; and it seems to me that this war has plagued the journalists worse than any others. For me, I am a sad fellow, I doubt, for I should have minded my own business before getting Marie into Metz.

Some things a journalist remembers forever. I remember the getting of Marie into Metz. When I remember that great journey, I am proud of my own courage, but I am still prouder of hers. When I came to her at twelve, every one had gone to bed except one sleepy waiter. I was attended by the Jew whom I had deceived, and the tall, gray-headed Luxemburg gentleman, also a Jew. Marie was nearly asleep; but I roused her, and I told her that it was time to go. She had every thing ready, and between sleeping and waking asked which route we were to take.

"What matters it, Marie?" I said. "We have consulted, M. L. has consulted, and M. Solomans has consulted. We are in the hands of M. Solomans. Come, therefore, away."

"Go, dear lady," said M. L.

"But what route?" she still urged.

"Esch, Audun la Tige, and Briey," I answered; "it is the only chance. We must get on through Ste. Marie aux Chênes and St. Privat."

"God's will be done," she said; and we went away together.

I don't know what women were made of myself; I only know that, as we were rattling over the great Luxemburg bridges, Marie kissed my hand, and said, "Are we going to see Malmaison?" And I don't know what men are made of; for I did not kiss her hand in return, and made the perfectly idiotic remark that we should find out some day. As that remark meant nothing, it can have done no harm.

How strange it seemed, rattling all alone with her over the great bridges which span the magnificent glen of the Alsette in the moonlight! Our carriage was a small open one, a very pleasant little carriage indeed. M. L. and the

Jew were on the box beside the driver, arguing as Jews will, and I found that they were driving to the railway-station which is outside the glacis. I stood up, and whispered to M. L., —

"That is no use, the line was cut to-day."

M. L. said, "Taisez-vous, mon cher, taisez-vous."

We were at the railway-station in a minute, and at a beck from M. L. I jumped out. The Luxemburg line was in French hands, as the Luxemburgers know to their cost; and I was hurried into a room between the two Jews, and found myself face to face with a small Parisian, who happened to be a friend of mine. The matter was put before him, and he was at once a conspirator.

"Mademoiselle is a Sister of Charity," he said, "and she will get into Metz. Our line was cut below Bettemburg to-day, but where we do not know;" and then he pegged away at his telegraph, and began eating chocolate.

He took things remarkably coolly, and said that the French were getting badly beaten, while we waited. Before there was time for much discussion, the wire began clicking again; and in ten minutes from our entering the office, he had got his answer, and said, —

"I have asked if there are carriages at Bettemburg, and if there are carriages at Esch. The answer is yes. We are sending down two engines to Bettemburg at once to examine the line towards Thionville, but an engine will also start to Esch immediately after, and, time is short. Will mademoiselle — I should say la sœur — dare to go on it? It will save much time."

I ran out to ask her, and she consented at once. There was no trouble with the railway people: we merely paid first-class fare, and I hoisted her up among the coke on the engine, and took my place beside her. A great man saw us, and came up and spoke to me, asking my intentions. I pointed to her sitting on the coke, and told him quietly what we were trying to do — that we were trying to get into Metz. He said not one word; but he went to the buffet (then shut), kicked at the door till it was opened by a sleepy young man (also of my acquaintance), and returned with a basket containing a fowl, some bread, and a bottle of wine for the refreshment of mademoiselle.

"You," he said to me, "will be shot for a spy, but stay by her as long as you can;" and so he jumped off the engine just as my young friend the Jew tanner jumped on.

"I have made it right," he said in English. "I have telegraphed to all our people. I have to pay altogether sixty-six francs; but you will pay me in return when the business between us is settled. The gallantry of your wife is so great, that I would do ten times that for you.

I was so taken aback, that I felt like a dog. At the risk of ruining every thing I told him the whole truth, standing on the step of the engine; she was not my wife, and I had deceived him.

"I wish you had trusted me before," said this good young man. "I thought it was odd that your wife should have taken vows; but I never know what you Christians will do next. At all events, it is not too late; I and M.L. and the rest of our people will see you through, depend on that."

"Let me pay you for the telegrams," I cried.

"Not one stiver," he cried. "The God of Moses bless you both!"

And that was the end of my singularly sharp bargain with the Jew tanner. I felt fearfully degraded, and I told Marie so; in fact, I told her the whole truth; and I rather fancy that that Jew tanner in Luxemburg will find himself in possession of more capital for his business than he anticipated.

The drivers were French, one a native of Dol in Brittany, and the other from Dieppe in Normandy. Until we were fairly under way they never noticed either Marie or myself, and I thought they were going to be uncivil. But it was merely diplomacy; the instant we were off they were "down on us" by turns. The stoker was the first, and he instructed me how to take my own great coat, lay Marie on it, and cover her with my railway rug; "for," he said, "those who go to do God's good works must be cared for by all who love God."

I thought that this benighted stupid Breton papist was not very far from the kingdom of God — in fact, I thought that he was very near it indeed.

Marie lay on the coke, quite quiet, without asking one question. She said once, —

"I am not in the least afraid with you; but it is so very strange."

I said, "It is as strange as a nightmare."

Then the Normandy driver came up and said, "She should cover her face over, for I must open the furnace. We are in danger, monsieur, for those two locked engines are close before us; but we are safe, for she is going to God's work. I hear that our people are beaten everywhere?"

"I fear so."

"A very good thing for them. But we must be very careful. These Prussians care neither for dog nor devil, and they may have cut the line on neutral territory. Have you seen these Prussians, M. the Englishman?"

"I have lived among them."

"What do you think of them?"

"That they are the best and kindest people alive," I said.

"That is very possible," he said. "The only one I ever knew worked with me at Mulhouse, and all the difference I could see between him and myself was, that he knew ten times more on general matters than I did myself. Monsieur, as a neutral, do you think these wars right?"

I said, "I think them of the devil. The English are never at peace, and so an Englishman may at least speak."

"How beautiful she looks!" he said, turning round from his crank and his fire, and declining farther argument. "Attend to me, monsieur. She wants to get into Metz. Well, then, they say that the line is cut somewhere between Bettemburg and Thionville. If you choose, I will follow the two engines before us, and try to get her to Thionville."

"My lad," I said, "I would go to the mischief after you, but we want to get in by the line of Esch; follow your orders, and shunt at Bettemburg."

"She should try Thionville," he said.

"Ah, but she'd fail," I said. "She has courage enough, but she does not know every thing."

So when we came to Bettemburg we were properly shunted on the line to Esch, at which place I took leave of my two friends of the locomotive, as far as I can see, for ever.

I got Marie a bed in Esch, to my immense surprise, and I also slept myself with the landlord's son over the hen-roost. That young man had a dexterity in catching fleas which I never saw exhibited before, though I have had some experiences in Germany. It is my opinion that that young man never sleeps at all, which seems on the face of it an impossibility. I can only say, that the night I was there he spent in cracking fleas — which he did. I allowed myself to be "grazed on," and slept until the cock woke, which seemed to me to be about five minutes after I had got to sleep. I dressed myself in a *négligé* manner, and tried to get hold of that cock and pay for him after; but I could get neither the front door nor the back door open. In the meantime the landlord, who had been dining with some friends, and who likewise had bought a revolver, raised a cry of "*Voleurs!*" on me, and my life was saved by the nimbleness and dexterity of a little Jew; and I was allowed to go to bed again, wondering why all the Jews in Jewry should turn up just when they were wanted.

When I came down to breakfast next morning, I was received with remarkable *empressement* by every one. Every one seemed to know our business, and every one seemed most frantically fond of me. When Marie came down, the whole of the little company rose like one man. There was a place left next me for her — next to the landlord: but

noticed that the little Jew stuck to his place on my left. I soon knew why.

"Monsieur," he said, "it is all equal. I know all about you. You are not of the Red Cross of Geneva?"

I said frankly, —

"How could I be? I am a journalist."

"But you want to get through with the good sister?"

"I must."

"I know. I know all. My uncle has telegraphed to me. Will you please take my directions? The Red Cross with Furley and Norton are going to and fro, but you cannot."

"Why?"

"Because you have Bernstorff's pass on you at this moment to the Brandenburgers, and you would be torn to pieces if your papers were examined."

"How the devil did you know that?" I asked furiously.

"Jews know many things," said the boy. "Now I want you to listen to me. There has been a row this morning at Audun la Tige and six Germans have been killed. Archduke Charles has ordered the place to be burnt; but you must get through it. You must *walk*, and you will find your carriage on the hill beyond the town."

"But our luggage?"

"Your luggage has gone on. I was with Mademoiselle Marie before you were, and she packed her bag and sent it on. That is what made her so late for breakfast. Do you know that my brother has been up and packed your things for you, and that they are over the frontier now?"

"Now I am ruined," I said; "this has ruined every thing. My private papers — good heavens!"

"What, you mean your locked writing-case?" and the young rascal produced it from under the table.

I did not know whether to kick him or kiss him. I said, —

"You are pretty free and easy, my lad."

"Jews are," he said. "Now look here," he went on; "you look out for our people and don't quarrel with the Jesuits. We rule the roast; you others are nothing."

I was so utterly astounded at the boy that I said, —

"What do you think of the Red Republicans?"

The scorn of that boy's face is not to be described by powers so poor as mine.

I said, "They'll win."

And the Jew boy said, "Win!" and sniffed.

However, this is only the opinion of a Jew boy on the confines of Luxemburg. In what follows, the author is most extremely careful to keep perfectly close to the truth in details, and so he will omit Marie altogether, and merely saying "we" instead of "I," will just simply tell the plain truth, without one single exaggeration.

We walked very fast to the frontier on the little Aslette, and there saw our first dead horse — a disagreeable experience, for he had bled so terribly on the grass of the pretty meadow. And there was other blood than that of horses, and one of us got a little frightened. Not I. I said, "You will have to go through worse than this;" and the other person said, "I do not doubt it." But as we were in the midst of one of the most famous flights, *at that time*, known in history, we said no more.

The French peasantry had taken Archduke Charles at his word, and were flying into Luxemburg. I saw it with my own eyes, and so I can describe it; or if you bind me down, I *cannot* describe it. It was all so utterly new, and to me so extremely painful. I will not say that it was horrible, even at the worst moment. It was immeasurably sad.

We found ourselves pressing on amidst a sea of blue-clothed peasants, talking loudly, and carrying burdens, walking as swiftly as they could, the men carrying the bundles and the women carrying the children and leading the cows. I said to Marie, "If this goes on, I shall put my head in a corner and make a fool of myself."

My companion expressed exactly the same sentiment, though in more refined language. The flight from Audun la Tige is a thing which no man born of a true woman will ever forget to the day of his death. We adhere strictly to facts, and adhere so strictly, that some of our facts about Audun la Tige may have been read before.

In the crowd and confusion of the fugitives one thing struck me most strongly: a woman — and a beautiful woman too — was standing before a little *auberge*, and saying continually, "*Dix-huit ans, dix-huit ans!*" I do not know in the least what she meant; but she had a baby in her arms, and the baby was dead.

We went on walking swiftly, until there were very few fugitives. The last we met were three young men running, and after them a young man who was very drunk. Then we entered the French village, which we believed to be doomed.*

It was a very pretty village, with sheets of rolling woodland all around it. A prosperous little village; but the first thing we saw as noticeable was a white flag with a red cross on it, and a dark-blue figure in the centre of the street, who instantaneously seemed to aim at us with his musket. I at once threw myself between Marie and Zündnadelgewehr, and running towards the German, asked what he meant by coming to the "present" before a lady. He was a fine lad, a finer I have never seen, and he laughed at me. "It was the new drill," he said. "Why, the very Belgians did the same." It was pretty true; but I most certainly wish, that in challenging entirely inoffensive persons like myself, foreign nations would not come to the "present." I blew this lad up about it, and he, like a sensible lad, agreed with me, and also asked me if I had the *Illustrated London News*. I happened to have that paper, and gave it to him.

"The staff-officer," he said, "is of the Brandenburg Hussars. He is at the upper end of the town. I know who you are. You are the Englishman who is pushing his wife into Metz; a Jew told me."

At the upper end of the town we met the Brandenburgers — the Brandenburg Hussars, the regiment of Ziethen. They had called back the carriage which had been sent on by the Jews, and they kept us there. The colonel came to me personally, and said that madame must wait, for that he knew absolutely nothing. She must go into Metz, of course, if she chose; but he could say nothing at all.

A very old German Jew, a sutler, came out and took the commandant aside. If I were to die to-morrow, I could not tell you what that Jew said to him; but he came back to me and said, —

"Has the young lady courage?"

I said, "She has the courage of a French woman."

"The business will be very difficult in crossing the lines. It would be much better for her to go in one of the Johanniter wagons, if she does not mind riding in the straw. The Jew says that it would be much better."

I thanked him heartily, and put the question to Marie; and she said she would like it better; and so I dismissed the carriage, and hoisted her into the tail of the Johanniter wagon, and we began our quaint journey into Lorraine.

We soon left the trail of Brandenburg and Saxony, who had, you will understand, kept very closely to the Luxemburg frontier in their eagerness to dash at the French left; for in real truth they troubled Vinoy but little, and fought against M'Mahon. We were, by advice of the Jew, on a Johanniter wagon; but the English Society under Furley was in the same train, and so Marie and I in the straw went travelling up the hills, on one of the strangest journeys ever known.

So very strange it was to be sitting beside her in that straw, and talking over old friends and playmates, and passing through quiet empty villages, in which every house was shut up. There was above Audun la Tige a solitary old woman in a field with a cow. She had a rope round the cow's neck, and was arguing with it; but the cow disagreed with her, and she banged that cow on the neck, and made it come the way she wanted. I remember that that was one event. After the desolate old woman and her solitary cow, we mounted to the plateau of Lorraine, and began to get to the German outposts, toiling along very slowly.

* It is scarcely fair to write all this down in a little story which is professedly fictional, because it happens to be every word of it true. The flight of the French peasantry from Audun la Tige was in its way more remarkable than the slaughter at Sedan. At least so the writer thinks, who saw both things.

A German general came pricking up with gold spectacles, and I jumped down and arrested him. I told him I was helping a young French lady to get into Metz, and he at once rode up to the tail of our wagon, and getting off his horse, spoke to her bareheaded.

"You will find it both difficult and dangerous, madame," he said; "but if any thing can do it, this will. I will write you a paper, which will do you all the good I can. I understand, of course, from looking at your face, that you will not read this paper, but will merely present it to Dr. F. I also understand that you will give no military information."

"Sir," she said, "I am utterly incapable of such a thing. I am as incapable of it as I am of neglecting to thank you for your wonderful kindness. Do not destroy our country utterly, sir."

"Madame, that must depend on your rulers. Mein Herr" (to me), "stop your wagon, for I must write."

I shall never forget his sweet, calm face, as he stood and wrote a note in a book which he took from his pocket, standing at the tail of our wagon. It was very quickly written, and I never saw it; he folded it, and handed it to Marie. It was hurriedly directed in pencil to Dr. Fuchs, the hero of the hospitals, the man whose name should live for all time.

When the wagon-wheels had ceased rattling, I became aware of a sound in the air other than thunder. I took the liberty of asking the general if there was any heavy bombardment going on. He said, "Our people are saluting Thionville; nothing more than that." And so we toiled on again; and after a few miles, now in the rear of the other wagons, we were out of the German bund, and into the French band, which extended there from Audun la Romain to Briey. The last we saw of the Germans was this. Our friend the general was feeling the French with the extreme left of the Brandenburgers as far as he dare go. He rode very slowly, and hung about our wagon with one of his staff-officers. On a sudden, close to Audun la Romain, three flying horsemen, accompanied by a prisoner, came round on the tail of our wagon, one of whom made reports to him, and one of whom was sitting on his horse, deadly pale, and spitting blood over his blond moustache. These were his Uhlans, sent to "feel" the enemy, and one of whom had felt a chassepot through his chest. The young man with the blood running over his moustache had his hand clutched tight on the bridle of a young French officer, and that young French officer was Louis, though Marie did not see it!

That was all that we saw of him for the present, for, dealing a blow to the wounded German, he got his bridle loose, and sped away across the fields. The German general cried out to the Uhlans, who were away after him, and they came back. The wounded Uhlan looked round sleepily, kicked his feet out of his stirrups, and fell heavily over on the ground, with that ugly noise which nothing but a falling man can make.

"He is in your line, I think," said the general. "Will you take him?"

I had got him into the wagon already, but I heard the general say to the other Uhlans, —

"If Bazaine is out again, we shall have a battle to-morrow. Von Hezzerstein, Alvensleben is at Amandvilliers; get to him across country, and see for the orders."

By this time I had got my wounded Uhlan up into the straw. Von Hezzerstein, the Uhlan, — a nobleman, if it mattered, — jumped off his horse, and kissed him. They seem to have been fast friends, for he kissed him before he sped away, and our wagon went on.

I said to Marie, "Now you have one of your enemies in your hands."

And she said, "Thank God."

But we could do absolutely nothing. The German had been shot through the chest, and the wagon with the doctor was on before. We did not know what to do in any way. It became evident to us that he was dying in our arms, and Marie asked him of what religion he was. He said feebly that he was Bavarian and Catholic.

"Then we are both puzzled," said Marie. "We can neither of us do any thing for him."

"Why can't you leave him to God?" I said a little angrily.

And indeed we did; and when morning broke over the beautiful Lorraine, and we got into Briey, the horrible thunder of the battle of the 16th was roaring in our ears and the young German was dead between us in the straw. We had to take him out ourselves, with the help of the driver, who gave us very little assistance, for he was scared. The Johanniters buried him, according to their vows.

Marie was bound by her vows, and I was determined to follow her as far as I could; so I went about at Briey, and asked everybody. Everybody said that getting into Metz was folly; but Marie was most resolute, and I determined to go with her as far as my duty to my proprietors would allow me. I was very late in making my inquiries, and Marie had gone to bed; so I told the immortal Mademoiselle Sophie that I must speak to Marie in her bed.

"Mais elle n'est pas madame."

"Diable!" (I am afraid I went so far as that,) I want to get her into Metz, and must speak to her. Come with me and rouse her. If she is fool enough to mind you and me in her bedroom, she is not fit for the work which is before her."

Sophie nodded her head nearly off, and when it was nearly off her handsome shoulders, said: —

"Mais vous avez raison."

Sophie went in, and turned her head over.

"C'est Monsieur le Rédacteur," she said.

And Marie turned her face on her pillow towards me half-asleep and half-awake, and said, —

"What is it, my friend?"

Ah, heavens! if she could have said that a few years before! Not that I complain in any way; things would have been different, but they would not have been so well. I told my mother this story (as I tell her every thing) when I came back from the war, and she said to me, "Sweetheart, would you have had it otherwise?" and I said, "Not for a million worlds."

I sat on a chair in the room, and I said, —

"Marie, there is but one chance for us. Can you walk to Metz? I have been in every direction asking, and that is our only chance."

"I can walk far and fast," she said.

"I have been collecting information," I said, "and I have found a Jew who can take you in. It is horribly dangerous, and let me persuade you not to go."

"I am bound to go," she said.

I said, "I cannot go farther than St. Privat or Amandvilliers."

"My dear friend," she said, laughing, "I would not be bothered with you farther. But we must pass Malmaison?"

"I fear so. Let me see the place before I die, and then let me die."

We left her to sleep. Mademoiselle Sophie came out of her room with me.

"Your English women are both resolute and *spirituelle*," she said; and I agreed with her.

Let me give a tribute to a very grand woman. Mademoiselle Sophie of Briey is not the sort of woman at present producible in England. She has worked like a galley-slave with her brother to make her house a good one, and the war has ruined her and her brother. They have actually nothing at all; but in her complaints about the German requisitions there was not one word of anger. She was quite prepared to begin life over again. Lazy English ladies might take a lesson from Mademoiselle Sophie.

I can see her now coming into my bedroom at four o'clock in the morning with the *petites choses* for Mademoiselle Marie. When we started at half-past four, the awful horror of the day of the 17th had not begun. Sophie shrieked after us "*Bon voyage!*" and we were away together down the steep street over the pretty bridge, and then up through Aboue, one of the sweetest places on the earth. I remember that we waited on the bridge to see a man

throwing a casting-net, and while we were there we heard the cannon begin in the summer morning.

I asked her to turn even then, but she refused, and we went up aloft on to the plateau, where we two solitary poor fools saw the affair of the 17th, one of the most terrible battles of all. I was afraid of her a little at first, because she clutched my arm once when she saw Ste. Marie aux Chênes burn, but she only said, —

"The thing has to be done, and must be done. I must get into Metz this way."

The affair of St. Privat was singularly horrible among all the great battles. The Germans felt for Bazaine's left, and, debouching from the woods, found him in force at Ste. Marie, at St. Privat, and at Amandvilliers. We believe that that is the real truth about the August battles. I see that Bazaine now says that Amandvilliers was the central point of the great battle of Gravelotte. We shall never know.

Marie and I saw the battle of St. Privat very well from a distance. She stood the fire and smoke very well, and she sat most patiently with me under a tree. The French were not driven back fairly before three in the afternoon, and then I thought it safe to go on. There was not the least difficulty. There was no one who was not too tired to interfere with one; but just before we came to Ste. Marie aux Chênes, I saw from the heaped scarlet and blue masses on the road, that we were coming among the dead, and I was anxious.

I said, "You know what those are, lying in the road and in the fields?"

She said, "I am not in the least afraid."

But, as in all cases, the first dead man upset her — a very pretty lad, in scarlet trowsers and a blue tunic, who lay across the road right in our path, with his face to the sky, one leg straight out and one bent up nearly double. She began to cry; but when I bent down and searched the dead man for papers to send to his friends, she was quite comfortable again. She never flinched during the whole of that horrible day after the first dead man, though I flinched more than once among the wounded.

As an illustration of her nerve, I can tell this: The Germans were hurrying away the wounded French to Ste. Marie, St. Privat, and the Château at Jerusalem. She left me to look at the piles of dead by herself, and after a little while came hurrying to me, saying, "Here is a man who is not dead;" and I hurried away breathless. It was a chasseur, and I tore his tunic open, and put my hand on his heart. She was right. She had seen it from his face. I ran to the German officer, and we saved the man.

I was not in the least degree afraid of her now. I *could* not go with her myself; I must leave. I got her safe through the dead to Malmaison, which is between St. Privat and Amandvilliers; at that place I thought her life had come to an end, for although the last ruin of the place was reserved for a time, yet it was as good as ruined now. Every thing was so much destroyed by the troops, that the bombardment affected it very little. It was only made a heap of broken stone-work, after every room in the house had been violated before.

From Malmaison I got her to the ridge above Metz, and there there was an objurgation between a German officer, a Jew, and a Jesuit. But the Jew and the Jesuit had the best of it; for, after I had shown Dr. F. a pass, she was let to go on; and I saw her go down all alone along the road with the Jew beside her, while the German officer marched me in an entirely contrary direction. I took the liberty to remark that I was a British citizen; but it was no good. *That* game is over for the present. As far as my experience goes, you had better call yourself a Greek than an Englishman nowadays. I, in my own person, have been taken to task by Luxemburgers. National humiliation can't go much farther. However, Marie was safe into Metz, and I had to go to work for my newspaper again.

I ran off as hard as I could go after the Brandenburgers, and got in with them, whereby I got into trouble with my proprietors, because Von Heldensheim insisted that all my letters sent by the field-post should be open; and I now discover that he has put lewd (in the good sense, *ludibrice*) remarks into them, and has done me no good, either with my employers or the general public. Von Heldensheim shall answer for this. He dared not have taken such a liberty with some others. It is altogether too bad of him. A Frenchman would never have made such a *mauvaise plaisanterie*. But I have my eye on Von Heldensheim; and when he least expects it, I will be down on him.

Then came the unutterable ruin of Sedan. But, as Thackeray did in *Pendennis*, I began my story at the latter end. Will you have the conclusion of it? I will give it you.

Marie was in Metz all through the siege. I have nearly told my story, and why should one continue a story when every educated person could end it for himself?

Marie had been a whole fortnight, or nearly so, in Metz, when my duties called me once more to Briey; and I at once went to the inn kept by Mademoiselle Sophie, the niece of old Sophie, the nurse of the Courriers, who has been mentioned before.

She was very mysterious and cool; and I asked her if I had given any offence, whereupon she kissed me, and began to cry. I could not exactly understand why at first, but it seemed that there was plenty to cry about. Louis was desperately wounded, and lying at Amandvilliers.

"So close to his old home," I said.

"There is no home now," she replied; "Malmaison was burned down on the 18th."

"Any thing farther?" I said.

"Yes," she said: "he wants a letter got into Metz to Marie. Can you do it?"

"I cannot undertake it," I said. "I got her in, but I cannot undertake to get a letter in now. Have you heard of Alphonse?"

"Yes, he was here yesterday; he has gone in person to the Archduke, to get his brother brought here. If you could go to St. Privat, I believe that you could get a letter taken. Louis will die if he does not see her — indeed I believe he will die anyhow.

"Has Alphonse gone to the Archduke?" I asked amazed.

"Yes; I told him to go and speak for himself."

"Why? he might have written."

"He refused to write to the Archduke save as *citoyen*," said Sophie. "Hark! O God, they have begun again!"

The windows began shaking and clattering, and the German garrison poured swiftly out from their billets, and formed up in the square. I left Sophie with the letter to Marie on me; and running into the stable, saddled my horse, and rode southward at a hard gallop. When I was on the plateau above Aboue, I saw at once that Bazaine was out, and that one way or another it was all over. Men now call that horrible, hopeless confusion the battle of Gravelotte.

It only took seven hours; but I was twenty-six hours before I could get on to the ruins of Malmaison, and helped old Sophie to bury Alphonse. He had been on his way towards the Archduke, but had come to his old home, and had stood there a little too long. He could not have been very long there; but the business of Gravelotte was very sudden, and the French raced up so quickly, that they were in the orchard before the Germans were ready; and it is quite doubtful whether Alphonse was killed by French or German bullets. The rest you know. The letter from Louis got into Metz, *but no answer ever came out.*

The sortie of women had taken place, and the surrender was over, before I ever saw Louis. He was lying still at Amandvilliers, greatly better, but still weak. When I turned his head over, he asked me had Marie been heard of.

I said that I had been into Metz.

"Did you see Marie?"

"No."

"Is she dead?" he asked, sitting up in his bed.

I bowed my head.

"I wish I was," he said. "I wanted to begin all over again with her. I know I could have won her. I am so utterly changed, now that it is too late. I am so much

better than I was. All my Chauvinism is gone, and I am so very humble. It does seem very hard of God. How did she go to him?"

"She was killed in the streets by a shell, helping the wounded."

"Where is Alphonse?"

"With God. Killed in the orchard at Malmaison."

He lay down for a moment, and then turned his face to me and said, —

"There shall be vengeance for all this."

God grant that his words may not come true!

FOREIGN NOTES.

MLLE. EMMA ALBANI, the Canadian nightingale, who has just been singing with great success at Florence, will make her *debut* in London at Covent Garden in April next.

KING AMADEO has placed at the disposition of the Empress Eugénie a commission of lieutenant of infantry in the Spanish army for the Prince Imperial.

THE Emperor of Brazil has been the largest buyer of photographs ever known in Paris. His purchases have been packed up in three large boxes.

THE number of women studying at the University of Zürich has so greatly increased of late that they now form a tenth of the matriculated students.

IN a Hindu prayer for his recovery, the Prince of Wales was spoken of as "the joy of the Queen and the ocean of merit."

THE *Dublin University Magazine* for January, 1872, contains a story entitled "What the Papers Revealed." What the papers revealed is not so curious as the fact that this same story was printed, *verbatim et literatim*, in the *St. James's Magazine* for August, 1867.

THE prospect of securing an International Copyright Law, at once equitable and satisfactory, seems brighter now than ever before. Hardly any intelligent person has ventured a doubt of the justice of a law which should assure to authors a fair compensation for their works from their readers of whatever nation. But heretofore there have been exorbitant demands by one party, or an unwillingness by another to concede valid claims, or an indifference to the whole matter by others, so that little progress has been made toward the adjustment of a question which has caused more complaint and ill-feeling than almost any other disputed topic that has arisen between citizens of different countries. This has been notably the case as between the United States and Great Britain. The following memorial is so manifestly fair in spirit, that we take pleasure in copying it. This memorial is addressed to the English Government, and is signed by a large number of leading British authors: —

"*Memorial of British Authors on the subject of Copyright in the United States.*

"Harmonious relations being happily established between the United States and the United Kingdom, we, the undersigned, hope for a reconsideration of the policy in virtue of which British authors, as authors, enjoy no rights which American citizens are bound to respect.

"Letters from influential Americans, — one of them a leading New-York publisher, — which have recently appeared here, joined with the approval of them expressed in the journals of the United States, show the desire of the Americans for the conclusion of a Copyright Convention between their country and ours. They maintain that such a convention should provide for the vesting of the British author's American copyright absolutely and inalienably in him. That condition appears to us both equitable and satisfactory. We understand that the demands of publishers in this country have hitherto been the most formidable obstacles to the negotiation of a Copyright Convention. We are of opinion that the interests of our publishers in American copyrights are quite independent of the just claims of British authors; and that the latter may be fully admitted without recognition of the former. We think it would be a grave error if the settlement of this matter were retarded, or rendered impossible, in consequence of two classes of claims, which, in essence, are wholly distinct, if not antagonistic, being regarded by negotiators representing this country as identical and inseparable.

"Americans distinguish between the author, as producing the ideas, and the publisher, as producing the material vehicle by which these ideas are conveyed to readers. They admit the claim of the British author to be paid by them for his brain-work. The claim of the British book-manufacturer, to a monopoly of their book-market, they do not admit. To give the British author a copyright, is simply to agree that the American publisher shall pay him for work done. To give the British publisher a copyright, is to open the American market to him on terms which prevent the American publisher from competing.

"Without dwelling on the argument of the Americans that such an arrangement would not be free-trade, but the negation of free-trade, and merely noticing their further argument that, while their protective system raises the prices of all the raw materials, free competition with the British book-manufacturer would be fatal to the American book-manufacturer, it is clear that the Americans have strong reasons for refusing to permit the British publisher to share in the copyright which they are willing to grant to the British author.

"We venture to suggest, therefore, that, responding to the cordial feeling recently expressed by Americans on the subject, and duly appreciating the force of their reasons for making the above distinction, negotiations be renewed to secure a copyright on the conditions they specify.

"Without making it the foundation of a formal claim for reciprocity of treatment, we mention the fact, that American authors may, if they please, secure all the advantages of copyright in the United Kingdom which are enjoyed by native authors."

The essential points of the above memorial are, we suppose, substantially in harmony with the opinion of the great majority of the leading American publishers. Their case was forcibly stated by Mr. William H. Appleton, in a letter, last summer, to the London *Times;* and it is understood that their views which are virtually the same as those of the British authors, have been embodied in a bill, which will be submitted to Congress for action.

THE HUMAN HAIR. — BURNETT'S COCOAINE, for healthful purity and excellence, is unsurpassed.

CURE FOR COUGH OR COLD. — As soon as there is the slightest uneasiness of the Chest, with difficulty of breathing, or indication of Cough, take during the day a few "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

THE best article as a relish for family use is the famous HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE, and we confidently recommend it to all. The sales of the regular customers of our best grocers are constantly increasing, for each one who tries the Halford praises its quality to his neighbor, and the makers state that their cards of references are made up of everybody who uses the goods. — *Boston Traveller.*

"WHITE'S SPECIALTY" CURES DYSPEPSIA. See Advertisement.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES. — MRS. J. S. BINGLEY, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Machine over fifteen years; brought up and educated her family by stitching shirt-bosoms, the bindings on to leathern cap-fronts, and making coats, vests, pantaloons, and doing all of family sewing; averaging sometimes $5 and $6 per day.

LADIES OF FASHION. — To preserve the fresh glow of juvenility against the lapse of years and time's effacing fingers, is an object which has ever been dear to those gifted with beauty and personal charms. A benefactor of the race has invented a toilet preparation known as the "Bloom of Youth," which has accomplished wonders in aiding nature to retain the much-prized gifts. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is undoubtedly the best preparation in the world for removing all blemishes and discoloration from the skin, leaving it clear soft, and beautiful. Sold at all druggists', Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1872. [No. 8.

CURIOSITIES OF THE CARNIVAL.

ONCE upon a time a liking for the Carnival and its frolics stimulated a monarch to a singular freak. Early in 1839 Charles VI. of France, and his brother Louis, Duke of Orleans, found themselves at Montpellier. They had serious business to transact in that quarter. Certain abuses that had driven the Provençals to rebellion required removal; and there was then some probability that the personal interference of the French sovereign might induce that one of the rival popes who resided at Avignon to resign, and thus remove one obstacle in the way of those who sought the termination of the Great Schism. Some small progress towards the realization of both these objects had been made during the five months spent in the south by the princes. But the latter, who were young, and the gayest of Frenchmen, could not resist the temptation of enjoying the humor of the season in the capital. In spite, then, of the remonstrances of their ministers, they determined to throw aside the work in hand, never to resume it, and to return northwards by the quickest mode of travel. In short, they agreed to race from Montpellier to Paris for five thousand golden francs — equal to as many pounds sterling — a side. The distance between the two places was not less than four hundred and fifty miles; the roads, those of the fourteenth century, were the merest cart-tracks, and infested besides by bands of outlaws; and the time was mid-winter. It may safely be asserted that such a race was never undertaken before or since in sheer frolic by anybody. Selecting two gentlemen apiece to accompany them, the princes took different routes, and started at headlong speed. They rode as long as they could ride; they went by boat when the way and the weather rendered such means of transport preferable; and they made more than one stage in a homely covered-wagon. Thus, through sleet and snow and rain, — for the winter did not relax its severity in deference to the rank of the racers, — they pushed along day and night without halting. The king took and kept the lead until he reached Champagne. At Troyes fatigue mastered him, and going to bed, he slept for eight long hours. He made tremendous efforts to recover the advantage thus lost, but without success. When he entered Paris, he found that his brother had reached the goal six hours before him.

Among the many attractions of the Carnival the procession of the *Gras Bœuf* held a conspicuous place. It is seldom to be witnessed in our times, but of old it was universal over Christendom. In Paris it was more striking than anywhere else, because there the fraternity of butchers was unusually powerful — so powerful, indeed, that when civil broils broke out the party securing the support of the butchers was sure to be master of the city. Every Shrove Tuesday a bull — the finest that could be procured — was magnificently caparisoned by the cattle-slaying guild. An embroidered cloth that swept the ground was spread over him, his horns were gilt, laurels were twined round his neck, and bunches of gay ribbons streamed from him in all directions. Then a boy belonging to one of the three great butcher families, — a Gois, a St. Yon, or a Caboche, — dressed like an eastern monarch, and carrying a naked sword in one hand and a sceptre in the other, was placed on the animal's back. This was the king of the butchers — a personage who, in those old times, enjoyed some curious privileges which we shall not pause to specify. On either side marched the guards of the mimic potentate, forty stalwart slaughtermen dressed like Turks. Two of these guards grasped the horns of the beast, while the remainder held a couple of ropes knotted round its neck and forelegs; a goodly number of fiddlers, fifers, and drummers preceded the march, and a countless rabble accompanied it. After parading the principal streets, the bull was led to the houses of the leading magistrates, each of whom was expected to acknowledge the honor in a short speech. Then came the most singular part of the performance. The king of the butchers and his following paid a visit to the Palais de Justice — the Westminster Hall of Paris. Here the beast was led up the steps into the building, and through it, too, from end to end. He caused sad confusion among clients, lawyers, and judges, especially when he happened to break loose, which was nearly always. Indeed, the ceremony of the Gras Bœuf would have been incomplete without half a dozen such accidents; and then the racing and chasing, the tumbling and tossing, and the cheering and yelling that ensued were things to be remembered. Everybody swelled the tumult, and nobody cared particularly to arrest the brute, which continued its career, upsetting every thing that came in the way, until it happened to be brought to a standstill in one of the many blind alleys of old Paris. The funniest part of the matter was that those people who happened to be tossed were much envied of their fellows, for a lusty poke from the horns of the Gras Bœuf was sincerely believed to give a man a rise in prosperity as well as in person. Indeed, it became customary to remark of an unsuccessful trader that he had never been tossed on Shrove Tuesday.

The Carnival was the season in which our ancestors delighted to expose those traders who used light weights and short measures, or who adulterated their goods. They clapped such worthies in carts, and marched them round the parish, exposed to volleys of sarcasm and decayed vegetables. In Italy measures not dissimilar were resorted to with another class of commercial defaulters. Those who have visited that country will probably remember the "Stones of Infamy" which are still to be seen in many of its cities. In Venice such a stone stands near the Church of San Marco, while in Verona, as well as in Florence, it is placed in the old market. On a certain day during the Carnival those traders who had become bankrupt during the preceding year were led to this stone. Around them was gathered a vast mob, wherein the schoolboys were accorded the foremost rank; for the ceremony was supposed to inculcate a lesson in commercial morality very suitable to their years. Unlike most other lessons, especially those of a moral stamp, it was one which no schoolboy was ever known to neglect. One by one the bankrupts were placed on the centre of the stone to hear the reading of their balance-sheet, and to endure as many reproaches as their creditors could cram into a limited time. That scolding five minutes formed a comedy in itself; the gestures and fistifications — we feel compelled to coin the word — were studies; as for the speaking part, it was a storm of interjection, in which nothing was distinct. When the time was up, the presiding official touched his bell, and all became dumb. Then the bankrupt was solemnly divested of a necessary portion of his dress, after which three stout public officers laid hold of his shoulders, and three others of his knees, and, raising him every time as high as they could, bumped him deliberately twelve times, "in honor of the

twelve apostles," against the cold stone, to the disgust of the patient, and the intense delight of the rising generation. An old writer states that the creditors crowed like cocks during the bumping, and that when it was over, very few of them entertained animosity against the man that had been bumped. In proof of the latter statement, he avers that not one of them could look at him, while he was sneaking through the crowd, with dry eyes.

The Carnival was emphatically the season of banquets. And these banquets, again, were the scenes of certain rash and romantic vows, made by the lords of the feast and their friends, and called vows of the swan, peacock, heron, pheasant, &c., according to the bird which the principal swearer happened to prefer. The ceremonies with which the oath was made were always fantastic. Sometimes the bird was produced living, but more frequently it formed the crowning dish. It was brought into the banquet-hall when excitement ran highest, and always with striking parade. The creature itself was profusely ornamented with jewels, a trumpet-blast announced its approach, a herald in all the pomp of his costume preceded it, and a body of knights, squires, and pages attended it; in short, it was accorded all the stately ceremonial of a sovereign prince when visiting an equal. The bird, living or dead, having been presented to the host, the latter stood up, and, laying his hand upon it, pledged himself to perform some remarkable feat before the year was out, in honor of it and the ladies. For the most part these vows evaporated harmlessly. At times, however, the results were serious. One made by Edward III. led to the battle of Crecy; another — by which Henri V. pledged himself to traverse France from sea to sea with banners spread — produced the dangerous march that closed so gloriously at Agincourt; and a third by a Duke of Burgundy, sent his heir — John the Fearless — he who was afterwards murdered at Montereau — to meet the Turk at the fatal battle of Necopolis.

Mere feasting is not a matter on which we care to dwell, nor is there any necessity for doing so in this instance, since the feasting was but a portion of a carnival banquet. Through its whole course the guests were entertained by music, juggling tricks, athletic feats, the wit and folly of jesters, and pieces of show called *entremets*. Of these the last two were most popular. The chancellor, l'Hopital, has described in choice Latin how a jester could enliven a banquet. "Covering himself with the skin of a fox, and bedaubing his face with flour, he went through the satyr's dance, in which he imitated the silly movements of a clown at a village fête. Improving as he went on, he perched himself on the end of a stick, and, grasping it between his knees, spun round and round like a top. Many of the pages and valets attempted to imitate this portion of the performance, but they all tumbled down, to the amusement of the company." Polished society in those days, it is clear, was not fastidious. That there was little difference, in taste at least, between it and the rudest, we shall now proceed to show. An Italian traveller of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, describing a visit to an Irish chief, — O'Sullivan of Beerhaven, — dilates on the two jesters of his host. Strange to say, one of them was an Englishman, whom he names Arizo; the other was a Celt, whose native appellation he effectually disguises under the term Riglio. The former our traveller describes as a born fool; and the latter as a fool by calculation and impulse. He hardly knew which to prefer, the unconscious bearish, and ridiculously solemn absurdity of the Englishman, or the restless cunning, noisy, tricksy, apish drollery of the Irishman. Their encounters, — for they were mostly at feud, — he pronounces laughable in the extreme. Arizo could "convey" ("the wise convey it call") a fowl or a dram into his own possession better than most people; and Riglio could swallow both with rare dexterity, while the conveyancer was shaking his sides at one of his jokes. The banquet was always graced, and the guests delighted, by a battle-royal between the pair, in which, after inflicting an infinity of thwacks and tweaks on his antagonist, the lighter Irishman usually succumbed to the ponderous strength of the Saxon, who would have strangled him on the spot but for prompt assistance.

The *entremets* consisted in the introduction of the model of a ship, castle, or rock, elaborately decorated, and in the performance of its tenants. The latter represented fiends, fairies, Turks, damsels, knights-errant, necromancers, &c. The apparatus was wheeled into the hall with what a quaint writer terms "an fair hurley-burley of minstrelsie," and the tenants, jumping out, danced, sang songs, made complimentary speeches, imitated the evolutions of a battle, or enacted a classic legend in dumb-show. They then returned to their receptacle, which was wheeled out again in the midst of a deafening flourish of trumpets. Not unfrequently the cumbrous machinery broke down, and the model stuck fast in some particularly inconvenient spot. In such cases guests and actors united to trundle the thing out by main force — a sequel in which there was always more good fun than in the performance itself.

After the banquet came the ballet — a matter in which every thing sacred and profane was reduced to a dance. It was designed by the universal genius of the court, assisted by all the talent he could press into the service; it was rehearsed for months previous to the grand exhibition; the performers were all of gentle birth; and not the least of its attraction was the splendor of the dresses and the scenery. The Duke of Ossuna, Viceroy of Naples, 1616 – 20, was a great master of the art of giving ballets. In one of these the actresses — twelve beauties of high rank — were provided with every article of their superb array at his expense. The whole cost amounted to 7,200 ducats, or 600 apiece. The Jenkins of the viceregal court went into ecstacies over the results. Taking a liberty denied to his successors, he described the under-garments of the twelve as of white satin, fringed with gold lace. Their petticoats, which he takes care to let us know were not too lengthy, consisted of the same material, and were similarly fringed. They wore crowns of white satin and silver, ornamented with heron-plumes. And their trains of silver brocade hung over their left arms. Thus garbed they executed a torch dance, which was enthusiastically applauded.

Henri III., and his mother, Catherine de Medici, were renowned for their carnival entertainments. Among the feasts given by the former to the queen dowager was one in which the attendants were young ladies — the prettiest of the court — dressed in green as pages. Catherine repaid her son with another feast, in which the attendants were also young ladies, with their hair hanging loose, their arms, necks, and ankles exposed, and the remainder of the person clad in a single robe hardly more substantial than a spider's web.* Both mother and son were great also in the matter of ballets; indeed, the vast sums expended in these graceful frivolities was a main cause of the trouble that disturbed the reign of the last of the Valois.

Of all carnival entertainments decidedly the first in point of taste was one given by Mazarin. After a repast which Mademoiselle d'Orleans pronounced "no less elegant than abundant," the Cardinal led his guests — all the leading courtiers — into a gallery full of beautiful toys and glittering trifles of every description. There were ornaments from China and Japan, rare shawls from India, chandeliers of crystal, mirrors, tables, cabinets, silver goblets, gloves, ribbons, lace, fans, &c., enough to stock a dozen fancy warehouses. The ladies were delighted with the spectacle, especially when their host handed each of them a ticket for a lottery which was held a few days after and wherein every one drew a prize, until the gallery was emptied of its pretty store. It is stated that the whole affair cost Mazarin a sum equal to £30,000 sterling.

At a later period the theatrical part of the carnival entertainment was abandoned to professional performers, and then — we write of the more polished circles of the continent — the ballet was speedily ousted by the Italian opera. The memoirs of Madame de Motteville contain several pregnant passages concerning the said opera, which we shall take leave to borrow. On Shrove Tuesday, 1646, an Italian opera was given in the smaller hall of the Palais Royale. This hall was a private theatre, constructed by

* Balzac, in his study *Sur Catherine de Medecis*, says that the robe was omitted.

Richelieu, the former owner of the palace, and was capable of accommodating five hundred spectators. As the mass of the courtiers were at supper with Gaston, Duke of Orleans, the audience on this occasion was limited, consisting merely of the young king, the queen-mother, Anne of Austria, Mazarin, and a few intimates and attendants. "There were but twenty-five or thirty of us," writes Madame de Motteville, "and we were all ready to die of cold and weariness." "Such things," she adds, "require a large audience. Those who are accustomed to them may like them; but, for my part, I find that the length of the spectacle sadly diminishes the pleasure, and that words spoken naturally and simply represent conversation much better than all their sing-song." Anne of Austria's taste differed from that of her apologist. She liked the Italian opera exceedingly, and never omitted an opportunity of witnessing it. During the first year of her widowhood, when etiquette proscribed all such indulgences in public, she still contrived to enjoy the opera by stealth, and ever afterwards she remained its consistent patroness. Her enjoyment, however, was not without its alloy. Anne was a conscientious Catholic, and there was then a powerful preacher in Paris who set his face firmly against all theatrical entertainments, but especially against those borrowed from Italy. "The curé of St. Germain," writes our authority, "a man pious and severe wrote apprising the queen that she ought not in conscience to encourage such amusements." He condemned all comedies, and particularly the freer and less modest comedy of the Italian. The admonition troubled somewhat the spirit of the queen, "who had no wish to tolerate any thing adverse to her duty towards God," and she consulted many persons thereupon. Bishops not a few (plusieurs) gave her Majesty to understand that comedies which usually represent serious stories cannot be sinful. They assured her, besides, that courtiers needed this kind of occupation to keep them from something worse! But their crowning argument was the following: That the devotion of kings was different from that of common people, and that, being public people, it was their duty to countenance public amusements so long as the latter were not positively and decidedly vicious. Fortified by this opinion, the queen resumed that attendance at the opera which the remonstrances of the curé of St. Germain had intermitted. The curé, however, was not to be thus defeated. He obtained an interview with her Majesty, in which he denounced opera-going as a mortal sin, and produced a paper signed by seven doctors of the Sorbonne, in which the same opinion was formally set forth. This rendered Anne more uneasy than before, until the courtly Abbé de Beaumont — one of the preceptors of the youthful king — produced another document, signed by fourteen doctors of the Sorbonne, in which the opera was pronounced harmless and lawful. This opinion having twice as many signatures attached to it, was considered twice as good as the other one, and the queen was at once and forever relieved of her scruples. As for the curé of St. Germain, he gained nothing by his very high puritanism. A report was soon afterwards circulated which quite destroyed his influence for good or evil. It was stated and believed that his opposition to the opera had been dictated, not by conscientious motives, but by those wicked feelings — envy, hatred, and malice towards Father Vincent, the queen's confessor, who had previously authorized the performances he condemned, and whom he wished to ruin.

The Carnival was always remarkable for its rude sports. Cock-fighting, bear-baiting, and other species of animal torture were then allowed full swing. Its last day, Shrove Tuesday, was the high holiday of foot-ball players. The amusement on which the latter delighted was carried to a greater extreme in Florence — the mediæval Athens — than anywhere else. Early on Shrove-Tuesday morning the young Florentines of the better classes disguised themselves, and forming parties, set out to scour the city. Each party was provided with a large foot-ball, and every individual was armed with a mop well bedaubed with soot, grease, pitch, and other such matter. The ball was kicked through the streets; if a shop happened to be opened, in it bounded, and the players after it, upsetting every thing. A like fate befell such stalls as happened to stand in their way. The passengers, too, were hunted even into the churches, and belabored with mops; for these subjects of Momus considered it high treason to their king for any one to pursue his avocations on such a day. When two parties happened to encounter, a battle with mops ensued, which frequently warmed into a real fight. Indeed, the day seldom passed without several serious affrays.

Not the least singular of the scenes which marked the Carnival of the past were its processions. They were moral, mythic, historic, politic, and comic, according to the taste of those who got them up. A specimen of these processions, whose exact character it would be difficult to determine, was exhibited in Paris during the supremacy of the League by the Walloon soldiers of the Spanish garrison. It was called the Mask of the Patience of Job. One of the Walloons representing the "Good man Job" was mounted on an ass, whose tail he held instead of a bridle. In front of him went a crowd of musicians playing with all their might, and after him followed some hundreds of his comrades, naked to the waist, and painted like so many Indians about to take to the war-path. Close behind Job came two soldiers, got up to represent the one the wife of the patriarch, and the other the evil spirit. And between the three was maintained a conversation which parodied in terms equally gross and ridiculous some of those recorded in the Bible. This farce was interrupted from time to time, in order that the "Good man Job" might bestow his blessing — a choice piece of low ribaldry — on the spectators.

A mask of another order — perhaps the most striking ever witnessed — was exhibited at Florence during the Carnival of 1512 — the Medici being then in exile. The night had already closed round, and the streets were thronged with merry-makers, when a low, deep, wailing sound, like the wind sweeping through a pine wood, or the dash of the waves on the beach, was heard in the distance. Every one paused and listened. The strange sound drew nearer, and, as it did so, "The Miserere," chanted by many voices, fell clearly on the ear. While the listeners were wondering what this lugubrious hymn signified, a procession came in view, like a river of fire, for every member thereof carried a lighted torch. The concentrated blaze rendered the torch-bearers strangely distinct, and the spectators shuddered, for every one wore a snow-white death's-head mask over an inky shroud. It seemed as if the grave had released its dead to share in this particular Carnival. The thrilling interest of the scene increased as the procession streamed along. In its centre was a cart, drawn by four oxen, whose sides were grim with pale crosses, skulls, and bones, painted on a jet-black ground, and from the roof six black banners, similarly blazoned, streamed to the ground. On a pedestal in the centre of that roof stood the figure of Death, with a scythe in his hand — a terrible figure, with the light streaming through his hollow skull and empty ribs, and glancing on his bleached bones; and, at the feet of Death lay six half-open sepulchres, in which were seen six dead bodies, partly decayed. Immediately behind the car rode a troop of skeletons, mounted on miserable horses, whose sable trappings were embroidered with pale crosses and symbols of the grave; and each ghastly cavalier was attended by four squires, as ghastly as himself, each of whom carried a blazing torch in one hand, and a black banner, sown with white crosses and bleaching bones, in the other. The strong but fitful light of the countless torches gave a quivering appearance to the spectacle that intensified the appalling effect. Suddenly, a long, piercing trumpet-blast pealed. The spectators shrank, and thought of the last judgment. At the call the dreary procession ceased its chant, and came to a dead halt. Then the sepulchres on the car flew open, and the dead within, springing to their feet, burst into a dismal song, one of whose verses ran as follows: —

Morti siam', come vedete;	As ye see, dead we be;
Così morti, vedrem' voi:	Dead like us, ye we'll see,

Fummo gia, come voi sete;	We have been just as ye;
Voi sarete, come noi.*	Ye shall be just as we.

At the close of this song the trumpet rang again. Then the dead sank back into their sepulchres, the maskers resumed their chant, and the spectre march moved on. This hideous show had a political significance, but we do care not to spoil the gloomy effect by giving it.

"The Mask of Death" was not the type of the Florentine Carnival processions. The latter were mostly of a very different character. Such subjects as Roman triumphs, mythic and allegoric groups, and the marches of Bacchus and Silenus were much more popular. All these were produced with extraordinary magnificence, and numbers with a freedom not surpassed by any of the paintings of the era. In all cases they were designed by artists of the highest repute. Piero Cosimo arranged the Mask of Death, and Leonardo di Vinci was the contriver of two masks exhibited during the Carnival that followed the election of Leo X. In these shows short songs were sung, with whose composition the greatest of the Italians did not disdain to occupy themselves — Lorenzo the Magnificent, among others, writing many. A number of them are dull enough, probably because the circumstances and ways of thinking that gave them point have passed away forever; and, unfortunately, such of these Canti Carnascialeschi as still remain witty and joyous, possess another characteristic which forbids their translation.

During the period of high religious excitement, produced by the preaching of Savonarola — the Southern John Knox — the Florentine Carnival underwent a remarkable change. The dances, processions, and extravagant revelry were not discontinued, but they assumed a decidedly Scriptural tone. In every street Shrove Tuesday beheld a repetition of the Patriarch David and his Israelites dancing before the Ark. Here citizens of all ranks and ages formed circles under the direction of one or other of the numerous imitators of the great preacher, and galloped round and round in fantastic gambols to the sound of perhaps the most curious hymn that mortal brain ever produced. The stanzas were as eccentric as the steps, and each of them closed with some such refrain as this: —

We dance and sing and prance and fling;
'Tis grace that makes us glad:
No greater bliss can be than his
Who piously goes mad!
Then let us all go mad, go mad, go mad! — then let us all go mad!

And mad they went accordingly. Nor could a better proof of it be given than the sacrifice which closed the Carnival of 1496. On that day bands of young people traversed the city, calling at every house and commanding the inmates to give up their "vanities." And give them up they did to some purpose. Some brought books, — copies of the *Decameron* being the most numerous; others gave up pictures and statues; women abandoned dresses, ornaments, padding, rouge, and false hair; men surrendered cards, dice, and musical instruments; painters cleared their studios of studies from the nude; and conjurors — a numerous body — yielded the tools of their trade. All these things — a huge collection — were brought to the Old Piazzi, in the centre of which stood a scaffolding built for the purpose and well lined with faggots and inflammable material. Into the midst of this scaffolding was cast the motley heap, and then the torch was applied by the hand of the chief magistrate. The conflagration that resulted threw its flame skyward — higher than the loftiest of the many lofty towers at Florence. And round the bonfire capered the mighty multitude chanting its frantic chorus, which, on this occasion at least, was well suited to the scene.

The Italian monk was not the only reformer who turned the doings of the Carnival to account. At Wittenberg the Shrove Tuesday of 1521 was signalized by a parody on the Papal procession through the Eternal City, which gave the Germans of that quarter an opportunity of manifesting their anti-Roman sentiments. And on the Shrove Tuesday of 1522 a street-show exhibited at Berne, which satirized all the officials of the older church from the Pope down to the sexton, did much towards effecting the triumph of the Reformation in the sovereign canton.

The Carnival was the chosen season for practical joking. Unique in its way was a Shrove-tide jest once practised on Cardinal Richelieu. Before we tell it, however, we request our readers to remember what Richelieu was. To say nothing of his foreign repute, he was known in France emphatically as the Red Man. This title might have been suggested by the scarlet robes which he wore as a prince of the Church; but it was fastened to him by his sanguinary disposition. One after another, every independent head in the realm fell before him. He was master everywhere. Even the king submitted to the authority he detested. And the queen, the beautiful Anne of Austria, while hating the Cardinal much, dreaded him still more. But, as the story goes, Richelieu loved the queen. And, as the story adds, he wooed her not unlike certain savages of farther India, who convey the first hint of their affections to the chosen fair in a stunning blow with a club, and the second in a grotesque dance round her as she revives. So much being understood, we may now go on with our story. In early life Anne of Austria was just as much given to fun as to intrigue, and in both respects she was admirably seconded by her confidante, Madame de Chevreuse. One day, during the Carnival, the pair chatted, as they often did, about his Eminence and his well-known passion — laughing heartily at both. "He is desperately smitten, madame," observed the gay duchess; "there is nothing that he would not do to please your majesty. If you wish it I will undertake to make him dance a saraband this very evening and in this very chamber, dressed as a clown. Would you like it, madame? Shall I bring him?" "What nonsense!" replied the queen. But being young, lively, and a woman, she found the idea of such a spectacle irresistibly amusing, so she took her companion at her word. Madame de Chevreuse went at once in search of his Eminence. Now the heart of the great minister was as capacious as his head: the one was as full of love as the other of deep policy; besides, it was Shrove-tide, when folly was licensed. The rendezvous therefore was accepted. Due preparations were made for the important event; the floor of the queen's cabinet was well waxed, and Boccan, who was the Baptist Lulli of his day, was sent for and cautioned to be silent. But who could keep a secret like that? Assuredly not a fiddler; in fact, it was through Boccan that the circumstance obtained publicity. The appointed hour came, and with it the Cardinal, but so disguised that, verily, neither the mother that bore him, nor the mother-church that had to bear him, would have known her son. He was dressed like a pantaloon in green velvet, the jacket short, the continuations shorter and very tight, and a number of little silver bells hanging to his garters, while in each hand he bore a pair of castanets — in compliment to the queen who, though known as "the Austrian," was really a Spaniard. Boccan struck up a suitable measure, and the Cardinal set to work, for work, and hard work too, he found it, since, —

Though quick his wit, his ear was slow,
And his hand was readier far than his toe.

The ladies and the man of catgut and quavers with Vantier and Beringhem besides, were placed behind a curtain from whence, and very much at their ease, they surveyed the dancer's antics. And these were, indeed, antics. But the unintentional ones were by far the more comic; for this novel Jack-in-the-green, venturing a lofty passade, lost his footing, and came down heavily on the polished floor. He was up again quicker than they expected; but the accident sadly marked the grace of his further movements, causing him to halt very perceptibly, and to pause more than once in his jig to rub. The spectators laughed till they cried: and who could help it? "For," says the re-

* An imitation of this verse occurs frequently on the gravestones of a hundred years ago.

cording gossip, "though it be fifty long years ago, I still find myself grinning broadly at the recollection."

Charles IX. — that monarch of sanguinary memory — once played off an odd but very characteristic jest at a Carnival ball in the Louvre. The apartments were crowded with splendidly dressed maskers of both sexes, and among this brilliant company the king let loose ten cut-purses, carefully selected by the Lieutenant of the Chatelet and the Chevalier du Guet from among the most expert of the many masters of the craft then to be found in Paris. Having dressed the scoundrels in court suits, Charles set them to work. "Go," said he, "and steal every thing you can — steal like *tous les diables*, and when the ball is over, bring your plunder to me: but observe that you do all things dexterously. Should one of you allow himself to be detected, then" — here Charles uncoiled a cable's length of oaths, for he was a mighty swearer — "I will have him hanged on the spot!" The thieves bowed, and, mingling with the throng, pursued their avocation. They stole the necklace of one lady, the girdle of another, the fan of a third, and the bracelet of a fourth. Here they snatched off an ostrich-plume, and there they cut away an embroidered skirt. From the Duke of Guise they purloined his comfit-box, and from the Captain of the Guard his court sword. Charles watched them to the end of the ball, being not less delighted with the dismay of the plundered than with the dexterity of the plunderers. When all was over, the monarch reviewed his merry men and their takings, which amounted in value to more than one thousand five hundred crowns. Then, with remarkable inconststence, he lectured the thieves on the manifold perils of their profession, and dismissed them. But as he allowed them to carry off every item of their booty, it is to be feared that the sermon produced but small effect.

As good a Carnival jest as either of the foregoing was one by that master of practical joking, Henri Jules Prince of Condé, son of the great soldier. This prince was a mighty hunter, and at Chantilly he possessed a chase that would have been perfect had not its symmetry been somewhat spoiled by a farm belonging to la Roze, one of the king's private secretaries. Condé sought to buy the farm, and offered any price therefor, up to treble its worth; but la Roze was as stubborn as Naboth, and refused to part with his property. Then Condé laid a plan of revenge. All through the winter the gamekeepers on his various estates were employed in trapping foxes and transmitting them to Chantilly, where, by the eve of Shrove Tuesday, more than four hundred of these animals were collected. That night all the foxes were put in bags, and carted to the high wall which begirt the farm of la Roze; and for five long hours Condé and his numerous servants were employed in dropping the Reynards over the wall as fast as their merriment would allow. Next morning, when la Roze was sitting down to breakfast, in rushed a farm laborer with a doleful story of foxes. He was followed by a second, the latter by a third, and so on in rapid succession, until twenty clowns were collected all with the same cry, "The foxes! the foxes!" La Roze was amazed: he rushed out to be still more amazed. There were foxes in his orchard, foxes among the cabbages, foxes in the cornfields, foxes here, and there, and everywhere; nothing but foxes; and these, not solitary foxes, but foxes in droves, all as excited as possible, careering about the grounds and barking and fighting like things possessed. For a time la Roze believed that for some of his many sins his estate had been cursed with a plague of the vermin. There were, however, too many concerned in Condé's joke for the secret to be kept, and long before noon la Roze was apprised of the truth. He went straight to the king, and made his complaint. Louis XIV. laughed — how could he help it? But he rendered the complainant full Carnival justice. Sending for Condé, he commanded him to make good the damage done, and to catch all the foxes within twenty-four hours, on pain of his royal displeasure. The prince did both, finding the hunt any thing rather than a pleasant one; and, on the whole, not particularly satisfied with his imitation of Samson.

Louis XI. was given to Carnival jokes which partook of his own sardonic character. All round the old tiger's den, Plessis les Tours, stretched a wood, and from nearly every tree of it dangled a dead body: for Louis was terribly ready with capital punishment, and he never allowed the remains of such victims as died by strangulation to be removed. There they hung, — low down, within a foot or so of the ground, — bleaching in the wind, and the dried skeletons making a loathesome creaking as they swung to and fro. We have termed Louis a tiger, but he bore more resemblance to a grim old spider crouching at the bottom of his web, and surrounded by the bodies of his victims. On Shrove Tuesday night Louis commanded his guards to rouse up the neighboring villagers, and hurry them to the castle. There he had already provided music, and while his fiddlers played, he compelled each of his unwilling guests to take a gibbeted corpse as partner, and dance before it until dawn; nor did he forget to arrange the couples. There were many there who had husbands, sweethearts, and relatives among the dead, and —

Atrocious as was the jest of Louis XI., it was hardly more so than many others which the chroniclers record of the great seigneurs of the olden time. Among the few of these that will bear quoting should be classed the feudal custom of causing every plebeian bride to dance an unseemly dance, and to sing a ludicrous song in the church porch, and before the Lord of the Manor, within a year of her wedding. The ceremony for the most part took place during the Carnival. We find that it was observed in France so late as 1620. We have now under our eyes the report of a judgment of that date, which terminated a suit that had lasted for nine years, by deciding which of the rival seigneurs was entitled to preside at the "*chansons*."

Perhaps the most singular of all Shrove-tide ceremonies was one that used to be celebrated yearly in the now demolished Cathedral of St. Lambert at Liege. It seems that, at some unknown period, the unlucky peasants of Nomale, in the Hesbaye, had ventured to take liberties with the geese belonging to the Canons of St. Lambert, and, what was worse, had contrived to be found out. In consequence thereof, they were compelled to do penance every Shrove-tide as follows: — Early that morning all the villagers who were not bedridden gathered on the village green. Having picked out the most repulsive-looking old woman amongst them, they dressed her with appropriate absurdities, and stuck a live goose under her arm. Then, forming in procession, they posted the hag in front, and, cackling and hissing the while like so many lunatics, they marched to the cathedral, where the canons awaited them. The villagers formed round the church, while the canons stood in a group in the centre. Up to this group went the old woman, and presented her goose with an appropriate speech; then, hobbling from one churchman to another, she bestowed a hideous grimace upon each. "And," adds the annalist, "when she happened to repeat the same gesture twice over, the canons, who were connoisseurs in that kind of thing, made her begin again."

We need not remark that the Carnival was prolific of duels, since everybody is aware of that. It is not, however, so generally known that such combats as that of Beaumaucir and his Bretons against thirty Englishmen are to be included among the curiosities of the Carnival, though a little research will show that such is the fact. One of these combats was fought in the closing year of the sixteenth century, and where one would least expect it — among the Dutch fens. The northern provinces of Flanders, then at war with the Spanish occupants of the South, had the sympathies of France and England, and many adventurers from both countries fought in their ranks. Among these was a gallant Norman, Monsieur le Bréauté, who did good service to his party at the head of a partisan corps. It happened that on the other side there was a man of similar character, Gerard Abram Zoon, better known as Lekkerbeetzen or Savory Morsel — about as odd a *nom de guerre* as we have ever met with. He also commanded a body of partisans between which and that of the Norman a strong rivalry sprang up in the course of the campaign of 1599.

Towards the end of that campaign Bréauté's lieutenant, while making a raid with a portion of the band, was met by Abram Zoon at the head of a large force, and made prisoner. The captive wrote to his captain requesting him to pay his ransom. And the captain, who preferred to receive ransoms rather than pay them, wrote in reply that he had no mind to do so. He concluded his letter with these words: "I am vexed and ashamed that you, at the head of twenty fine fellows, should allow yourself to be beaten by forty scoundrels." This letter was shown to Abram Zoon, who replied to it, informing Bréauté that he had no need to be vexed or ashamed at what had happened, since the same scoundrels who had beaten his men in his absence with superior numbers, were ready to repeat the deed in his presence with equal numbers. Such an epistle could have but one result in those days, and a duel of twenty a side was soon arranged. It was fought on the 4th of February, 1600, between Bois-le-Duc and Gertruydenberg, on the heath of Vucht, where there was plenty of room to manœuvre. Both parties were mounted, and carried the usual weapons. At one o'clock at noon they formed in front of one another, while a trumpeter from each side counted the numbers. During this pause Bréauté had Abram Zoon pointed out to him, and took particular notice of his person — with what intent we shall soon see. The Fleming was accompanied by his brother, and his brother-in-law, who commanded under him; the rest of his men were all compatriots. The opposite party were as exclusively French; thus the coming combat was to be one of nationality against nationality. In the first charge Bréauté's pistol-shot slew Abram Zoon, whose brother and brother-in-law fell at the same moment. On the French side two were slain; so far the advantage lay with them. Bréauté, however, who allowed himself to be carried away by the excitement of the fight, sank the captain in the swordsman, and neglected the conduct of his troop. On the other hand, the Flemings, cooler by temperament, and all veterans besides, did not allow themselves to be depressed by the loss of their leaders. Closing their ranks immediately after the shock, they bore down on the scattered Frenchmen in a complete body. In the new onset Bréauté lost three men slain and his own horse, while but one of his antagonists went down. Again the parties passed through one another, again the Flemings closed their ranks, and again Bréauté, who was remounted on the horse of a comrade, forgot his duty. He lost four horses, including his new mount, and one man in the third encounter, while his opponents lost not one of either. The advantage was now decidedly on the side of the latter. So Bréauté's companions saw, and in a panic seven of them turned and fled at full gallop. For two of the runaways some excuse might be urged, since both were severely wounded, and one had both arms disabled. Bréauté continued the fight for some time longer, and, on foot as he was, he slew two Flemings. But two more of his own men falling, and all the horses but one, he felt that further conflict was hopeless, and surrendered with four companions. Among the latter was his nephew, Thebault, who was still mounted, but who would not abandon his captain and relative. It is stated that the gallant Frenchmen were slain in cold blood immediately after the action. So closed the last chivalrous combat of the Middle Ages, and with it we close our Curiosities of the Carnival.

"AU CAFÉ."

A PARIS SKETCH.

WE have not taken our seat in any café indiscriminately, but in that particular one on the Boulevards to which officers resort. Every Parisian knows its name, and those who do not have no need to be told, for the café is quite full enough as it is, and can do very well without further custom. It is five o'clock — alcholic hour, when the thirst for absinthe and bitter drinks rages like an epidemic from the Bastille to the Madeleine. The evening papers are just out, groups of journalists are filing down the Rue Montmartre, and other groups of Boursemen down the Rue Vivienne. At a swinging stride from all the points of Paris where barracks exist come squads of officers, wreathing the smoke of threepenny cigars above their heads. It is easy to know them, whether they be in uniform or not, for the French officer, though he disdains the poker-attitudes of his enemy the Prussian, has a way of throwing out his chest, and flinging his head back, as if he meant everybody to look at him, which everybody generally does, especially sempstresses. Then the French officer is much better dressed than the bourgeois, and can mark his individuality in that respect. He wears coats which the regimental tailor has cut (*sub rosâ*, for regimental snips are not allowed to deal in mufti); and the difference between these coats and others is that they are better made and cost less. Again, there is the question of hair — no whiskers allowed and no curls. This gives a cannon-ball-like trimness to the head, which has its charm, and at all events enables the Parisian gamin to say without fear of mistake, "There goes one of the men who thrashed us last May."

Under the Empire several schemes were mooted for starting a giant military club which should protect the army against the excessive rigor of café prices, and also give officers a place where they could enjoy themselves in the evening for nothing. But the schemes fell through; perhaps because nobody came forward with the ten thousand pounds necessary to give them a shape; perhaps also because there is that in the French nature which makes absinthe at eight sous the glass taste sweeter in a public room, than the same draught at four sous in a quasi-private building. Then there may have been something in the extreme difficulty of getting Frenchmen to keep the peace towards each other when they are congregated in large numbers. Probably the government dreaded this, and did not encourage the club idea; anyhow, officers continue to sip their drinks very contentedly at the café, and the fact of being in a public room, preventing conversation from ever becoming general, insures that blessed harmony which is essential not only to good temper but to good discipline.

And yet, if you have a moment to spare, just step into that crack military café, with the throng of officers who are streaming through its glass doors, and look around you. At a glance you will tell which of those soldiers comes from St. Cyr, and which has worn the bayonet. Four revolutions have swept over France; fifteen constitutions have been bestowed on her; three dynasties and three republics have declared solemnly that men are equal; and there they sit, the plebeian officer and the patrician, equal before the law, apparently united by their epaulets and by dangers shared in common, and yet separated by an invisible barrier which nothing can ever break down. There is no confounding the two.

They sit differently, look differently, talk differently. Perhaps at one table you may see a square-shouldered Orson, with big knotty hands and hair like stubble, smoking by the side of rich young Valentine, with wax to his moustaches and a flower to his button-hole. Young Valentine loves Orson, and insists upon forcing him on his set; and notwithstanding this, Valentine's set like Orson very well too. He is a good fellow, frank, warm-hearted, and amusing to listen to; Valentine's set would lend him all the money they have; watch by his bedside if he were ill; be his seconds in a duel; risk their lives twenty times over to save his, and count no pleasure-party complete unless he were of the number. But here the familiarity stops, and though all those youngsters would beggar themselves for him, there is not one would invite him to his house and introduce him to his mother and sisters; though they would all die for him, each of them, when Orson comes and takes his seat among them, they will pull up short if he be talking on any subject connected with home, and turn off the conversation gracefully to some other subject. Orson and those like him know all this, and the fatal prejudice of caste against which they feel there is no struggling is one

of the embittering elements of their lives. It makes them as a rule prefer to chum apart; and this is carried so far that those who, like Orson, have friends among the other set, are not esteemed by their brother parvenus, but regarded as toadies. The distinguishing trait of the parvenu officer is his grumpiness; the next trait, his neatness. You might inspect him all over when he sallies out, and not find a speck of dust on him. If he be in uniform, his tunic will be cut after the strictest regulation pattern; his trowsers will be baggy; he will wear pipe-clayed gloves, and the scabbard of his sword will gleam as if it were silver. If he smokes, it will be a cigar, not a cigarette; cigarettes he keeps for home. Not a soldier will pass him without saluting — they know the look of him too well for that; and he will return the salute military-wise, not by lifting his képi, as the younger sprigs do. He is always old, or at least relatively so, the parvenu officer. He entered the army at twenty, the son of poor people, and without a friend in high station. The first thing he saw was a young private soldier of his own age promoted to be a sub-lieutenant in two years, while he, laboring with his might, had not yet attained to be a sergeant. He asked the reason of this, and was told that his young friend was the relative of somebody in office, or was a young somebody with a title who had run through all his money and was taking to soldiering as a *pis-aller*. Gay young blades of this sort are not counted as parvenus in the profession; they trip as fast up the promotion ladder as if they had been at St. Cyr — often faster; and they are hated by the friendless parvenus with a loathing not easy to describe. The friendless parvenu took a year to become a corporal. Striving to become a sergeant, he avoided all the scrapes into which less ambitious soldiers fall; was never drunk, never got into debt, passed four hours of his day studying the "théorie" (war-manual), and two hours of his evenings in the schoolmaster's company. When promotion reached him, he had become a sort of machine, dreaming only of how he might satisfy his officers, and shuddering at the idea of a peccadillo as others do at a crime. In this way he continued as a sergeant, and those only who have passed through what he did can guess the sort of life he led during the five or six years in which he was waiting for his sergeant-majorship, and seeing worse men than he skipping continually over his head. There must have been scores of times when he asked himself whether the prize was worth all this drudgery, whether he had not better throw up the army when his seven-years' term was over, and go back to his village to plant cabbages. But hope clung to him, and at length he got his rise; then war did the rest. After prodigies of valor, steadiness, and zeal, he won his epaulet, being then thirty years old. All his brother sub-lieutenants were young men, eight and ten years his juniors, who knew five times more than he did on every conceivable subject, had to make an effort to keep from smiling when he fell into any of his curious solecisms of speech, and treated him generally with that condescending respect which verges on contempt. He began to wonder how it was that he found himself less happy as an officer than he had expected. As a sergeant-major, he had 4 f. 20 c. every five days and every thing found him — board, lodging, and washing; as an officer, he receives 2,400 f. a year and has to pay for every thing himself, which arrangement leaves him at the end of a twelvemonth of almost sordid parsimony something like a couple of hundred francs in debt, he cannot understand how! Perhaps this is the bitterest moment in the parvenu officer's life — that when he discovers that in toiling for reward he has overleaped his mark, and landed himself for life in gilded misery. His position is full of daily and unavoidable humiliations, which, if he have any spark of the national vanity, soon sour him hopelessly. His colonel is patronizing, and asks him a little oftener than is needful whether he intends to retire or to cleave to the service; the officers from St. Cyr get up subscriptions in which he is unable to take part; he has the consciousness of being disliked by the privates, and he attributes it to jealousy, though the cause lies simply in his Martinet propensities, which make him punish, often with brutal severity, slight breaches of discipline which gentleman officers wink at. Finally, the angering conviction forces itself upon him that the St. Cyr officers are not only better-read men than he, but also better officers in the purely technical sense of the word; the men follow them better, more blindly. However, the parvenu officer lives down all this more or less sullenly, and here we have him at the military café, risen to captain's rank, a man with grizzled hair, five-and-forty years of age, one thousand dollars a year's pay, and a lodging somewhere near the Ecole Militaire, which even a medical student would think Spartan. He is tolerably comfortable now, and makes the two ends meet; but it is an anchorite's life at the best. Perhaps he is in love with a girl whom he cannot marry, for lack on her part of the dowry which the War Office requires; perhaps he is beginning to perceive that he shall be superannuated when he is only a major, and have nothing to vegetate upon in his declining age but seven hundred and fifty dollars a year; at all events, he is as discontented as ever, and if you listen to his talk you will find it bitter as wormwood. With a sulky glance at some captains of five-and-twenty on the other side of the room, he tells some other grognard of his own age what things he witnessed yesterday before the Commission de Révision at Versailles; how this Committee, with old Gen. Changarnier at its head, has been confirming the hasty promotions of all such officers as could tack an authentic coronet to their names, and sacrificing by the hecatomb all those who could not; how with his own eyes he saw a Faubourg St. Germain marquis come out from the Committee-room with a lieutenant-colonelcy he had earned by bravery in but three battles, while friends of his — the parvenu's — who had served thirty years were put back a step because they had won two promotions during the year. What are the parvenu's politics? one may ask after this. Well, he is not a Thiersist, owing to the Commission aforesaid; and he is not a Bonapartist, because the Second Empire truckled more to noble and clerical *protégés* than any *régime* ever did before it. On the whole, with an insight into his own interests which men acquire to a keen extent in middle age, he holds for monarchism — Bourbon or Orleanist, he does not care which; for he is aware that the next royalty, whatever it may be, will lay itself out to soothe and flatter the middle classes, whose likes and dislikes were a little neglected during the last twenty years.

In contrast to the parvenu, the officer from the schools is a study. Smiling, regardless of regulations in the matter of uniform (he wears his trowsers tight-fitting, and the collars of his tunic low cut so as to show linen), it is the fashion with him just now to be a Thiersist. M. Thiers decorated him, M. Thiers's Government let him keep the promotion he got so easily under Gambetta; M. Thiers, who knows what he is about, has also taken good care to flatter him and all the other rising young officers whenever he has had a chance. But the St. Cyr officer is a nobleman, descends from crusaders, and the rest of it. What of that? Just as the parvenu knows that the best chance for plebeians is under a Divine-right monarchy, so is the aristocrat aware that noblemen can never make hay so joyously as under a republic. Here and there in the café perhaps an officer may be found who holds for the ex-Emperor, but hark to him a minute, and you will be almost sure to learn that he is of the late Garde Impériale. In a murmuring and rather dejected voice he talks of a possible restoration, and says all the superior officers are Napoleonists. A nobleman officer overhears him, draws the cigar from his mouth, and says with a smile, "Well, what then, mon capitaine?"

"Well, we shall see," replies the ex-guardsman.

"Yes, we shall," responds the Thiersist officer with a laugh and a meaning touch of his sword-hilt; "but sooner the Commune than the Emperor. If there is any new attempt at Boulogne, I pity the man who this time carries the eagle."

"And so do I," echo a group of the Thiersists with an energy which shows that whatever be the prospects of Bonapartism elsewhere, its popularity is not great "au café."

A MORNING IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

IN the summer term at Oxford, down the centre passage of the library goes a ceaseless rustle of ladies' dresses; "lionesses," led by undergraduate escorts as strange to the place as themselves, glide past the studies, or stand more than half-bored at the cases of manuscripts and autograph letters. Yet even the giddiest and most ignorant among them must feel a little ashamed of the *ennui* which oppresses them. Surrounded by the thought of centuries, and face to face with those old parchments, with their famous signatures and ghostly halo of associations, even the hard-riding undergraduate, even the girl fresh from one flirtation and already planning another, must feel a moment's sobering, a moment's sense of insignificance. But the visit and its conscience-prickings are short-lived; half an hour is enough for most sight-seers, and the Bodleian knows them no more. Sometimes, as you stand at the catalogue shelf, you may see a more interesting group approaching; a little old parish clergyman, perhaps, with thin white hair and generally wise look, arrayed in a rusty master's gown, infinitely too long for him — he has just hired it, with the battered cap, regardless of fit. No matter. Behind walk wife and daughters, much impressed by the new splendor of his appearance; besides, in the wife's heart perhaps — she has a shrewd, kindly look, motherly eyes, a pleasant brow — there awakes a sweet momentary sympathy with her husband's youth, that youth which laid all its capabilities and crudities at her feet, to which her girlhood gave itself gladly, and which is now such a dream to both. Then you may see him, the small ancient man, with conscious gait and eyes twinkling under his spectacles, board a passing librarian, make his name and academical status known with modest dignity, and demand a book. It is a MS. of "Wyclif's Sermons" perhaps, or a superb St. Augustine; and tottering under its weight he takes it to some quiet resting-place where, in the bosom of his family, he details in an audible whisper his knowledge of its meaning. Gladly the Bodleian harbors such a simple reverend presence, and she closes her doors upon him with a benison.

Not less varied are the readers for whose present benefit these priceless stores are opened; readers of both sexes and of every age, from the freshman touched with a love for gay illuminations to the spectacled bookworm whose mornings for forty weeks in the year have ever been consecrated to learning here. They come from all lands, for the Bodleian has treasures inaccessible elsewhere; its manuscripts and unique early printed books draw hungry seekers from across the sea. From Russia sometimes; of course from Germany; now and then an Italian may be here, for whom Milan and the Vatican have not sufficed; or even an American scholar, whom the New World's inevitable emptiness sends to draw from one of the oldest storehouses of the Old. Most typical of all is the German; a man still young probably, and yet with an air of age lent to him by his spectacles and his gray complexion, and his colorless hair; a man of few words, and those guttural ones, of manners not the pleasantest, of dress not the most becoming; but patient in his obedience to his self-set task as his countrymen to their captains in the field. He may be single-minded, or he may be controversial and terribly militant; but whether or no he has an enemy to crush, he travels straight on, missing nothing relevant, sparing no pains, and troubled by no vile illegibilities of fifteenth-century handwriting. He is editing Homerus perhaps; he finds nothing tedious in those forty-eight books of Dionysiaca, where the tinsel and the dulness of a *rococo* poetry is poorly redeemed by little gems of real observation and feeling; our German thinks nothing for the present of feeling a *rococo;* his business is to collate! Or it is a question of Athenian economy, misjudged by Boeckh; or "Lachmann's Lucretius" has to be exploded; or Herr Tischendorf shown to be wrong on the text of St. John. Then his notes will be bitter enough, and he will exult in true Teutonic fashion at the slaughter of his enemy; and if his enemy's little helper perish with him, some poor Englishman who has ventured to adopt and support his reading, fresh joy is spread over the soul of our reader, Dr. Gransam, of Leipsic. But for all that he will not work more patiently; he will not — for it would be impossible — be more absorbed in the papers before him, more utterly heedless of the whispering visitors that curiously rustle by.

Yet, not all readers are foreigners — not all love for learning has died out of England. Practical we are, for the most part, even in our higher education; if we do not learn book-keeping and the work of the steam-engine, we strive, most of us, to learn those things only which will fit us to play our part, our social part, in the world; to talk well, to write brilliantly, to philosophize cleverly at any and every crisis. But though this is the tendency of the higher education in England, and notably in Oxford, there are students left among us still. That old man in the study that you are passing, with his face buried in a folio of Plotinus, has learning enough to make even Dr. Gransam stare. Perhaps, if the paradox be allowed, he is too literally a student; too much bent on study, too little on realizing study for the world's benefit. Endowments, ever good and evil, have had an evil effect on him; his rich fellowship has taken away one stimulus for public work, and his conscience has failed to supply him with another. So he has settled down to a life of mere luxury, not of the table but of the library, not of wines but of books. His wonderful receptive powers, his inexhaustible memory, his insatiable appetite, have made him a mine of knowledge in all its forms. Perhaps if he has a strong point, where all are strong, it is the Neoplatonic philosophy; his keen perception, his imagination, his tranquil disregard of the world around him, have perhaps led him on to an affinity with that strangest form of mysticism where eastern and western thought join hands. But if you have other sympathies he will satisfy them, supposing you to take him in one of those moments when he chooses to be generous of his learning; he will make Condé's Campaigns with you, or Cabot's Voyages; he will talk to you of Shakspeare and the First Folio, of the disputed lines in *Cymbeline;* he will teach you to

> "——see two points in Hamlet's soul
> Unseized by the Germans yet."

Or, passing back through the history of poetry, if you ask whence Shakspeare drew his inspiration, he will roam with you by the canal-side in Venice, and will quote Ariosto to you, and Bojardo, and so pass backwards through Spanish romance and Provençal love-song, and onward again through the Minnesänger to all that warp and woof of sentiment which they first taught Germany to weave. Yet, with all this, part indolent, part cynical, part fastidious, he will not write, he never has written. He knows too many books. He has seen too many reputations made by charlatans, marred for students; too many histories written, admired, and superseded; too many classics revived by patient editors, to fall again to death. The game is not worth the candle. It is better to sit still and enjoy.

Many others there are, very different from each other and from him; such as the student-tradesman, who for the morning hours when business is light leaves his hosiery to an assistant and comes to compare charters and gather facts for a history of Herefordshire, among whose orchards he was born. He has had no teaching to speak of in his youth; but the historical impulse was strong in him, and Oxford awoke it into life; so he taught himself Latin enough to read a chronicle, and set to work full of enthusiasm, certain of results. His neighbor, too, does good work; she too is enthusiastic, and with the enthusiasm which is the mother of patience. She wears spectacles; her nose is too *retroussé* for beauty, her color too high; in the country she would be a prodigy, in Tyburnia she would be voted "blue." But she cares little for Tyburnia, and much for beautiful things and great interests; and so she is studying Holbein here. She has to read much, to be often disappointed, before she can discover any thing new; in the library, you would say, she has the habits of a bookworm. But in half an hour's talk you would find that the eyes behind those spectacles are deep as well as penetrating;

her liveliness, her warmth, will convince you that it is possible for a woman to be a student without being a pedant — without, in fact, ceasing to be a woman. You would find that the past is interesting to her, because the present is so intensely real; that she handles knowledge purely as the instrument of feeling, and loves it only because by it feeling is deepened, widened, and refined.

But the building itself, with its approaches, is as interesting as its inhabitants. Here it is, the low Tudor archway, the heavy oaken door swung back upon its hinges, and beyond it the stairs, cool in the utmost heat of summer, and pervaded with that mingled fragrance of books and old oak which is one of the most subtle and suggestive of scents. Pass up them, resting on the way if you will on the broad window-seats, whence the quad is visible with its quaint mistaken tower of the Five Orders, and its memory-haunted examination schools. Here are portraits: John Baliol and Devorguila his wife, a pair of ancient Radicals, vigorous and unconventional, fit proprietors of the modern Baliol. Here are maps, old and superseded, side by side with pictures of forgotten nobodies — old worlds, and the inhabiters thereof. Yonder are the steps into the gallery, an enchanted place, long and spacious, hung with portraits, old and new, — a marvellous Mary of Scots from whose exquisite pale face sorrow has refined away the vanity and hardness of youth, pranked out in no ruff, no peaked headdress, no pearls, but shrouded in black folds of drapery, which suit with the long years of imprisonment behind, the inevitable death in front; a Cranmer, by Holbein, with full, weak, red lips; a Duns Scotus, gaunt and unkempt, representative of the fossil race of the schoolmen; a solemn Lord Burleigh, riding solemnly upon a beast less than mule more than ass — strange and laughable conception. Here is Guy Fawkes's lantern, poor innocent accessory of a long-past crime, sole relic of many men and many passions; here is a chair, made from the ship in which Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world, and as you touch it, the forests unfathomable and creeper-twined of the New World spring up before you, and you catch in the offing the sails of the Spanish treasure-ship, flying the pursuit of English hate. In a little octagonal chamber, lit by windows, over whose bright pure tints the becoming dimness of age has crept, stands the chest or strong-box of Sir Thomas Bodley. It has a marvellous lock, truly; puzzle out its intricacies of polished steel, wrought here and there into mocking likenesses of leaves and flowers, if you can, — the burglar of past centuries tried a shorter method, and in the bottom of the chest you may still see the square hole he cut, blessing the elaborate stupidity of owner and maker the while. In yonder case are the fruit-trenchers of Queen Elizabeth; they belong surely to the old age of the Virgin Queen, so cynical are the maxims, so bitter the would-be love-poems inscribed upon them. It is a pleasant place, this gallery. At every turn, without effort or pain on our part, the past floods in upon us, — the dry bones live, — the vast library beneath our feet seems to take voice and speak from these faces, these varied relics from the holes and corners of bygone life.

But let us press on. This gallery after all is but full of symbols — is but itself a great symbol; through that green door lies the reality.

A great cruciform space opens before you. Right and left, before, behind, above, beneath, books — nothing but books. Over your head, a beamed and arched roof, the fire of whose bosses and blazonings time has long since sobered, and from whose painted squares speaks everywhere and at all times the prayer of mediæval learning, "*Dominus illuminatio mea!*" The eyes of Dr. Gransam, of Leipsic, rest upon it sometimes, with the calm superiority proper to a disciple of Voltaire; the English divine in yonder closed study, toiling over his Hebrew, notes it now and then with a vague feeling of refreshment, so subtly do the words recall the time of quiet cloisters and calm-faced monks, busy with leaf-gold and paint and parchment. That is fifteenth-century glass in those windows; match those fading blues, opal greens, and lucid browns in modern work if you can. Here are cases like those in the gallery — Queen Elizabeth's Latin exercises, her books, her gloves. They are large, these last — it were hard to connect any thing small and soft with the signing of those two death-warrants of Essex and Mary. On the other side is a letter of Archbishop Laud's, written the night before his execution; the fine slanting characters aptly represent a man in whom a fatal leaven of sentiment, a fatal poetry of nature, fought obstinately against the drivings of common-sense. Here is Monmouth's last humbling act of submission the day before his death, and so on — a refined symbolic chamber of horrors, which need detain us no longer. Beyond the cases, you come to the Catalogue, the key to the great silent enigma around you — the new Catalogue is a great and thorough piece of work, as yet incomplete. Standing behind the librarian's chair, you look down the nave of the library, honey-combed on either hand by studies open and closed, filled with various readers and confusion of many books. Ah! those studies: let us open one of them. The latticed doors, green-curtained, fly open, and you pass into a tiny room, book-walled, jutting flaps, ancient and dusty on either hand, lit by an Elizabethan window, through whose stone-framed panes the eye wanders to the green and reverend stillness of a college garden far beneath. As you slip into the chair got ready for you, a deep repose steals over you, the repose not of indolence, but possession — the product of tone work and patient thought only. Literature has no guerdon for "bread-students," to quote the expressive German phrase; let not the young man reading for his pass, the London copyist, or the British Museum illuminator, hope to enter within the enchanted ring of her benignant influences; only to the silent ardors, the thirst, the disinterestedness of the true learner is she prodigal of all good gifts. To him she beckons, in him she confides, till she has produced in him that wonderful many-sidedness, that universal sympathy, which stamps the true literary man, and which is more religious than any form of creed.

So far we have gone; so far all the world may go. Let us pass downwards, however; let us enter the *penetralia*, leaving the studies where the brown folios lie, whose very titles are a dead-letter to us: *Pymander Mercurii Trismegisti, Roserlus de Sacramentis VII., Ribera in Prophetas, Snepffius in Esaiam;* the mighty works of forgotten casuists, *Azorii Instit-Morales* in two enormous volumes, the ponderous *Œuvres de Richeome*, and hundreds more. Downwards through that green door marked "private," by stairs book-lined, through a long room, where live maps innumerable, roll-maps, sheet-maps, bound maps of every date and every size; past stands containing every report of every learned society throughout the world — a department which makes one hurry on, inwardly shivering: — through mazes of periodicals old and young, serious and trivial, from the *Quarterly* down to the *Lady's Magazine*, from *Punch* to the *Christian Remembrancer*, till we reach a room filled with strange folios, lettered with strange names, a room which faintly represents a literature once the noblest of the modern world, a room symbolized by the superb Koran lying open on yonder desk. In a small inner room are the Hebrew manuscripts; a German is working there, another in shirt-sleeves is here — strange people of innumerable tentacles, stretching all ways, from Genesis to the latest form of the needle-gun. Up the steps there is a mixed room, partly Oriental partly European; it need not detain us. But let us pause in the octagon of octagons, gem of these lower abodes. The rooms around and beyond may suggest labor and patience, may depress with the consciousness of immeasurable inferiority; this only suggests the cream of work, the flowers that bloom rarely and brightly on the steep hillsides of literature. Here is the sumptuousness of modern binding; the "Paléographies," the "Voyages Pittoresques," the "Antiquities" of this and that; all, in short, that is most princely and most lavish in modern culture. Then turn your hand a moment to these shelves, so close and so inviting; pull them out, the little shining slender volumes, and pass with mind attuned and sympathies awake into the play-ground of the Middle Ages.

Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Tasso, copy after copy, edition after edition. Here is a "Decameron," Venezia, 1517. The name and date go strangely together. In a solemn upheaval time when Wittenberg theses were startling Europe, when Protestantism, with all its base, austere variations, was springing into being, this little book saw the light, glided into the world of the sixteenth century, whose public life wears so grim and earnest a look to posterity, and, slipping from house to house and hand to hand, woke laughter in Italian eyes and fed the unquenched craving of the South for story-telling. Look at this annotated edition of Petrarch's sonnets, the sonnet a gem, though scarcely of the first water, in a worthless setting of wire-spun commentary. At the time this was printed, Petrarch was a greater force in the world than Dante. Europe was still young and childish, with youth's passion for grace, youth's shrinking from deep water and love for beautiful outsides. There is a Bojardo side by side with *Orlando Furioso*— shadow and substance. And in that lowest shelf a grim row of *Todien-tauzer* quaintly underlies those tales of love and war. All the characters in those haunts of pleasure are here reproduced, knight and maiden, monk and matron; but beside them all stands the inevitable spectre with scythe and hour-glass, and in the midst of its riot and festival you see the Middle-Age standing still with down-dropped eyes and hand on mouth, pondering for an instant the awful secret ringed by which it lives and laughs. Opposite are books of alchemy, interspersed with unintelligible ciphers. Such books as "Leonardo da Vinci" may have studied in that withdrawn transition time of his. Ah! we must leave it, our room of rooms, carrying with us a summer picture of it — calm bands of sunlight lying on the brown polish of the floor, and creeping along the book-lined angles, fit companion for all the jest and laughter, all the love and pathos which dwell here embalmed.

We have stayed so long in the antechambers that we have no time to linger long in the Douce Library to which it leads. And yet the Douce Library is rich beyond all telling in MSS., Latin, French, and English; in early printed work, in the out-of-the-way corners of Elizabethan literature, in old stories of travel, quaintly illustrated and adorned. That centre-stand boasts four manuscripts of the Roman de la Rose, one with four half-page illustrations, drawn in soft, dove-like tints of gray, refreshing after the commoner reds and blues of the other three — "Lancelot du Lac," "Reynaut et Isengrim," "Vie de Merlin," "Vœu du Paon," "Roman d' Alexandre" — there they stand, one after another, names of enchantment for all time. And by them is the shelf of "Hours," not the least attractive of the books that surround you. Take out one of them, a small red octavo, "Heures Gotique," the binder mysteriously calls it, but if you turn to the mutilated title-page you will find that it is a book of "Hours, à l'usaige de Soisions." The famous Simon Vestre is the printer, so the date must be 1510 or so; on the wide margin of nearly every one of the 300 pages are four exquisite woodcuts, all different, all intensely German.

Durer might have drawn them all, except that they are even quainter than his work — a priest admitting a company of veritable Nuremberger's to celebration; Herodias' daughter watching the fall of John Baptist's head; devils cast out and flying away on leathern wings; Dives and Lazarus, terribly specific; a double page. terribly dramatic, of David and "Urie," where Urie is in the prefront of the battle in grim earnest, and the Nuremberg-fashioned spear of an Ammonite lanz-knecht is entering deep into his side. Or if you care more for splendor of illumination than for minute engraving, get the librarian's leave, and spend an hour with the famous "Ormesby Psalter," the "Salterium fratris Roberti de Ormesby," as the inscription calls it, among the most magnificent of all the monk-works of the magnificent fourteenth century. Not even the treasures of San Marco at Florence, where Angelico's own hand is traceable on the precious missals, can show more brilliant coloring, more fertile design, more delicate leaf-work, or more fanciful grotesque, than the patient life's labor of the northern friar.

Who can pass out of such a building without a feeling of profound melancholy? The thought is almost too obvious to be dwelt upon, but it is overpowering and inevitable. These shelves of mighty folios, these cases of labored manuscripts, these illuminated volumes of which each may represent a life — the first dominant impression which they make cannot fail to be like that which a burial-ground leaves — a Hamlet-like sense of "the pity of it." Which is the sadder image,— the dust of Alexander stopping a bung-hole, or the brain and life-blood of a hundred monks cumbering the shelves of the Bodleian? Not the former, perhaps; for Alexander's dust matters little, were his work considered: but these monks' work is in their books; to these books they sacrificed their lives, and gave themselves up as an offering to posterity. And posterity, overburdened by its own concerns, passes them by without a look or a word! Here and there, of course, is a volume which has made a mark upon the world; but the mass are silent forever, and zeal, industry, talent, for once that they have had permanent results, have a thousand times been sealed by failure. And yet men go on writing, writing; and books are born under the shadow of the great libraries, just as children are born within sight of the tombs. It seems as though Nature's law were universal as well as rigid in its sphere,— wide wastes of sand shut in the green oasis; many a seed falls among thorns, or by the wayside; many a bud must be sacrificed before there comes the perfect flower; many a little life must exhaust itself in a useless book, before the great work is made which is to remain a force forever. And so we might as profitably murmur at the withered buds, at the seed that takes no root, at the stretch of desert, as at the unread folios. They are waste, it is true; but it is the waste that is thrown off by humanity in its ceaseless process towards the fulfilment of its law.

A HIGH CALLING.

IT was done away with long ago. Government took it up, said it was dangerous, and put a stop to it. Perhaps it was dangerous, and perhaps government was right to put a stop to it. But I didn't like it then, for it was my bread, and meant five pounds a week to me; and when it was stopped, my profession was ruined.

I don't look like it now, for you see I've made flesh, and am close on fifty; but fifteen or twenty years ago, when I was in my fleshings, I could have shown you such a figure and such muscles as you wouldn't see every day. Me and my brother were a regular pair, just the same height, and wonderfully alike. It was a bit of gammon; but it took wonderfully in the bills; and our manager said it would be utter madness to announce ourselves as Benjamin and Thomas Hitchens; so we used to be in blue letters all over London, "Les Frères Provençaux;" and the people came to see us from all parts.

We were engaged, you see, at the Royal Conduit Gardens, and did the trapeze work. Now, I dare say you'll find plenty of people who will say it was known long before; but don't you believe 'em. I'm the man who invented the trapeze — at least, I'm the boy; that is, I invented it when I was a boy, on the swing in our back garden, the one we made under the old apple-tree, out of mother's clothes-line, and rubbed till it broke all to bits, and let Tom down that heavy that he put out his shoulder.

You see it was from experimenting on that swing, hanging by my legs, by one hand, by two hands, and upsidedown, that I sowed the seeds of all those wonderful trapeze exploits that have, as we say in the bills, "thrilled expectant audiences in every nerve and fibre of their frames."

Tom turned very sulky after he put his shoulder out, and he wouldn't try any more tricks, till he grew jealous of seeing me get so handy at them (he was a queer fellow, was Tom, and never could bear for me to be ahead of him, even in taking medicine), and then he set to when I wasn't by, and worked so hard that he got to shorten the rope, and to

hang by one foot, quite clever. I hadn't known any thing about it, he'd been so sly; so that I was quite took aback one day when, after figuring about in my boyish fashion upon the rope, he snickered at me a bit, and then, to my great astonishment: "Get down," he says; and he sets to, does all I have done before, and a great deal more too, till he ends by hanging by one leg, when, crash! the rope snapped, and down came poor Tom on his head and shoulder with a most terrible bang.

Up got Tom, and flew at me like a tiger, because I was laughing — and I put it to you, could I help it? — and then we had a regular stand-up fight, which was not ended until our Mary charged down on us with a clothes-prop, and caught Tom by the throat with the big prong, so as she held him against the wall till he promised he wouldn't fight any more. Tom didn't keep his promise, for he was a terrible boy for fighting, and many's the up-and-down set-to we have had together. Woe betide any boy, though, who touched me! It didn't matter how big he was, Tom always took my part, and thrashed him.

From doing things on the rope, we took to tumbling a little on the ground, tying ourselves in knots, walking on our hands; and I shall never forget the day that I first threw a somersault without touching the ground with my hands. That day was a marked one for me; first, because of the pride I felt as I ran in the field and spun over; second, because Tom was so jealous that he took a run and a jump, and came down on his back, making it so stiff and bad that he couldn't move hardly for a week.

At last, having done all this for our own amusement as boys, we had to give it up, for times got very bad at home. Poor father, who had only been a journeyman painter, fell ill and died; and mother moved to London, where, after a deal of trying, we boys got a job here and a job there at rough painting, for, from helping father at home, we were both pretty handy with the brush.

Times, however, were very hard with us, when one day we heard of a chance. The Royal Conduit Gardens were being done up in a hurry, the lessee having taken them, as it were, at the eleventh hour; and being at a high rent, of course he wanted to get them open as soon as possible. Redecoration was the order of the day, and every man who could handle a brush was taken on, painters being scarce in the spring.

Well, we went, and were soon busy at work, painting arbors, and arches, and touching up orchestra and artificial sky till the Gardens were opened, when the manager, who was a very civil fellow, gave Tom and your humble servant a ticket for the opening day.

That was a treat for us, for we were in good spirits, having a few shillings in our pockets. We saw the theatricals, heard the music, looked at this, looked at that, and were thoroughly enjoying ourselves, until we joined the circle about to witness the performances of the Tantipalpiti family; and there we stood for some time seeing them walk on their hands, tie themselves in knots, and do a few clumsy somersaults. Then Tom looked at me, and I looked at him, and we went away laughing together at what we had seen.

"Why," said Tom at last, stopping short, and giving himself a tremendous slap on the thigh, "if I couldn't do that fly-over better than any one there, I'd eat my boots."

"It was poor, wasn't it?" I said.

"Poor!" echoed Tom; "it was shameful."

We walked home that night in silence; but no sooner were we in our room than Tom whips off his coat and waistcoat, and kicks away his boots, and then goes through half a dozen of our old tricks — rather stiffly, but better than any thing we had seen.

"Have a try, old boy," he said; and I had a try; and the next day we nearly frightened our landlady to death, and sent her off searching for help to cut Tom down, because he had hung himself from a hook in the ceiling. They got used to our antics at last, and took no notice of us, as we tried hard to get off that stiffness, for the same idea had struck us both — that we had better take to tumbling, than paint and starve.

"It strikes me," said Tom, "that if we get a rope or two and some cross-bars fixed, we can rather astonish some of them; anyhow, we'll see."

I quite agreed with Tom; and a short time after, as bold as brass, we applied to the manager of the Gardens for an engagement. Of course, he wanted to see what we could do; so a couple of ropes were fitted up over the stage of the little hall, a bar was tied across like a swing; and on it we set to, turning over, hanging by hands and toes and the backs of our heads, and playing such daring pranks, that we brought down the house — that is to say, the lessee and his friends applauded loudly; and I believe I never felt so happy in my life as when he engaged us on the spot at a salary.

For the whole of that season we were as successful as could be; and through constant practice we got to be very handy, and did our tricks in a way which the newspapers called graceful; but as a matter of course, there were soon a host of imitators; and at the beginning of next season, people wanted something new, and the manager asked us if we couldn't introduce something — "It must be wonderfully exciting, you know," he said, "or else it won't take. You'd think that was strong enough for them," he continued, pointing to a balloon; "but, lor bless you, they don't care now for balloons. Go and think it over. For my part, I thought of proposing a trapeze at the top of the two highest scaffold poles we can get."

I started a bit as he said that; and just then the balloon rose and went away swiftly and lightly over the trees, while I watched it thoughtfully, for I had got an idea into my head.

The next morning I talked it over with Tom, who agreed to it in a minute; and we shook hands over it slowly, for our minds were made up.

When the manager engaged us first, he said our name wouldn't do a bit. The Tantipalpitis' name, he said, was by rights Bodge. The consequence was (as I have said), we went in for French; so the announcement of the "Grand Trapeze Act" of "Les Frères Provençaux" was advertised all over London.

How well I remember that bright June day, when, going forward in our grand dresses, all tights, satin, ruff, and spangles, we were greeted with a roar of applause, and saw that the Gardens were crammed with people, in the middle of whom was the great balloon ready filled, and swinging about as it tugged at its ropes.

"How do you feel, Tom?" I said, looking at him.

"Brave as a lion, my boy," he says stoutly. "It's no more than doing it twenty feet high."

"True," I said; "and it is as easy to be drowned in sixty as in six hundred feet of water."

The next minute we were holding the trapeze bars, close to the balloon, waiting the signal for it to rise; and now, for the first time, I felt a sensation of fear, and I'll tell you what gave it to me — the people, instead of cheering us as soon as we began to rise, kept perfectly silent, and that seemed to go right through me; for you must know that what we had been advertised to do was to perform our rope and bar tricks right under the balloon, twenty feet below the car, and that without any thing to save us if we should make a slip.

There was no time for fear, though; and the next minute we were doing it all as coolly as could be, as we rose fifty, a hundred, a thousand feet in the air, and floated away out of sight.

I don't recall that I was so very glad to get up into the car, for the excitement kept me from feeling afraid; I remember thinking, though, that Tom looked rather pale. Then we wrapped up well, and enjoyed our first hour's ride till we came down right away in Kent.

We kept that on time after time, and the people came to see us in mobs. The manager said it was the greatest take he had ever had; and I must say he behaved to us very handsomely, what with raising our wages and making us presents. But I did not feel easy in my own mind, for the idea was my own invention, and I thought I ought not to have exposed poor Tom to danger likewise; but all the same

I dared not say a word, for if I had, I knew how jealous he would have turned directly.

I should think we had done this about a month; and all through that month there was ringing in my ears the words of a woman who said out loud on the second time we went up: "Ah! they'll do that once too often." Suppose, I thought to myself, we do do it once too often! But then there came the thought of the money, and that drove away a great deal of my timidity, as I told myself that a man might play such antics for his whole life and never fall. Well, as I said, we had been doing it about a month, when one evening we took our places as usual. It was an extra night, and the largest balloon was to ascend; our rope, too, was to be lengthened to thirty feet, and at that distance below the car we were to swing about as usual.

You may say we ought to have been used to it by this time; there are things, though, which you never do get used to, try how you will; and this was one of them.

The bands were playing away their best; the people were eagerly looking at the half a dozen aëronauts who were to ascend; the manager of the balloon was there; the signal was given, and the people got in. Then the balloon was allowed to rise so high that our trapeze swung clear, when I hung from it by my legs, holding a cross-bar in my hands, over which Tom threw his legs, and hung head downwards; and then away we went, up, up through the soft evening air, so slowly that Tom's hands touched the top of one of the elm-trees as he waved about a couple of flags.

Our custom was to hang quite still till we were up four or five hundred feet, and then to begin our twining and twisting; and so we did now, when Tom pitched away the flags, and we went through our tricks, rising higher and higher, with the faces of the dense crowd getting mixed into a confused mass, and the strains of the band growing fainter and fainter, till all below was quite mingled in a faint hum.

We had only one more trick to do, and that was to cast loose the bar, and each man swing by his own rope. I had loosened my end, the perspiration streaming down me the while, and Tom had done the same, when, swinging round towards me with a horrible white face, he exclaimed, "Ben, old man, I'm going to fall."

It's no use; I couldn't tell you what I felt then, if I had tried ever so, only that in half a second, I saw Tom lying a horrible crushed corpse far below; and I felt so paralyzed that I thought I should have let go of my own rope and fallen myself. I could act, though, and I did, for in a flash I had given myself a jerk forward, and thrown myself against Tom, flinging my legs round him and holding him tightly; and then, tired as I was, I felt that I had double weight to sustain, for Tom's rope was swinging to and fro, and as my legs clung round his body, his head hung down, and I knew he must have fainted.

How I managed to hold on, I can't tell now, for though weak with all I had done, I managed to give a hoarse cry for help, and the next moment I heard a cry of horror from the basket-work car.

Then I felt the rope begin to jerk as they began to haul us up, and I managed to shriek out: "No! no!" for if they had hauled any longer, they must have jerked poor Tom from my hold.

I often ask myself whether it was half an hour or only a few seconds before I saw a rope lowered with a big running noose, and then I've a misty notion of having set my teeth fast on the rope, as I felt a dreadful weight, as of lead, dragging at me. Then I felt that it was all over, and I knew that I had been the death of poor Tom, for he had seemed to fall, as I felt the rope by which I hung jerk again violently. I saw the earth below like a map, and the golden clouds up above the great net-covered ball, and then a mist swam before my eyes, and all seemed black and thick as night.

When I came to, I was lying on my back in the car, with a man pouring brandy between my lips. My first words were gasped out in a husky tone, for I did not know where I was; and then I remember bursting out into quite a shriek, as I cried: "Where's Tom?"

"Here, old man," he said, for they had managed to drag us both into the car; and for the next hour we sat there shivering, saturated with cold perspiration; even the men in the car being silent, unnerved, as I suppose, by our narrow escape.

Tom wanted to go again, but I wouldn't let him. "I did not tremble," he said; "it was only a sudden fit of giddiness through being unwell."

I went up, though, many times afterwards alone, on horses and on bulls; and I meant to have had a car of flying swans for a grand hit, when government stepped in, and put a stop to it; and, as I said before, very sorry I was, for it was my living.

THRICE.

BY IVAN TOURGANEFF.

I.

I HAD been shooting all day over a moor, which lay about twenty miles distant from my country-seat. The weather was superb, and my luck had tempted me to remain out much later than usual, so that it was already dark before I arrived at the top of a hill which marked the half-way point of my homeward road.

On this rising ground stood a house, which was always sure to attract my notice, whether I saw it in the sunset glow, — when it reminded me, with its closely-shuttered windows, and its general air of desolation, of some blind old man who had crept out to warm himself in the sun, — or whether, as at this moment, the strange fascination of moonlight added to the weird lonesomeness of the scene. On this particular evening it allured me more than ever. I hesitated, paused in front of the house, then deliberately made my way through the dusty nettles till I reached the low wall that enclosed the garden. Here I stood still, and leaning with both arms upon the closely-locked gate, I surveyed the scene at my leisure. The garden lay before me in the moonlight, fragrant and tranquil; it consisted of an old-fashioned lawn, cut by straight paths which converged to a central flower-bed, about which tall linden-trees made a border, and hid the house from view. At one point, however, a space had been broken through, and two windows of the house were visible. These two windows, to my extremest surprise, were lighted.

I looked about me. Here and there over the level grass young apple-trees reared their heads, through whose spare foliage the blue of the night sky could be discerned; in front of each one its own faint, broken shadow lay on the grass, which shone white with dew in the moonlight. On one side the linden-trees were of a faint green; on the other they were only opaque, black masses; a singular, suppressed rustling made itself heard, every now and then, in the foliage of the lindens. It was like an invitation to tread the pathway beneath them, a lure under their shadowy roof. The whole sky was sown with stars; from the far-off spaces of heaven their mild, bluish light was poured out; they seemed to keep silent watch over the earth. All things were asleep. The warm and perfumed air was motionless, yet it seemed to vibrate, as water ripples, moved by a falling twig. There was a longing, a kind of thirst in this warm air. I bent over the wall; a wild red poppy lifted its slender stem out of the thick grass; one great dew-drop shone in the open cup. All around seemed to lie motionless, waiting, expecting. For what did it linger and listen, this blue, dreamy night?

For a sound, for a living voice, this listening silence waited; but all was still. The nightingales had long since ceased; and the sudden hum of a beetle flying, the light plash of the fish in the little pond at the end of the garden, the sleepy note of some half-awakened bird, a far-off sound from the fields, so remote that no ear could distinguish if man, or beast, or bird, had uttered it, the quick short hoof-beat of a horse on the road — all these small noises, this murmur, made the silence yet more profound. Some peculiar feeling oppressed my heart; it was scarcely the expectation of happiness, scarcely the remembrance of it; I dared not move; silent I stood before this silent garden, which lay in the moonlight and the dew; I stood and looked, without know-

ing why, and yet without intermission, at those two windows, which shone out a pale reddish light in the half-darkness, when suddenly a strain of music sounded in the house; it rolled like a wave, out into the night; the still ringing air gave it back as an echo, and I started involuntarily.

Following the chords, a woman's voice made itself audible. I listened. Ah, what! How shall I describe my astonishment? Two years earlier, in Italy, in Sorrento, I had heard the same song, the same voice!

Vieni pensando a me segretamente! Those words thrilled me strangely; they brought back with indescribable vividness the memory of that Italian evening. I had been loitering by the sea-shore, and was returning homeward with rapid step; it was late; a lovely southern night, not silent and melancholy, as with us. No; radiant, bewitching, splendid, like a happy woman in her prime; the moon was wondrously clear; great brilliant stars sparkled in the deep blue heaven; black shadows were relieved with sharp outlines against the yellow-lighted ground. The street was narrow; on both sides of the way were garden-walls of stone; above these, orange-trees stretched their crooked branches, and their heavy fruit hung like golden balls; some half hidden in the foliage, some glowing in all their ripened beauty in the moonlight. Many trees were covered with delicate white blossoms, and all the air was filled with the strong, penetrating, yet delicious fragrance. I went on my way, and, it must be owned, already so used to all these wonders, that I was thinking only how soon I should arrive at my hotel, when suddenly from a little pavilion which rose just above the wall under which I was passing, a woman's voice struck on my ear. She was singing a song which I had never heard before, and there was such a summons in her tone, and she seemed to me so absorbed in the passionate and joyful expectation which the words expressed, that I involuntarily stood still, and looked up. There were two windows in the little pavilion; the blinds were closed, and a faint light shone through their apertures. After the voice had thrice repeated: "*vieni, vieni,*" it ceased, and directly one of the windows was flung open, and a slender figure in white leaned out. She leaned towards me, holding out both hands; "*Sei tu?*" she cried, softly. In another moment, perceiving her mistake, she drew back with a little scream, and when I ventured to look up again, the pavilion was closed and dark.

I remained standing, and could not readily recover myself. The face I had just seen was wondrously beautiful, and though it had vanished so quickly that I could not perhaps recall every feature, yet the general impression of it was very strong and deep. I felt certain I should never forget it. The moonlight fell full upon the wall and the window where she had appeared, and, heavens! how brilliant were her large dark eyes, and how the heavy curls of black hair swept her rounded shoulders! How much shy tenderness in her attitude! how coaxing the voice in which she had called to me, the quick, clear-toned whisper!

I had drawn a little aside, and now I crossed the narrow street and stood hidden in the deep shadow of the opposite wall. Soon I heard again a little stir inside the pavilion, — a rustle and a laugh. Then I detected steps approaching from a distance. A man of about my own height appeared at the corner; he came up to a little door which I had not before observed, knocked twice with the iron ring, waited a little, — knocked again, then began to sing in a half whisper: "*Ecco vidente.*" The little door unclosed; he slipped in. I awakened out of my stupor, shook my head, pulled my hat down over my brows, and went home much out of humor. The following day I walked up and down in the street of the pavilion for two hours, notwithstanding the extreme heat; and the same evening I deserted Sorrento, without having even seen the house of Tasso.

Now let the reader imagine the surprise that overpowered me, when in this wilderness, this remote Russian solitude, I heard once more the same voice, the same song.

As before, it was night; as before, the voice rang out suddenly from a strange, lighted room; and as before, I was alone. Is it not a dream? I thought. And again came the concluding word; "*vieni!*" — Will the window open, and shall I see the singer's face? The window softly unclosed, and a woman's figure was seen. I recognized her at once, though she was full fifty paces distant, and a light cloud at that instant veiled the moon. It was she, the unknown lady of Sorrento. Resting her arms upon the sill, she looked silently out into the night. For some time she remained motionless, then, raising her head, she cried three times, "*Addio!*" Her musical voice rang far, and seemed to tremble in the linden-trees, and to return again from the distant fields.

All about me seemed for the moment to be filled with the voice of this woman, to repeat her words — to repeat herself. She closed the window, and shortly the light was extinguished in the house.

When I again became a reasonable person, which I confess was not soon, I entered upon a careful examination of the house and grounds. In the yard there was nothing unusual to be seen, save in one corner, under a shed, a travelling-carriage. The front of it, gray with mud which had dried on, stood out clear in the moonlight. The window-shutters of the house were all tightly closed.

For half an hour I walked up and down outside the garden wall, till at last I excited the attention of an old watch-dog, who did not bark at me, it is true, but looked out under the gate at me with such an ironical expression in his eyes, that I took the hint and went off. I had gone not over half a mile when I heard a sharp trot behind me. A rider came by at full speed, looked around for an instant at me, so that I caught a glimpse of an aquiline nose and a long, drooping moustache, then taking a road to the right, vanished behind the wood. "That is the man," I thought to myself. I felt sure it was he whom I had seen two years ago slip in through the garden gate in Sorrento.

It was almost too late to return home, and I decided to pass the night in the little village about a mile beyond, where I had always a friendly welcome awaiting me from the local magistrate. He had already gone to bed when I arrived at his door, but rose and admitted me, and as soon as I could reasonably do so, I began to question him about the inmates of the house on the hill. "Yes," he said, "the ladies had come." — "What ladies?" I asked. "The owners," he said. — "They are not Russian ladies?" — "Why not?" He believed they were Russians. — "Have they been here some time?" — "Not long." — "How long do they stay?" He did not know. "Are they ladies of fortune?" He did not know. Probably they were. "Did a gentleman come with them?" — The village magistrate yawned, sighed profoundly, "No, I believe not; I don't know." — "Who do you have for neighbors in this part of the country?" — "Neighbors? why, various ones." — "But what are their names?" — "Whose names, the ladies', or the neighbors'?" — "The ladies' names." — My rural friend sighed once more, and stretched himself wearily. "Their names?" he said in a sleepy voice. "Heaven knows what their names are! The eldest is Anna Zeodorovna, I believe, and the other — what her name is I don't know!" — "Their family name, then?" — "Family name?" — "Yes, surname." — "Surname? Ah, so! Now, really, I don't know." — "Are they young?" — "No, no. Not young." — "But how old, then?" — "Well, the youngest will be into the forties." — "You can lie, can't you?"

The village magistrate was silent. After a minute or two, he said, "Well, you know better. I said I didn't know."

Experience has taught me that when a Russian of the lower orders begins in this way, it is utterly impossible to get a reasonable answer out of him; furthermore, my host had thrown himself down again upon his bed, and could only with some difficulty move his sleepy lips. I let him lie, declined the offered supper, and retreated to the hay-loft.

For a long time I could not fall asleep. "Who can she possibly be?" I asked myself incessantly. "A Russian? But if a Russian, why does she speak Italian? This man says she is no longer young. That is a lie. And who is the favored mortal? Impossible to learn! But what a

singular occurrence! Twice in succession — who could have believed it? But I must ascertain who she is, and what has brought her here." Perplexed by these disconnected broken thoughts, I fell asleep at last, and was the sport of curious dreams. For instance, I seemed to be walking in a desert, during the oppressive heat of noonday, and suddenly I perceive before me on the glowing, yellow land, a great shadow. Looking up, my unknown beauty sweeps through the air, all white, with long white wings, and beckons me to follow. I rush forward, but fast and light she flies before me. I cannot raise myself from off the ground, and stretch my arms towards her in vain. "*Addio!*" she cries to me, and vanishes. "Why hast thou then no wings? *Addio!*" And from all sides it cried, "*Addio!*" Every grain of sand calls and hisses it at me. As an indescribably shrill note this — i — penetrates my ear, I seek to drive it away as if it were a tormenting fly. I seek to follow with my glance my vanishing beauty, but she has become a cloud, rising slowly heavenward. The sun moves, trembles, laughs, stretches out long golden threads toward her. These threads surround her, and hide her from my sight. I call out madly, "That is not the sun, it is an Italian spider; who has given him a passport into Russia? I will denounce him. I have seen him stealing oranges in a far-off garden."

Or again, I saw the fair unknown far up a mountain side, and hastening toward her, the way was barred by some enormous rock, which I could not pass, while from beyond her voice cried, "*Passa, passa quei 'colli,*" and I strove with desperate energy to tear the rock away with my hands. Then, of a sudden, a li tle dark cleft opened, through which I sought to go. But an old man motioned me back, whom I recognized as a servant I had seen about the house on the hill. I search vainly for money, and cry out: "Let me pass, and I will reward you later!" But the figure changes to a knight in rusty armor, who says: "Nay, *Señor*, I am not a Russian servant as you suppose. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the famous wandering knight. My whole life long I have sought my Dulcinea without finding her, and I cannot suffer it that you should find yours." "*Passa, passa quei 'colli!*" sobs the voice beyond. "Make way, *Señor*," I cry, and rush furiously forward. His long lance pierces my heart. I fall as if dead, but I see *her* coming, bearing a lamp. She bends over me where I lie, and she says, scornfully: "So this is he, the weak-hearted one! He desired to know who I am!" And as she speaks, a drop of burning oil falls directly upon my wounded heart. I cry out "Psyche!" and awake.

Long before sunrise I rose and dressed, and slinging my gun over my shoulder, walked straight back to the scene of my last night's adventure. Larks were twittering on every side, and jays were screaming in the birch-trees, as I drew near the house. All was quiet, save the dog, who snarled at me from under the gate. With an impatience that was almost vexation, I waited for some signs of life on the part of the inmates. Presently, a little side door opened, and the old servant-man whom I had before seen, came out. He wore a striped jacket, his coarse gray hair stood out stiffly from his head, and he looked the very embodiment of discontent. He regarded me with surprise, and would have retreated, but I called out hastily, "My dear! my dear!" — "What do you wish at this early hour?" he said. "Tell me; they say your mistress has come?" He was silent a minute, then replied slowly, "Yes, she has come." — "Alone?" — "No, with her sister." — "Had they visitors yesterday?" — "There were none." He would have shut the door. "Wait a moment, my dear. Do me the favor." The old man coughed and shivered with the cold. "What do you wish then?" he said. "Tell me, I beg, how old is your mistress?" He looked at me hesitatingly. "How old is she? I do not know," he said. "She must be well past forty." — "Past forty! The sister, then; how old is she?" — "She must be well near forty." — "Is it possible? Is she a handsome woman?" — "Who, the sister?" — "Yes, the sister." He made a grimace. "I know not how she may appear to others. To me she is not handsome." — "What do you mean by that?"

"So! somewhat insignificant. A little withered-looking."

"So, so! And besides them, has nobody else been here?"

"Nobody. Who should come here?"

"But that cannot be so. I" —

"Eh, dear sir! We shall never get through in this way," interrupted the old man grimly. "Ah, this cold! — I make my salutation to you."

"But wait — wait a minute — here" — and I held out to him a piece of money, which I had been keeping ready in my hand. But I only hit the rapidly closed door, and the bit of silver rolled upon the ground.

"Ah, you old rogue," I thought, "they have ordered you to hold your tongue. But wait a little, you shall not escape me so easily."

And I pledged myself at all hazards to unravel this mystery. A half-hour longer I walked up and down, undecided what to do next. Finally I concluded to set on foot inquiries in the village, concerning the owner of the country-house, and who were the persons who had really arrived there now, and later to return myself, and to resume my observations.

The unknown lady will be sure to come out by daylight, and show herself to be a living creature, and not a ghost, I said to myself.

It was a mile to the village, and I was soon there, once more in good courage, and much refreshed by the cool morning air, after my restless night. In the village I learned from two peasants, who were on their way to their field-work, all that they could tell me, namely, that the country-seat and the village together were called Michailowskoje, and that it was the property of a major's widow, Anna Zeodorovna Schlikoff, who had a sister, an unmarried person, by name, Pelagia Zeodorovna Badajeff; that they were no longer young, were rich, almost never resided in their house; except two maids and a cook, had never any one with them, and that Anna Zeodorovna had very lately arrived, accompanied by her sister only. This last statement occupied my attention; it could not be believed that these peasants were also under orders to keep silence in regard to my unknown lady. To admit however that Anna Zeodorovna, the widow of five-and-forty, and that young, charming creature whom I had yesterday seen, were one and the same person, — this was purely impossible! Pelagia Zeodorovna, however, was not, according to account, in any way distinguished for beauty, and besides, I could not but shrug my shoulders and laugh disdainfully at the bare idea that this woman whom I had seen in Sorrento bore such a name as Pelagia Badajeff. And yet, I thought, I saw her yesterday in that house; saw her with my own living eyes. Vexed and ill-tempered enough, yet more eager than ever to attain my object, I thought at first I would return directly to the country-house. I looked at my watch; it was only six o'clock. I decided to wait. No doubt every one in the house was yet asleep, and to reappear there again would be idle and foolish. In front of me was plenty of low growth, behind me an aspen-wood. I must do myself the justice to own that, notwithstanding the thoughts which tormented me, the noble passion for field-sport was not yet extinct in my soul. "Possibly," I thought, "I may shoot a brace of cocks, and so pass away the time." But I was inattentive, and consequently unsuccessful; and when at last my watch assured me it was nine o'clock, I resolved to return to the house on the hill. Making my way out of the woo', I came upon a grass-grown road, leading I knew not whither; and while I stood thinking about it, there came suddenly in sight, approaching me from among the trees, two figures on horseback, — my unknown beauty, and the man whom I had seen the preceding evening on the road to the village!

They rode silently, holding each other by the hand, and the two horses scarcely seemed to advance, so very slow was their gait. When I had recovered from my terror,— truly it was nothing less than terror, no other name can I possibly give to the feeling which overmastered me, — my gaze fastened itself upon her with the most intense eagerness. How lovely she was! how graceful her slender

figure against the green, leafy background! Light flying shadows and delicate flecks of sunshine rested on her gray habit, on her white throat, and the clear color of her cheek, and the masses of jet-black hair which escaped from under the low-crowned hat. But how shall I describe that expression of supreme and completest happiness which breathed in every feature? Her head was a little bent; golden flashes shot from the dark eyes half veiled by their drooping lids; they *saw* nothing, those happy eyes! — an innocent child's smile, a smile of the deepest tranquillity, rested on her lips: it was as if happiness too perfect for mortals had wearied her, had almost broken her strength, as an unfolded flower is sometimes too heavy for its slender stalk. Her two hands rested powerless, one in the grasp of her companion, the other upon the reins. There was time enough to impress distinctly upon my memory every trait of her face, and also of her companion's. He was a stately and handsome man, not a Russian. His bold, bright glance rested on her, and there was a half-concealed pride in his look, which made me angry. The reprobate! he was proud of his own success, as represented to him in her face and manner; he was greatly content with himself; he was not moved enough; he was not tender enough. What man could be worthy such love? what soul could deserve to make another soul so blessed? — I confess it, I was thoroughly jealous of him. Meantime they had come very near, and my dog dashed into the road in front of them, and began to bark. The lady started, looked suddenly round, became aware of my presence, and struck her horse with the riding-whip across the neck. The animal shook its head, sprung forward, and was off at a gallop. The gentleman touched his horse's flank lightly with the spur, and a few moments later, when I arrived at the open ground again, I could see them far, far distant down the road. They had not gone towards the house on the hill.

I stood watching. One moment I saw them on rising ground, clearly outlined against the sky; the next, they had disappeared. And still I stood and looked; finally I turned away and regained the wood; then sat down, and covered my eyes with my hand. I have noticed that after meeting with any stranger, we have only to close the eyes to bring before us the face we have just seen; any one can prove this truth in the street the next minute. The better known the face, however, the harder to call it up, the more indistinct the picture; we have it well in mind, and yet we cannot bring it before the eye. Each separate feature is present to us at will; the face, as a whole, eludes us.

I sat down and shut my eyes. Instantly I had the picture of theun known lady, her companion, the horses, — all was clear and distinct before my mental vision; clearest of all, the man's face. I strove to impress it upon my memory; but, with the effort, it vanished, as into a cloud; her face vanished also, and I could not call it back. I rose to my feet. "What matter?" I thought; "at least I have seen her, have seen them both, distinctly. It only remains that I learn the name." To learn the name! what an idle, childish curiosity! But no, it was not curiosity that awakened in me; it seemed to me indeed utterly impossible that I should not at least learn who they really were, whom fate had twice thrown in my way so cruelly. I experienced no longer my first impatient surprise; another vague, painful emotion had driven it out. I experienced jealousy.

I did not make haste to reach the country-house. To confess the truth, it was not agreeable to me to pry into the secret of strangers. And the appearance of the lovers by day, in the sunlight, if it had not calmed, had at least cooled me.

There was no longer any thing extraordinary in the whole affair. I resumed my search after game, and loitered about till it was quite noon; then directed my steps towards the house on the hill.

In the yard sat the old servant. The house was as still and deserted as a grave. To give, in a few words, the sum of my half-hour's talk with him, — his mistress and *her sister*, had gone an hour ago, — they had returned to Moscow. "Would they come back?" He could not say. My bit of coin lay on the ground, nor would he accept it. One favor I extorted from him. The house was unoccupied; might I see it? I stammered an excuse: I was intending to build one like it, or something of the sort. With some hesitation he consented. We crossed the yard, and went up the steps. The door was not fastened, and my guide readily pushed it open. It was as forlorn and lonesome within as without. Four or five low rooms, and, so far as I could see in the faint light from the chinks in the window-shutters, the furniture was simple, and much worn. In one of the rooms was a little old piano, — on the floor, a bit of white paper; I picked it up, and read "*bonheur*," and the rest was torn off. There could be no excuse for longer delay. I followed the old man out, and as he turned to go into his own little door, I cried suddenly, "But who was the lady that visited here yesterday? I met her this morning in the woods." I had hoped to surprise him into an answer; but he only laughed stupidly, and shut the door behind him.

I returned to Glimnoje, like an ashamed boy.

"Well," I said to myself, "according to appearances, I shall never solve this enigma. Be it so. I will think no longer of it."

I did not fully keep my resolve; but I accomplished this, at least, I went no longer to Glimnoje on shooting excursions, as I had heretofore delighted to do; and a month later, when I left the neighborhood, I had in a great measure dismissed the subject from my mind.

II.

Three years passed. The greater part of this time I had spent in foreign lands, or in Petersburg; and though I had once been at my estate in the country, it was but for a few days, and I had not found an opportunity to visit Glimnoje, or Michailowskoje. My unknown beauty I had not seen, nor the man with whom her fate seemed connected. Towards the close of the third year, I met Madame Schlikoff and her sister Pelagia — the same Pelagia whom I had taken for an imaginary personage — one evening at a party in Moscow. The ladies were both of middle age, but of somewhat agreeable aspect; their conversation was distinguished by good sense and brilliancy; they had travelled much, and to great advantage; in their demeanor was manifested the most unfeigned cheerfulness. My unknown lady had not a point in common with them. I was introduced, and entered into conversation with Madame Schlikoff, while a foreign *savant* at that moment engrossed the attention of Pelagia. My first remark was to explain to the widow that I had the pleasure of being a neighbor of hers in the country, indicating the locality.

"Oh! I have a little place there," she remarked, "yes, — not far from Glimnoje."

"Yes, indeed, I know it well; it is called Michailowskoje. Do you visit it sometimes?"

"I? — no; very rarely."

"You were there three years ago, were you not?"

"I beg pardon, I had forgotton. Yes, I was there. You are right, I was there three years ago."

"Was Mademoiselle your sister with you? or were you alone?"

She looked at me.

"Yes, my sister was with me. We staid a week; only on business, however, and we received no visits."

"Hem! I believe there are not many neighbors."

"No," she said; and just then Pelagia joined us; I turned to her with the remark, —

"Mademoiselle, I believe — I believe I had the pleasure of seeing you at Michailowskoje, three years since?"

"I!" said Pelagia, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, certainly," interrupted Madame Schlikoff, fixing her eyes meaningly upon her sister's face; "you remember" —

"Ah! — yes, yes, certainly," replied Pelagia, returning her sister's glance.

"Heyday!" thought I, "hardly were you in Michailowskoje, my respected lady!"

"Will you not sing us something, Pelagia Zeodorovna?" a tall young man asked.

"I really don't know any thing," rejoined Mlle. Badajeff.

"Do you sing?" I cried eagerly, rising as I spoke and offering her my arm, "ah, please, in Heaven's name, sing to us."

"What shall it be, then?"

"Do you know,—" I began, as composedly and carelessly as I could, "do you know an Italian song which begins: "*Passa quei colli?*"

"I know it,—yes;" said Pelagia, more tranquil than I. "Shall I sing that? Very well."

She seated herself at the piano. I studied Madame Schlikoff's face, as did Hamlet the king's. It seemed to me at the first notes she started slightly; but at once composed herself, and listened tranquilly to the close. The lady was not a bad singer; she ended and received the usual tribute of applause. They begged her to sing again, but the sisters exchanged a glance, and shortly took their leave. As they were going out of the room, I heard one of them whisper, "*Pertinacious!*"

"I deserve it," I thought to myself, and never sought to renew my acquaintance with them.

Again, a year. I was living in Petersburg. It was in the height of the season; the masked balls had begun. One evening at about eleven o'clock, as I was leaving the house of a friend, I found myself so wretchedly dull that I resolved to go in a few moments, and watch the masquerade at the Club of the Nobles. I loitered about by the columns and mirrors, with that confoundedly modest, diffidently-thoughtful air which—I know not why—the most self-possessed persons are accustomed to assume under those circumstances; loitered hither and thither; now and then freeing myself with some joking retort, from whispering dominoes in doubtful laces and much-worn gloves,—rarely addressing a remark to some one of them myself,—now listening to the blare of the horns and the shriek of the fiddles; finally, out of humor, and with a headache, I was just ready to go home, when something brought me to a stand.

I became aware of the presence of a lady in a black domino, who stood leaning against a pillar. I looked twice, then drew nearer, and—will my reader believe me?—I recognized with certainty the unknown lady of my dreams. How did I know her?—Was it by her glance which, through the long apertures in her mask, rested full upon me? or was it the superb outline of her shoulders and throat? was it the peculiar majesty of her figure? was it indeed a voice within me, testifying to the truth? I cannot tell; I knew that it was she. With beating pulses, I walked past her. She did not move; her hopelessly-sad air and attitude grieved me to the heart. I came behind her, bent close to her ear, and said lightly,—"*Passa quei colli.*"

She started and turned. Our eyes met, and we were so near that I could see how the pupils of hers dilated with terror. She half extended one hand, and stood looking at me.

"The sixth of May, 1864, at ten o'clock in the evening, in the street *della Croce*," I said slowly, without turning my eyes from her. "Then, in Russia, in the village Michailowskoje, July 22, 1866."

I had spoken in French; she drew back, looked at me from head to foot in surprise, whispered, "*venez*," and left the hall. I followed her.

We went out silently. My strength fails to describe what I experienced, as I walked at her side. A dream of enchantment, suddenly made a reality,—the statue of a Galathea, brought to life before the eyes of a Pygmalion,—I could not believe my own eyes. Scarcely did I venture to breathe.

We walked through a long suite of rooms; finally my companion stopped before a little divan in a window. She sat down, and I seated myself near her.

She turned her head slowly, and looked me in the face.

"You came from *him*?" she asked.

Her voice was feeble, and seemed to be on the point of failing her completely.

The question embarrassed me.

"No. I do not come from him," I replied, hesitatingly.

"You know him?"

"I know him," I answered with a mysterious air. I would not fail in my *rôle*. She looked at me doubtfully,—was about to speak; then cast down her eyes.

"You were expecting him in Sorrento," I went on; "in Michailowskoje, you saw him, and were riding with him"—

"How could you"—she began.

"Oh, I know all," I asserted rashly.

"Your face is in some way familiar to me," she went on. "But no"—

"No, I am unknown to you."

"What, then, do you wish?"

"Oh, I know all," I repeated. I understood fully that I must make good use of my fortunate beginning, that I ought to say something else, that the repetition was in bad taste; but my excitement was so great, this unexpected meeting had so surprised me, I had so completely lost my head, that I could not find another word to say. And, in truth, I knew nothing more. I began to be aware that I was growing foolish, that out of the mysterious, much-knowing individual I had seemed, I was rapidly degenerating into a grimacing dolt, and I could not help it.

"Yes, I know all," I remarked once more. But as I spoke, she rose suddenly, cast a glance at me, and was about to go, when I seized her hand.

"In Heaven's name," began I, "sit down and hear me."

She hesitated a moment, then resumed her seat.

"I said that I knew all," I began eagerly; "but it is not true. I know nothing, actually nothing. I neither know who you are, nor who he is; and that I had the power to surprise you just now with those whispered words, is due only to the irony of fate, which has twice cast me in your way, and twice made me the involuntary witness of what, very probably, you desired to keep a secret."

And upon the spot, I related to her, without digression or concealment, what I had seen in Sorrento and in Russia,—my fruitless inquiries in Michailowskoje, yes, even to my conversation in Moscow with Madame Schlikoff and her sister.

"Now you know all," I said, after I had ended my narrative. "I will not try to tell you of the deep and lasting impression you have made upon me; it is impossible to see you and not be under a spell, yet it is useless for me to speak of that. Recall the circumstances under which I have twice seen you: believe me, I am not tempted to foolish hopes, and seeing the inexplicable feeling which has mastered me to-day, forgive me, if it is possible, the discreditable artifice to which I have had recourse, for the sake of gaining a moment's interview."

She listened to my confused explanations in silence. At last she said,—

"But what do you desire of me?"

"I?—nothing. Tell me nothing. I have too great a respect for the secrets of strangers."

"Truly? But it seemed to me that just now"—she stopped, then resumed more gently, "I will not reproach you. Any other person, in your place, would have done the same. And fate has indeed so strangely thrown us together, that it seems to have given you a certain right to my confidence. But listen; I am not of the class of sentimental women who go to a masquerade, ready to chatter with every stranger that comes, over their sorrows and trials. I desire no man's sympathy; my heart is utterly dead, and I have come here solitary and alone, that I may bury it in silence."

She held her handkerchief for an instant to her lips.

"I trust," she said, "you will not regard my words as the ordinary talk of a masked ball. You will see, I think, how remote all that is from me."

And her voice truly was almost solemn in its sadness.

"I am a Russian," she said in the Russian language—heretofore she had spoken in French;—"although I have lived in Russia but little. My name it is not needful that you should know. Anna Zeodorovna is my old friend, and

with her, under the name of her sister, I went to Michailowskoje. At that time, I could not meet *him* openly. A thousand rumors were afloat; obstacles parted us; he was not free. These obstacles vanished, but he, whose name should have been my own, — he, with whom you saw me, — deserted me."

She was silent for a moment; then resumed; "Is it true that you do not know him? You have never met him?"

"Never."

"Since that time he has been absent from Russia. Now he is here again. This is my story," she added. "You see it is neither strange nor mysterious."

"And Sorrento?" I asked.

"I first learned to know him in Sorrento," she said, slowly, and fell into a profound reverie.

We were both silent. A strange embarrassment overcame me. I sat beside her — this woman, whose picture had come before me in my dreams so often, had so moved and so excited me. I sat at her side, and felt my heart chilled and cramped. I knew that from this interview nothing would result, that between her and me lay an abyss, and that when we should have parted, it would be forever. Leaning forward a little, her hands clasped idly together, she sat, negligent and indifferent. I knew it well — this indifference which comes from incurable grief, from unalterable misfortune. Crowds of masks were going past us. The tones of a waltz with its "maddening monotony" beat on the ear, now faint, as from a distance, now in wild uproar close beside us; the merry ball-music made me only sadder and more gloomy.

"Is it really the same woman," I thought, "whom once I saw, in all her victorious beauty, at the window of that country-house?" And yet time had not touched her, it seemed. The lower part of her face, which was not covered by the lace of her mask, was almost childishly delicate; but she seemed to spread about her a very chill in the atmosphere. Galathea had resumed her pedestal once more, never again to forsake it.

She turned suddenly, glanced into the adjoining room, then rose as if to go.

"Give me your arm," she said. "Come, come quickly!"

We went back towards the hall. She walked so rapidly I could scarcely keep even step with her. Near a pillar she stopped.

"Let us wait here," she whispered.

"You are looking for some one?" I said.

She did not heed my remark; her steady gaze was fixed on the crowd. Sombre and threatening shone the great black eyes, under the black velvet of the mask.

My glance followed hers, and all was clear to me. In the space between a row of pillars and the wall, *he* walked, — the same man who had been with her in the wood. I knew him at once; he was not in the slightest degree altered. There was the same long, drooping moustache, the same tranquil, self-confident brown eyes. He walked slowly, his graceful head bent slightly, telling some story to the lady in domino who leaned on his arm. As he came near us, he raised his head and looked first at me, then at the figure by my side. He evidently recognized her at once, for he dropped his eyelids, and the slightest possible smile of disdain crossed his face. He bent again to the lady at his side, whispered a few words in her ear, and she, too, looked up; her blue eyes swept over us; then she smiled, and made a little threatening gesture at him.

He shrugged his shoulders; she clung closer to his arm with a coquettish movement.

I looked at my companion. She followed them with her eyes as they turned and went from us; then drew her hand from my arm, and rushed towards the door. I would have followed her, but she looked back with an expression that warned me to come no further, and I knew that it would be both rude and foolish for me to persist.

"But tell me, my dear," said I, a quarter of an hour later, to one of my acquaintances, a living address-book of the city of Petersburg, "who is that tall, handsome man with the blond moustache?"

"That? — a foreigner, an enigma in some respects, — a man whom we rarely see above this horizon. Why do you ask?"

"So!" —

I went home. Since that time, I have not again met my unknown lady. Knowing the name of the man whom she had loved, I might easily have ascertained her own; but I would not do it. I have already said that this woman appeared before me like a dream; — like a dream she disappeared, and vanished forever.

WANDERINGS IN JAPAN.

THE rainy season was over, but not the rain. It had been an unusually wet year, even for Japan, and we, the inhabitants of the plain of Yeddo, had been living in the midst of mire and slosh not to be described. Stewed for weeks in a moist, unhealthy heat, shaving-tackle, knives and guns were covered with rust unpleasant to the touch; boots and shoes bore a rich crop of unwholesome fungus; and such portions of our crazy wood-and-paper built cottages as had been spared by the violence of a recent typhoon smelt of mould and damp: the very people one met in the streets looked mildewed and sodden, as if being hung out to dry would have done them, as well as their clothes, a world of good. It was evident that, for health's sake, a trip to the hills had become necessary, and accordingly I determined to make a start of it.

Being anxious to make my trip a means of collecting some of the old legends with which the country along which my route lay abounds, I persuaded a native scholar in my employ, named Shiraki, to come with me. He being a Samurai, or man of gentle blood, did not like to confess that he was no horseman, and having ascertained that he could procure a confidential nag of quiet manners, given neither to kicking, shying, nor running away, put a bold face upon the matter, and professed delight at the idea. As for my Chinese servant, Lin Fu, I felt no uneasiness on his score; he was as adaptable as moist clay, and whether riding on an ordinary saddle, or on a pack-horse, or pinched up in a native palanquin, he was equally at home and equally happy. My groom and three of the Bettegumi, a native corps raised some years back to escort, protect, and spy upon foreigners, completed the party. Stay — I had forgotten one most important companion, at any rate the one that created the greatest sensation by the way, and the only one besides myself that understood English — my dog Lion, a black retriever of great beauty, born of English parents some eighteen months back in this distant land. As he went frisking and gambolling along the road, the women and children would cry out in astonishment, "Oya! oya! Look at the barbarian and his 'Come-here!' *kirei da ne!* What a pretty creature!" The Japanese believe that "Come-here" is English for a dog, for when our countrymen first reached Japan, they brought dogs with them, and hearing them call out, "Come-here! Come-here!" when their pets strayed, the natives took it into their heads that "Come-here" could mean nothing but dog.

Travelling westward along the great high-road, and leaving the port of Yokohama on our left, we halted for the night at the village of Totsuka, some four-and-twenty miles from Yeddo. Having seen my horse rubbed down and bedded, I strolled out to smoke a cheroot. The day's work being over, the country-folk were standing about their doors in picturesque groups — the men for the most part naked to the waist, and fresh from the bath, the women almost always tidy, and sometimes even smart — enjoying the cool of the evening and chatting away in eager idleness, bestowing little or no notice upon the foreigner, whose presence among them has during the last ten years become a matter of familiarity; in sad contrast to their cheery rest, the unhappy inmates of the village stew were bedizening and painting themselves for the night, and sitting down wearily at the open window to attract the attention of travellers. At one of these high-road pleasure-houses, by the bye, I once saw a very melancholy sight; an unhappy

girl, driven to despair in her loathing of the life to which she had been sold, had contrived to make her escape, in spite of the argus-eyed watching of her owner; she was caught and brought back, and to punish her, having been beaten and ill-used, she was bound hand and foot, and exposed in that condition in the front of the house, as a warning to those of her mates who might attempt to follow her example. Turning down a country lane, I came upon a rustic scene of no little beauty. In the foreground was a farm-house, warmly thatched and cosy-looking, in front of which Miss O Hana, the Flower, was drawing water at the well, and exchanging a friendly greeting with the laborious Genkichi, who, hoe on shoulder, was trudging home from his work in the fields. Round and about the house were rich groves of fir and pine, cryptomeria and bamboo, and among these ran a mound, called, as such hillocks usually are, after Fuji Yama the Peerless Mountain, commanding a noble view over hill and vale, richly endowed by nature, and turned to good account by the handiwork of man. Every available square foot of land is made to bear its tribute of rice, millet, buckwheat, or vegetables, and the hill-sides are richly clothed with valuable timber. For the Japanese husbandman is a hard-working and industrious soul, toiling early and late, chiefly to make sure the rice-crop, of which he, poor man, may scarcely get a taste. *Sic vos non vobis!* He must content himself with coarse fare, — millet, buckwheat, and a piece of salted turnip-radish for a relish.

Having given time for Lin Fu to arrive with the coolies bearing the baggage, unpack the same and prepare my dinner, — for on the journey he, handiest of men, is cook, and no mean cook either, in addition to his other functions, — I return to mine inn to take such ease as may be found where there are neither tables nor chairs nor beds. The mats, soft indeed and white (but *nimium ne crede colori*) serve all purposes: on them we squat and eat; on them we lie down and sleep, when the fleas, exceptionally hungry and poisonous, with which they swarm, will allow us a few moments' respite.

Oct. 7. — The clouds that had been gathering round the mountain-tops the night before were still hanging gloomily over the landscape when I awoke and looked out. A threatening, ugly morning. However, it wanted three good hours yet of our starting-time, so I squatted down and tried to write some letters, intending to send a man to catch the mail at Yokohama. But cramp interfered with iron hand, — for it is no easy matter to write sitting on the floor without desk or table, — and the letters which reached home by that ship were of the briefest.

At nine o'clock, after I had finished my breakfast of tea and eggs, Shiraki came in to say that horses and men were ready. A shout of *O Dékaké!* — "the Imperial going forth" — is raised by Shiraki and taken up in chorus by landlord, guards, maids, coolies, and all the idle folk about the inn, and out I stalk, walking through a perfect avenue of obeisances, with a feeling of shyness which not even long use of eastern courtesies has sufficed to remove. Now a Japanese can always look dignified under these circumstances, having a signal advantage indeed over the European; for he who would occupy the best rooms at a Japanese inn must take off his boots on entering the house, out of respect for the mats, which it would be treason to sully; and I hold it to be very difficult for a man to appear at his ease, listening to a whole string of obsequious compliments, whilst he is struggling into a pair of butcher boots; while a Japanese shuffles on his sandals, which are handed to him by his sandal-bearer kneeling, and mounts his horse with the most supreme indifference, leaving his host and the myrmidons of the inn still singing the imperial praises.

We now left the great high-road, and struck off to the left into a country lane. The rains had left the roads in a sad state. The horses could hardly struggle through the deep mire of thick holding clay out of which they drew their hoofs with a noise as of sucking. The little Japanese ponies managed pretty well; but my own beast, a heavy, big-boned Australian, sank up to his knees nearly at every step, and I was forced to dismount and lead him — much to the joy of my friend Shiraki, who was glad enough of an excuse to follow my example. In this manner we slipped and slid along for about seven miles of lovely scenery, hill and dale, rice-fields (the crop, alas! not ripening), and woodland. Many a shrine or holy niche stands by the wayside or crowns some picturesque hill-top, to which a flight of steps ascends. Nothing can be prettier than the scenery of these valleys. They are on a small scale, it is true, and it may be said against them that each dell is to the last as one Dromio is to the other; but they are so bright and green, and the banks between which they lie are so charmingly wooded, with such varied tints in the foliage (especially while the autumn glory of the maples lasts), that the eye never wearies of looking upon them.

Among these hills lies the site of the ancient city of Kamakura, which we presently reach.

In the middle of the seventh century of our era there lived a certain prince whose name was Kamadari. He was the most powerful noble of his day, and in high favor at court. Now it happened that, having been sent by the Emperor to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine of Kashima in the province of Shimôsa, he rested by the way at the village of Yui in Sagami, and as he slept he dreamed a dream in which he was miraculously warned to go and bury the precious sickle (kama), which was the badge of his name, at the pine mount on Mount Okura. This he did in obedience to the warning which he had received, and from that time forth the name of the place was changed from Okura (the great storehouse) to Kamakura (or the sickle storehouse), from *kama*, a sickle, and *kura*, a place of safety, or storehouse.

Prince Kamadari, who traced his descent in direct line to the gods, died in the year 669, A.D. Immediately before his death the Emperor visited him in person, and conferred upon him the family name of Fujiwara and the dignity of Taijôkwan, an honor which had never been given before, and has never been given since. For Kamadari had rendered great and signal service to the empire in former years by ridding it of a certain minister named Isuka, who, during the reign of the Empress Kôgoku (642 - 644, A.D.) had usurped the power and contrived to make himself a kind of dictator in the land.

After their father's death the sons of Kamadari came to great honor. From the eldest son sprang the five families in which were hereditarily vested the offices of *Kwambaku*, or Prime Minister of the Mikado, and *Sesshô*, or Regent, during the Mikado's minority, both of which offices, by the bye, have been abolished under the new political system which begun in 1868. The second son was appointed governor of the eight provinces of Kwantô,* and took up his residence here at Kamakura, which from that time forth until the sixteenth century, became the military capital of the eastern division of the empire. When the family of Hôjô became all-powerful in the land, they transferred the seat of the government of the east to their own castle-town of Odawara, at the foot of the Hakoné range of mountains, and Kamakura gradually fell into ruins. It is now a mere district, consisting of thirteen villages, and, excepting the temples, not a trace remains of its former splendor. This is to be accounted for by the ephemeral character of Japanese houses, which being built of wood and paper, once having fallen are swept away and no more seen. If the city of Yeddo, vast as it is, were to be abandoned and allowed to go to rack and ruin, fifty years hence the walls of the castle, and perhaps a temple or two, would probably be the only vestiges left to mark its site.

It being my purpose to spend a couple of days among the groves and holy places of Kamakura, I put up at the not too clean inn which is at the foot of the great temple of Hachiman. A fat, good-natured Maritornes, sore afflicted with the national complaint, the itch, prepared a cup of tea, and having set before us certain thin, greasy biscuits, something like wafers, announced that the Nanushi, or mayor of the village, was anxious to come and pay us a

* Kwantô, or "East of the Barrier," is the name given to the provinces of Musashi, Sagami, Awa, Kadzusa, Shimôsa, Hitachi, Kôtsuké, and Shimôtsuké.

visit. Right glad was I to bid Shiraki go and welcome his worship, for he had been described to me as a perfect storehouse of Old-World lore, knowing and loving every stone and nook within his jurisdiction, of which he would willingly do the honors, thereby saving me from the clutches of a certain guide, an old man of the sea, a bore of bores, cursed with that peculiar droning voice which is the characteristic of the professed cicerone all the world over.

Enter the mayor, a neat, cleanly-shaved old man, modestly dressed, as becomes his station, in the plain gray taffachelass robe worn by the middle class, his dirk being politely left outside the door. Down he goes on his knees and head, drawing a long hissing breath in token of respect.

"Sa! Shiraki! call for some tea," (Shiraki claps his hands) "and offer our guest a cheroot."

"Thank you, sir; thank you! this is indeed difficult to obtain. Interesting, truly interesting," says the mayor, twisting about the cheroot in his fingers. But he does not like it all the same, and after painfully smoking a puff or two, he knocks out the fire, and having rolled up the end in a bit of paper, stows it away in his bosom to be taken home as a curiosity.

"Well, Mr. Mayor, we've come all this way to see the 'meisho,' the lions of Kamakura, and under the shadow of so famous an antiquary we look forward to much enjoyment."

"Nay, nay, sir! I am but a dull old fellow, a very rusty blade; still if you will condescend to accept my poor guidance, I shall be glad of the honor of offering myself as your pilot."

And so we sally forth from our inn, the good mayor leading the way.

The chief of the sites of Kamakura is the glorious old temple of Hachiman. Its groves, lotus ponds, stone stairs, heavy-eaved shrines, rich with relics of bygone ages, Albino horses sacred to the gods, uncanny pink-eyed beasts, waxing fat upon the beans offered by pious pilgrims; all these have been described by every traveller that has visited the spot, nor need I dwell upon their beauties or oddities here. My object is chiefly to set before future travellers, in as intelligible a manner as possible, a few notes which may enable them to appreciate the interest which attaches to places along a route which they are sure to follow.

The latter half of the twelfth century was one of the most important epochs of Japanese history, for during that time raged the war between the rival houses of Gen and Hei (a civil war with which our own Wars of the Roses may in same sense be compared), which ended in the victory of the House of Gen, of which Minamoto no Yoritomo was the chief. When he had conquered his enemies and made himself all-powerful in the land, he established himself at Kamakura, which he made the military capital of Japan, and shortly afterwards, in the year 1192, he was created Sei-I-Tai Shogun, or Barbarian-repressing Commander-in-chief, being the first who held that title, which foreigners call more shortly "Tycoon." From that time forth until the year 1868, the Emperor, or Mikado, became a cipher, the executive being in the hands of his commander-in-chief, and so it was that we heard many fallacies about spiritual and temporal emperors.

In those days there stood at a place called Tsurugaoka, at Yui, a certain ancient temple in honor of the Emperor Ojin, deified as the god of War, whom the Buddhists have identified as their own Mars, Hachiman, not on account of any deeds of daring he performed by himself, but because it was when she was with child, before bringing him into the world, that his mother, the famous Empress Jingô, conquered the Coreans in the third century, A.D., having first girt herself up, and miraculously delayed her confinement until she had gained the mastery over her enemies. This shrine, in the year 1191, Yoritomo caused to be removed to his own capital at Kamakura, where it was established in its present site.

Three gods are specially worshipped at the temple. First and foremost, occupying the place of honor in the centre shrine at the head of the steps, is the god Hachiman. On the right is an altar dedicated to his mother, the Empress Jingô, and on the left is another altar, sacred to the Princess Onaka. I have before me now one of the rude prints of the god Hachiman which are sold on the spot; he is represented as a fierce warrior, with very slanting eyes, with a beard and moustache grotesquely trimmed, bearing a bow and arrows, and clad, not, as might have been expected, in armor, but in the flowing robes and quaint cap which make up the costume of the court. On the left of the chief shrine is a lesser one, in honor of a hero called Takénouchi Sukuné, a warrior who accompanied the Empress Jingô in her expedition to Corea, and afterwards served her by ridding her of a pretender to the throne. He has been canonized as Kôra Miyôjin, or Tamadaré no Kami. The two gods on the left and right of the gate are called Toyoiwamado and Kushiwamado; they are deities of the Shintô, or indigenous religion of the country, which is a form of hero-worship. The main shrine is in the centre of a square, the three sides of which are occupied by small altars, in which are laid up sacred litters for the gods, and relics, such as swords, portions of garments, pieces of armor, and other like curiosities, which belonged to Yoritomo, Yoritsuné, Takauji, and other heroes of the brave old days.

All this portion of the temple was burned down about forty years ago, and rebuilt; but the pagoda and other sacred buildings below the grand stone steps are ancient. Although built of wood, they have been continually kept in repair, so that they stand now as they stood in the time of the splendor of Yoritomo.

On the left-hand side the steps are overshadowed by a tree of venerable aspect, of the species called Ichô (*Salisburia adiantifolia*, Hepburn's *Dict.*), a tree of bloody memory, for under it was committed one of those crimes which stain the history of the Middle Ages in all countries.

In the year 1199 Yoritomo died, leaving behind him two sons, Yoriiyé and Sanétomo. The elder of these two, Yoriiyé, a youth eighteen years of age, succeeded his father as lord over the warriors of the country; but he was a foolish prince, and gave himself up to debauchery and drunkenness, being encouraged in his evil courses by his mother's father, Hôjô Tokimasa, who seized upon the real power. Two years later the Emperor invested Yoriiyé with the full rank of Shogun, which had been held by his father, but none the less did Tokimasa continue to be master. Yoriiyé chafed under the yoke that was put upon him, and the city of Kamakura was distraught by plots and counterplots, the Shogun being the head of one faction, while his mother and great-grandfather led the other. Not a little bloodshed ensued, and, among the victims, Yoriiyé's infant son was put to death by his own grandfather. Shortly after this outrage, Tokimasa spread a report that the Shogun was conspiring against his life, and having seized the person of Yoriiyé, he forced him to shave his head and retire from the world into the priesthood. Nor was his vengeance yet satisfied, for in the following year he sent a man-at-arms to the temple where Yoriiyé abode, with orders to kill him; and the man, having watched his opportunity, cast a rope about the neck of the former Shogun as he lay in his bath, and strangled him. In this way he died, being only twenty-three years of age.

Yoriiyé was succeeded by his younger brother Sanétomo, a boy twelve years of age, who dwelt in his grandfather's palace, and issued his commands thence, so that Tokimasa lost none of his former power. This, however, did not content him, for he was minded to kill Sanétomo, that he might set in his place his son-in-law, who had married his favorite daughter. But this time the mother of the Shogun, instead of siding with her father, protected her child, and having discovered the plot, removed Sanétomo from his grandfather's palace, and placed him under the care of her brother Yoshitoki. In the struggle for the power which ensued, the army declared itself on the side of the young Shogun, and the old man Tokimasa was banished to the village of Hôjô, in the province of Idzu, whence the family took its origin and name. Now, Sanétomo was a gentle and weakly youth, who loved the company of men of letters, and passed his days and nights drinking wine and writing

poetry; and the Shogun being steeped in these pursuits, his minister and uncle waxed more and more powerful, and ruled the Empire in his name.

The former Shogun, Yoriiyé, had left one son, who, after various attempts had been made on his behalf to seize upon his father's power, had entered the priesthood at Kiyôto, taking, at the same time, the name of Kugiyô. In the year 1218 this Kugiyô came to Kamakura, where, in spite of the intrigues of which he had been the head, he was received honorably, and made Abbot of the Temple of Hachiman. But he was not contented with his lot, for the imprisonment and murder of his father still rankled in his breast, and he looked with an evil eye upon his uncle, the Shogun Sanétomo, biding his time that he might be revenged.

Now, it happened that in the tenth month of this same year, Sanétomo received from the Emperor the dignity of *Udaijin*, or grand minister of the right, and in the first month of the year 1219 he determined to go in solemn state to the Temple of Hachiman to return thanks to the gods for this favor, having chosen by divination the hour of eight in the evening of the twenty-seventh day as an auspicious moment for his purpose. Before leaving his palace, he caused his wife, a daughter of the house of Hada, to comb and dress his hair; as she was doing this, a hair fell out, and he picked it up and gave it to his wife, saying, with a laugh, "Take this in memory of me."

So he went out with a thousand knights in his train, and his uncle and minister Yoshitoki followed him, bearing his sword. Just as they were about to enter the temple, Yoshitoki was seized with a sudden sickness, so he handed the sword of the Shogun to another noble, and returned home. In the meanwhile, Sanétomo, having bidden the rest of his train to remain outside, entered the temple attended only by his swordbearer; and when he had made an end of praying and giving thanks he descended the steps of the temple, and as he went down, a man sprang out from behind a tree on one side, and brandishing a sword, cut down the Shogun and his swordbearer, whose heads he carried away. It was now black night, and both within and without the temple there arose a great confusion and uproar; none could tell who had done the deed, until a loud voice was heard crying out, "I am Kugiyô!"

Then Kugiyô, bearing the head of Sanétomo, fled and went to the house of another priest, where he ate some food; but even while he ate his hand never loosened its hold upon the head of the Shogun.

Now, Sanétomo was twenty-eight years of age when he died by the hand of his nephew. At this time, Kugiyô had as his disciple a youth of tender years, the son of a friend of his; so he sent this boy home and bade him ask his father for counsel and help. But this man deceived Kugiyô, saying that he would go forth with a company of soldiers to meet him; and having sent this message, he privily reported the matter to Yoshitoki, who bade him take upon himself the duty of punishing the murderer of the Shogun. Acting upon these orders, the false friend sent a trusty fellow with five stalwart men-at-arms to do the deed. In the meantime, Kugiyô, who had waited in vain for the soldiers that had been promised him, had crossed a high mound which is at the back of the Temple of Hachiman, and was on his way to his friend's house when he fell in with the six men who had been sent to slay him. A desperate fight arose, but Kugiyô being overpowered, was killed, and his head was sent to Yoshitoki.

On the following day the Shogun Sanétomo was buried with great pomp, and as his head could not be found, the single hair which he had jestingly left with his wife was buried in its stead. His grave may still be seen at the Temple of Jinfukuji.

This was the end of the dynasty of Shoguns founded by Yoritomo; only two of his descendants succeeded him, and the three only ruled for twenty-seven years.

Now, the great Ichô tree, which may be seen to the left of the steps to this day, is the very tree behind which Kugiyô hid himself to lie in wait for the Shogun Sanétomo. So say tradition and my good friend the Mayor of Kamakura.

On the right-hand side of the steps as you go up is the *Waka-Miya*, or "younger shrine," which was erected in honor of the deified Emperor Nintoku, the son and successor of Ojin, or Hachiman, a prince who made himself famous in history by a mild and loving reign. But the shrine is rendered more interesting by an episode in the life of the great Shogun Yoritomo.

During the long and terrible wars which ended in his mastery over the Empire, Yoritomo's best friend and ablest lieutenant was his brother Yoshitsuné. Later in life, however, the poison of slander came between them, and Yoritomo's heart was turned against his brother by the guile of a treacherous friend. But fortune was on the side of the elder brother, and Yoshitsuné was compelled to fly to the northern provinces, whence he went over to the island of Yézo, and, as some say, crossed to the mainland. However that may be, his end is shrouded in mystery.

Now, among the ladies of Yoshitsuné was a certain woman called Shidzuka Gozen, whose rare beauty and skill in dancing have passed into a household word. When Yoshitsuné was hiding in the north, Yoritomo, knowing the love that his brother bore to Shidzuka Gozen, sent for her, and having taken his seat with his courtiers at the Younger Shrine of the Temple of Hachiman, bade her dance and play before him; and after she had finished dancing, Yoritomo asked her to reveal Yoshitsuné's whereabouts. But she either knew not his hiding-place or was true to her trust, and neither threat nor persuasion availed to open her lips. Hence it is that men still point to the Younger Shrine and tell how Yoritomo sat there in great state, but with all his pomp failed to awe the faithful dame who set at nought the might of the Shogun in her love for her lord.

It will readily be believed that a holy place so old and so rich in historic interest as this temple has not been left without suitable endowment. Indeed, it ranks among the richest foundations in the country. The revenue which it derives from its lands alone amounts to twenty-five hundred kokus of rice yearly, and suffices to maintain a body of sixty-four priests, from abbot to acolyte, for the service of the gods. Besides this regular income, there are the offerings of pilgrims and pious persons, and twice a year, ever since the thirteenth century, when the custom was instituted by the Emperor Kaméyama, the government has paid a small fee, in return for the offering up of prayers for the prosperity of the country, officers being sent by the Shogun's Government to attend the service. Nor have special gifts been wanting to beautify the temple. Of these, the chief are the three massive stone portals (Tori-i), grandly simple, standing in the street leading up to the temple, which were erected by the Shogun's Government in the year 1668; and the more richly ornamented colossal stone lanterns, which were subscribed for by the merchants of Yeddo at the beginning of the present century.

Among the quaintest of the curiosities of the temple is a certain stone called Himé-Ishi, or the Princess Stone, which a freak of nature has fashioned into the semblance of the lower part of a woman's body. Whence it came hither, or by whom it was brought, tradition says not. It stands in an out-of-the-way part of the grounds, and is surrounded by a small paling, on which are hung paper exvotos and queues of hair, cut off in fulfilment of a vow, the offerings of persons who come to pray for relief from diseases of the loins and lower part of the body. Foreigners have an idea that barren women come and pray for children; but the priests claim no such fruit-giving virtue for the stone, and certainly they would be vastly shocked to hear their Princess called by the vulgar name she bears in the vile jargon spoken at Yokohama. Many and various, indeed, are the traps into which that same dialect leads the unwary foreigner, who at one moment is, in the innocence of his heart, using language that would disgrace the most foul-mouthed bargee, and at the next, with the utmost courtesy, addresses his groom as "my lord," and promises to have the honor of humbly offering up to his lordship a sound thrashing, a promise which his unfortunate lordship knows will faithfully be performed.

A little beyond the Princess Stone is a small wicket,

which leads us out of the temple grounds, in which we have loitered so long, into a plain of rice-fields. On this plain stood the fashionable part of the old city of Kamakura. Here were the palaces of the Shoguns of the Minamoto and Ashikaga dynasties, and of the not less powerful house of Hôjô. Not a stick, not a stone remains to mark the different sites, the tradition of which alone remains — all is under tillage; so that the worthy mayor is somewhat difficult to follow when he traces out accurately the limits of each palace, and waxes enthusiastic in his description of what they must have been.

At the foot of the hill which rises over against us runs the little river Naméri, concerning which rather a droll story is told. In the middle of the thirteenth century, when Hôjô Tokiyori was at the head of the administration, there lived a certain officer named Aoto Sayémon Fujitsuna. One night this man was going to his duties at the palace, and while he was crossing the river, as ill-luck would have it, he dropped out of his flint-and-steel pouch ten copper cash, which fell into the water. Although this was a trifle, which he might have passed on without heeding, he went at once into the shop of a merchant hard by, and having bought ten torches, for which he paid fifty cash, caused a search to be made for the ten cash, which were soon found. When they saw this, the people all laughed at him for wasting fifty cash in torches that he might get back ten. But Aoto, frowning, answered: "Fools! Ye know not what is real waste, nor do ye care for the good of the people. If I had not just now sought for those ten cash, they would have sunk to the bottom of the river, and would have profited no man. These fifty cash that I spent in torches are this merchant's gain — what is the difference betwixt him and me? As it is, not one of the sixty cash has been lost to the world."

So he snapped his fingers with scorn at the people, whose laughter was changed to admiration. Now, when this story came to the ears of Hôjô Tokiyori, he was greatly pleased, and having summoned Aoto to his presence, he promoted him to high office — probably not in the finance department.

In Indian file we follow our guide along the narrow raised paths which intersect the paddy-fields, making for the wooded hills, among which lies hidden and almost forgotten a simple little stone monument, which marks the grave of the mighty Yoritomo. No grand temple, rich with gold lacquer and bronze and cunning workmanship, such as we see in the burial-grounds of the Shoguns at Yeddo, surrounds the spot, the whereabouts of which is unknown to the vulgar throng. The memorial is but a simple erection of largish stones in tiers, which would long since have fallen down had it not been for the pious care of the Princes of Satsuma, who have surrounded it with a stone fence; but the name of Yoritomo will live in Japanese history long after the grand cemeteries of Yeddo shall have crumbled into dust.

Near the grave of Yoritomo are three caves. Two of these are merely known as burial-places of ancestors of the Satsuma and Chôshiu princes; but the third is a place of greater interest, having been the prison and scene of the murder of the unhappy Prince Moriyoshi, whose wrongs and sorrows form one of the most romantic episodes of Japanese history.

The days of the Emperor Daigo II., who reigned in the middle of the fourteenth century, were troubled by civil war, and for an interval of two years he was even dethroned, and another emperor was set up in his stead. In the end, however, his cause triumphed, and this owing in a great measure to the valor and wisdom of his own son, Prince Moriyoshi, whom he appointed to be Shogun. Now there was a certain powerful noble, named Takauji, who enjoyed high favor with the Emperor, by whom he had been appointed to a military rank inferior only to that of Prince Moriyoshi. This Takauji hated Prince Moriyoshi, and coveted his office, while Moriyoshi looked with an evil eye upon Takauji, whom he suspected of treasonable designs. In this feud the Emperor inclined his ear rather to his minister than to his son, whom he sought to remove from the supreme command. When Moriyshi saw this, he remonstrated with his father, saying: "Verily, the heart of Takauji is crooked, and I fear that if your Majesty raises him to power, he will become a rebel like those whom we have defeated. Your Majesty knows the proverb, 'It is useless to drive the wolf from the front door, and let in the tiger at the back gate.' So long as this man lives, your Majesty's pillow will know no rest. Let your servant collect an army, and until I shall have punished this traitor, I will not return to my duties as high-priest of Hiyeizan."

But the Emperor would not listen to the words of Moriyoshi, but continued to place all his trust in Takauji. In the year 1334, the Emperor, who was now given up to wine and women, and was completely under the control of Takauji, banished his son Moriyoshi to Kamakura, and caused him to be imprisoned in a cave in the hill-side over the valley called Nikaidô. In this dark and noisome hole, where he lived accompanied only by two faithful ladies, the exiled prince passed his time in studying the sacred books by the light of a torch. But Takauji was not yet content, but was bent upon the murder of his foe. Accordingly, in the following year, he went himself to Kamakura, and having arranged his plans, chose a certain knight called Fuchibé to carry them out.

On the twenty-third day of the seventh month, Fuchibé, with six followers, set out to do the deed, and having arrived at the cave, found Moriyoshi, as was his wont, engrossed in study. At first the murderer made a show of treating the prince with great respect, and pretended that he had brought a palanquin that he might escort him away from his prison. But Moriyoshi said: "Nay, not to escort me, but to slay me hast thou come," and springing upon Fuchibé, tried to seize his sword. Then Fuchibé turning his sword, struck the prince upon the knees, and he, weakened in body by suffering, which had failed to quell his spirit, fell forward. Before he could rise Fuchibé rushed upon him, and bestriding his body, drew a dirk, with which he tried to cut off his head. But the prince shrugging his shoulders so as to shorten his neck, seized the point of the dirk with his teeth. In the struggle for the dirk the point of it was broken, and more than an inch remained in Moriyoshi's mouth. At last Fuchibé threw away the dirk, and drawing a short sword, stabbed the prince twice in the breast, and then seizing him by the hair, struck off his head. Fuchibé rushed out of the cell, carrying his bloody trophy in his hand; but when he examined the head in the daylight, the eyes were as those of a living man, and the teeth were still fastened upon the point of the broken dirk. Not liking to show so ghastly an object to his suborner, the murderer flung the head into a bamboo grove hard by; and while the body and head were yet warm, and before the eyes had become glazed, the chief priest of the temple called Richikôin, took the remains and piously buried them.

It was not long before the Emperor had cause to regret his son and to mourn over his folly in trusting to the faithless Takauji; but with his fate we have nothing further to do. A shrine of fair white wood has recently been erected in honor of Prince Moriyoshi, with two lesser shrines for the two ladies whose love cheered his banishment, and who after his death returned to Kiyôto; and attached to the shrine is a lodge where the Emperor may rest should he ever be moved to come and visit the site. The priest of Richikôin — a temple of which a few remains may yet be seen at the foot of a hill not far off — placed a stone to mark the place in the bamboo grove where he picked up the head; and he set another stone and planted a fir-tree on the top of the hill on which his temple stood, to show the spot where he buried the murdered prince. A steep flight of steps leads up to this venerable tree, from under the shadow of which there is a glorious view over the hills and plain of Kamakura.

It was now nearly sunset, and so we wended our way homewards. On arriving at the inn I found that two other travellers had arrived, Englishmen, one of whom was known to me; and as their stores had not come, they must have gone supperless to bed, or, at all events, must have put up with a sorry meal of boiled rice and salt fish, had they not fallen in with me. So we made common cause, and spent a very merry evening.

The next day turned out to be hopelessly wet. The rain fell in sheets, defying all protection in the shape of waterproofs. My companions of the night before had to start for Yokohama in spite of the weather, for one of them had to catch a steamer; so I was left alone to amuse myself as best I might, translating the scraps of history which I have given above, and wondering at the inscriptions with which former travellers have decorated the inn walls. The Germans always appear to me to be the greatest seekers of pencil immortality. No place is too sacred, none too mean for them to scrawl over with their names and pleasantries.

One piece of doggerel has pleased its author so much that I have found it repeated over and over again:—

Karl aus sachsen
Wo die schrenen mädchen wachsen.

Here is a specimen of Swiss wit:—

Vive la Confédération Swisse.
(Here follows three names.)
Nous maintiendrons la dive bouteille,
La vieille pipe et le pot fedéral.

Next comes "The Marquis Chisholm and a lot more, all Dryboots." Now, the Marquis Chisholm I have ascertained to be a negro living at Yokomaha, and the Dryboots' joke is of course a playful allusion to the great Buddha, "Dai Butsu," which is near here.

With the morning came bright sunshine, dispelling all the clouds of weary boredom which had gathered round me during the last twenty-four hours of impatient chafing under imprisonment in a sixth-rate native inn. At eight o'clock I rode off, having taken leave of the good-natured mayor, with many thanks for his kindness. A short canter through the keen morning air brought me to the little village of Fukazawa, where the great bronze Buddha sits, *sedet æternumque sedebit*. The first time I saw it, in the autumn of 1866, the approach to it lay along an avenue of grand old evergreen trees, and the effect of the colossus, when seen from the beginning of the avenue, was most striking. Now, unhappily, the trees have been cut down by the avarice of the priests, who grudged the little bit of soil which might bear a few more vegetables, and who took advantage of the revolution to pretend that the trees had been destroyed by the soldiery. The beautiful *coup d'œil* is lost, but the figure must always rank among the most wonderful monuments of the world. As a work of art, its chief merit appears to me to be the expression of calm dignity and repose in the face, which is enhanced by the huge proportions and boldness of execution. Travellers in Siam talk about gigantic Buddhas one hundred and sixty feet high, plated over with gold, and having feet of mother-of-pearl, but I defy any country to produce a nobler figure than this. The proportions of the statue are given as follows in a rough print sold by the priest on the spot:—

	Ft.	In.
Height of the statue	50	0
From the hair to the knees	42	0
Round the base	96	0
Height of pedestal	4	5
Length of face	8	5
Breadth from ear to ear.	18	0
Silver boss on forehead, the gift of the widow of a rich merchant at Yeddo	1	5
Eyes, long	4	0
Eyebrows	4	2
Ears, long	6	6
Nose, long	3	8
Nose, across	2	3
Mouth	3	2½
Locks of hair 830 in number 8 inches high, and 1 foot in diameter		
Knees, across	36	0
The thumb, round	3	0

The story of the erection of the great Buddha is one more tale of woman's love. During the civil wars of the twelfth century, the great statue of Buddha which stood at Nara, one of the ancient capitals of the empire, had been destroyed, and a certain priest, seeing this, undertook a pilgrimage through the empire, begging alms wherever he went, until at last he had collected sufficient money to erect a new image. Upon the occasion of the festivals held in honor of its completion, the emperor ordered the Shogun Yoritomo to superintend the ceremonies, during which he was struck by the ambition to set up a like statue in his own eastern provinces, for the protection and welfare of his family and clansmen. Yoritomo died without having fulfilled his intention, which, however, had been made known to his wife and to one of the ladies of the palace named Ita. Upon the death of Yoritomo, Ita, protected by the Shogun and by Yoritomo's widow, who had now become a nun, and enjoyed so great political power that she is known in history as the Nun-Shogun, set forth on a pilgrimage, during which she collected a sum of money which enabled her to erect a great wooden Buddha, and a temple to hold it, which were consecrated in the year 1228, A.D. But there came a great typhoon, in which the temple was blown down, and the wooden image, exposed to the rain and the weather, soon began to rot away. Nothing daunted, Ita only determined to try again, and this time she resolved that her work should be more lasting. Having obtained the Shogun's leave, she started on a new pilgrimage, and so successful was she, that at the beginning of the last half of the thirteenth century she erected the present bronze figure, together with a grand hall and a gate with two guardian gods. In the year 1495 all the buildings were destroyed and washed away by a tidal wave which swept over the country, and the great Buddha, with his pedestal, alone remained standing. But the place became deserted and overgrown with grass and rank vegetation, so that its existence was almost forgotten, until, some two hundred years later, it was cleared of the rubbish and brushwood by a famous priest called Yuten, aided by a friend from Yeddo. These two built a small temple by the side of the great image, in which they collected as relics all that remained of the former temple, and of a still older shrine called Shôjôsenji, which had stood upon the same spot since the beginning of the eighth century, and which had been famous in its day as the repository of certain precious copies of the Buddhist sacred books, and of other relics which had been brought from China.

The inside of the great Buddha is fitted up as a chapel, in which is laid up a small shrine containing an image of the god Shaka Niyorai, which was once the property and family god of the Shogun Yoritomo. The walls are much defiled with the names and inscriptions of foreign visitors, who have not even spared the stone on which is graven the prayer, "*Namu Amida Butsu*"—"Save us, eternal Buddha."

I could not learn the name of the artist to whom the credit of the great work is due, but he is said to have been the ancestor of one Ono Goroyémon, a man now living in the west of the province of Kadzusa.

In the old days there were two other colossal bronze Buddhas in Japan. The one at Nara and the other at Kiyôto; but the latter, which was only erected in the year 1590, having been much damaged by a severe earthquake, was melted down and minted and replaced by a wooden figure in the year 1662. The image which I have been describing was the least of the three, indeed the one at Nara is said, by a popular fiction, to be so big that a man may crawl up its nostril; but all men are agreed that the big Buddha near Kamakura is much the most beautiful to see, for the Nara Buddha is inside a temple, so that it cannot be seen in detail, while this one, standing out in the open air, may be looked upon from a distance, which enables the eye to compass it. The first time I came here the genius of the place was a venerable priest, nearly, if not quite, a century old, certainly the oldest man to look at that I ever beheld, and all the more remarkable in that it is rare to see persons of very advanced age in this country. Indeed, I doubt whether the Japanese are in general a very long-lived race, although for many of their heroes in the dark ages they are fond of claiming the honor of years. One famous minister there was who died in the fourth century, having lived, as we are told, no less than three hundred and seventeen years, during two hundred and forty of which he was the chief minister of six successive emperors! Like the avenue of trees the old priest has dis-

appeared and both have left a void in the picturesqueness of the place.

Can any thing be more lovely in its way than the ride from the Great Buddha over the richly-wooded hills to the sea? And then it is such a heavenly day! such a pure atmosphere! The sea, most treacherous of all seas, lies calm and blue before us, breaking in lazy ripples upon the dazzling beach, and looking as innocent and peaceful as though it had never engulfed ships and men and cargo, nor sent up a great, cruel tidal-wave to sweep whole townships and villages to destruction before it. On the left are the wood-crowned heights and cliffs, now bright with the many colors of autumn; to the right, in front of us, is the lovely island of Enoshima, with its armor of rocks and crest of fir-trees; and beyond that again are the distant mountains above which stands out Fujigama, the Peerless, its point just beginning to be capped with snow, from which, during the heat of summer, in spite of its thirteen thousand feet, it is quite free. From the hill-sides three or four streamlets, swollen by heavy rains, come purling down to the sea, and into one of these Shiraki's little horse, who had probably only been waiting for a convenient opportunity to show his power, quietly landed my unfortunate scribe, who had been giving many signs of suffering under the unwonted exercise he had undergone. The bottom was soft, however, and so was Shiraki, so there were no bones broken and no damage done.

One of these little rivers is called the Yukiaigawa, or River of Meeting, from the following story: — There is a certain Buddhist sect called the sect of Nichiren, after its founder, a priest who came and took up his abode at Kamakura in the middle of the thirteenth century. This Nichiren, not content with preaching his own doctrine, must needs teach that all other sects were damnable heresies, and in so doing he certainly did not show the wisdom of the serpent, for Hôjô Tokiyori, who was then ruling the country, was himself a priest of the Zen sect. At last he became so troublesome and made so great a disturbance in the city, that Tokiyori lost patience and ordered him to be executed for a pestilent fellow. So Nichiren was carried off to the village of Katasé, opposite Enoshima, to the spot where the temple Riyukôji now stands, and the executioner's leathern carpet having been spread, he knelt down and stretched out his neck to receive the fatal blow. The sword was raised in the air, and the headsman was poising it before striking, when suddenly the blade, by a miracle, was snapped in two, and the presiding officer, amazed by the portent, stopped the execution until he should have taken Tokiyori's pleasure in the matter; for he felt that of a surety this was no common accident. So he sent off a messenger with all speed to Kamakura to make known what had happened. In the meanwhile Tokiyori, on his side, had been warned by a miracle not to slay Nichiren, and had also despatched a messenger to stay the execution, and the two messengers met at this little river, which was called the River of Meeting from that day forth. The day fixed for the execution was the twelfth day of the ninth month of the year, and the anniversary is still kept as a great holiday, on which people flock from all parts of the country to the Temple of Riyukôji, the main hall of which is yet called the Hall of the Leathern Carpet; for Nichiren's teaching prospered greatly, and his sect has spread itself over the whole empire, "being looked upon" (as a Japanese treatise upon the Buddhist sect says) "with as much affection as a cloud in time of drought."

Before crossing the narrow strip of sand which now joins the island of Enoshima to the mainland at the pretty little village of Katasé, we must travel backwards a long journey of many centuries into the realms of myth-land.

At the beginning of the sixth century the tract of land in which the city of Kamakura was afterwards built was a vast inland lake, inhabited by an evil dragon, the scourge of the surrounding country. His meat was the flesh of babes and sucklings, his drink their blood. Now, there lived by the lake a certain rich man who had sixteen children, every one of whom the dragon stole and ate; so the father, mourning over the loss of his darlings, changed his place of abode, and having collected the bones of his children buried them at a spot still called Chôja-dzuka, or "the rich man's grave." Then the dragon devoured the children of the peasants, who also fled in terror to a place which they called Koshigoyé, or "the place to which the children's corpses were removed," because they carried the remains of their little ones with them. After this the people consulted together, and agreed every year to offer up a child as a living sacrifice to the dragon, which used to come and fetch its victim at a spot at the village of Katasé which is still called Tatsu-no-Kuchi, or "the dragon's mouth." This went on for some years, and the people were sorely afflicted at having to pay the tribute of their own bone and flesh to the monster. At last, in the year 552, there came a storm of thunder and lightning, which lasted twelve days; the heavens rained stones, and the sea was troubled, and sand and stones were stirred up from the bottom of the deep. Then the island of Enoshima rose out of the sea, and twelve cormorants came and flitted about its rocks, whence it is also called U-Kitaru-jima, "the island to which the cormorants came." At the same time a beautiful and shining figure of the goddess Benzaiten was seen to descend and dwell upon the island. When the evil dragon saw this, he was overawed by the divine power, and his cruel heart was changed, so that he became a patron saint of the neighboring country, and a shrine was erected to him at Tatsu-no-Kuchi, or the dragon's mouth, where the peasants of the district still worship and pray. Further, as some say, after he had repented of his evil ways, the dragon married the beautiful Benzaiten, the goddess of mercy.

Benzaiten, or Berten, as she is more vulgarly called, is the special patroness of the island of Enoshima; she is represented wearing a jewelled cap, in the centre of which is a white snake, the head of the snake being as the head of an old man with white eyebrows. She has eight hands; in her left hands she carries a precious ball, a spear, a precious wheel, and a bow; and in her right hands a sword, a sceptre, a key, and an arrow. Fifteen attendant spirits minister to her. Above all things, as you value your worldly prosperity, be sure that you pay due reverence to the goddess Benzaiten, for he who serves her faithfully, will find his poverty changed into wealth.

The little fishing village at the entrance to the island of Enoshima reminds one strongly of some small hamlet on the Norman coast. There are the same steep slippery streets, roughly-paved with irregular stones, the same smell of fish, the some amphibious population. The shops are all for the sale of shells, dried fish, corallines, and, above all, for that most beautiful of all produces of the sea, the *Hosugai*, the work of some silk-worm of the deep, which looks like sheaves of the purest spun glass, fastened together by a spongy, shell-covered cement at one end. I do not know its scientific name, but I believe that naturalists esteem it as a thing of great price. The likeness to a French fishing village is strengthened by the stalls for the sale of votive tablets, made of many-colored shells, to be hung up at the shrine of the goddess, or carried home as a fairing to wife, sweetheart, or children. The place might be called Notre Dame de Grace, were it not for the strange tongue and the strange garments.

Lovely as is the little island, which, as the legend says, sprang during some volcanic upheaval from the sea, its temples are unworthy of it and of the beautiful goddess in whose honor they were built. The Buddhist priests, who swarm here, are rather unhappy just now; for they dread disestablishment at the hands of a parental government, which is showing signs of declaring that the true religion of the country is the Shintô, the indigenous faith. In this case the poor shavelings will be swept away, with all their host of imported gods and goddesses, whose images will be replaced by the simple mirror, which is the emblem of the Shintô divinity, and Berten will have to admit that she is but an usurper in the island, which rightfully belongs to the goddess Uga, the daughter of the god Sosanoô, who represents the principle of evil in the Japanese mythology.

But this question of the contest between the two faiths is too long and too intricate a subject to be more than alluded

to in passing. For the present Berten still reigns at Enoshima, and we must scramble over the hill to visit her famous cave, a dark grotto about six hundred yards long, the tide-washed approach to which is rather slippery and awkward walking. There is not much to say about the cave, but the gloom givesan air of romantic mystery to the litanies which the attendant priest recites by the dim light of a single paper lantern hung up before the altar. Outside the cave, a whole company of divers, men and boys, are always in waiting to astonish travellers with their feats, which are really remarkable, although the lobsters and *awabi* (a kind of shell-fish much affected by Japanese gourmets) which they bring up have been placed in wicker baskets beforehand. Who hides, finds. When the fun was at its highest, and a few copper coins thrown into the sea had made some twenty or thirty little brown urchins tumble in all together, there suddenly arose such a yelling, such a splashing, and such diving in pure terror, that I fancied the water must be bewitched. The innocent cause of the tumult was dog Lion, who, moved by a spirit of emulation, or perhaps by the ambition of retrieving some particularly small boy, had jumped in too, and was cheerfully swimming about in the midst of the throng. A shark in the Thames at Eton could not have caused a greater astonishment and fright than a dog that would face the water did here at Enoshima. "The Devil take the hindmost" was the order of the day, and in less time than it takes to write this, Lion was left in solitary enjoyment of his bath.

THE DUC DE PERSIGNY.

DEATH had made a solitude around the Emperor Napoleon before the last calamities of his dynasty and his empire had thinned the ranks of those flatterers and accomplices whose fidelity, like the dial, courts only the serene and sunny hours. Even at the full meridian of its glory, the Second Empire was said by its adepts to own but a single pure Bonapartist among its followers. M. de Morny and others might be within the tables of imperial consanguinity, but they were Imperialists by accident and luck rather than by principle and conviction. As for the Rouhers, the Billaults, the Magnes, and the Baroches, they were simply lawyers and men of business who lent their tongues, their wits, and their consciences, at a rate of interest proportioned to the risk of the security, and who would have accepted service under any master who could make it worth their while to render unto Cæsar the things that were not Cæsar's. With a few exceptions, the dispersed survivors of the downfall are mere creatures out of place, who saved little or nothing from the spoils, and who are doomed to end, as they began, needy speculators in national misfortune. Among the summer friends of prosperity and power, the Duc de Persigny shone out with a lustre all his own. He was the Bayard of a class so well described in a melancholy passage of the "Life of Julius Cæsar," in which the imperial historian excuses and explains the character of his hero's associates. Although, according to Chamfort, the way to please a man of quality is not to save his life or his honor, but to "make him a genealogy," we shall not attempt to pay so thankless a posthumous compliment to the departed nobleman. That his paternal name was Fialin; that at one period of his versatile life he "resumed" the title of Viscount, which it seems his family had dropped, and dropped the name of Fialin, which his family had worn for a couple of centuries or so; that he was something of a legitimist for a moment under the restoration, and having entered the army was dismissed for insubordination; that he was quasi Republican at the Revolution of July, and, like many other Republicans of that epoch, became an ardent convert to the Napoleonic Légende and a true believer in the Star; that he conspired and escaped at Strasburg; that he conspired and was caught at Boulogne, and was allowed to remain a prisoner on parole at Versailles; that in February, 1848, he was again at large, and again conspiring under all manner of official designations for his prince; and that in December, 1851, this fine career of public virtue was rewarded as it deserved, and the Mecca of this devout ambition was attained; — are not these things henceforth a part of the history of France which M. Guizot will probably decline to write for the edification of his grandchildren?

It would be gross injustice to deny to M. de Persigny the singular honor of having been the typical representative of the final *avatar* of Napoleonism. His whole life was an adventure and a conspiracy; but his peculiarity was that he contrived to persuade himself that the pillage of a State was the purest patriotism, and the confiscation of law and property the perfection of ordered license and of the science of enlightened administration — after the manner of Cartouche. He mistook an orgie of gamblers for a civilized and respectable form of government as candidly and sincerely as he mistook himself for a grand seigneur. All men, it has been said, are apt to make maxims of their favorite follies and precepts of their propensities. M. de Persigny had constructed out of his moral consciousness a faith in the democratic despotism of the Bonapartes, as in a second Providence upon earth, for the salvation of revolutionary societies, and the creation of penniless counts and dukes out of a chaos of communism and panic. The gospel of St. Helena was his religion; he was its martyr and confessor in evil days, and when it became the religion of the State he believed in it still; indeed, we doubt not he believed in it to the day of his death, as some gamesters believe in *rouge-et-noir*, with an ardor unquenched by disaster. The glorious device of his reigning house, "Sauvons la caisse," may have dignified and consoled his latest reflections upon the final failure of an experiment which at least had filled the pockets of so many generous enthusiasts. Whatever doubts may have overshadowed his hours of retirement, he cannot but have felt that he had enjoyed a rare degree of felicity in being almost respected, while his compeers were derided and envied. His intervals of isolation during the declining years of his beloved *régime* had lent him a certain air of distinction which a few speeches in the Senate against parliamentary institutions, and his occasional letters to the Emperor, urgently advising vast public loans for the construction of cross-roads and canals, exalted rather than impaired. The general public were disposed to give him credit for all the good which was left undone, and for opposing all the evil he did not prevent. And he made ample use of his opportunities of increasing this gratuitous and fanciful reputation. It is no secret that during his last visit to London he complained bitterly of the frivolous counsels which had accelerated a ruinous war. He had not foreseen the publication of those confidential papers which show that the Duc de Persigny had eagerly applauded the declaration of war. It was only a disastrous war that he disapproved.

M. de Persigny was personally and pleasantly known in England as an ambassador who relished English life as heartily as he hated English liberties, and who had the parvenu's taste for the rich man's country. English society is seldom reluctant to bow down before any sort of success; and when M. de Persigny kept open house at Albert Gate, his saloons were as fashionably filled as the late lamented Mr. Hudson's. There was a flavor of something questionable and *interlope* in the political antecedents of the enterprising diplomatist which engaged the jaded sympathies of a society always in search of a sensation. Some fastidious Frenchmen who remember that their country had been represented in other days by a Broglie, a St. Aulaire, a Guizot, a Chateaubriand, might be excused for shrugging their shoulders at the enthusiasm of Belgravia for a *commis voyageur*. But in the London world it was enough that his Excellency was most genial and hospitable, and decidedly more free and easy than his predecessors or his colleagues; besides being a charitable patron of the English alliance. After the brief occupation of Albert Gate by that gay old "troupier" the Duc de Malakoff, there was quite a perfume of good company in the receptions of the Duc de Persigny, who, if not a grand seigneur of the old school, was very much at his ease in an aristocratic mob. M. de Persigny had taken the measure of English policy and of English manners and morals, and while the Embassy adopted a

high tone with the Foreign Office upon any question of refugees or conspirators, it agreeably encouraged that enlarged and liberal freedom of social intercourse which is perhaps one of the most lasting benefits we owe to the Second Empire.

The Duc de Persigny will probably be more regretted by a few in England than by many in France; but his biographer may plead that he bore the fate of his Sovereign and the woes of his country with a not ungraceful equanimity, and that there was even in the most doubtful passages of his life and the least imposing features of his character something that inspired an involuntary sympathy.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE English postal authorities have now under their consideration an invention by which the handwriting of persons telegraphing a message will be transmitted by the telegraph.

A CURIOUS journalistic speculation is about to be tried in Paris. It is proposed by a "notable French financier" to start a journal which shall contain nothing but translations from the English, and some few other foreign journals, on France, her people, and her affairs.

IT is stated that Thalberg has left several manuscript arrangements from the works of the great masters, as well as some valuable autographic scores which he has collected. A musical society has been founded at Naples under his name, and his widow has offered five of his original pieces to the association for six hundred pounds.

IT is amusing to observe the unanimous rejoicing with which all Prussia hails the long-expected and long-desired retirement of Cultus Minister von Mühler. It must be satisfactory to that statesman to know that his name will henceforth be associated at least with one — and only one — popular step, though it will be hardly flattering to reflect that that step is his resignation.

AN ingenious Frenchman advertises as follows: — "An honorable merchant, aged forty years, bachelor, having suffered heavy losses during the last eighteen months, is insolvent for the sum of sixty thousand francs, which he cannot pay. He engages himself, on his honor, to serve all his life, for his board and lodging only, the person who will pay this amount for him!" This is a delicate hint at matrimony; he should have added clothes and enough money to get his hair cut.

A VENERABLE Madagascar Chief has made a wonderful discovery. "What," he has asked his countrymen, "do the Vagah (Europeans) want with our india-rubber? Why, to make big ships! When they have got plenty they will make great india-rubber ships, and come to Madagascar to take it, and when our soldiers at Tamatave fire guns at them, the balls will strike the rubber ships, and rebound and kill our own men. We are fools to sell them the rubber; and this, I say to you all, don't do."

LORD DERBY the other day mentioned an anecdote which, *prima facie*, seems to show that education is "valueless." At a gathering in Australia not long since four people met, three of whom were shepherds on a sheep farm. One of these had taken a degree at Oxford, another at Cambridge, and a third at a German university. The fourth was their employer, a squatter, rich in flocks and herds, but scarcely able to read and write, much less to keep his own accounts.

AMONG the French manuscripts in the British Museum, Mr. Henry Ward has found a verse version of two thousand or three thousand lines, of one of the series of Guillaume d'Orange Romances, which is only known in prose in France. This version possesses an additional interest from being in the Northern French dialect that M. Théophile Gautier prophesied it would be in, if it ever turned up, and not in Provinçal, as M. Gaston Paris expected. The MS. was reported on some years back for the French Government by an able explorer; but as this verse romance is in the middle of a large volume of like pieces, it was then missed by the French *savant*, and remained unknown till Mr. Ward identified it.

A LONDON paper reports the following ball-room conversation: — A young gentleman advances to a lady who considers herself *the* belle of the room — not among young ladies an isolated condition of mind. He makes a low bow, and stammers forth blushingly as follows: "Might I ask you — ah" — The young lady understands him at once, and rather haughtily at the presumption, and to show her exact value, replies, "I am very sorry, but I am engaged for the next three dances." Young gentleman: "It is not dancing — ah — it is — it's — beg your pardon; you are a-sitting on my hat!"

AT recent meetings of the Entomological Society, particulars have been given of experiments made with certain dyes on the color of insects. Remarkable effects can be produced by dipping insects into aniline or magenta dye, or by exposing them to the vapor of ammonia, or cyanide of potassium, as some parts of the body or wings take up the color, while others remain unaltered. It is obvious that insects thus treated might be exhibited as freaks of Nature, or varieties before unknown; collectors and amateurs in entomology would therefore do well to be on their guard against tricky dealers in insects.

THE last news which has been received of the celebrated traveller, Ferdinand von Rechthofen, announced that he has been obliged to suspend the fourth journey which he had undertaken on the west of China, the massacres of Tien-tsin having made the country unsafe for Europeans. He went to Japan in the hope of penetrating into the interior, but was refused permission by the Japanese government. In the Isles of Liou-Kiou he had an excellent reception from the native chiefs, and was preparing to return to China to begin again his fourth journey.

"THERE is going on in London," says the *Court Journal*, "what may be called an exposition of spiritualism. There has arrived in this country from America a Miss Kate Fox, of Boston, who belongs to a family in the house of which the earliest manifestations of spiritualism in the United States were developed. She has come on a propagandist mission in the cause of spiritualism, and she has been holding *séances* in the houses of several persons of station. These have been attended by several men of science, and it is said that they have accepted the fact of the phenomena which they have witnessed, though without giving any opinion as to their causes. The proceedings have been carefully watched." If John Bull will only keep up his spirits he will eventually find out all about it.

A PARIS journal tells this extravagant dog-story: — "Some dogs possess a singular knack of hunting out any thing that has recently been in the possession of their masters. A gentleman made a bet that a dog would identify a franc that he had thrown down upon the Boulevards. Before the dog had discovered the money, a passenger had picked it up. Presently, the dog caught the scent, followed the stranger to his hotel, remained with him all day, and attended him to bed, to the great delight of his newly-constituted master, who was extremely flattered by his sudden attachment. But the moment the gentleman pulled off his pantaloons, in the pocket of which he had placed the franc, the dog barked at the door, as if desirous to get out. The door was opened, the dog caught up the vestment, and rushed away to his rightful owner."

M. REYER, the French musical critic, who went to Egypt expressly in order to be present at the first representation of Verdi's new opera, "Aïda," sends a long account of the new work by the author of the "Trovatore" to the *Journal des Débats*. After having been present at three performances of the partition, and after a careful study of the score, M. Reyer gives it as his opinion that Verdi's new opera is "a very remarkable and very interesting work." Verdi, M. Reyer thinks, has made decided progress as a musician. The manner in which the libretto of "Aïda" was written is somewhat curious: M. Mariette, the celebrated Egyptologist, first wrote the story in French prose; it was then

turned intoFrench verse by M. Camille du Lode, and finally put into Italian verse by Signor Ghislanzoni. The scene of action is at Memphis and Thebes, at the "time of the power of the Pharaohs," not a very precise date, as M. Reyer remarks.

AT the Manchester Philosophical Society, a paper was read by Mr. J. Barrow, on *Tricophyton Tonsurans*, which is another name for that unpleasant disease known as ringworm. In this paper, the disease is shown to be a vegetable parasite, which burrows in the skin of persons predisposed to its attacks, and these are usually persons of weak general health. In many instances, the parasitic plant burrows so deeply that the skin may be destroyed by carbolic or nitric acid, without touching the disease. Noticing this, Mr. Barrow has come to the conclusion that, as light and air are essential to the growth of plants, if these vegetable parasites could be entirely excluded therefrom they would perish. In other words, the patient would be cured. The exclusion of air is indeed more essential than the exclusion of light, seeing that fungoid growths, such as the *Tricophyton* in question, can better live without light than without air. Mr. Barrow therefore applies a thick coating of varnish to the part of the skin affected by the disease, and so kills the plant, and effects a cure. But he says we know really so little about skin diseases, that "it is the imperative duty of every botanist and microscopist to do what in him lies to throw light upon this subject of vegetable parasites."

A CURIOUS remedy for gout is described by Kossuth in the Hungarian paper *Magyar Ujsag*. He says that, having suffered for some time from gout in the head, he was recommended by his physicians to go to the grotto of Monsummano, near Pistoja, in Tuscany, which has for the last thirty years had a local reputation for curing persons afflicted with rheumatism and other kindred diseases. On arriving at the grotto, he had to take off all his clothes and enter with nothing on but a long shirt and a pair of slippers. The interior is lighted with wax candles, which show the beautiful stalactites that hang down from the roof. Here he sat for ten minutes, after which he began to perspire profusely, and the doctor hurried him out of the grotto, although he would have liked to remain some time longer. He was then rubbed with cloths and wrapped up in flannel, and after a warm bath breakfasted in the adjoining restaurant. This treatment was repeated daily for eight days, at the end of which time he was completely cured. Kossuth says that no one has yet been able to explain the healing properties of the grotto; the temperature in its warmest parts is not more than from thirty-two degrees to thirty-four degrees centigrade, and is often cooler than that of the air outside, while the water in the grotto is quite cold. Kossuth believes that the effect produced must be due to some electro-magnetic agency.

IT is gratifying to observe the rapid progress of cosmetic science, and the successful manner in which, one by one, even the most obstinate features of the human countenance are being brought under its control. The monopoly originally enjoyed by nature in the construction of the human hair, teeth, and skin, has been by successive efforts of inventive ingenuity broken down, and we now learn that the "soft cartilage of the nose" has been likewise brought under man's control. An English weekly paper advertises under the title of the "Nose Machine," a contrivance by the application of which "for an hour daily to the soft cartilage of which this member consists, an ill-formed nose is quickly shaped to perfection." This great invention is as yet, of course, only in its rudimentary stage, an obvious defect in it being that it is only applicable to those noses whose defects lie in the softer and more yielding side of their nature. Noses of a commanding personality, and hardened in their deviations from rectitude, such as the Roman or the aquiline, are, we fear, at present beyond the sphere of its usefulness. But every thing is to be hoped from the skill which has achieved thus much. With our noses reduced to submission, there will remain but one other feature whose shape and color are beyond our control — the eyes. The substitution of colored glass (of the hue best suited to the complexion of the wearer) for these organs is probably merely a question of time, and awaits only the solution of a few optical difficulties involved in the change. When this final conquest has been achieved, we shall at last be able to walk abroad with the proud consciousness that we owe our personal attractions not to the blind bounty of Nature, but to our own good taste and decorative skill.

PRINCE BISMARCK is a great statesman, but it may be doubted whether his greatness has gained much by the crusade he has undertaken against the clock caricatures in French toy shops and comic papers. It may please him to know that the toy trade has suffered considerably by the interdicted sale of hundreds of thousands of miniature Prussians with time-pieces under their arms, and that more than one French artist has been plunged into paroxysms of fury by the confiscation of plates representing himself (Prince Bismarck) and his imperial master with rows of watches on their breasts in lieu of medals; but it is difficult to see how a means can be found for stopping the allusion to clocks in the French New Year *extravaganzas*. The Emperor Napoleon, who gave the matter much painful thought, had come to the conclusion at last that trying to check unwelcome allusions on the stage was a vain endeavor, and during the latter years of his reign, French actors were allowed a certain amount of latitude. It is doubtful whether M. Thiers will succeed where his predecessor failed, and, indeed, he has not succeeded hitherto; for though the orders issued to Parisian actors have been formal, they have only obeyed the letter of them, but not the spirit. At one theatre an actor comes to the foot-lights, fumbles for his watch, does not find it, and resignedly makes a gesture descriptive of the peak of a Prussian helmet; not a word has been pronounced, but the audience understand and laugh. At another theatre where a burlesque is being performed the king asks what time it is, and his prime minister answers: "Excuse me, sire, but ever since our last war" — and stops, amid great mirth from the whole house. The conclusion to be drawn from this is that the best way to kill a joke in France is to let it spend itself. Whatever be the failings of Frenchmen, they have a horror of stale jokes, and in a twelvemonth's time this clock joke would have become stale. Strengthened as it now is, however, by persecution, it bids fair to flourish to all eternity, or, at least, till the "*jour de la revanche*."

IT is well known that, contrary to general expectation, the price of works of art in Paris had not sensibly fallen since the war. After the siege there was a rush of English and American dealers and amateurs to Paris in the hope of driving good bargains with the ruined Parisians. But the Parisians preferred living on their savings to selling their pictures and *bric-a-brac*, and consequently but little business was done. Time has shown that the Parisians were wise in their generation, for the prices which have been obtained lately at the Hôtel des Ventes will bear comparison with the most prosperous days of the Empire. M. Albert Wolff, writing in the *Figaro*, gives an account of some recent sales by private contract which amply justify the high prices in the public auctions. Meissonier's famous picture, not yet completed, of the charge of the French cuirassiers at Reichshoffen upon M. Albert Wolff's countrymen, was, according to him, sold to Sir Richard Wallace during the siege for the modest sum of $40,000. Millet, the well-known landscape and *genre* painter, has seen the prices given for his pictures almost doubled of late years. Eugène Delacroix's paintings, again, have had an almost fabulous rise in price, since the artist's death has limited the supply. His "Christ on the Cross" was originally sold to M. Osiris for $2,000; after five years another connoisseur, M. Gavet, bought it for $4,800; and its last purchaser, M. Fanier, has just paid $9,000 for it, four times the price given by the first purchaser. The same artist's well-known picture of "Marino Faliero" recently changed hands, being bought, it is said, by the Duc d'Aumale for $20,000. Twelve or fifteen years ago this picture was purchased by M. Bournet-

Aubertot for $2,000; M. Monjean paid $14,000 for it only three years back. At the sale of Henri Rochefort's collection, which took place at the Hotel Drouot last month, a very small *gouache* signed Van Blarenberghe fetched $370, and a miniature of Marie Antoinette went for $300. It was not generally known in the saleroom that it was Rochefort's collection that was being disposed of, or there would probably have been keener competition for souvenirs of the author of *La Lanterne*.

THE author of a Parisian *feuilleton* in the *Indépendance Belge*, signed "Eraste," tells an interesting anecdote, in which the writer himself figures, on the subject of Balzac's well-known mania for making corrections, or rather introducing alterations, in his proofs. This deplorable habit is one which usually afflicts not powerful writers so much as "writers of taste;" unfertile producers who, when they *do* give something to the world, are careful that it shall be turned out with the last degree of finish. Stendhal, who affected to write his books at odd moments, on stray scraps of paper and the backs of visiting cards (but who often translated them in good, business-like fashion from the German), said, when he heard that the author of the "Voyage autour de ma Chambre" had rewritten his small volume seventeen times, that "that sufficiently accounted for the dryness of the style;" and "Eraste" is similarly convinced that Balzac's perpetual modifications and changes took away the freshness of his first inspirations. That a man of strong will, like Balzac, to whom the labor of completing a full-sized novel was often but the affair of a month, should never have known his own mind at the moment of writing seems inexplicable; but one has only to compare some of the earlier with some of the later editions of the same work by Balzac to see that he was never satisfied with what he had written — not even after it had gone forth to the world and the world had adopted it. It was in preparing the original editions, however, that Balzac made, as "Eraste" thinks, disastrous changes; and he tells us how with his rage for corrections he was on the point of spoiling the admirable scene of the death of Mme. Grandet — certainly one of the finest scenes in one of his finest novels. Contributing at the same time as Balzac to the *Revue de Paris*, in which "Eugénie Grandet" was first published, he saw at the printing-office the proof of the scene in question as it had come from the author's hands, and was so much shocked by the perverse manner in which Balzac, by touching and retouching, adding and taking away, had at last destroyed all its original beauty, that he wrote on the edge of the corrected proof, or "dishonored page," as he calls it, these words: — "A reader who knows something of mental work begs and entreats you, in the name of art and of good sense, to leave this scene, with all its pathos, as you first produced it." "Was the advice really sound, and who ventured to offer it?" it may be asked. The advice was apparently sound, for Balzac adopted it; and "Eraste," who tells the story, is Jules Janin. "Fortunately," he says, "Balzac did not know who had written the note. He was not very fond of me, he did not like criticism, and in all his life he never followed two good pieces of advice."

MR. J. A. LE ROI, the learned and ingenious librarian of the town of Versailles, published just before the war a little book entitled "Ce que les Poëtes ont dit de Versailles." What certain prose-writers have since had to say about it is perhaps still more remarkable; but from the beginning of Louis XIV.'s reign until now — that is to say, for the last two centuries — no place seems to have furnished so much material for literature of all kinds and of every degree of merit. From Corneille and Racine to Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset there is not a single French poet of mark who has not written about Versailles, and its occupants of the moment. Even in 1814 a M. de Malpierre was found to write a sonnet to "Alexander at Versailles," in which the Emperor of Russia was advantageously compared to Louis XIV.; so that if a complimentary copy of verses had been addressed to "the Emperor William at Versailles" there would at least have been a precedent for such a performance. In Louis XIV.'s time every high official at Versailles considered it part of his duty to celebrate at once the scene of his functions and the source of his income. M. Denis, "commandant of parks and fountains," made Versailles the subject of a heroic poem, of which the opening may be translated almost literally as follows: —

> Its glory and magnificence regard
> Just as you enter by the great court-yard;
> Yes, you might travel for a thousand mi.es
> And not find any thing to match Versailles!

Here is a faithful reproduction of the spirited couplet in which M. Denis introduces M. Bontemps, the governor.

> The governor, a man well known to fame,
> Resides there: Monsieur Bontemps is his name.

M. Monicart, who succeeded M. Denis as commander of the water-works, had the misfortune to get thrown into the Bastille, and while there resolved to occupy his time by composing a poetical work in twenty volumes, each of 1,000 verses, to be entitled "Versailles Immortalized." Two volumes of the dimensions specified were actually published, accompanied by a Latin translation — lest, no doubt, the French should be found unintelligible. In "Versailles Immortalized" not only the statues but the apartments, and even portions of the apartments are introduced and made to soliloquize. One room delivers itself as follows: —

> The precious metal that my roof doth gild
> Shows that the monarch's coffers are well filled;

while the court-yard known as "La Cour de Marbre" raises its voice boastfully in this style: —

> Louis walks over me, for I am clean;
> Across me carriages have never been:
> Then forth he goes to take the morning air,
> No matter be the weather foul or fair.

The poem, M. Le Roi declares, is all in the same style, "and is enough," he remarks, "to make one regret the invention of printing."

A WRITER in a late number of *Chambers's Journal* discourses thus pleasantly on "Americanisms:" — "It is a curious fact that the original language of a people is, not unfrequently, preserved in greater purity in its colonies than in the mother country. Thus, the descendants of the Greek colonists of Asia Minor speak a language much nearer, in all respects, the ancient Greek, than is that of the cities of Greece proper. Spanish more closely resembles Latin than does Italian. Dutch has a greater similarity to the old German than the dialect now spoken throughout northern Germany. And finally, — oddly as the assertion may sound in English ears, — the inhabitants of the New England States of America speak a language bearing a greater affinity to that of this country in the time of Charles I., than does our modern English.

"Not only have words survived, but forms of expression, and even pronunciation, have been preserved in New England, which have become obsolete here. Indeed, many words now considered purely American, were in common use in this country two and a half to three centuries ago. Thus, *prink*, to deck, to adorn, is still used in the Eastern States in the sense in which it was employed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by both Spenser and Shakspeare. One Yankee girl will say to another, whose toilet may appear to have taken some time: 'Oh, you've been prinking;' or, 'What a time you've taken to prink.' In fact, the verb is used in all its moods and tenses. *Muss*, a confused encounter (possibly a corruption of the French *mêlée*) is generally supposed to be a purely American idiom. On the contrary, it is good Shakspearean English. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Antony says: 'When late I spake, like boys unto a muss, kings would rush forth;' and the word is used by both Massinger and Fletcher. *Lam*, to beat, is another American word which claims English parentage. Sir Walter Scott says, in *Peveril of the Peak*, that the phrase was in common use in the time of Charles II.; and asserts that it was derived from the fate of one Dr. Lamb, an astrologer,

who was knocked on the head by the mob in the preceding reign.

"*Sick*, which is universally used in the United States in the sense in which the word *ill* is employed in this country, was, it need scarcely be said, perfectly good English in the time of James I.; the expression 'ill,' in the sense we now understand it, not once occurring, I believe, in the authorized translation of the Bible. *Bug*, again, used in America as a generic term for every species of insect, is a good old English word. 'A bug hath buzzed it in my ears,' says Bacon in one of his letters; and the word will be frequently found in contemporary literature. At the present day, it is so completely obsolete in England, that when, a few years ago, an edition of the late Edgar Allen Poe's works was published in London, the editor was obliged to alter the title of that very clever little story, *The Golden Bug*, to *The Golden Beetle*, in order not to give offence to English ears.

"Of American idioms proper, two of the most curious are the words *clever* and *smart* — smart, throughout the United States, meaning clever; while clever is used in the sense of good-natured. Why these two words should have lost their original signification, is not easy to conjecture; though a parallel may be found in this country in the case of the expressions *let* and *prevent*, which, in the course of the last three hundred years, have interchanged meanings. *Loafer*, a lazy, idle vagabond, and *rowdy*, a quarrelsome, troublesome fellow, are both, I believe, purely American idioms. Lord Bulwer, therefore, in his comedy of *Walpole; or, Every Man has his Price*, has been guilty of a slight anachronism in putting the latter word into the mouth of Sir Robert, who speaks, on one occasion, of 'rowdy electors.'

"There are, of course, numerous other expressions and phrases in use in the United States peculiar to the country, but it does not come within the scope of this paper to treat of them, my object having been simply to give a few desultory examples of American idioms."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing from Rangoon, gives some curious particulars concerning Burmese courtship. The Burmese are Buddhists, and Buddhism has nothing to do with marriage. In other words, marriage is contrary to the principles of the Buddhist religion. The true Buddhist is supposed to endeavor to escape from the universe of being; from a succession of transmigrations of the soul which would otherwise continue forever. The Buddhist priest not only leads a life of celibacy, but will not sanctify the marriage tie by his presence at a wedding. He has too much pity for those who marry or are given in marriage, and who are thus unable to escape from unending transmigrations. The result is that the young people have it all their own way, and the parents as little as the priests prevent their thoroughly enjoying themselves after their own ideas of admiring and being admired, loving and being loved. Consequently Burmese courtships are about the pleasantest things in their way which are to be found in all the semi-civilized world from Mandalay to May Fair. They have nothing to do with capture, purchase, or dowry; with Welsh bundling or Scotch whistling. They are always nice, generally strictly proper, although not unfrequently accompanied by very serious quarrels, when different gentlemen aspire to the same fair hand.

A Burmese damsel is demure, laughter-loving, and self-reliant. Her manner is graceful and pleasing. She wears a bright silk petticoat, a white jacket, a gold necklace, and has glossy black hair decked with flowers. She often smokes a green cheroot. Of course she has admirers, and she gives them all a fair chance. Every evening she receives a visit from all these young gentlemen; and such is the waywardness of human nature that the same swain will often pay similar visits on the same evening to other young ladies of the same village or township. Thus courtship is always going on, and courting time has been an acknowledged institution from time immemorial.

Here some explanation is necessary. The Burmese evening is divided into three watches — namely, children's bed-time, old folks' bed-time, and young folks' bed-time. Children's bed-time is sunset, or shortly afterwards. Courting time begins soon after children's bed-time, and it continues long after old folks' bed-time, which is about nine o'clock. Young folks' bed-time depends a great deal upon the will and pleasure of the young people in question; say about eleven o'clock.

When the hour of courting approaches, the young lady trims her little lamp, so that it gleams through the window, and takes her seat upon a mat on the floor. Meantime the young gentlemen have been putting on their best bright silk putzoes, a nondescript garment, something between a pair of trowsers and a petticoat, have donned their clean white jackets, have tied colored silk handkerchiefs on their heads in the most approved style, and have turned out altogether in the height of Burmese fashion. They enter, they seat themselves on the mats round the fair one, and then the "chaffing" begins. If a gallant has been unsuccessful in a boat-race, or has tumbled into the water, or has paid too much attention to another damsel, or has been deserted by another damsel, or has made himself ridiculous in any other way, the chances are that his feelings will be hurt before the evening is over. How the lady receives each lover, especially in the presence of other lovers, is more than we can describe. She herself requires considerable attention, and the old people never interfere. Indeed, why should the old folks interfere? The young folks can take care of themselves, and are only doing what the old people themselves did in the days when they were young.

These evening gatherings are generally very innocent, and the marriages which follow them are generally very happy, although sanctified by no priest, and only held together by the ties of mutual affection or the obligations of civil law. Jealousy, however, is a master passion in Burmah, and if a damsel is too kind to one of her admirers, the chances are that the offending lover is stabbed, speared, or shot. Indeed, a jealous rival, who suspects that the object of his affections is alone with another rival, will not unfrequently astonish the happy pair by running a spear through the floor of matting on which they may be reposing, and then there is a regular Burmese row, terminating very seriously sometimes.

This courting time in Burmah is nothing more than a relic of the old Hindoo institution known as the swayamvara, or choice of a husband by a maiden. This swayvara was once practised by the old military caste in Hindostan, but has long since passed away from the shores of India. No doubt it was one of the Kshatriya customs, which the Buddhists carried with them to Burmah when they were expelled from India by the wars and persecutions of the Brahmans some ten or twelve centuries ago. Thus the world moves on, and doubtless it will be discovered in due time that other old Kshatriya customs may still be found in Burmah. Gambling away a wife, which is often mentioned in Sanskrit tradition, and would be impossible in the India of the present day, has not unfrequently occurred in Burmah.

AFTER SEA BATHING use BURNETT'S KALLISTON to relieve the disagreeable action of salt water.

FOR COUGHS AND THROAT DISORDERS, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," having *proved* their efficiency by a test of many years.

THE demand for the HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE by guests who best understand how to make most palatable their soups, fish and meats, induces all the best hotel proprietors in the country to place it constantly upon their tables.

"WHITE'S SPECIALTY" CURES DYSPEPSIA. — H. G. White, Proprietor, 37 Court Street, Boston.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES. — W. KELLY, of Amsterdam, N. Y., earned with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, in fourteen years, $14,564 in making coats; an average of more than $20 a week, with but a few cents for trifling repairs.

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY. — A clear skin and a bright complexion has a charm for all. How to obtain it and how to keep it is a secret worth knowing, and one long wished for by the fair sex. A delightful toilet preparation known as Geo. W. Laird's "BLOOM OF YOUTH," will most effectually produce the above result. Warranted to be entirely free from any material detrimental or injurious to health. Sold at all druggists'. Depot, 5 Gold St., N.Y.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1872. [No. 9

LOVE-LETTERS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

IN one of his celebrated essays, Lord Macaulay discusses the love-letters of Sir William Temple. He says that he would very willingly exchange tons of State Papers for a very moderate amount of these love-letters. The letters of William Temple to his Dorothy are certainly interesting enough, and, at this time of the year especially, may be associated with wider and deeper sympathies than the Triple Alliance. Macaulay says that he would very much like to know what proofs of tenderness a young lady would be permitted to give her lover. We should for our own parts have thought that this was a dangerous and distracting subject for historical investigation, fraught with decided peril to the historic mind. The first idea is that the manners and customs of lovers do not greatly vary in any age. This, however, would perhaps be a mistake. In the dialogues of Erasmus the young lady refuses to give her betrothed a single kiss, classically observing, "Ut me totam illibatamque tibi tradam." In some shades of society caresses have been strictly inhibited, and it is interesting to see that Lord Macaulay had directed his powerful mind towards the elucidation of the subject. In the opinion of another great writer, with whom Macaulay's mind had much in sympathy, we mean Alexander Pope, love-letters lie at the foundation of all literature. He describes how they "speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul:"—

> Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid—
> Some banished lover, or some captive maid;
> They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
> Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
> The virgin's wish, without her fears, impart,
> Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart.

Most of us know by heart Mr. Tennyson's pretty poem about "The Letters," how "she gave my letters back to me," which the young lover refused to receive.

> "She told me all her friends had said;
> I raged against the public liar;
> She spoke as if her love were dead,
> But in my words were seeds of fire.
> I spoke with heat, and strength, and force;
> I shook her breast with vague alarms;
> Like torrents from a mountain's source,
> We rushed into each other's arms.'

Love-letters always form part of the choicest machinery of the poet and the novelist. Pope's own letters, whether to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, or to Erinna, or to Martha Blount, are probably love-letters, and we shall watch with much interest their elucidation by Mr. Whitwell Elwin. One of our most popular lady novelists discusses with much force the great value of these letters, and how men who are unable by word of mouth to do themselves justice can nevertheless thoroughly reveal their whole nature in their love-letters. This is probably very true. Many men get on much better in paper work than in a *viva voce* examination. At the same time it must be very puzzling to many young ladies of the present day to have highly intellectual letters from their lovers. They must be greatly puzzled when gentlemen of a speculative tone of mind, or some sucking young "lion" of the press of the future, sets forth his whole nature for Amanda or Amata. As a rule, the letters of any genius with a gift of utterance must cause decided wonderment to the *fiancée*, who will probably mainly rely upon the endearing expressions at the beginning and end, or any wax kisses that may be discovered on the envelope. We have heard it suggested that young ladies in such difficulties had better apply for help to their brothers at college. That the subject of love may not lose its power over the minds of young men, I observe that the sapient authorities of the University of Cambridge have given as the subject of a gold medal this year, —

> "Hominum Divumque voluptas
> Alma Venus."

The love-letters of eminent persons are generally letters written before they became eminent. A great author will not confine his intellectual efforts to the penny post when a publisher will handsomely remunerate him for revealing them to the world. In the case of poets, a large part of their effusions might, without much straining, be brought within the category of love-letters. But then other "eminences" mostly write their love-letters before they achieve greatness or have greatness forced upon them. This is a great consolation for the lawyer that can get no briefs, the doctor that can get no practice, the young politician who cannot get a seat, and the young writer who has his articles rejected. They can take it out in their love-letters. I am sorry for any eminent man who has to engage in this description of correspondence. According to the old joke the lawyer might tie up his letters with red tape, and the physician may make a muddle in his prescription. Love-letters must take it out of a man, and, in point of fact, love-making requires an amount of time and concentration of purpose that can be ill spared from professional pursuits. Eminence generally means effort, and a man in full work cannot afford time for such *ludibria lunce*. They form the glorious privilege of leisure and of youth.

Among the more remarkable love-letters is the celebrated volume of "Foster's Essays." We believe that all these remarkable essays were originally love-letters written to the lady to whom he was engaged. Mr. Macdonald makes one of his novels simply autobiographical; love-letters written by a man to vindicate his character in the eyes of the woman he loved. Literary men are not always so voluminous in this description of epistle. We once detected a very able reviewer in the weakness of writing a love-letter. "I'll not detain you long," he observed; "I never give the young woman more than a 'short notice.'" The young reviewer ought to have written his letters a year or two before; he had now too much work on hand. There is a glorious old poet, Thomson, the author of the "Seasons," who shows a sad gleam of romance in his verses to Amanda. He knew he was too poor to marry her, — and she was soon to marry away from him, — and so he frittered away his life sauntering about and lying abed. Yet for a poet he had wonderfully sensible ideas of matrimony. When his sister was engaged he wrote to her, "I must chiefly recommend to you to cultivate by every method that union of hearts, that agreement and sympathy of tempers, in which consists the true happiness of the marriage state. The economy and gentle management of

a family is a woman's natural province, and from that arises her best praise."

Rousseau's saying was a true one, that to write a good love-letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without knowing what you have written. This is certainly very much the way of love-letters in general, if we may judge them from the proceedings of the *Nisi Prius* courts. The love-letters of men and women of genius, considered as compositions, are generally the best. As a rule, men of genius write much better letters than they receive. The man of genius generally exalts some woman into a divinity, and the creature of his imagination whom he marries turns out to be very human indeed. Hence the wives of literary men are not, as a rule, very interesting people. We have heard people laugh at Lady Scott because she said that she must get Sir Walter to write some more of his rubbish to get a new carpet. Yet his Charlotte sent more exquisite love-letters to Sir Walter than any which the great novelist has produced in his novels. Was there ever a more graceful love-letter than this about fixing the day? I quote it, as I owe some amends to the wives of literary men.

"If I could but really believe that my letter gave you only half the pleasure you express, I should almost think, my dearest Scott, that I should get very fond of writing merely for the pleasure to *indulge* you — that is saying a great deal. I hope you are sensible of the compliment I pay you; I don't expect I shall *always* be so pretty behaved. You may depend on me, my dearest friend, for fixing as *early* a day as I possibly can; and if it happens to be not quite so soon as you wish, you must not be angry with me. It is very unlucky you are such a bad housekeeper, as I am no better. I shall try. I hope to have very soon the pleasure of seeing you, and to tell you how much I love you; but I wish the first fortnight was over. With all my love, and those sort of pretty things, adieu!

"CHARLOTTE.

"P.S. *Etudiez votre Français.* Remember, you are to teach me Italian in return, but I shall be but a stupid scholar. *Aimez* Charlotte."

Let us take a glance at the love-letters of some men eminent in the professions. And first of all of our divines. Chalmers says, in his diary, just before he was married, "Dismissing all anticipations of heaven upon earth, may I betake myself soberly and determinedly to the duties of the married state." We hope the good wife felt flattered by this expression of Christian resignation. He was very different to another Scotch divine of almost equal eminence, who, during his honeymoon, so far anticipated events as to date his letters from "Heaven." The love-letters of Whitefield are curious. He said in them that if he knew himself he was quite free from the giddy passion which the world call love. These eminent theologians were not at all unlike Racine. He married because his confessor recommended him to marry, and thought that, in this way, he would best overcome his unfortunate proclivity for making verses. "When he was resolved to marry," says his son, "neither love nor interest had any thing to do with his choice; and in so serious an affair he consulted reason only." His wife did not know the difference between poetry and prose, and never read a line of her husband's tragedies, except, perhaps, the titles. One of the briefest of theological love-stories relates to the marriage of Robert Hall. He made up his mind that he would marry his servant. So he went into the kitchen, and said, "Betty, do you love the Lord?" "Yes, sir," said Betty. "Betty, do you love me?" he next asked. "I hope so, master," she answered; and they were happily married.

The lawyers are people who, as a class, seem to have turned out very well in their love affairs. We should like to have seen the letters which Jack Scott wrote to Miss Surtees, or which that famous jurist, Judge Buller, wrote to the lassie whom he married when he was only eighteen. When Charles Yorke, afterwards Chancellor Hardwick, asked a Worcestershire squire for the hand of his daughter, he old gentleman politely asked him about his rent-roll. The young lawyer replied that his estate consisted of "a perch of ground in Westminster Hall." Similarly, when Charles Abbot afterwards Lord Chief Justice Tenterden, was asked by a Kentish squire about his estates, the young pleader showed him his books in one room and his pupils in another. Both Lady Scott and Lady Tenterden were esteemed rather narrow in their housekeeping. After all, the best kind of love-letter is that which a man writes to his wife, and there is at least one very sweet love-letter which Abbot wrote to his wife, while on circuit, with a lot of poetry in it. We have one excellent example, a love-letter, which Macaulay would probably accept as an historical document, written by that noble character, the first Lord Cowper, to his sweetheart when a young Templar. It is in statelier phrase than the present familiar style, beginning "Dearest madam," and ending "your very humble and affectionate servant." He tells her, "I wish my thoughts, that are so often with you when I am not, were not invisible; then you might save yourself the trouble of reading such-like notes, and see at one view how discontented and vexed they are when I cannot wait on you. You would see how forward and impatient they grow under any other business, and, I'm sure, without further apology, would excuse me, and forgive my absence for their very looks." This is certainly very prettily expressed by the young Templar. This is the chancellor of whom Voltaire used absurdly to say that he defended and practised polygamy. Cowper's letters to his wife, and the journals he kept for her, show him to have been a most excellent husband. So far as we are acquainted with legal biography, it must be said that marriage generally answers very well for the lawyers. They seem to become keenly alive to their responsibilities, and settle down steadily to their business.

The men of science do not appear, on the whole, to have been equally happy. We should like to have seen Comte's letters to his Clotilde, but, as a rule, it is ill for a man of science to fall in love with a woman of science. Sir Humphrey Davy tells his mother, "I am the happiest of men in the hope of a union with a woman equally distinguished for virtue, talents, and accomplishments." He joyously tells his brother, "Mrs. Appreece has consented to marry me, and when the event takes place, I shall not envy kings, princes, or potentates." Sir Henry Holland describes the sensation which Mrs. Appreece made in Edinburgh societies, when even a regius professor went down on his knees in the street to fasten her shoe. Nevertheless, the marriage turned out to be altogether unsuitable and unfortunate. Count Rumford, a philosopher, if ever there was one, married Madame Lavoisier, a philosopher herself, and a widow of a philosopher. Almost the first passage in a youthful note-book was, "Love is a noble passion of the mind." He was four years in courting the clever French woman. We do not know what he wrote to her before marriage, but this is the way in which he wrote *about* her afterwards. "I have the misfortune to be married to one of the most imperious, tyrannical, unfeeling women that ever existed, and whose perseverance in pursuing an object is equal to her profound cunning and wickedness in framing it." He explains one of his troubles: "She goes and pours boiling water on some of my beautiful flowers," which, we admit, was, at least, eccentric conduct on the part of the lady. Yet two very eminent living men, M. Guizot and Sir Henry Holland, knew her, and indeed speak very kindly of her memory. M. Guizot's own marriage was under sufficiently remarkable circumstances. He gained his wife's heart by writing anonymous articles in a periodical for her, when she was laid up, and these litter of papers might be regarded as a novel species of love-letters.

We have no love-letters of Pascal's, but we strongly think the author of "Provincial Letters" must have written the best love-letters of all. But it is interesting to find that this incomparable logician and philosopher had given the subject his most serious consideration. M. Victor Cousird discovered among the MSS. of the Abbey of St. Germain de Près, a manuscript of Pascal's called "A Discourse on

the Passions of Love." The work leaves no doubt that Pascal was very much in love, and his biographers have spun a very lively romance out of the discovery of this manuscript. But unless it was the sister of his friend the Duc de Rohan, whose story is the most tragic of all the stories of Port Royal, conjecture must otherwise be silent. Pascal has just one remark which looks autobiographical: "When one loves a lady of unequal rank, ambition may accompany the beginning of love; but in a little while the latter becomes the master. He is a tyrant who endures no compassion; he will be alone; all the passions must bend and obey him. . . . . Man by himself is an imperfect thing; to be happy he needs to find a second. He often searches for this in a condition of life equal to his own, because the liberty and opportunity of declaring himself are there most easily to be met with. Nevertheless, we sometimes look far above ourselves and feel the fire increase, although we dare not confess it to her who is its cause . . . . a high friendship fills the heart of man much more completely than a common or equal one." So Pascal seems to have felt —

> "The desire of the moth to the star,
> Of the day to the morrow;
> The devotion to something afar
> From the sphere of our sorrow."

It is something not uncommon in the history of eminent men. An Addison woos a countess for fifteen years, and then discovers that she was not worth the wooing. It is to be wished that we knew more of the love affairs of our great men. The knowledge would explain the lives, and would explain history to a greater extent than even Lord Macaulay could conceive possible. Now and then we obtain the glimpses of love-letters, but, as a rule, we seldom obtain access to those deeper founts of feeling and far concealed springs of action.

A CONVERSATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

THE following conversation took place lately amongst certain friends who have been called "Friends in Council." As I have often before described these personages, it will not be necessary for me to do so now; and, without further preface, I will introduce my readers into their circle, and narrate the conversation which thus abruptly commenced.

Ellesmere. — Mauleverer and I have had a long walk together, this morning. We went as far as Speenham Ponds. We talked incessantly; and I am proud to say that there was not one minute of our talk during which we agreed upon any point of any single subject — not even when we abused the absent, who are now present. And if there is any subject on which two people can agree, it is in the depreciation of their common friends.

Mauleverer. — Ellesmere takes such shallow views. He is always on the surface of things.

Ellesmere. — It is better to swim than to sink.

Sir Arthur. — I suppose the controversy was upon the old subject — the misery of mankind?

Ellesmere. — It was.

Mauleverer. — Ellesmere does not seem to see that man is a wretched creature in himself. He makes the silly excuse for him, that it is always the unfortunate circumstance, and not the man himself, who is to blame.

Ellesmere. — There is one thing which Mauleverer and the misery-mongers always forget. People talk a great deal about hope as being the chief solace of mankind: I believe that if hope alone had been at the bottom of Pandora's box, the Mauleverers would have prevailed, and the human race would soon have come to an end. But there is something in praise of which no poetry is made, and to express which, indeed, there is no single word that I know of, but which performs as great a part in comforting and encouraging mankind as hope itself.

Sir Arthur. — What can he mean?

Ellesmere. — Well, he is beating his brains to invent a word. Shall we say "excusativeness?" That is not a pretty word — that won't do. Perhaps there is some word in Greek; but that is a doubly dead language to me now. A certain learned man, however, was expounding Aristotle to me the other day; and it seemed to me that Aristotle was one of the most skilful word-mongers that has ever appeared. Is there any word in Greek which means putting a good face upon it, or putting quite another face upon it?

Cranmer. — This is rather hazy. I do not begin to find myself consoled for the miseries of life by what Ellesmere has hitherto said.

Ellesmere. — I think I shall call my twin-brother of hope, the power of making a judicious statement.

The best illustration that I can take is from the language of military despatches. For instance: "The enemy crossed the bridge, and our advanced guard fell back upon the right wing." Or thus: "We deployed from the heights and occupied a favorable position in the valley."

In civil as well as in military life, in private as well as in public life, our advanced guard is constantly falling back upon our right wing; and we deploy from the heights to occupy a favorable position in the valley. Stupid and envious bystanders, or nasty, spying, troublesome historians, say that our advanced guard was nearly cut to pieces, and that our deploying from the heights was the inevitable result of a tremendous strategical blunder. But our power of judicious statement enables us to bear up against any amount of hostile criticism, and is, I believe, the great comfort of our lives.

Observe this, too, that the power of making judicious statements increases in due proportion with the facility for committing errors. For example: I have no doubt (whatever may be said to the contrary) that imaginative men are more prone to commit errors than other people, and they would descend into depths of despair if they had not an extra power of making judicious statements. With the imaginative man, the advanced guard does not merely fall back upon the right wing; but he says, "We *threw back* our advanced guard upon the right wing;" clearly indicating a voluntary operation. Again: he does not make his forces deploy from the heights in the way that ordinary men do. He adds several fine touches, and says: "Exactly at the right moment, in accordance with the highest strategical considerations, our forces, in admirable order, deployed from the heights, in order to occupy a most commanding position in the valley."

Milverton. — Ellesmere has occupied some time in explanation; but what he says is perfectly true, and it may be doubted whether hope for the future would be sufficient to console men if they could not gloss over the past.

Ellesmere. — What I complain of, Mauleverer, is that he is so detestably consistent. He does not seem to improve at all by the good conversation he hears from us. Now, I change a little; but always, I trust, in the right direction. I have become a mass of tolerance. A large and varied survey of the miseries of mankind has led me to conclude that every man is a being much to be pitied. One cannot be angry with men, or be otherwise than tolerant of all their errors and shortcomings, when one thinks that most men have teeth; that some men shave; that we have to get up and go to bed (both of them detestable operations) every day; that there is hardly any place, however remote, in which there is not more than one delivery of letters in the course of the twenty-four hours; that any human being, however foolish, can annoy any other human being, however sensible (though thousands of miles should separate them), by informing him abruptly, in a brutal telegram, of all the unpleasant things that can happen; that pleasures are taken in such large doses as to become rather like poisons, dinners lasting sometimes three hours; that we have to live with creatures, very like and yet very unlike ourselves, who are strangely attractive to us, and whom we fondly and vainly endeavor to manage (they every day in these times becoming more unmanageable); that children will scream at the top of their voices, and

wear out shoes in the most reckless manner; that most of our abodes are but vertical continuations of sewers; that there is no good weather anywhere; it is always too hot, or too cold, or too rainy, or too shiny, or too misty, or too dazzling; that old ladies will have the windows up in a railway carriage when the wind is south, and young ladies the windows down when the wind is east; that there is such a thing as public speaking, and that no one can say or write any thing with reasonable brevity; — I say again that a male human being is a creature whom one cannot regard but with the utmost pity; and even his slight aberrations from perfect virtue are results which may naturally be expected to follow from the adverse circumstances that surround him.

Cranmer. — It does not seem to me that in this talk which Mauleverer and Ellesmere had this morning, either of them could have been doing more than bringing forward half-truths, and exaggerating these greatly.

Lady Ellesmere. — For my part, I am delighted that John has arrived even at half-truths; so that they may make him a little more tolerant.

Ellesmere. — I am not merely tolerant; I have become appreciative, in the highest degree. For instance, I am convinced that Milverton is not quite so foolish a person as I once thought.

Mrs. Milverton. — Pardon me for interrupting the conversation; but, my dear, what did Sir John mean when he said that our houses were vertical continuations of sewers?

Ellesmere. — I think you might have asked me to explain, Mrs. Milverton; but of course your husband knows every thing better than anybody else.

Milverton. — I wish, my dear, that I could not only explain what he said, but that I could explain it away. It seemed to me to come in ill with his minor perplexities of human life, for it indicates a most serious evil. Sanitary science has really made a great advance in our time; but the application of that science has not made any thing like a proportionate advance. The subject in question is not a very savory one; but it is one which people should be thoroughly made aware of.

There are certain gases, very injurious to human life, which are generated in our sewers and such like receptacles. Our houses, of course, have close communication with these sewers. We either make no provision against the entrance of these gases into our houses, or provision of such a kind as must be expected occasionally to fail. For instance, the water is evaporated from what are called "water-traps," and then the house is utterly defenceless against these gases.

Now look at the matter somewhat in the abstract. Here are certain noxious creatures endowed with great power of penetration. They make a perpetual effort to escape from their confinement. If the house is the only place into which they can escape, they will be sure some day or other to find a weak part in its defences, and to make an entrance there.

If it were not so painful a thing, it would be almost ludicrous to state — and it would have delighted Swift or any other cynical satirist to state it — that we provide what we call a partial remedy for this evil by allowing these gases to escape through gratings into the streets, thus mildly poisoning the general community.

Sir Arthur. — I am shamefully ignorant upon these subjects, Milverton; but are not these gratings necessary to carry off the rainfall?

Milverton. — That ought to be provided for otherwise. But the main thing that is wanted in the way of remedy for this great evil is, that sewers and all such affairs should have ventilating shafts, by which these gases should be carried off into the *higher* atmosphere, and, indeed, as I think, should be decomposed previously to their exit into that atmosphere.

Cranmer. — All this would be very expensive, you know, Milverton.

Milverton. — Yes: the cost might be equivalent, in a large mansion, to that of an Axminster carpet for one of the principal rooms; but you had much better walk upon deal boards for the rest of your life, then live in houses which are perpetually threatened by the danger I have indicated, and have not one whit exaggerated.

Ellesmere. — You remember our dear friend P——, the most humorous man I ever knew, and how amused he was at a little child of two or three years old, who was still called "Baby," telling him that it was a "use'l baby." The idea of a baby being "useful" delighted our humorous friend, and afterwards he was wont to call himself, being a very little man, "the useful baby." Though I am a big fellow, I arrogate to myself the same title, and certainly I am a baby in sanitary science, but a useful baby; for, as you see, I have been the means of eliciting a careful exposition from our sanitary friend of a great evil. I am very much pleased with Milverton just at present; and as regards another matter, I will frankly confess, as I intimated before, that he is not so foolish as I used to think.

Milverton. — Don't compliment me so highly before my face, otherwise I shall have to leave the room. As you know, I have always maintained that though one can bear a great deal of written flattery, one does not like extravagant eulogiums to be addressed to one's self *vivâ voce* — especially in the presence of others.

Sir Arthur. — But how is it, Ellesmere, that you have, all of a sudden, arrived at this high opinion of Milverton's merits?

Ellesmere. — Well, you know he is always boring us about organization and the wonders that might be done by it, and also the mischiefs that might be prevented by it. It will astonish and shock you to hear what a loss the country has been near sustaining, when I tell you that I might have been killed in a recent railway accident in Scotland —

Lady Ellesmere. — Don't speak jokingly, John, about such a serious matter.

Ellesmere. — And all for want of judicious organization. This led me to consider, with all the care prompted by self-interest, the organization of railways; and I certainly do admit that it is very defective. I will not trouble you with the details of my misadventure. You will have seen all about it in the newspapers. But it made me very criti cal.

Now only look at one little thing in which there is such a want of forethought and management. You have an immensely long train, and the carriages are all so much alike in color that it is impossible to distinguish them. Then you see wretched human beings who have ventured to devour a meal at some great station, such as York, in vain endeavoring to find their carriages again. The train has been moved, so that even a person who has a keen sense of locality, and has taken care to observe exactly at what part of the station he has got out, finds the position of things, when he returns, entirely changed, and has to rely upon the faintest indication of ownership which may lead him back to his own carriage. All this trouble and confusion would have been prevented, or at least immensely diminished, by having carriages of various colors.

Milverton. — I noticed this long ago, and I believe stated it to you.

Ellesmere. — The words of the wise, or, as I should say, the words of the not very foolish, are unheeded until suffering brings them home. I am beginning to be a convert to the notion that Government should have the control of the railways.

Mauleverer. — They are so successful in all that they manage, that one cannot avoid coming to that conclusion.

Sir Arthur. — I do not wish for this at all. I do not think that the Government of this country is strong enough to bear any additional odium; and odium there would be arising from every accident that might occur. Neither do I think that they are strong enough, intellectually speaking, to take this burden upon their shoulders.

Milverton. — I think Government could make great improvements in railway travelling; but I agree with Sir Arthur that they are not at present strong enough to undertake this great additional business.

I wish you would let me take this opportunity of talking over with you a subject which has long been in my mind,

and respecting which I should greatly like to hear your various opinions.

Ellesmere. — Yes; we will allow you to do so. It always makes a conversation interesting when there is some backbone to it; when there is some fellow — tiresome or otherwise — who has got into his head some idea which he wishes to impress upon the rest of the company. Be it remembered, however, that this is only the case when the rest of the company are strong enough to prevent themselves from being oppressed by the man with the idea; and also when there is a sufficient number of irrelevant people who will interrupt by somewhat vague and inconclusive remarks, which, however, are serviceable as tending to provoke the man with the idea and compel him to a certain pleasing diffuseness. Even foolish people are good when they hinder tyrants.

Sir Arthur. — Having thus received Ellesmere's sanction, expressed in such flattering terms both to yourself and ourselves, Milverton, you may proceed.

Milverton. — Well, then, I say, not only is Government weak, but that all the old governing forces of the world are also weak, or are in course of being weakened.

Ellesmere. — Interruption number one, by ignorant person; please define old governing forces.

Milverton. — I mean not only the government of any country, whatever form that government may have, but the governing forces arising from the influence of religion, from the possession of land or other capital, of rank, of learning in all its branches (including art), and in short all those forces which have hitherto, ostensibly or non-ostensibly, had a large share in ruling the world.

It cannot be denied, I think, that all these forces are in the process of being weakened.

At any rate they are weakened relatively by the introduction of new forces of great potency.

Ellesmere. — Please define these also.

Milverton. — These new forces are such as have been developed by the extension of science, the increased freedom of the press, and the additional power given to the people.

It cannot be denied that these forces are, comparatively speaking, new, and that they have received an immense development in the last hundred years.

With regard to the press, the increase of power is perfectly enormous. Assertion, through it, has become facile in the highest degree. Denial on the part of any of the governing classes which it may attack has become proportionately difficult.

No one will deny that the power of the people has enormously increased. By people I mean those persons who did not formerly partake of any of the power belonging to what I have called the old governing forces.

Then there comes science; and under the head of science I would include all those results of scientific endeavor which have inevitably given great rapidity to the spreading of free thought, and have enabled combinations of men with similar aims to be made with comparative facility throughout many countries.

Have I made any statement in respect to which you wish to take any objection?

Sir Arthur. — No; we may not agree with the exact wording of what you have said; but we do, I think, with the substance.

Milverton. — Now, I am not going to express any vain regrets at the present state of things, or to manifest any stupid conservatism, as Ellesmere would call it. On the contrary, I decline to be dismayed at the present aspect of things, and am always prone to believe that the progress of the world is towards good.

Mauleverer. — That I deny.

Milverton. — At the same time I must admit that there are great dangers which may possibly arise from an unhappy conflict between the old and the new forces, especially in a country such as ours, which holds its great prosperity upon a somewhat uncertain tenure. I must give an illustration of what I mean. A large part of our prosperity arises, or at least has arisen, from the confidence which other nations have long entertained in the stability of our institutions. This has made our country the emporium of the world. The first Rothschild who settled here used to say of the British funds, "This is the horse that has never been down." But it is not upon the opinion of any one man, however fit to give an opinion, that I would rely. The opinion of the whole commercial world may be discerned by the fact that Great Britain is the emporium of the world. Some peculiar circumstances have enabled me to be as good a judge of this matter as any living man. On a certain occasion it was decided by the Government of this country that no vessel should be allowed to carry any goods that might be used as material for war, without a permit signed by me or my immediate subordinate. You may imagine how large and various are the kinds of goods which may be considered material for war. I found that there were certain classes of these goods of which we practically possessed the total quantity. I do not mean to say that the ownership of those goods was entirely ours. But here the goods were, possessed by owners of all nations.

Cranmer. — I can thoroughly confirm your statement, Milverton. I was in office at the time, as you may recollect.

Milverton. — Well, now, just consider what would be the result — not the temporary result, but the permanent result — of any great disturbance arising from a conflict between the old and the new forces I have described, and which would shake the confidence of other nations in our stability. Take into your consideration the immense number of people to whom this confidence, in an indirect way, gives employment. Let me further illustrate the facts I have stated, by telling you that vessels pass by the places where certain articles of commerce are produced, and come on to Great Britain as to the emporium where there will be the largest heaping up of these products, and the best means of choice afforded to the purchaser for making his purchases.

You see, therefore, that the present state of things, as regards us, is rather contrary to nature, and is the result of art — namely, the art of government.

Ellesmere. — These certainly are very striking facts.. The terrible thing is, that so few people know much about what goes on in a great country like ours. I have often wished for a little book that would tell us every thing about ourselves which it is desirable to know. You may all laugh; but I have not even mastered, though I have been Attorney-General, the respective duties of the various government offices.

Milverton. — I proceed to work out my idea, being delighted, at the same time, to observe that there are still some things which Sir John Ellesmere admits he does not understand.

I think that, for men like yourselves, I need not dwell upon the question as to the extent of injury that would arise from any great political disturbance in this country — injury, I mean, to our commercial interests, from confidence in our political stability being shaken.

Ellesmere. — No: that is self-evident. I delight in that expression of old Rothschild's, "The horse that has never been down."

Milverton. — How many people, when they contemplate the possibility of any great political disturbance, think of the Monarchy, or the Church, or the owners of land, or the possessors of capital, or the artists, or the men of letters, or the professional men, who might, at any rate for the time, be ruined by this disturbance?

I feel for them; but far more for the laboring classes, whose sufferings would be absolutely fearful. This I could show you, if we had the census returns in the room, and you could see what an enormous number of persons there are whose daily wages are dependent upon this stability. If any such disturbance comes, and is of long duration, there will be a state of suffering for the poorer classes such as that of which the great sieges of the world have given a fearful example. Recollect that at such a time you cannot ship off your suffering millions to find their living in other and happier countries. It is comparatively a narrow space in which you have to work.

Sir Arthur. — Granted. I am fond, as you know, of summing up. I always fancy I should like to have been a judge. I will sum up what you have said: —

Old governing forces are weak or being weakened: new and potent forces have arisen. Great Britain is the emporium of the world, by reason of the confidence placed in it: political disturbance of much duration will destroy this confidence: poor people will suffer most.

Ellesmere. — He did not exactly say that: he said that his sympathies would be most with the poor people. Go on.

Milverton. — The first thing is, that all the old governing forces should perceive the danger, whatever danger there is; should not contend with each other; and should endeavor to reconcile themselves to the new state of things.

Ellesmere. — This, too, is not unreasonable.

Milverton. — Now comes the real gist of the matter. The policy should not be a policy of fear. That means defeat. Now, neither conquest nor defeat ought to be in the minds of those who are the inheritors of the old forces.

Neither should it be a policy of compromise.

Ellesmere. — Oh! oh! Why, compromise is the very essence of modern life!

Milverton. — I cannot help that. I say again, it should not be a policy of compromise; it should be a policy of conciliation.

Cranmer. — Please explain.

Milverton. — This will be my hardest work to-day; and I almost fear that I shall not, in the course of a conversation, be able to show you all that I think upon this matter, and all that I certainly feel. But I will try.

Trace up all these ruling forces to their origin, and you will see that it is a good one. I will especially deal with the new forces. Take science, for instance. It may tend to produce disturbance by coming in conflict with old opinions of much weight and value, and with old customs, manners, and ways of thinking. But it is in its essence good. It is simply a result of the pursuit of truth. Then take the press. You cannot for a moment maintain that its freedom is not essentially a good thing. It is only talking the commonest common-place to say that whatever mischief may be evolved by this freedom is in the abuse and not in the use of it.

Again: as regards the increased power of the people, it is a magnificent thing. What a grand event it is in the history of the world (don't look so blank, Mauleverer!) when you have a reasonable hope — mark you, I do not for the present put it higher — of uniting the people in the great office of governing themselves. It is almost Utopian in its greatness.

But the wished-for end may be accomplished.

Mauleverer. — Wretched and misguided optimist!

Milverton. — Yes, it may be accomplished. I will, however, be very candid with you, and will admit that there is a considerable fear which pervades my mind; and that is, lest there should not be time enough to accomplish this great end; lest downward progress should go too far and too fast (especially too fast); lest the old powers and the old forces should not have time to accommodate themselves to the new state of things; and thus the policy of conciliation should fail.

Ellesmere. — Again ignorance demands explanation. What do you mean by this policy of conciliation?

Milverton. — Perhaps there is hardly any thing more difficult to explain than a policy of any kind, or rather to explain how such a policy should be conducted. I mean this, that all the objects which are put forward, or are likely to be put forward, by the possessors of the new forces, should be considered in any thing but an antagonistic spirit by the possessors of the old ruling forces, and that they should discern the common ground whereon they can act with the others.

I could give many instances in which I believe this common ground could be found. The night would descend upon us before I should have exhausted these instances, and I must not weary you. There is one, however, which I will name, and which appears at present to have seized hold of the minds of many men. It is the physical well-being of the poorer classes. Now, I should have no hope of this forming a common ground of endeavor for all the forces I have mentioned, if it were a new thing. It might then be fairly argued that this common ground, as I call it, had been sought for from motives of fear, or from a search after compromise. I do not hold to either of these classes of motives.

I say again that the endeavor to promote the physical well-being of the poorer classes is not a new thing. Long before the recent political changes took place, there were thousands of persons in the more prosperous classes who had devoted themselves to the promotion of this great object, as also there were thousands of persons who sought to promote the education of the people.

Now these persons, and they are very numerous, come into court with clean hands, as it were. They welcome the new forces as powers which are likely to be of service to them, and so they do much towards the conciliation of which I have spoken.

This country has for so long a time been practically a country of great freedom, both of action and opinion, that there are many other classes of men who are inevitably conciliators of the new and the old forces. There are, for instance, the religious men, who have welcomed without fear the truths of science. There are the statesmen, or the men of statesmanlike mind, who have always been ready to consider the great questions in which work-people are mainly interested, such as co-operation. And, in fact, if you take into view the whole political world of Great Britain, you will find that there are a great number of persons who, consciously or unconsciously, afford the means of conciliation between the old and the new forces. It is, therefore, I contend, within the limits of rational hope that this policy of conciliation may be carried forward successfully. If it is successful, we shall maintain our position as one of the greatest nations on the face of the earth; if it fail, we must prepare for decadence.

I have been the principal speaker for the last half-hour, and am almost ashamed of the position I have occupied. But you have not shown any wish to depose me, and even Ellesmere has been very tractable. I cannot continue this conversation, for I am very tired; but if you wish to resume it to-morrow, I shall try to meet any objections with which you may favor me.

Ellesmere. — I wish to make a remark. I suppose it will be pronounced to be irrelevant. It is this: that when you are speaking of the forces that influence the world and keep it together, you should name politeness; for that, in my opinion, is the greatest force in the world. It never ceases to act. You may observe that under whatever disastrous circumstances a man may be placed, he retains such politeness as he has, and does not forget his manners. The dying are polite; the condemned do not forget their manners. A man will hate you enough to be ready to slay you, but he will not comment before your face upon any personal defect you may have.

I assure you this is not a chance remark of mine made at the moment. I have been making it all my life. There is a certain respect which one human being has for another, which neither fear nor anger nor any other passion wholly violates. It is madness only that can be thoroughly unpolite.

Milverton. — There is a great deal in what Ellesmere says.

Ellesmere. — Yes; he does not always talk folly.

Mauleverer. — It is true; but what he says has very little to do with the subject in question. People retained their politeness in the height of the first French revolution. This politeness is a constant quantity, as the mathematicians would say. What we were talking about was the relation between the old and the new political forces. Upon that matter I must also make my remark. I do not think that Milverton dwelt half enough upon the additional power which has been gained by calumny from the introduction of some of the new forces. A statement is rashly made by some foolish or inconsiderate person; and forthwith it is trumpeted all over the world. Millions of people read it. And it is a melancholy fact that we are not yet enough educated to withhold altogether all belief in a calumnious statement which we see set forth in print.

Now this augmentation of the power of calumny has a

most dangerous effect in lessening the power and influence of all persons in authority.

But I will not proceed further in this discussion, as Milverton said that he was tired. I trust, however, that he will take this remark of mine into consideration when he recommences.

[I must make an addition to this conversation, and must apologize for having to make it. At some point in the conversation Mr. Milverton became excited with his subject, and spoke very rapidly. Moreover, what he said particularly interested me; and, while thinking of it, I failed to make a note of it. He was speaking of the great power which the governing classes of any country still possessed — great power for good, as he said. And then he went on to say that whenever in history the governing classes had broken down, as it were, and the State had gone into revolution or into ruin, it was because those governing classes had either been cowardly or unsympathetic, or perhaps both combined. He scarcely could believe, he added, that a nation could drift into these evil courses so long as its upper classes were courageous and sympathetic. He took care, however, to make an exception for those cases where the political disturbance was created by foreign war or dynastic quarrels.]

LONGEVITY.

We have often felt a vague wonder at the industry of that anonymous writer who daily adds up the ages of the longest-lived persons mentioned in the obituary of the *Times*, and determines their average tenure of existence. We confess that we do not share the astonishment by which he appears to be periodically seized on the discovery that the united ages of half a dozen people recently deceased amount to over five hundred years, and their average age to near ninety. We have no particular data by which to guide our anticipations, and the phenomenon to which our attention is invited has now occurred so very often that we have ceased to regard it as bordering on the miraculous. But if our unknown friend would carry his investigations a little further, we fancy that he might provide material for some really interesting speculation. A German observer, for example, has recently calculated the average longevity attained in different professions. His information, if trustworthy, would be very interesting, not merely to insurance-offices, but to young men settling the difficult question of their employments for life. If a youth will be content with 56 years, he may become a doctor; if he requires a year more, he may be an artist; if he wants 58 years of life, he may go to the bar; but, in order to have a fair prospect of attaining to 65, he must enter into holy orders. Is it better to attend to the physical or to the spiritual wants of man, when nine additional years of life reward the higher line of duty? Does the superior longevity of clergymen spring from the possession of a good conscience? or from the fact that the responsibility of attending to the soul presses more lightly than that of attending to the body? or from differences in the physical conditions of the two professions? or from the varying demands which they make upon the intellect? De Maistre drew an inference in favor of Catholicism from the supposed fact that the average reigns of kings in countries which had adhered to the old faith were longer than those in countries polluted by heresy. We should be sorry to adopt his logic in this case, though we do not quite see our way to the opposite conclusion, apparently adopted by the *British Medical Journal* (from which we derive our information), and embodied in the old saying about those whom the gods love. Whatever occult causes may be at work, it is plain that in any case the average longevity in any profession must be affected by a number of complicated conditions; and to unravel their varying influence it would be necessary to check these simple observations by others bearing upon different sets of causes. We may assume, for example, that the intellectual conditions go for something, though they are generally subordinate to others which act more immediately. When, for instance, we find that artists come so low in the list, we may suspect that not merely the irregularities to which they are tempted, or their disposition to a town instead of a country life, must be accountable for a great deal, but also that some effect should be ascribed to the peculiarities of the artistic temperament. It would be interesting from this point of view to compare the average longevity of men who pursue different studies under similar physical conditions. Thus we might ask whether in universities professors of theology are generally found to live longer than professors of medicine or of literature or the fine arts. If so, part of the superiority of the clerical tenure of life must be ascribed to the nature of their studies, as well as to the external circumstances of the clergy. We are not prepared with any body of facts bearing upon these inquiries, and merely throw out the hint for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

There are, however, a few obvious facts which may suggest the possible fruitfulness of such investigations. Parents have for a good many centuries been disgusted when their sons have plunged into metre instead of taking to the counting-house; but they have never, we suspect, made full use of the argument from the deleterious influence of the pursuit upon human life. Poetry, we should be inclined to say, from a cursory inspection of the most accessible facts, is almost as destructive as those trades which are proposed to be the subjects of parliamentary interference. It is as bad as razor-grinding. Looking through any list of English poets, the number of early deaths is startling. Burns, and Byron, and Shelley, and Keats, and Chatterton will occur at once. To the list of those who died before fifty we may add Spenser, Thomson, Collins, and Goldsmith. Shakspeare managed just to get beyond his fiftieth year, and Pope and Gray got half-way from fifty to sixty; but an aged poet is an exception of the proverbial kind. Milton lived to a respectable age; but then he long refrained from indulgence in this dangerous practice in favor of the superior (we speak from a sanitary point of view) pursuit of political life. He did not long survive the recurrence to his earlier pursuits. Cowper lived to near seventy; but it drove him mad. Dryden reached the same age without the same penalty; and Wordsworth, by dint of a regular country life, survived all his contemporaries, and attained the respectable age of eighty. The only wonder, in the last case, is that a man of so sound a constitution, and placed under such favorable circumstances, did not live to confute Sir G. Cornewall Lewis; he is really a case of premature death, and we suspect that the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" took ten years out of his life, while his other inspired moments may account for the remaining period. Besides which, two years in the lakes cannot be counted for more than one in London. Dryden alone remains to confront us; and it must be confessed that Dryden's poetry comes very close to the borders of prose. By way of contrast, let us suggest the names of a few speculative philosophers amongst English writers of reputation. We find that Bacon and Hume lived to be 65; Berkeley to be 69; Locke, 72; Reid, 86; and Hobbes, 91. Amongst the German metaphysicians, Kant died at 80, and Schelling at 79, whilst Hegel was prematurely cut off at 62. In France, Malebranch lived, in spite of a delicate constitution, to be 87, and then had to be killed by an encounter with his brother metaphysician, Berkeley. Descartes, it is true, died about the age of Shakspeare; but Descartes was naturally delicate, whereas we can hardly doubt that Shakspeare had a fine constitution. If they had exchanged pursuits, no one can say that Shakspeare might not have rivalled Hobbes, and Descartes perished as early as Keats. Spinoza, again, died at 44; but De Quincey very properly argues from this and other circumstances that he must have been murdered. Let us hope for the credit of philosophy that such was the case. At any rate, though the shortest-lived of metaphysicians, he would have had a very fair tenure of life for a poet. We have not indulged in any profound researches; but we have had the curiosity to determine the average age of the English poets contained in a short list at the end of the

Golden Treasury. The result comes out precisely 56, which, according to our German authority, is just that of the most unhealthy of all professions. The average, however, is materially increased by the admission of such unreasonably long-lived people as Rogers and Mrs. Barbauld, and other minor poets. A still shorter list of metaphysicians gives an average of 68 years, or a length of life superior even to that of the clergy; but we admit that it would be desirable to base any decided theory on a wider collection of facts.

There is of course nothing surprising in these results. The true philosophical temperament is precisely that which is favorable to long life. A man who never irritates himself about any thing, who never subjects his machinery to an unnecessary shock, will go on living when a far stronger man, animated by more troublesome passions, will beat himself to pieces against the world. The same disposition which fits a man for long processes of patient meditation, will generally enable him to take life easily; and it is curious to observe how such a speculator, for example, as Hume, whilst his philosophy tends to upset all established creeds, may be personally a conservative of the strongest kind, and desire the stability of the institutions whose vitality he is doing his best to destroy. Just so Gibbon attacked Christianity in theory, but was utterly disgusted when revolutionists began to reduce his theory to practice. Poetry of a certain class may be comparatively innocuous for similar reasons. Chaucer, Wordsworth, and Goethe, were all long-lived poets, because they seldom indulged in violent emotion. Descriptive poetry generally may be regarded as fairly harmless; and even graceful song-writers, like Herrick in old days and Tom Moore in ours, may be a long time in wearing themselves out. But a young man who takes to writing revolutionary odes, or who shares the passionate impulses of a Byron or a Shelley, might almost as well take to drinking, so far as his prospects of longevity are concerned. It is the feverish irritability to which all poets are more or less liable that is really destructive; though, of course, they may occasionally keep their passion within bounds. Perhaps there is an apparent contradiction to this theory in the fact that clergymen are said to be long-lived. Mr. Galton asserts, in his work on hereditary genius, that the spiritual heroes of the world have generally been men of sickly constitution; and one might fancy that a tendency to indulge in strong religious emotion would be as pernicious as the analogous disposition to poetry. But, in the first place, it is probable that the mass of clergymen are as little inclined to undue excitement of any kind as their neighbors. Most of the sermons which we hear give very little indication of a fiery soul absorbed by uncontrollable passion, and overpowering its feeble tenement of clay. And, moreover, excitement does not appear to be injurious when it is worked off in action. Politicians and lawyers live long enough, though they go through a constant course of vehement excitement. A man of a certain strength of constitution probably finds the stimulus rather healthy than otherwise; and men like Brougham or Palmerston are all the better for the ceaseless strain upon their faculties. If they had been excluded from any practical displays of energy, and condemned to be always working themselves up into vehement emotion, with no better mode of discharge than writing verses, it is possible that they would have fretted themselves out of the world at an earlier period. We must add, however, that in all such speculations there is always an obvious alternative. It may be not that poetry exercises a deleterious influence, but that men of weak constitutions naturally take to expressing themselves in poetry. The disease may, in short, be the cause, instead of the effect. It would be impossible to pronounce confidently on so large a question, and we can merely commend the subject to statistical inquirers. If they apply themselves to the investigation, we might discover some useful hints, and even find out in time what particular schools of art or theology are most destructive; whether, for example, a Calvinist generally lives as long as an Arminian, or a classical as a romantic poet. The field is boundless, and we are content to leave the development of the subject to those who may have time and opportunity to work it out.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE TEXT OF SHAKSPEARE.

D'ISRAELI, in his "Curiosities of Literature," makes mention of a religious work, which, consisting of only one hundred and seventy-two pages, had an *Errata* at the end occupying fifteen pages. This was an unlucky pamphlet, and in the preface the author expresses his firm belief that Satan himself had tampered with the types, and that the very printers must have worked under the personal influence of the same malignant power. But, without going down quite so deep for a reason, we may take it for granted that in any book, each page of which contains possibly more than three thousand separate types, there must, in the nature of things, be certain typographical errors and oversights, some of which will escape both the eye and the ear of even the most practised reader. Now, these typographical blunders will, in the majority of cases, be found to fall into one of three classes, viz.: — errors of the ear, errors of the eye, and errors from what, in printers' language, is called "a foul case." The first two classes I will pass in rapid review, the main object of these remarks being to draw attention to the third, which as a source of corruption does not seem hitherto to have received that attention from the students of Shakspeare which it deserves.

1. *Errors of the Ear.* — Every compositor when at work reads over a few words of his copy, and retains them in his mind until his fingers have picked up the various types belonging to them. While the memory is thus repeating to itself a phrase, it is by no means unnatural, nor in practice is it uncommon, for some word or words to become unwittingly supplanted in the mind by others which are similar in sound. It was simply a mental transposition of syllables that made the actor exclaim, "My Lord, stand back, and let *the parson cough*," instead of "*the coffin pass*" ("Rich. III.," act i. sc. 2.); and by a slight confusion of sound the word *mistake* might appear in type as *must take* ("Hamlet," act iii. sc. 1). So *idle votarist* would easily become *idol votarist* ("Timon," act iv. sc. 3), and *long delays* be transformed to *longer days* ("Titus," act iv. sc. 2). From the time of Gutenberg until now, this similarity of sound has been a fruitful source of error among printers.

2. *Errors of the Eye.* — The eye often misleads the hand of the compositor, especially if he be at work upon a crabbed manuscript or a worn-out reprint. Take away a dot, and *This time goes manly* becomes *This tune goes manly* ("Macb.," act iv. sc. 3). So a clogged letter turns *What beast was't then*, into *What boast was't then* ("Macb.," act 1. sc. 7). Examples might be indefinitely multiplied from many an old book, so I will quote but one more instance. The word *preserve* spelt with a long *s* might without much carelessness be misread *preferre* ("Hen. VI.," pt. 1. act iii. sc. 2), and thus entirely alter the sense.

3. *Errors from "a foul case."* — This class of errors is of an entirely different kind from the two former. They came from within the man, and were from the brain; this is from without, mechanical in its origin as well as in its commission. As many readers may never have seen the inside of a printing-office, the following short explanation may be found useful. A "case" is a shallow wooden drawer, divided into numerous square receptacles called "boxes," and into each box is put one sort of letter only, say all *a*'s or *b*'s or *c*'s. The compositor works with two of these cases slanting up in front of him, and when from a shake, a slip, or any other accident, the letters become misplaced, the result is technically known as "a foul case." A further result is, that the fingers of the workman, although going to the proper box, will often pick up a wrong letter, he being entirely unconscious the while of the fact.

Now, if we can discover any law which governs this abnormal position of the types — if, for instance, we can predicate that the letter *o*, when away from its own, will be more frequently found in the box appropriated to letter *a*, than any other; that *b* has a general tendency to visit the *l* box, and *l* the *v* box; and that *d*, if away from home, will be almost certainly found among the *n*'s — if we can show

this, we shall then lay a good foundation for the re-examination of many corrupt or disputed readings in the text of Shakspeare, some of which may receive fresh life from such a treatment.

To start with, let us obtain a definite idea of the arrangement of the types in both "upper" and "lower" case in the time of Shakspeare — a time when long *s*'s, with the logotypes *ct, ff, fi, fl, ffi, ffl, sb, sh, si, sl, ss, ssi, ssl,* and others, were in daily use. There are several representations of old cases in early printed books, but these are all adapted for "black-letter," the combinations and logotypes of which varied considerably from those of the Roman letter. The earliest representation of Roman cases, as used in England, may be seen in that very rare book "Moxon's Mechanical Exercises," 1683; and this was undoubtedly the same as in 1632, the date of the First Folio edition of Shakspeare, and remained without change until the abandonment of the long *s* and its combinations, which took place at the commencement of the present century.

The following design represents a pair of cases us used by printers in the seventeenth century. The boxes not marked, being without a definite appropriation, were filled with accented letters, zodiacal, or other signs, according to the language or nature of the work about to be printed. The only accents used in the First Folio were the *long* vowels, which served to show contractions: as the most handy position, these would be placed as shown by the diagram.

UPPER CASE.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G							
H	I	K	L	M	N	O							
P	Q	R	S	T	V	W							
X	Y	Z	Æ	J	U								
ā	ē	ī	ō	ū								¶	§
1	2	3	4	5	6	7						‖	‡
8	9	0			ft	k	ffi	ffl	fft	fft		†	*

LOWER CASE.

j				æ	œ		s					ſt	ſt
i	b	c	d	e		i	f	f	g	fh	ff	ff
&											fi	fi
;	l	m	n	h		o	y	p	q	w	SPA-	CES
z	v	u	t	SPACES		a	r	,	:		QUAD.	
x								.	-			

The chief cause of a "foul" case was the same in Shakspeare's time as now; and no one interested in the subject should omit visiting a printing-office, where he could personally inspect the operation. Suppose a compositor at work "distributing;" the upper and lower cases, one above the other, slant at a considerable angle towards him, and as the types fall quickly from his fingers they form conical heaps in their respective boxes, spreading out in a manner very similar to the sand in the lower half of an hour-glass. Now, if the compositor allows his case to become too full, the topmost letters in each box will certainly slide down into the box below, and occasionally, though rarely, into one of the side boxes. When such letters escape notice, they necessarily cause erroneous spelling, and sometimes entirely change the whole meaning of a sentence.

But now comes the important question. Are errors of this kind ever discovered, and especially do they occur in Shakspeare? Doubtless, they do; but to what extent a long and careful examination alone can show. As examples merely, and to show the possible change in sense made by a single wrong letter, I will quote one or two instances.

> Were they not *forc'd* with those that should be ours,
> We might have met them darefull, beard to beard.
> ("Macbeth," act v sc. 5.)

The word *forced* should be read *farced*, the letter *o* having evidently dropped down into the *a* box. The enemy's ranks were not *forced* with Macbeth's followers, but *farced*, or filled up. In "Murrell's Cookery," 1632, the very year of the First Folio, this identical word is used several times; we there see that a farced leg of mutton was when the meat was all taken out of the skin, mixed with herbs, &c., and then the skin filled up again.

> I come to thee for charitable license, . . . to *booke* our dead.
> ("Henry V.," act iv. sc. 2.)

So all the copies; but "to book" is surely a modern commercial phrase, and the herald here asked leave simply to "look," or to examine, the dead, for the purpose of giving honorable burial to their men of rank. In the same sense Sir W. Lucie, in the first part of "Henry VI.," says:—

> I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
> And to *survey* the bodies of the dead.

We cannot imagine an officer with pen, ink-horn, and paper, at a period when very few could write, "booking" the dead. We may, I think, take it for granted that here the letter *b* had fallen over into the *l* box.

In "Troilus and Cressida" (act ii. sc. 2.) we find:—

> Reason and respect
> Make *livers* pale and lustyhood deject.

The change of *livers* to *lovers* is not very satisfactory; nevertheless, an *i* in the *o* box would be no unlikely mischance.

In "All's Well that Ends Well" (act iv. sc. 4.)—

> We must away;
> Our Wagon is prepar'd and time *revives* us.

For *revives* read *reviles*.

"No *scope* of nature" ("King John," act iii. sc. 4.) has been thought by many good critics to be a misprint for *scape*. From a typographical point of view, the change of letter is by no means unlikely to happen. Perhaps from the same cause the word *strands*, which is found in "King Henry IV." (act i. sc. 1.), should be spelled *strands*, a form not uncommon in Shakspeare's time.

I think sufficient evidence has now been produced to show the possibility, if not the probability, of erroneous readings having crept into the text through technical accidents, and to others I leave the task of applying the test afforded by the above diagram. Before leaving the subject, however, the reader should be warned to notice the double and treble letters marked in the diagram, and so avoid a wrong deduction. For instance, the change of *light* into *sight* must not be considered as a question of a single letter — of *s* in the *l* box: the diagram shows *si* in one piece, which could never be taken by mistake from the *l* box. And so with the other logotypes.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY DURING THE LATE ECLIPSE.

Prof. Respighi, the eminent Italian spectroscopist, succeeded in making a noteworthy advance in our knowledge of solar physics during the progress of the eclipse of last December; and, what is of even greater importance, employed a totally novel method of observing the eclipsed sun, his actual discovery being probably but the first-fruits

of this method. We propose to give a brief account of the results obtained by Prof. Respighi, and a description of those features of the method which constitute its importance.

It will be in the remembrance of many of our readers that during the eclipse of December, 1870, considerable attention was directed to the circumstance that the sun's corona appeared to consist of two distinct portions. Close to the black disc of the moon there was seen a bright ring of pearly light, not uniformly wide, but nowhere extending to a distance much exceeding a fourth or fifth part (for accounts differed) of the moon's apparent diameter. Outside this ring-formed corona appeared a much more extensive, but much fainter halo, radiated in its general structure, — or rather cloven in places by certain well-marked dark rifts or gaps. There was so sudden a degradation of luminosity near the borders of the bright inner corona, as to suggest very strongly the idea that the two coronas are totally distinct solar envelopes. Indeed, it was proposed to give the inner corona a name specially invented for the occasion,— the name *Leucosphere*,— which, fortunately, was not received with favor. Indeed, it presently appeared that the supposed discovery was no discovery at all, — the two-fold nature of the corona having been recognized 165 years ago, and having since been repeatedly confirmed during total eclipses. So far back as 1852 our own Astronomer Royal had suggested for the two envelopes the names of the "Ring-formed" and the "Radiated" coronas. It must be added, furthermore, that when favorably seen, the inner or ring-formed corona is not pearly-white in hue, but marked by a distinct tinge of rose-color.

Now, astronomers have been endeavoring since the great eclipse of 1868 to determine the real nature of the light emitted by the various parts of the corona. They have sought, in fact, to apply the modern method of observation called spectrum analysis to the corona, as they had already applied it to the prominences; and thus to learn whether the light of the corona comes from glowing vapor, or from incandescent particles, or is merely sunlight reflected from opaque matter spread in a sort of cosmical dust around the solar orb.

But important difficulties stood in their way. They *did* obtain on turning their spectroscopes towards the corona a spectrum which, in itself, indicated that the source of light was glowing vapor. A certain green line appeared, which, if it really were the spectrum of the corona, could bear no other interpretation. But it was not clear that this green-line spectrum belonged to the corona at all, — the doubt arising from the fact that the green line still made its appearance when the spectroscope was turned to parts of the sky to which the corona could not be supposed to extend. This is easily explained. In these days every one knows that the sun's light, when dealt with by a spectroscope, presents a rainbow-tinted streak crossed by dark lines, and that these dark lines indicate the presence, in the sun, of the vapors of many familiar elements, — as iron, copper, zinc, and so forth. But if we turn a spectroscope towards the sky, or even towards a sheet of white paper illuminated by the sun, we see the same dark lines; yet we know that there is no glowing iron-vapor in the sky or in the paper. The fact really is, that we receive, from the sky and from the paper, reflected sunlight, and so naturally find in such light the qualities of sunlight. How, if in like manner, when the observers of recent eclipses have seen a bright-line spectrum, while examining only reflected light, and so had still to determine the true source of the light? Nay, rather it was clear that from some parts of the sky they did get this green line from reflected light; how, then, were they to distinguish where the inherent luminosity ceased and the reflected luminosity began?

The problem seemed intractable; but, as a matter of fact, Prof. Young, of America, solved it very satisfactorily by carefully considering the amount of this green luminosity received under different circumstances. We need not examine his reasoning, but the result may be very simply stated. He inferred that in all probability a region somewhat more extensive than the ring-formed corona shines with this green-line-forming light. We believe that no one who examines and understands Prof. Young's reasoning can doubt that he legitimately established this conclusion. It follows that the ring-formed corona, or a somewhat larger region around the sun, is due to a true atmospheric envelope. The interest of this discovery is enhanced by the circumstance that the green line of the coronal spectrum is a conspicuous feature of the spectrum of our own auroras. Prof. Respighi has confirmed Young's discovery. In confirming it, however, he has added another equally important.

Thus far we have been speaking of a green *line* of the inner corona. But it occurred to Respighi that he would endeavor to see a green *image* of this solar envelope. There were two ways in which he might try to effect this. The first is a method devised independently by Huggins and Zöllner, and first successfully applied by the former, though occasionally called the Janssen-Lockyer method (being confounded, apparently, with a perfectly distinct method of observation). The other was proposed by Fraünhofer, in the very infancy of the science of spectroscopic analysis, and has lately been revived by the Italian astronomers Secchi and Respighi. Neither method need be described, but each has this effect, that when the source of light is a glowing gas, then, instead of a spectrum of such and such colored *lines*, there is formed a series of correspondingly colored *images* of the source of light. Thus when one of the solar prominences is observed in this way, instead of a red, an orange, a green, and an indigo line (and other faint lines), the methods referred to show a red image of the prominence, an orange image, a green image, and an indigo image (the images corresponding to the fainter lines being too faint to be discernible under ordinary circumstances).

Now let the reader carefully note the importance of this method as applied to the corona. As applied during eclipse to the colored prominences, it could teach nothing new, for it would merely resolve the prominences, already visible as rose-colored objects, into four several pictures, alike in figure, but differing in color. The effect might be exceedingly beautiful, — or rather was so, for Respighi has seen such images, — but it taught nothing new. As applied to the corona, however, the value of the method was far greater. So soon as totality began, Respighi saw, instead of the bright green line which Prof. Young had proved to belong to the corona, a beautiful green image of the inner ring-formed corona. Here, indeed, was proof patent to the eye that the green light is inherent in the inner corona, and not merely due to reflection in our own atmosphere. For just as our sky in the daytime, when we examine it with a spectroscope, is found to give the solar dark lines, but cannot possibly give an image of the sun, so the sky in eclipse could give the green line by reflection, but not an image of the source whence the green light comes. Only because the inner corona is itself that source, could *its* image be rendered visible by applying Respighi's method.

So far, however, Respighi's work only confirms a result already established. But another result, and one altogether new, was at the same time obtained. The green image of the inner corona was not alone; two others — one red, and the other blue-green — made their appearance, in or near the places corresponding to the two bright lines of hydrogen called by spectroscopists the C-line (red) and the F-line (blue-green). The three images were not strictly alike, and we may infer from the brief telegraphic account sent in the first instance that the hydrogen images were not quite so extensive as the green image. But into minutiæ of this sort we need not at present enter. The great facts rendered patent by Respighi's late observation are these, — that surrounding the sun to a depth of nearly two hundred thousand miles, reaching, therefore, above the summits of the loftiest prominences, there is an atmosphere consisting of glowing hydrogen, and of some other vapor, distinct in condition and composition from the chromatosphere, whose average height is but about four thousand miles. This enormous external atmospheric shell must be of exceeding rarity, or the pressure on the chromatosphere would enormously exceed the actual observed pressure. It is outside this atmosphere that the radiated corona projects into the sun-

surrounding space to distances often exceeding a million miles. We may confidently expect that the news which we have received respecting the inner ring-formed corona will be so supplemented by the photographic records now on their way to Europe, that we shall obtain much clearer ideas than we have hitherto had respecting the outer and radiated corona. Truly, a remark with which the spectroscopist Janssen closes his letter to the Paris Academy respecting his own observations seems abundantly justified: "The question whether the corona is due to the earth's atmosphere is now disposed of [*tranchée*], and we may look forward to a series of researches into the matter surrounding the sun which cannot fail to be extremely interesting and fruitful."

ENGLISH RURAL POETRY.

THERE was a time when the term rural poetry would have been regarded as synonymous, or nearly so, with pastoral poetry; that is to say, the most artificial verse ever written, and which, in its legitimate form, was "a slavish mimicry of classical remains," was confounded, as at the beginning of the last century, with the poetry that describes the simple sights, sounds and occupations of country life, — the changes of the seasons, the color of wayside flowers, the song of birds, the beauty of woods and meadows, of rivers winding through rich pasture-lands, of sunny nooks and shady lanes, and forest glades lying close to the haunts of rustics. Before Pope's time, and after it, a city poet, who knew nothing about the life of nature, or the ways of country livers, and who had probably never ventured beyond Epsom or Bath, would sing, as a matter of course, of shepherds and shepherdesses, and produce conventional pictures of the country unlike any thing that ever existed outside a verse-maker's covers. Edmund Spenser, it is true, following the examples of Theocritus and Virgil, had long before introduced this grotesque form of composition; and a still greater poet had also given a slight sanction to it by the publication of his immortal "Lycidas;" but these poets — such is the power of genius — could make their shepherd-swains discuss dogmatic theology while tending their sheep without raising a smile, the incongruity of the position being atoned for in these cases by the rare beauty of the song. In the splendid English which Dryden knew how to write, we can enjoy a fable in which the controversy between the Roman Catholic Church and the Church of England is discussed by a milk-white hind and a spotted panther.

The pastorals of Pope, although destitute, as Warton has pointed out, of a single rural image that is new, possesses a certain smoothness of versification. They are well-nigh unreadable now, and the praise they won at the time from able critics sounds ridiculous to us. Both the poetry and the criticisms upon it are as foreign to modern taste as the euphuism of Lyly; but that Pope satisfied a want of his age — which was eminently artificial and prosaic — is evident from the mass of so-called pastoral poetry that was issued during the first half of the last century. Nevertheless, Wordsworth is not far wrong in saying that, with one or two insignificant exceptions, "the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the 'Paradise Lost' and the 'Seasons' — that is to say, from 1667 to 1728 — does not contain a single new image of external nature; and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination." He might have added — for the coincidence is striking — that the year in which Thomson published the "Seasons" in a complete form, Allan Ramsay produced his beautiful pastoral of the "Gentle Shepherd," a poem which is remarkable in many ways, and especially as presenting pictures of rustic life free from the conventional diction and the allegorical personations which deform other pastorals. Ramsay's poem is written in the Scottish dialect; in English we have no poem of the kind at that period that can bear comparison with it, for the "Faithful Shepherdess" of Fletcher, exquisite though it be, is wholly devoid of the realism demanded in such a work. Of the Elizabethan dramatists, by the way, few care to describe with accuracy the varied aspects of nature. Jonson has some choice descriptive passages in his lyrical poems (it was he who called the nightingale "the dear good angel of the spring"); but we recall few in his dramas, and it may be questioned whether all the plays of Webster, Massinger, Middleton, Marlowe, and Shirley could supply a page of imagery drawn from the simple objects of rural life. Shakspeare, great in all ways, is pre-eminent also in what Lord Lytton somewhat thoughtlessly calls "the very lowest degree of poetry, viz., the descriptive." In perusing dramas like Ben Jonson's "Volpone," or his "Alchemist," the reader breathes an indoor and somewhat confined atmosphere; in reading Shakspeare, he feels as if every window were thrown open, or as if he were inhaling the fresh and fragrant air of the country. And this feeling is often produced by a single line, occurring in scenes which are far enough removed from the life of nature, as, for instance, when in "Measure for Measure," the Duke, conversing in a business way with the Provost, suddenly exclaims, "Look! the unfolding star calls up the shepherd;" or when, in "Cymbeline," the dull-witted Cloten hires musicians to sing under Imogen's window that most delicious of Shakspearian songs, "Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings." Shakspeare's rural descriptions are, as they should be, incidental; but these incidental touches suffice to make the reader feel the open-air influences to which we have alluded. His affection for the violet is as noteworthy as Chaucer's for the daisy, or Wordsworth's for the celandine; and in the description of wild flowers, of birds and animals, of country pursuits and pastimes, his accuracy is unrivalled. His "As You Like It" has been justly called a pastoral comedy. Milton, on the contrary, beautiful though many of his descriptive passages are, and notwithstanding the delicious rural charm that pervades his best descriptive poems, — "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," — appears sometimes to have written from book-knowledge rather than from actual observation, and his usual imagery is, therefore, occasionally defective. There are two writers, both of whom lived a little earlier than Milton, who deserve a rather prominent place as rural poets. We allude to William Browne, of Tavistock, and to Robert Herrick. Some years ago a folio edition of Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals," with MS. notes by Milton, was sold by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson. The notes are not critical, but they testify at least to the interest with which Milton had read the volume. In Milton's own works, however, we have stronger proofs than these notes afford, how carefully Browne's poetry was perused. There can be little doubt that the Fourth Eclogue of the "Shepherd's Pipe" suggested to the greater poet his peerless "Lycidas;" and in "Comus," as well as "Paradise Regained," we find traces of Browne's influence. All his poetry was produced in early life, and it won for him instant reputation, and the friendship of such men as Drayton, Ben Jonson, and Chapman. Few readers would have the patience to read pastorals now, in which English shepherds and shepherdesses, English rivers and familiar country places, are curiously associated with river-gods and wood-nymphs; yet the lover of poetry will find much in them to reward him for his toil. Picturesque descriptions, luxuriant fancy, and frequent felicity of expression, are to be found in "Britannia's Pastorals." The verse moves sometimes very sweetly, sometimes it is rugged and impeded, like a stream held in by rocks; but whether rough or smooth, it is rarely without vitality, and you feel that you are in the company of a poet, not of a mere versifier. If Keats owed much to Spenser, it is scarcely possible to doubt that he owed something to Browne. There are passages in "Endymion" which remind us strongly of the "Pastorals," and the wonderful picture of Madeline in the "Eve of St. Agnes" was probably suggested by a description of Browne's, which, if marked by conceits, is not wholly without beauty.

> And as a lovely maiden, pure and chaste,
> With naked iv'ry neck and gown unlaced,
> Within her chamber, when the day is fled,

Makes poor her garments to enrich her bed;
First puts she off her lily-silken gown,
That shrieks for sorrow as she lays it down;
And with her arms graceth a waistcoat fine,
Embracing her as it would ne'er untwine.
Her flaxen hair, ensnaring all beholders,
She next permits to wave about her shoulders.
* * * * *
Then on her head a dressing like a crown;
Her breasts all bare, her kirtle slipping down,
* * * * *
Prepares for sweetest rest, while sylvans greet her,
And longingly the down-bed swells to meet her.

Browne, like most young poets, delights in simile, and uses it lavishly. His best bits of rural landscape or description are produced in this way; and indeed his pages are studded with similes, like spring meadows with buttercups. Two or three examples will suffice as specimens of Browne's style. The following will remind the reader of a passage in Shakspeare:—

As children on a play-day leave the schools,
And gladly run into the swimming pools,
Or in the thickets all with nettles stung,
Rush to despoil some sweet thrush of her young;
Or with their hats (for fish) lade in a brook
Withouten pain: but when the morn doth look
Out of the eastern gates, a snail would faster
Glide to the schools than they unto their master.

Then he describes girls bringing rushes in wicker-baskets to strew before the path of a bride, and the Lady of the May distributing her gifts — a garland to one, a carved hook to another, a kiss to a third, a garter to a fourth; he pictures the ballad-monger on a market-day squeaking the sad choice of Tom the Miller "with as harsh a noise as ever cart-wheel made;" the ploughman unyoking his team; the dairy-maiden, who "draws at the udder" when —

The day is waxen old,
And 'gins to shut in with the marigold;

and afterwards "shortens the dew'd way" with a song newly learned; and the melancholy angler — (evidently Browne knew nothing of his contemporary Walton, the "common father of anglers," and the happiest of men) — standing on a green bank with "a wriggling yellow worm thrust on his hook." We forget the dreary mythological rubbish which Browne inserts in his Pastorals, in the bright, accurate, and simple representations of English rural life with which his pages abound, and the hearty love he shows for the country, and especially for the beautiful county in which he was born, wins the sympathy of the reader. Here is a brief apostrophe to Devon, which, allowing for its quaintness, all Devonshire men will appreciate:—

Hail thou, my native soil! Thou blessed plot,
Whose equal all the world affordeth not!
Show me, who can, so many crystal rills,
Such sweet-clothed valleys, or aspiring hills;
Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy mines;
Such rocks, in whom the diamond fairly shines;
And if the earth can show the like agen,
Yet will she fail in her sea-ruling men;
Time never can produce men to o'ertake
The fames of Grenville, Davies, Gilbert, Drake,
Or worthy Hawkins, or of thousands more,
That by their power made the Devonian shore
Mock the proud Tagus.

Herrick, who lived for nineteen years in a Devonshire village, — as vicar of Dean Prior, — did not reciprocate Browne's feelings, but would seem, if some of his expressions may be trusted, to have found the country dull. He calls London his home, and the blest place of his nativity, and laments that a hard fate had condemned him to a long and irksome banishment. He describes the people as "currish," and "churlish as the seas," and sings in a sort of doggerel, —

More discontents I never had
Since I was born, than here;
Where I have been, and still am sad,
In this dull Devonshire.

The lyrical sweetness of some of Herrick's verse is unmatched by any poet of his age. He sings, bird-like, without a care, and with a freedom that seems to owe more to nature than to art. But it is the perfection of lyric art to appear artless, and in this respect he has, we think, scarcely a rival. Many of his love-poems have a musical charm, a playful fancy, and at times a tenderness of feeling which take the reader captive. He will be alternately allured and repelled, won by dainty thoughts daintily expressed, and disgusted by a sensuality and coarseness which must have appeared strange even in Herrick's days as coming from the pen of a clergyman. In his "Noble Numbers," however, the poet redeems to some extent the folly of what he calls his "unbaptized rhymes." His felicity of description as a rural poet seems to show that his dislike of rural life was more feigned than real. We cannot, indeed, agree with Mr. Robert Buchanan, that "Herrick's best things are his poems in praise of the country life," because we hold that the lyric beauty of many of his love-poems — "The Night Piece," "To Julia," "To Anthea," "Gather ye Rosebuds while ye May," for example — is of the rarest order, but doubtless many of his rural pictures are very charmingly colored. And they are true to the life. Herrick never produces fancy landscapes. He described what he saw, and it is evident that his knowledge of rural life was not gained through "the spectacles of books." In a pleasant piece called "The Country Life," he dwells upon its felicities with a feeling that could scarcely have been feigned, and observes — which is not quite true, by the way — that the farmer's lot is the happiest, because the freest from care. The festivities of the country, many of them no longer known, are thus pithily enumerated:—

For sports, for pageantry and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holidays;
On which the young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet,
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crown'd;
Thy wakes, thy quintels; here thou hast
The May-poles, too, with garlands grac't;
Thy morris-dance; thy Whitsun-ale;
Thy shearing-feasts, which never fail;
Thy Harvest Home; thy wassail-bowl,
That's tost up after Fox i' th' Hole;
Thy mummeries; thy Twelfth-tide kings
And queens; thy Christmas revellings;
Thy nut-brown mirth; thy russet wit,
And no man pays too dear for it.

In another piece he describes the "Harvest Home" as if many a time he had joined in the merriment; and in another, there is an invitation to his Corinna to go a-maying, which, although written two hundred years since, has the fresh dew of youth and beauty about it still.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is gone up and gone to bring in may;
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream,
Before that we had left to dream:
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priests ere we can throw off sloth.
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;

and then he adds, with an epicurean conviction, that since the future will bring sorrow, and life is short, and our days "once lost can ne'er be found again," the present should be seized for enjoyment.

Come, let us go while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.

Strange that Herrick — whose "Hesperides" was the favorite volume of country-gentlemen in the days of Charles II., whose songs were set to music by Henry Lawes and other musicians of the day, and who, with all his faults, literary and moral, was a true poet — should have been allowed no place in our anthologia, while such mean rhymsters as Smith, Duke, Halifax and Harte — men who never wrote a line betokening genius — have had their miserable productions mummified among the works of British poets. Both Herrick and Browne are included in the list of poets "sealed of the tribe of Ben," whom Jonson, in his mature age, and in the plenitude of his power, collected round him in the Apollo Club. The famous dramatist affirmed that Browne's worth was good "upon the exchange of letters." Browne returned the praise with interest, and Herrick, upon the death of Jonson, whom he terms "the rare arch-poet," pronounced that the glory of the stage had departed.

Ben Jonson, it will be remembered, walked to Scotland to see his friend Drummond of Hawthornden — a poet who lived, as he himself describes it, in a "sweet, solitary place," and who might have known much of nature from direct intercourse; but his knowledge is bookish, and his sonnets, graceful though many of them be, are the fruits of culture, and exhibit a second-hand acquaintance with natural objects. Probably, the most lovely piece of rural description produced by any of Drummond's contemporaries is the "Complete Angler" of Izaak Walton — a perfect prose pastoral, full of simplicity and tenderness and natural feeling, and of an intense enjoyment of Nature in her simplest forms. Beautifully does Wordsworth say that "fairer than life itself is this sweet book" of Walton's. Walton, who has left such valuable records of Hooker and Donne, of Sanderson, Wotton and George Herbert, appears to have known nothing of Milton, who was born fifteen years after him, and died nine years before him, nor of Marvel, who died four years after his friend, the great epic poet. It is probable that men were separated more widely in those days by theological and political differences than they were united by a common love of literature and learning. Milton, the iconoclast, the priest-hater, the friend of Cromwell, makes no allusion to the most eloquent writer of his, or, perhaps, of any age — Jeremy Taylor; nor does Taylor, the royal chaplain, betray the slightest acquaintance with the greatest of his contemporaries, and one of the greatest of English poets. Marvel made himself chiefly famous as a politician; but he claims our attention as having written a few beautiful poems, which are impregnated with a fine rural flavor. One of these, — "Thoughts in a Garden," — in which he speaks of the mind withdrawing into its happiness, and, —

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade,

may be regarded, according to Mr. Palgrave, — and we think he is right, — "as a test of any reader's insight into the most poetical aspects of poetry."

It is possible, as we have seen, to discover many gems of rural verse hidden amidst the works of our earlier poets; but just as landscape-painting in England may be said to have commenced with Gainsborough and Reynolds, although English landscape-painters existed before their day, so, speaking broadly, may Thomson and Cowper be accounted the genuine fathers of English rural poetry. Their descriptions of nature are fuller, and, if we except the incidental touches of our greatest poets, more truthful, than those produced at an earlier period, and they led to the more profound, and even more accurate study of nature exhibited by Wordsworth, Shelley, Scott and Tennyson. Thomson's artificial diction, and his frequent conventionality of thought, have greatly lessened the popularity he once enjoyed. At the beginning of this century every schoolgirl possessed a copy of the "Seasons," and could recite long passages from the poem. It is a pretty safe prediction to affirm that, at the close of it, if the "Seasons" are still found upon the shelf, they will be dust-covered, and unknown to all but students of poetry; yet Thomson did a great work in his time, for he brought nature nearer to us, and proved, what ought never to have needed proof, but seemed to have been long forgotten, that poetic thought can gain some of its richest nutriment from natural objects. Pope, who could not describe nature, spoke sneeringly of descriptive poetry; but no poet since Thomson's day has adopted Pope's view. Between the publication of the "Seasons" and of the "Task" lived two lyric poets, whose united verse can be compressed within a tiny volume. "A great wit," said Cowley, "is no more tied to live in a vast volume than in a gigantic body: on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous the less space it animates." This remark may be fittingly applied to Gray and Collins. They wrote very little, but what they did write is exquisite. Probably the two best descriptive poems in the language are the "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" of Milton; but Gray's "Elegy" contains something more than description. The rural imagery of the piece is very lovely; but its pathetic sentiment touches every heart. So perfect is the poem, that there is not a line — scarcely, indeed, a word — that one could wish to see altered; yet it is difficult to believe that Gray's taste was not a little finical when it led him to omit this lovely stanza — as beautiful, surely, as any one that is retained: —

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whisp'ring from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

In Gray's "Odes," by the way, noble though they be, there is not a little of what may fairly be called the jargon of poetry, — a jargon that was not only admissible but even appreciated when Gray wrote. In these "Odes," for instance, a cat is called a "hapless nymph," and a boy trundling a hoop is said "to chase the rolling circle's speed;" and these are but ordinary examples of the artificial style of composition in which Gray sometimes indulged. There is, perhaps, less of it in Collins, who, in two of the loveliest of his lyrics, — the "Ode to the Brave," and the "Ode to Evening," — is wholly free from this vice. Poor Collins died in a madhouse in 1756, just a year before his contemporary, John Dyer, published "The Fleece," a poem which, as the title implies, is specifically rural in character. It is a queer medley, for the writer not only aims at poetical description, but endeavors also in heavy blank verse to give a minute account of agricultural and manufacturing operations, which no man, however highly endowed, could treat poetically. The poem exhibits more of knowledge than of fancy, more of invention than imagination; but Dyer's "Grongar Hill" and his "Country Walk" are marked by an airiness of versification and a vividness of description which remind us of Thomas Warton. Both Warton and Dyer caught their best notes from "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso;" and Dyer, although he cannot flood his landscape with poetic light, has, at least, the power of bringing its separate features clearly before the eye.

With two signal exceptions, the poetry of the latter half of the last century bears few marks of high inspiration or of any special intercourse with nature. Then Dr. Johnson produced his "London," and "Vanity of Human Wishes," — weighty poems, both of them, but more remarkable for manly thought than for poetical imagination. Then Hayley sung his platitudes, and Darwin his "Botanic Garden," and Bloomfield, a small rural poet, chirped feebly of the country, and Churchill ("the great Churchill," Cowper called him) wrote his scurrilous satires, and Goldsmith (of whom we shall have a word or two to say presently), whose exquisite felicity of style has secured to him a permanent place in literature, produced two beautiful poems, one of which deserves notice for its sweet pastoral passages. Then Falconer, who was destined to perish at sea, published "The Shipwreck," and Grainger "The Sugar-cane," and

Armstrong, according to Churchill's verdict, "taking leave of sense," read in verse —

Musty lectures on "Benevolence,"

and Kit Smart, the mad poet, whose dislike of clean linen was shared by Dr. Johnson, and who, before his confinement in a madhouse, used to walk for exercise to the alehouse, but was *carried* back again, published very indifferent odes, which his biographer mistook for fine poems. Smart also produced a Georgic called "The Hop Garden," composed in an artificial, pretentious style, which may, however, have done some service as showing how rural poetry ought not to be written. Imagine a man deliberately writing a long poem in blank verse, the average quality of which may be judged from the following passage: —

Select the choicest hop t'insert
Fresh in the opening glebe. Say, then, my Muse,
Its various kinds; and from the effete and vile
The eligible separate with care.
The noblest species is by Kentish wights
The Master-hop yclep'd. Nature to him
Has given a stouter stalk, patient of cold
Or Phœbus; ev'n in youth his verdant blood
In brisk saltation circulates and flows
Indefinitely vigorous. The next
Is arid, fetid, infecund, and gross.
Significantly styled the Friar. The last
Is called the Savage, who in every wood
And every hedge unintroduced intrudes.
When such the merit of the candidates,
Easy is the election.

No one who has not made it his painful task to turn over such lumber, can imagine what a mass of similar rubbish is to be found in the closely-printed volumes which are said upon their title-pages to contain the works of the British poets. Of rural poetry, — which, if the bull may be excused, is not poetry, — the last century produced a load large enough, if a man were doomed to read it all, to make him loathe the very thought of verse. Pastorals, Bucolics, Georgics, follow one another in dreary succession and in the futile effort of bad rhymesters to imitate good poets. Nature, which is supposed to form the subject of the verse, is left out of it altogether. The latter half of the century displays on a wider scale than the preceding half the vices of these arid versifiers, but it produced, also, a Cowper and a Burns, two poets who, in conjunction with, but in a larger degree than Thomson, may be said to have commenced a new era in English poetry.

"What true and pretty pastoral images has Goldsmith in his 'Deserted Village!'" said Burke. "They beat all; Pope, and Philips, and Spenser too, in my opinion." Goldsmith's pastoral images are pretty, and they are true, — indeed, fitter epithets could not be applied to them. We may also readily admit that they beat Pope, who was the poet of society, and knew little of nature. Neither is it much to say that they beat Philips, too, — "namby-pamby" Philips, whose pastorals were ridiculed so cleverly by Pope in the "Guardian;" but to compare Goldsmith's rural pictures with the broad and splendid landscape of Spenser, is to confound things that essentially differ, unless, indeed, Burke had the "Shepherd's Calendar" in mind, and not the "Faerie Queene."

Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" was published in 1770, the year in which Wordsworth was born; Cowper's "Task" appeared in 1785, and the influence of that poem on our poetical literature can scarcely be over-estimated. Mr. Lowell, whose critical judgment is almost always sound, has said that, in his opinion, "Cowper is still the best of our descriptive poets for every-day wear," and in these words he does justice to his homely and sterling qualities. Cowper frequently takes false views of politics and society: he has strong prejudices, great weaknesses, and for some of his mistakes we can only find an excuse in the malady that consumed him; but in his love and knowledge of nature he is always sympathetic, always veracious, and it is not difficult to credit his assertion, that he took nothing at second-hand. A critic has said recently, "It is utterly idle to contend that Cowper came within leagues of Pope as a poet;" but, in spite of this decision, it is a question that from one point of view may be not unreasonably discussed. The influence of poets upon poets is, perhaps, the most striking proof of their genius. Spenser's power over his successors has been well-nigh limitless, and it may be safely said that the poetical sway of Cowper has not only been more beneficial, but also more extended than that of Pope, whose school, as Southey remarked, has produced no poet. Moreover, the genius of these poets lies in such different directions that they cannot fairly be compared. Cowper had not the delicate fancy displayed by Pope in the "Rape of the Lock," nor had he the trenchant wit which entitles Pope to be ranked as our greatest satirist in verse; but, on the other hand, he had rare gifts scarcely known to his predecessor, a pathos surpassingly tender, a humor of which Pope had no trace, and, above all, the poet's gift, yet a gift denied to Pope, of describing and interpreting nature.

Of Crabbe, who followed Cowper, and who holds a distinct position among our descriptive poets, it has been well said that he handles life so as to take the bloom off it. His descriptions of scenery, like his descriptions of character, are wonderfully truthful, but, having no sense of beauty, he sees little that is not repulsive in either. Like Cowper, he is a matter-of-fact poet, but Cowper's humor saved him from the pit-falls into which Crabbe sometimes stumbled. Moreover, Cowper loved the scenery he described so accurately; Crabbe, with equal accuracy, is wanting in the love and enthusiasm which warmed the poet of "The Task." Crabbe did not die until 1832, but he must be numbered with Cowper among the poets of the last century; for, although his "Borough" appeared in 1810, twenty-seven years after the publication of "The Village," he had no share in the great poetical revolution which distinguished the earlier years of this century.

It was a wonderful period in English literature, and if it lacked some qualities of sterling value, it gave us much of which the eighteenth century was comparatively barren — splendor of imagination, a passionate force which imparted new life to language, an ardent love of nature that produced as profound an influence in poetry as Turner exercised in plastic art, a width and freedom of range that would have dismayed the correct poetasters who followed in the wake of Pope.

The great poets of the age lived in the eye of Nature. Wordsworth, the greatest of them all, studied his art out of doors. "Nine-tenths of my verses," he said, "have been murmured in the open air." Scott's poetry, like his prose, carries with it the scent of the heather. No one ever enjoyed scenery more, and few have described it with more accuracy and brightness of color. Coleridge, when he wrote his loveliest verse, was a country-liver. Shelley, who caught with unerring precision every aspect of nature, was a wanderer through the best portion of his brief life, and found his grave at last in the ocean that he loved so well. Keats, London born and bred, adored Nature as a lover worships his mistress, and sings of her as though he had been cradled on her bosom; and Byron found his chief joy and his noblest inspiration from intercourse with the mighty mother. The spirit awakened by these illustrious men has been at work ever since, and the poets of our own day are remarkable beyond all, save the greatest poets that have preceded them, for a profound study of nature. It is not to men who are essentially rural poets that we must look for the best rural poetry; not to a Clare, truthful as his descriptions are, so much as to a Wordsworth; not to a Barnes, though his "Poems of Rural Life" display a freshness of thought and a fidelity of description worthy of high praise, so much as to a Mrs. Browning or a Mr. Tennyson. A great master of the greatest of all arts deals in the first place with human emotion, and to this his affection for nature must ever be subordinate. The scenery he sees around him suggests thoughts and gives a rich coloring to language, but to describe it can never be his highest object, any more than it is the single aim of the artist to be a superb colorist. Wordsworth never forgets man in his intercourse with Nature, and,

indeed, the exquisite charm of his most exquisite descriptions consists in the way in which he blends the deepest feelings of the heart with the sights and sounds and hues of nature. Always with him there is, to use his own words, —

> Some happy tone
> Of meditation, slipping in between
> The beauty coming and the beauty gone.

And even when, in the ardor of his love, he prefers the knowledge to be gained from natural objects to that derived from books, it is because it will best teach him about man, the highest study of the poet.

> One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil, and of good,
> Than all the sages can.

It is scarcely needful to point out how the same feeling pervades the idyllic poetry of Mr. Tennyson. In some of those almost faultless poems which, like Wordsworth's "Brothers," may, in the best sense of the word, be called pastorals, — "The Gardener's Daughter," "The Miller's Daughter," and "The Brook," for example, — it is interesting to know how closely linked is the human sympathy and the sympathy with nature; how the one love blends with and purifies the other. Can there be a more perfect rural picture than the following? Yet, lovely as it is, as a simple description, its beauty is enhanced a thousand-fold when we remember how this outward joy and serenity is in harmony with the exultant bliss of the lover on that bright May morning: —

> The steer forgot to graze,
> And where the hedge-row cuts the path-way, stood,
> Leaning his horns into the neighbor field,
> And lowing to his fellows. From the woods
> Came voices of the well-contented doves;
> The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,
> But shook his song together as he neared
> His happy home, the ground. To left and right
> The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;
> The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm;
> The redcap whistled, and the nightingale
> Sang loud, as though he were the bird of day.

Both Wordsworth and Tennyson are able by a line, almost by a word, to transport the city dweller into the open country, so that he hears the lowing of cattle, the music of birds and streams, scents the fragrance of flowers, and sees with the "inward eye" the forest glade and mountain valley. Indeed, so thoroughly have these poets, if the phrase may be allowed, taken possession of nature, that a lover of her and of them finds himself continually haunted by their music, or using their words, as he loiters leisurely through the country.

If he sees a row of pigeons deep in contemplation upon a cottage roof, he remembers how these birds have been described as "sunning their milky bosoms on the thatch;" in the solitude of forests he recalls Wordsworth's injunction to touch with gentle hand, "for there is a spirit in the woods;" the shrill crowing of the cock, returned as it so often is from adjoining farmsteads, suggests the couplet,—

> On tiptoe rear'd he strains his clarion throat,
> Threatened by faintly answering farms remote.

A stream that moves quietly along, "glideth at his own sweet will;" wayside flowers, the daisy, the celandine, or the primrose, have each an appropriate line of commemoration, which the sight of them brings back to the memory; and who is there that, while listening to the sounds heard upon a warm day of summer in a lovely English park, has not echoed Mr. Tennyson's most musical couplet, —

> The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
> And murmuring of innumerable bees?

If Keats had lived out a full life, instead of gaining in early manhood "a grave among the eternal," it is probable that so dear a lover of nature would have enriched our poetical literature with rural imagery to as large an extent as Wordsworth or Tennyson. As it is, the small volume he has left behind him is brimful to overflowing of glorious poetry, and the fidelity of his descriptions is as remarkable as the richness of his imagination. Mrs. Browning had more leisure to complete her life's work, and in some respects the result is more satisfactory. She, like Keats, was a poet to the heart's core, and read love and politics and all great social questions in the light of a noble imagination. Like Keats, too, she knew much of nature, and her rural pictures are as faithful and accurate as if, like poor Clare, it had formed the one aim of her genius to "babble of green fields." It is impossible, in treating, of necessity very briefly and imperfectly, a large topic like English Rural Poetry, to do more than hint at subjects which might fairly demand a volume for their consideration. This much, perhaps, we have made clear, that the love of rural beauty and the knowledge of rural life have been most largely displayed by our poets within the present century; that it is not to the poets who have confined their attention to rural objects we must necessarily look for the finest examples of rural poetry; and that the artificial verse known under the name of pastoral was the result of a false conception, which the poets of this country have replaced by a true one. Goethe in his "Hermann and Dorothea" had shown how possible it was for a great poet to write a great pastoral poem. Wordsworth, in "The Brothers" already mentioned, in "Michael," in the "Wagoner," in the "Old Cumberland Beggar," and other poems of similar character, has shown also that pastorals may be written which shall be wholly free from "the childish prattlement," as Cowper termed it, of these compositions, as produced by Shenstone, Cunningham, and other rhymesters. Mr. Tennyson, while maintaining an entirely original treatment, has followed in the same track, and so successfully that it is probable he is better known to some readers as the author of the poems we have already mentioned than as the poet of "In Memoriam," of "Morte d'Arthur," and of "Œnone." We refrain from dwelling upon the rural poetry of other living poets; but did space permit, it would be interesting to point out how accurately and affectionately the simpler aspects of nature have been observed by Mr. Matthew Arnold (note particularly his "Scholar Gipsy," with its lovely glimpses of Oxford scenery); by Mr. Buchanan, whose special gift it is to depict, as in "Willie Baird" and "Poet Andrew," the scenes and passions of rural life; by Miss Jean Ingelow, whose charm as a versifier lies wholly, as it seems to us, in her idyllic pieces; and by other poets, who maintain more or less worthily the honor of English poetry. "The English Muse," says Mr. Emerson, "loves the farm-yard, the lane, and market. She says with De Staël, 'I tramp in the mire with wooden shoes whenever they would force me into the clouds.'" The assertion is curiously one-sided: for the poets of this country — witness Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Shelley, and Wordsworth — are distinguished beyond all others of the modern world for splendor of imagination; but it may be said of them with truth that, while exercising the poet's highest faculty, they do not lose sight of the common ways of men and of what we in our ignorance are accustomed to call the common objects of nature. They —

> Soar, but never roam,
> True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

FRENCH PEDLERS.

THOSE who judge things superficially will say that a pedler is a pedler and nothing else; but the man who looks beyond the surface knows that the pedler is a great educator of the rural population, and, as such, an object of interest. In France they call the man "colporteur;" he is subject to regulations, and walks in fear of the gendarmerie. Who has not met him on a winter afternoon — him and an attendant boy with a pack — trudging along one of those desperately straight departmental roads that seem to have

been traced on purpose to disprove the proverb about every lane having a turning? He is dressed in a blue blouse, girt closely to him by a broad belt full of sheaths and compartments like a Circassian brigand's. There is cutlery in this belt, and shagreen holsters with briar-root pipes. Behind his waist the colporteur wears a thing that looks like a cartridge-box, and often is one; it is full of scent-bottles: on his shoulders rests a knapsack, replete with books and tracts that form his ambulating library; from either of his hands dangles a bundle generally stocked with crockery, so that if the pedler has a boy to totter along with his pack instead of bearing it himself it is not from laziness. There is usually a certain amount of mystery enshrouding the relations between the pedler and his boy. The youth is not his acknowledged son; public inquisitiveness inclines to the belief that the pedler found him in a ditch, and took him in "out of charity" — though what charity there can be in forcing upon a growing lad the weight of a full-sized mule is one of those problems which pass understanding. The probable truth is that the boy was bought with money of his parents, just like any other merchandise, and that his master prides himself upon making of him a model pedler like himself, when he shall have arrived at years of discretion. Meanwhile, the boy, compelled to taciturnity by the head-downward nature of his functions, takes life as easily as he can. When he has walked enough, according to his notions, he halts without asking leave, and shunts his pack on to one of those indigo mile-stones, or rather mile-irons, for in France they are made of iron, which tell one the road in white letters; and the pedler, submitting patiently to these interruptions, enlivens the repose by practical counsels destined to bring up the boy in the way he should go. Kindly he teaches him how in selling sham jewelry one should rub the setting with one's sleeve and hold up the stone in a ray of light, not with the glare of the whole window on it; how every prudent pedler carries about with him a bottle of genuine scent in order to perfume the village girls' handkerchiefs, so that they may come back by and by and purchase bottles out of the cartridge-box which are not genuine; how, again, it behooves the man of sense to wrap his inferior textures in pieces of good quality, so that when the pack is opened these good pieces may be handed up as samples, and entice even the cautious into buying more of the stuff than they want — all those charming hints, in short, which lend an impetus to trade and form the decalogue of the business man. Then the pedler teaches the boy songs; for life is not made up of buying and selling, and when bad scent has been palmed off upon one, bad calico upon a second, and bad pinchbeck upon a third, what more proper than that the honest vendor should sit down with the customers he has fleeced, and troll them melodies to gladden their hearts withal? So as soon as the boy has rested enough, and the pair have resumed their march, "Listen to me," says the pedler, giving his shoulders a hitch to make the knapsack sit lighter; "yesterday I taught you 'Les Trois Canards' — sung by whom?" "Mam'selle Thérésa," sniffles the boy. "Yes, that's it — by Mam'selle Thérésa; now pay attention, and I'll sing you another;" and considerately attuning his voice to the lad's comprehension, as if he were teaching a promising blackbird, the good pedler warbles the last new thing from Paris, "Muselons, muselons," from "Boule de Neige," or "Quel Gouvernement!" from "Le Roi Carotte," lyrics that will light up many a peaceful rustic hearth this sloppy winter. In this way is the burden of the journey alleviated; kilomètre succeeds to kilomètre, mile-post to mile-post; the everlasting road reveals a turn at length, and a village is reached.

Here the arrival of the pedler does not come unawares; it has been signalled this half-hour or more. From the crest of a hillock, where he was doing nothing under pretence of minding pigs, young Pierre the ne'er-do-weel has perceived the pedler, and scampered down to the village with the news as fast as his tattered legs could carry him. The pedler's advent is an event to young Pierre, who got a top for nothing last time his friend visited the district; and so it is to the other villagers, who are soon on their door-steps clattering like excited poultry. All this is due to the pedler's coming but once in three months, like quarter-day. Now and then, to be sure, other and inferior pedlers will put in an appearance between the intervals of his periodical rounds, but these are objects of suspicion to the community; if you *are* to be cheated, it tends greatly to happiness to be always cheated by the same pedler. Not the least excited persons in the village are the five gendarmes at the police-station. To be five gendarmes in one village is anomalous enough; but to be five gendarmes and to have nothing to do is the climax of irony — yet this is pretty much what the gendarmes' work amounts to in the majority of rural cantons. So at the first mention of the pedler's name every one of the five is up and stirring. Baldrics are adjusted, cocked hats are donned, swords are buckled on. If the pedler were a man of imagination, he might fancy this was a guard of honor turned out to do him homage. But he knows better. All that the gendarmes want is to see his "papiers" (license and passport); not that they have any doubt as to its being all right, but asking for his papers will be an excuse for overhauling his pack, and overhauling his pack will give them at least a twenty-minutes' chat with him, at the most moderate computation. This, now, is the time to see the pedler. Muddy and cheerful, he strides by the first house of the village, lifts his hat with a breezy "Good-day, mesdames," in answer to the cackling chorus of "Bonjour, M. Trichesou," and slants straight up to the police-station with the instinct of habit. In another five minutes his papers have been inspected and found in order (it would be strange if they had not, considering they are examined ten times in a day), and the stored wealth of pack, crockery bundles, and cartridge-box litter the flooring. What a show! Half the village children, hoisted on each others' shoulders, are gazing with eyes intent through the window; one or two village girls, on affable terms with the gendarmerie, are standing timidly in the doorway only waiting for the word to walk in. This is the moment for trying some perfume. With a furtive movement the pedler unscrews the top of one of those flexible scent-squirts in which schoolboys delight, and whish in the midst of the squeaking group goes a fragrant jet of "new-mown hay." There is screaming, laughing, loud guffawing on the part of the gendarmerie, but from that minute the ice is broken. Even the "brigadier" (corporal) deigns to smiles, and is not averse to accepting a two-sou cigar which the pedler offers him. Maître Rougetrogne, the innkeeper from over the way, thrusts his shining face through the door, and asks if there is any drink wanted. "Yes," cries the pedler generously, "I stand treat all round; fetch us a jug of your best." This piece of magnanimity brings the good understanding to a crisis. The corporal with an indulgent nod, says, "You need not unpack any more of your things unless you please, M. Trichesou;" the second gendarme offers him a seat, the third volunteers to hang his hat up, the fourth ventures upon the observation that it is a cold day. But the pedler, who is scrupulously desirous — honest pedler! — of proving that there is nothing wrong about him, that he fears the inspection of no one, that he is a man with a quiet conscience, and so on, exclaims, "Oh, but you have not yet looked at my books, M. le Brigadier," and so saying unbuckles his knapsack. The brigadier gives a slight start, takes the cigar from his mouth, and draws nearer; he had forgotten the books. However, these, of course, prove to be in good order like every thing else. There is a Commission du Colportage which sits in Paris, and examines every book that is published, with a view to granting or refusing it the official stamp. If unstamped the book may be sold by booksellers, but not retailed at railway stalls nor hawked about the country. Men like M. Trichesou are too good citizens to disobey the Government. From out the knapsack come speeches by M. Thiers (the sale of these is sure, for village mayors buy them from fear of being thought oppositionists); speeches by M. Jules Simon (sale equally ready among schoolmasters); books of fortune-telling; almanacks by "Mathieu Laensberg" and "Mathieu de la Drôme," which predict, the one rain all the year round, the other sunshine; serials of cheap sensation etc

ries, to make the evenings of the village *literati* pleasant; yards upon yards of comic songs; and, last though not least in request, a little pamphlet which has been going the round of France these twelve months, under the title of "Orgies de la famille Bonaparte." The brigadier, who has not yet got out of the habit of thinking that the Emperor is still at the Tuileries, frowns at this. But M. Trichesou humbly shows him the colportage stamps, and there is nothing more to say; if the Republican Government chooses to encourage writings of this sort, it is no business of his.

Of a sudden the doorway is darkened; one or two boys jump aside; the brigadier looks up, and off go the five hats of the gendarmerie like a single head-covering. It is M. Parbouillaud, the mayor. Fixing a stern eye on the pedler, he says, "M. Trichesou, I want you;" and M. Trichesou rises from his seat, looking extremely as if he had swallowed a bolus. Now what can M. Parbouillaud be wanting to say to M. Trichesou? Out into the street he takes him, and then into a corner; "M. Trichesou," exclaims he, with thunder on his brow, "you know what I am going to complain of!" and with fists half-clenched he thrusts under M. Trichesou's nose a few works of a kind not necessary to particularize. "These are the books you pedlers get selling to village girls and lads when their parents' backs are turned," mutters he fiercely; "see, here are five of them; after every pedler's round they are discovered by the dozen in the farm-houses, and the fathers come to me and complain. These were found after your last visit. What have you to say?" M. Trichesou has a great deal to say. He wrings his hands, he protests that there is not a word of truth in the whole affair. He is an honest man; nobody ever heard of his owing a centime; he goes to church on Sunday when he has time; in a word, he offers to let M. le Maire inspect all his belongings — all except his own private pockets, to which he makes no allusion, and of which the mayor, not being sharp, neglects to think. The result is that the mayor is shaken; after all, he has no proof positive; besides which M. Trichesou's face is almost violent in swearing his innocence — a thing that speaks in his favor. "Then I suppose it must be the other pedlers," murmurs the mayor, relenting. "Yes, yes, the other pedlers," assents M. Trichesou vehemently; and as he fancies he can detect a lingering of doubt in the municipal officer's countenance, he rushes back to the police-station, picks up a speech of M. Thiers, one of M. Simon, two almanacs, an india-rubber tobacco pouch, and a copy of the Bonaparte pamphlet, and with all these gifts rushes back to the mayor. "M. le Maire," says he, "pray accept these as tokens of my respect." The mayor is touched; he had been wanting a tobacco pouch. M. Trichesou adds six two-penny cigars; the mayor is convinced. M. Trichesou extends his right hand and grasps that of the mayor warmly. M. Parbouillaud goes away with the certainty that this M. Trichesou has been wrongly suspected, and the real culprits must be, as he just guessed, "the other pedlers." Notwithstanding which some ten days later a procession of farmers will be pretty sure to come to him as before, and say, "Look, M. le Maire; we have found these in our boys' and girls' hands;" whereat M. Parbouillaud, unable to know what to make of it, will blurt out that all this is the fault of teaching country children to read; that in his time it was not so; and from this dissemination of corrupt literature by roguish pedlers he will draw a great moral, which he will impress in eloquent terms upon his hearers, — the urgency of voting against the Radicals at the next election.

THE ORGANIST OF ST. PETER'S.

THERE are more churches than one which bear the name of that saint to whom the primacy is accorded by a considerable number of Christians, and whose successor gives the apostolical benediction to the city and the world from the gallery of the great Roman Basilica, more prominent than all its namesakes. Yet, though my readers will naturally turn their thoughts to the one St. Peter's when the title of this story catches their eyes, the church which I am about to describe is much more modest. It has not, and never had, any architectural pretensions; its tower is rather crooked; it is surrounded by irregular houses in a back street of the business quarter of a town; and though the town itself is visited every year by crowds of tourists, not one of them turns aside to look at a church which is not mentioned in the guide-books. The hero of my story, who, if his full titles were to be given him, might be addressed by his fellow-citizens as Herr Organist and Musical-director Pemsel, would be painfully embarrassed if any one associated him and his functions with the great church in Rome. Modest and retiring as he was, it had taken him long to get over his fear of being asked to take part in the grand service at the Frauenkirche when Pope Pius the Sixth said mass on his way through Munich. The mere thought of playing one of the organs in that cathedral while a pope was present had unfitted Herr Pemsel for his duties during the better part of a week; and though he was not asked to play, though if he had been asked to play he would have played well, though if he had not played well the full instrumental accompaniments of the orchestra would have drowned any faults, his nervousness was something painful. For his sake it is well that the church with which I have to deal is nothing more than the oldest parish church in Munich. The character of the building harmonized with that of its organist.

The house in which Herr Pemsel lived had some advantages of situation over the narrow streets of the inner town. It was just at the back of the palace, facing the city wall, and occupying part of the open space which served as a moat. The house itself was rather low, being overshadowed by the palace; and a bridge which crossed the moat to a door in the palace commanded the upper windows. But this bridge was seldom used, and the windows were so small and so closely set with ivy that curious gazers would not have been rewarded for their trouble. They might of course have seen Herr Pemsel's pretty granddaughter trip up the wooden staircase which was on the outside; but that was only the work of a minute. She was to be seen more often in the little garden in front of the house. When her grandfather was giving music-lessons in the town, or was putting his organ right, or was taking the conductor's place at some festive gathering, Titine would be in and out amongst the flower-beds, weeding or trimming, or otherwise useful. During the day, too, while the old organist sat at the quaint instrument which was still his chief resource, and which he was unable to replace by one of the new kind called "pianofortes" and then coming into fashion, Titine would constantly drop her work and run out into the garden, where she would be heard singing for a few minutes, and whence she would come back with a bright smile and a fresh color. Then her grandfather would look round at her, and would catch some of her spirits, and the keys of the old *clavier* would seem to move more easily, and their tone would be fuller. Singularly enough, the same effect was sometimes produced on the organ in St. Peter's. There were times when it went so stiffly — the stops did not work properly, the blower seemed to be careless, and nothing was right. At those times Herr Pemsel would lose heart. He felt then that he was growing too old for his work. He said to himself that he must either resign or expect to be dismissed. He called to mind the days of his youth, when music seemed a new world to him, and when success was certain. Then came the thoughts of loss of friends, of the faithlessness of patrons, of the coldness of the world, of his great grief, of his second trial. He would play on mechanically, almost forgetting the notes, finding fresh difficulties in every passage. And then all of a sudden a voice would come to his ear — a sweet young girlish voice, ringing out from the midst of the choir. As he looked round he would see Titine, and catch her eye fixed upon him, and the gloom would be dispersed in a moment. The organ would peal forth again with all its power, the blower would exert himself more, the old glow and inspiration would come back to the player, and the people in church would admire the skilful way in which the accompaniment had been allowed to languish till it broke out at the end in such a majestic cadence.

But though Titine's voice had this effect on her grand-

father, and though the well-known accents would reach his ear through a variety of other sounds, she had never received such a systematic training as might have made her a singer. She had picked up much from what he taught her at odd moments, but he had never professed to teach her music. I cannot quite tell why he had neglected her education. It was partly owing to his own weariness with the lessons he had to give to others, partly to a sort of blind forgetfulness. It never seemed to occur to him that his granddaughter had a voice which might be cultivated, or that she might have inherited his tastes. Music, which had been his idol when he was young, was now alternately a drudgery and an opiate. When he beat time for some noble, or what was worse, some *parvenu* pupil, he too often lost sight of the very existence of the piece that was being played, and only attended to the accuracy of the fingering. If you had asked his opinion of the new piano-fortes, he would perhaps have said that they were mathematical instruments of torture, though to have had one of them at home would have made him delirious with joy. His old-fashioned *clavier*, like the organ he played at St. Peter's, often lulled him in dreams of ecstasy. When the old church was empty, and Herr Pemsel was preparing for next Sunday's high mass, or for one of those festivals which were kept with especial solemnity, he would sit down and let his fingers roam over the keys, striking out a very tangle of melodies. Stray passers-by would slip in from the street, and stand in mute wonder. A crowd would sometimes gather round the door, not daring to enter, knowing the shyness of the musician. It was the same at home. In the evenings he would often take his place at his *clavier*, and, while his granddaughter sat on a low stool at his side, he would gradually lose himself altogether. Those were pleasant hours for Titine, and they were profitable. It was then she learned all her grandfather could teach her, — more than he taught others.

The instruction given was certainly of the most indirect kind, and it was mixed with the very strangest matter. Herr Pemsel's tongue would be loosened by the effect of his playing, and he would talk on all subjects. Purely technical directions would be interspersed with the legends which abound at Munich, and personal recollections would recall fragments of classical composition. At one time the talk would turn on the great composer of the age, perhaps, Herr Pemsel said, the greatest of all ages. It was only some fifteen years since Mozart, then a youth eighteen years old, had come to Munich to compose an *opera buffa* for the Carnival. Herr Pemsel had seen the little *maestro*, with his long nose and insignificant figure, and remembered that the whole theatre was wild with delight. Another time an earlier visitor to Munich would be mentioned. Herr Pemsel had a clear recollection of the time when people still talked of the Wandering Jew being refused admission to the town. That took place at the beginning of the century, and the old organist might possibly have met some of the eye-witnesses. He had, at all events, been shown the place on the height overlooking the Isar where the Wandering Jew had been stopped on his way from Salzberg, and the crucifix standing there, with the figure of Christ, which he, who had the best means of judging, declared the exact image of the Saviour. Before that crucifix the unhappy Wanderer had knelt long in prayer, had then given pearls and wreaths of roses to the people, and had departed. "He has never come to Munich since," Herr Pemsel would say in conclusion; and as he evidently believed in that visit, there seemed to him no reason, save the inhospitable reception, for its not being repeated.

Perhaps stories of this kind did not produce quite the same effect on the hearer as on the narrator. Herr Pemsel had his fancies, and indulged in reveries, but his granddaughter took a more sunny view of life. She had her reasons for this. At her age every thing was apt to look cheerful. Whatever she might think of the reality of appearances, vouched for by eye-witnesses, and established by architectural proof, she knew that they all belonged to past generations. The present was sufficient for her. She listened with implicit confidence to her grandfather's words, whether they conveyed to her ears legends or instructions in music. Sometimes, indeed, he did not care to talk; he would be absorbed in thoughts which could not find an utterence; and then he loved to hear her low pleasant prattle, as she crouched close to his side, and told him all her secrets. There was one secret, indeed, which she had kept back from him as yet — that she had met a young man at the Pagoda in the new English Garden, that she had danced with him there, that she had met him since then, and had talked to him; that — but I should be telling the secret myself if I went any further. It is enough for me to say that there was nothing wrong about the meetings. The English Garden, which was then being laid out by an Englishman in the Elector's service, bearing the title of Count Rumford, was much frequented by the people of Munich. Titine had gone to take coffee at the Pagoda with some friends, and as the dancing was going on, what was more natural than that the girls should dance? What was more natural, too, than that a young stranger should be attracted to Titine, should be introduced to the family of which she seemed to form a part, and should single her out as a partner? If Herr Pemsel had been present he would not have objected. As he happened not to be present, somehow or other he heard nothing about it.

This may or may not seem strange, as people take a rigorous or a tolerant view of young girls' fancies. Titine would have liked to tell her grandfather, but she did not know how to tell him without either making too much of the matter or leaving some parts of it in obscurity. She was also under the impression that she had spoken to him of the first meeting, but he was then in one of his reveries. It was clear to her, when she cautiously approached the subject of the second meeting, that he was wholly in the dark. It would hardly do to enlighten him all at once, but there was no choice between that and remaining silent. And for this reason, and the reason stated above, and no other (of that she was sure), she remained silent. Every thing, she knew, would be cleared up in time, and besides, as she added to herself, there was nothing that needed clearing up. This assurance relieved her mind; but I am afraid she was not the best judge on that point. Herr Pemsel might not have drawn the right conclusion from what had actually happened, but he had some claim upon her confidence. Did I not say that she told him all her secrets?

However, it was plain to those who knew Herr Pemsel's ways, that he could not keep a watch on his granddaughter. He was too busy and too old to accompany her to places of amusement, and it would be hard upon her if she was always to be kept at home. Now and then the grandfather would feel a little uneasiness about Titine, and would assure himself that she must be dull in his society. "Living apart in such a gloomy house with such an unsociable old man," he would mutter; and he then would ask, with a sigh, what was to become of her? "If only *she* had lived," he would add, looking up mournfully, and thinking for a moment of the girl's mother. But that thought only lasted for a moment. It was merged at once in a far more bitter recollection. Herr Pemsel certainly felt the loss of his daughter who was just becoming useful to him when she was spirited away by a stranger, and left Munich forever. Yet though that daughter had lived with him from a girl, he had never thoroughly taken to her; for all through her young days his heart had been seared by the death of his young wife — a blow from which he did not seem likely to recover. Birth and death had so nearly coincided that the child was never seen without reviving the thought of the mother; and as Herr Pemsel hardened into a moody, desolate man, he half accused his daughter of robbing him of one much dearer. Still the new loneliness caused by his daughter's flight weighed upon him; and when, within a few years from that time, a prattling little girl was brought to him with his daughter's last farewell, his heart began to soften. Christine was the name of the child; but the little tongue could not manage such sounds, and Titine was the natural compromise, which bade fair to last a lifetime. I do not think in any case the old man could have resisted the influence of his new companion. From the very first the child

took firm hold of him. Little, merry, tempting thing, with her waving curls and her constant laugh and her self-importance, she seemed in every way fit to be a domestic tyrant. She always had to be waited upon, and yet somehow she gave no trouble. She was born to tease everybody, but she did it so that everybody liked it. As she grew older, indeed, the laugh became less frequent, but the spirit to which it had testified was fresh and buoyant as ever. Other charms developed in her, though still tinged with the old fascination. Instead of being a plaything for Herr Pemsel's hours of rest, she became indispensible to him at all times. Once or twice he reproached himself for his selfishness in keeping her to himself: but she never showed a sign of weariness; she never seemed as if she wanted to exchange the quiet, gloomy house in the palace moat for any thing more cheerful. Her occasional outings only made her more reconciled to her home; and if her grandfather ever thought she must be dull, her looks and her voice convinced him of his error.

Thus the time passed, and now the garden was beginning to look cheerful in the early summer. The great feast of the year for St. Peter's Church approached, and Herr Pemsel looked forward with some nervousness to the part he would have to take in the service. To add to his fears, he was told that this year the archbishop of Munich meant to say mass, and there would be an immense gathering of all the high ecclesiastical dignitaries to do him honor. Could not Herr Pemsel compose something for the occasion? was asked by one of the priests attached to the church: it was not every year that the archbishop himself came to St Peter's, and he ought to be properly welcomed. Herr Pemsel had promised to do his best; but the requests did not make his mind more easy. It seemed to deprive him of his usual power of improvising, and on being left alone in the church to practise he could not produce a sound. His evening at the *clavier* were almost equally barren. In vain did Titine cheer him; in vain did she lead his thoughts to all his favorite subjects. The day drew near, and Herr Pemsel had not even a theme for his voluntary.

He was sitting at his instrument buried in thought, now and then striking a few chords, but coming no nearer to his object; Titine sat on her low stool at his side, looking up in his face, and grieved at his evident depression.

"Grandfather," she said at last.

"Well, child," he replied distantly, though her voice made him look up; "what is it?"

"I was thinking of something. You told me the other day of that little musician who was in Munich the same year that I came to stay with you. To-day they showed me a house where he lived, and the owner is so proud of it!"

"Yes, child, it was indeed an honor; but he did not live in that house then. He came another time when he was older, and then they talked of keeping him here. Ah! we should have had music if he had stayed."

"And why did not he stay, grandpapa?"

"Why? The Austrians took him, as they take every thing, as they want to take Munich now. Our good Elector may be fond of art, and may think he is doing much for the town by pulling down its walls and laying out gardens; but he is perfectly willing to give up his faithful Bavarians, and go to live in the Netherlands. How can any thing thrive in a place which its rulers abandon? Much good our pictures and gardens will do us when we are Austrian subjects!"

"But the Austrians, you say, are fond of music, since they have taken Herr Mozart."

"Fond of it? yes. But how do they treat him? He is greater than any one they have, unless it be the Prince Esterhazy's capellmeister, and yet they neglect him. Did I ever play you the Gloria, from the mass we are to have at the festival?" And now, being fairly in the vein, Herr Pemsel did homage to Mozart, by drawing from his old-fashioned instrument sounds which would have gratified the composer.

The spell was broken, and to the state of depression succeeded one of those reveries out of which inspiration would so often arise. But as Titine remained silent, and hardly daring to breathe after the magnificent flow of harmony, a step in the garden made her start to her feet. The old man did not notice her movement, and she glided noiselessly to the open doorway. She first peeped out, and then she put her finger to her lips. The next thing was that she stepped out, and certainly her finger remained no longer at her lips, though I am not at liberty to say whether any thing else replaced it. Had Herr Pemsel been listening, he might have heard low voices; but as they scarcely rose above a whisper, and he was almost in a doze, he heard nothing. As yet his revèrie had been barren; his fingers rested on the keys, but no sound came from them. He had not seen Titine leave the room; he did not see her look in again at the doorway, and beckon to some one who was behind her. But when this time one came into the room, walked gently across it, and, after standing by him, struck a few chords on the *clavier*, the organist did open his eyes for a moment, and a look of surprise came over his features.

He saw at his side a young man who was a total stranger to him; a young man of frank, cheerful countenance, with a bright smile which made him look handsome, and features that hardly needed such additional attraction. Herr Pemsel, who had been dozing just the moment before, was bewildered for a while, and turned away his head to collect his thoughts. He looked down on the keys of his quaint old instrument which had so lately rung out that magnificent Gloria, and they seemed to swim before his eyes. He closed his eyes again, and that rather quieted him. There was silence for a moment, and still Herr Pemsel had his head down; but he felt that he was coming to himself, and that his trance was passing away. Yet it was almost too much of an effort for him to speak. He wanted to ask the stranger who he was and what he wanted; but no sounds would come to his lips, nor could he raise his head. Though he was not asleep, nor even dozing, — of that he assured himself, he felt as if he were under a spell. Probably the stranger's voice would break it; and it did break it.

"And so, worthy Herr Pemsel," were the first words that came to the organist's ears, in a tone which had some ring of mockery in it, "the great voluntary still keeps aloof? Not even the Gloria can inspire it? And yet the Gloria ought to inspire any thing. Were it not for the magnificent genius of the composer, the subject ought to have its effect. What! you can hear your God praised in that way, and you can't lift up a feeble quaver of your own to mount in company?"

There was an affectation of superiority in the voice which did not please the organist. He thought, too, that he detected a covert sneer, either against Mozart or against his own praise of Mozart. Thus he made no reply.

"Ah! you may well be silent," continued the stranger. "The time was, as we know, when it did not need even the help of Mozart to put us in the vein. There was a day when the world should hear of a very different name, long before the present race of musicians had their being. That was the time of our youth, Herr Organist and Music-director, when we never expected to be content with the title of organist and music-director. A call to Vienna, a post at the Imperial Court, Herr Capellmeister Pemsel, perhaps von Pemsel — those were our dreams. As for the capellmeister not being able to get a theme for an organ voluntary, that would have seemed impossible. Is it not so — or am I mistaken?" And the young man's handsome face was lighted up with a malicious grin, which Herr Pemsel would have seen even if his eyes had still been shut. There was no withstanding this fire of raillery. It reached through every crevice of the old man's armor. He felt that his heart was laid bare.

In the pause which followed the last question, Herr Pemsel rose stiffly. "I do not know, sir, who you are, or why you came here" —

"That's what everybody says," interrupted the stranger lightly; and as he spoke he took the seat which the organist had just resigned. "If you want to know my name," he continued, running his hands lightly over the keys, and

speaking in a sort of recitative, to which he kept up a random accompaniment, "ask the winds, ask the waves, ask the mother of all — the earth."

Herr Pemsel stared at the young man with growing astonishment. Yet while he stared he soon recognized the fact that the young man could play. His old *clavier* was beginning to speak in its former tones. He listened, and he forgot what had been said to him.

"You see, good Herr Pemsel," resumed the stranger, as he rambled from one tune to another, all of them new to the organist, all marked by a stamp of originality which distinguished them from the productions of any known schools, "you are falling into your old fault, — that of aspiring too highly. You want to compose a voluntary which shall eclipse every thing given in Munich since the last visit of your little idol. Your ambition is too great. If you would content yourself with a moderate success you would have no difficulty in finding your theme. But you insist on carrying away the whole public, the great ecclesiastical dignitaries, the world at large: and you shall do it; I promise you that. But there's only one way; and, as you can't do it by yourself, the only way is for me to give you the means of doing it."

The organist was so overcome that for a minute or two he could not find words to express his horror at such a proposal. But as at length he opened his mouth, the stranger stopped him with a gesture.

"Listen!" he said, imperiously. And then, with upturned face and grave, mysterious look, he began to play a solemn harmony, resembling nothing that Herr Pemsel had ever heard or dreamed, yet exactly suited to the instrument and the occasion. It seemed to the organist as if this was the very strain which he had desired, which had floated once or twice almost within reach of him, but had always contrived to baffle him. And still the stranger played on, unfolding, as it were, new successions of sweetness, and being led imperceptibly to fresh beauties, each arising naturally from the last, and forming an exact connection with the one which followed. Herr Pemsel had long since lost all consciousness; he could only drink in the exquisite sounds, and feel with delight that he should remember them to all eternity. But at length pleasure gave place to a haunting dread that the end must be approaching. The player seemed to be gathering up his powers for a cadence worthy of all that had gone before. It was as though the strain hovered for an instant on the brink, and then all of a sudden, yet without the least abruptness, it darted off into another channel. The time quickened, the solemnity of the movement was gone, the upturned face of the player put on a mocking smile. The organ voluntary was changing into something very much like a dance tune; not only a secular dance tune, but a wild dance tune, such as might have been played to the witches at their midnight revel. Herr Pemsel could hardly keep his feet; the very walls seemed dancing around him; every thing took the contagion. The player himself was in a wild delirium, rocking backwards and forwards, plunging violently on his seat, his fingers flying over the keys, and his body swaying impetuously left and right as he chased the flitting tune from the top to the bottom of the gamut. His hair had escaped from its confinement and flowed in confusion over his shoulders; his eyes rolled, the veins of his forehead swelled, and he seemed rising, instrument and all, to the ceiling. And still the whirl of the demoniac dance went on, striking out inconceivable melodies, baffling all attempts to arrest or restrain its course, fusing all discordant noises in an overpowering harmony. Herr Pemsel reeled to the wall, clutched at it vaguely, and then, propping himself against it as best he could, lowered himself gradually down on his hands and knees, and fairly held to the floor.

In another moment he looked up. The tune seemed dying away, floating out of the window, fading into the air. It rung still faintly from the keys of the *clavier*, but rather as if they were haunted by its ghost, by the lingering echo of the sounds which they had called into being. And then Herr Pemsel sprang to his feet in astonishment. Was the instrument indeed repeating to itself the lesson which had been taught it? Or, if not, whence came these dreamy notes? No hand was touching the keys. The player was gone.

Gone! There was no doubt of that. The organist looked all round the room to make sure. Gone, through the window probably, as that was still open. With Herr Pemsel's superstition, it was not strange that he should snuff up the air rather keenly between the *clavier* and the window, as though he expected some smell of sulphur to have been left behind.

Yet in another moment he was ashamed of these suspicions. A young man of such a pleasing appearance, and one who played so admirably, could have nothing wrong about him. The old organist apologized in his heart. Then, as the effect of the magic dance passed off, he sat down at his instrument to see if he could repeat the voluntary.

It was just as he had expected; every note came back to him as clear and distinct as if the whole piece had been his own composition. He played it right through, and had no difficulty in supplying a cadence which was worthy of the body of the work. It is true that as he approached the place where the original player had broken into that fantastic dance, he felt a momentary temptation to reproduce that also. But he felt that such reckless extravagance was unworthy of the organist of St. Peter's; and besides, he was afraid that it might unsuit him for the graver work which was before him. He had to sit late into the night copying out the voluntary; for somehow, without knowing it, he had left his task undone till the very evening before the great performance. Knowing the piece so well now, he had a nervous dread of trusting wholly to his memory for the morrow. He was sure that if he had not the notes before him something would go wrong. Even while he was copying the voluntary he could not quite get the dance out of his head.

The morning had come, and the old church of St. Peter's was rapidly filling. Such an event as a visit from the archbishop brought up all those who had an interest in the church, — all the dwellers in that part of the town, many curious gazers from the other quarters. Herr Pemsel had slipped quietly in by a side entrance, and had found his way to the organ-gallery without attracting attention; but most people were looking out for their friends, and were crowding together, as far as they could, in little knots, which were every now and then squeezed almost closer than intimacy suggested. As Herr Pemsel was heard adjusting the organ, there was a buzz of voices, and everybody appeared to be in the secret about the new voluntary which was to welcome the archbishop. All this buzz and bustle communicated itself to the organist as he gave the final touches to his favorite instrument. He did not feel nervous this morning. Greater confidence in his own powers had dawned upon him since he had caught a glow of inspiration from the wonderful stranger. Indeed, he had come to look upon the voluntary as his own. He knew it would take, and that he would have the credit of it. What more could he want, or how could the fame be more completely his own?

While these thoughts passed through Herr Pemsel's mind the time for the service drew near. The first tinkle of a bell in the organ gallery, rung from the vestry, warned the player to be ready. Herr Pemsel peeped through his curtain, and saw that everybody was in expectation. Then, as the steady strokes of the blower inflated the bellows, the organist took his seat, and with the second tinkle of the bell the majestic opening of the voluntary pealed through nave and chancel. The hush which fell upon the congregation gave place to a low whisper, and, glancing aside, Herr Pemsel saw the procession slowly passing through the church. The acolytes with their swinging censers, the long train of priests, the members of various orders, the higher dignitaries, and the archbishop himself, formed a complete pageant in which gorgeous vestments and the pomp and prodigality of ecclesiastical state set off the real dignity of look and gesture. Still, as they took their places, the organ gave forth its noble utterances, and the people, who had for

a moment forgotten the music in the excitement of watching the procession, turned again to the gallery and drank in the solemn sounds. Herr Pemsel could not deny himself the pleasure, strange as it was to him, of looking down upon those upturned faces, and as he bent his head from the organ he brushed away his little shielding curtain, and saw —

What he saw stopped the very beats of his heart. Not the upturned faces, not the approval written upon them all, not even the quiet appreciation shown by the high dignitaries who were listening intently to the music, but the stranger of the night before, with the same mocking smile upon his features, his mouth close to the ear of Titine, and his lips parted for a whisper.

This was too much for the old organist. The whole scene at the *clavier* flashed upon his mind. He remembered how the solemn harmony had changed to the demoniac dance, and how the stranger had disappeared even before the last sounds had died from the keys. And as all these memories crowded upon Herr Pemsel the tune itself came back with overpowering vividness; before he knew what he was doing he had made the same sudden transition, and the notes of the wild dance were caught up by the organ.

Herr Pemsel saw at once what he had done, but he could not check himself. In vain did he endeavor to bring his mind back to the voluntary; he was overmastered, blinded, carried away. A panic had seized on the whole church. For a while everybody stood breathless, white with the sudden shock of horror that passed through each heart, telling all that the organist had gone mad. But in a few moments the magic of the air overcame this dread. No one could resist that witchery. The feet of some of the girls who were close to the organ shuffled uneasily, and the young men near them hummed a few of the bars. Another minute and the full influence of the music swept through the building. All restraint was flung away; every scruple was forgotten. The stranger, who stood close to Titine, caught her round the waist and broke into a dance, and all the younger part of the congregation whirled round in a mad revel. The organist saw it all, and seemed to redouble his efforts. The wild gestures of the stranger last night were nothing compared to those displayed in the organ gallery. In the intervals of the dance the people marked the frenzy with which the old man seemed to spring from his seat and leap at the higher notes, the contortions of his whole body, the crash with which his foot came down on the pedals. But there were not many indifferent spectators. The younger people did not long monopolize the dance. Crowded as the church was, grave as were most of the congregation, matrons and men, middle-aged and old, caught the infection. Nay, it did not stop there. In the very torrent and tempest, and (I may say) whirlwind of his passion, Herr Pemsel saw the acolytes fidgeting with their censers; the priests looked askance at each other; one of them rose to quell the tumult, and in another moment the whole procession was dancing. The archbishop himself had seized his neighbor round the waist, and, being a tall and powerful man, spun the fat, dumpy little priest like a teetotum; the rich vestments flashed — white and gold, purple and violet, all blended in a wilderness of color, till the whole place wore the aspect of a gigantic fancy ball animated by some fiendish impulse. How the madness would end, what it would lead to, never occurred to the organist. The only question to him was, whether he or the dancers would be sooner exhausted. It seemed plain that the archbishop would outlast all the rest.

But at present no one showed any signs of fatigue. The blower puffed and blew till the organ seemed on the point of bursting. Herr Pemsel gained new strength every moment, and developed fresh resources which had not been suggested to him by the stranger. The dancers could not have collapsed if they had wished it. And thus things might have gone on forever, had not the fat little priest whom the archbishop had chosen as a partner showed signs of flagging. The violence with which he was whirled round by his ecclesiastical superior had a cruel effect on his lungs. He had begun to pant early; he was now gasping for breath. Each new twirl had the effect of bringing him nearer to despair. With his mouth wide open, his eyes starting from his head, his smooth and flabby cheeks a deep purple color, he looked like some monstrous carp that had been left high and dry by the draining of the pond of which it was lord and master. The archbishop gave no heed to his partner's misery, till at length it became too obtrusive. An explosion was imminent. Seeing this, the prelate suddenly withdrew his arm, and gave the priest a shove which sent him reeling to the nearest seat, knocking against several couples in his way, and tumbling over three or four who, like himself, found their corpulence rather interfered with their dancing.

The sight of all this priestly confusion had an unfortunate effect on Titine's partner. He burst into a ringing peal of laughter, which was echoed in a mocking chorus by the roof and aisles of the church, and struck a sudden chill to the hearts of all around him. The dancers stood still for a moment. Everybody felt a qualm of conscience, and looked about uneasily to see if any notice had been taken of such an irregularity. But the organist was most effected. He still went on playing mechanically, but the wild dance-tune gradually sobered down; it changed without his knowing it into the voluntary from which it had departed; the old solemnity and power were returning, and all would have been well, when Titine's voice came to Herr Pemsel's ears: "Oh, grandfather, what a tune!" she said, reproachfully. He started up in astonishment, looked round, tried to catch her eye. But her figure seemed to swim before him; he caught one glance of the stranger standing by her side, and scarcely controlling his laughter; and then church, congregation, organ, and all, melted away like a mirage of the desert. The organist found himself sitting at his *clavier*, still playing the same tune that had run through his dream, his fingers faithful to the impulse given them in sleep, even after the mind which had given it was itself awakened.

And so it was all a dream! Not quite all: the tune still remained, impressed vividly on the old man's memory, ready to be written down at once, and worthy of the coming festival. There was something else, too, which was more than fancy. As Herr Pemsel looked round the room and caught Titine's eye, one part of his dream was verified: the stranger stood by her as he had stood in the church; and a smile, though it seemed rather pleasant than mocking, was still upon his features.

The old man was more hurt than surprised. "Ah! then," he said sadly, "you are there after all? What has happened? How much of it is true?"

The two young people looked at each other. Then Titine stole up to her grandfather. "It was all my fault," she whispered gently, "he did not mean to langh."

"Then he did laugh really? Was the archbishop there?"

"The archbishop, grandpapa? You must have been dreaming."

"Yes, child, I think I was dreaming; but you say it really happened. He did not laugh until the priest tumbled head over heels."

"No, grandpapa, it was not that; he was laughing at" — and here Titine checked herself suddenly, and tried to turn the conversation hurriedly. "What priest are you speaking of, grandpapa? and what was it about the archbishop?"

"Oh! it's no use telling you; you were there, and saw it all. Why, you were dancing with him!" And as Herr Pemsel spoke he pointed over his shoulder to the stranger, who stood modestly in the background.

"Yes, grandpapa, at the Pagoda. I am very sorry: I meant to tell you before; but" —

"What Pagoda?" interrupted the grandfather. "You know it was in the church."

Thus they went on for a while at cross-purposes. But by degrees Herr Pemsel was brought to understand it all. As has been said, he was dozing when the stranger came in; he looked up for a moment upon the stranger striking a few notes, but he relapsed into sleep the next minute; and

the stranger, after watching him for a time, slipped out again into the garden. Almost immediately the sounds of the voluntary persuaded Titine that her grandfather was awake; but as she and the stranger stepped into the room, the grave, solemn air changed into one of fantastic wildness, and the organist's gestures became so ludicrous that they could not restrain their laughter. The stranger was more boisterous than Titine, and she thought it necessary to apologize for him by the exclamation which mingled with and broke the old man's dream.

This was the explanation given. Having found his voluntary, Herr Pemsel was very easily satisfied. But it occurred to him soon that he did not know why the stranger had come to his house, and what was the meaning of the evident friendship between the stranger and Titine. However, on that point too he was enlightened. The reader knows all about it already.

The further information did not come till after the organist had hastily written down all he remembered of the voluntary, had filled up the few gaps in his memory, and had practised the complete work on his *clavier*. Before the day of the feast came — for he had not really left it till the last evening, as it had appeared to him in his dream — he was familiar with every note of the composition, and there was little fear of his breaking into the demoniac dance during the actual service. Once or twice, indeed, his dream came back to his mind, and he could not help chuckling inwardly as he thought how strange the real archbishop would look if he was dancing with the priest of St. Peter's. But he subdued these irreverent thoughts, and played through his own piece and the whole of the mass with more than usual fervor. Everybody talked of the voluntary. It surpassed all expectations. Some super-subtle critics affected to discover in it a theme suggested, though distantly, by the Gloria in the mass of the day; but to the public this was a refinement. The only thing with which the congregation of St. Peter's felt dissatisfied was that the voluntary should have been what they called "the swan's song" of Herr Pemsel.

For it was immediately after coming home from church in the company of Titine and the stranger that the old organist was led into the only secret that his granddaughter had kept from him. He found that Herr Wüstner(which was the stranger's name, though Titine had been persuaded to call him Franz) wished to carry his granddaughter away from Munich to his country-home in Franconia. It was clear that Titine did not object to the change. She whispered softly to her grandfather that Franz had set his heart upon it; and that seemed to her conclusive. Herr Pemsel could not bear the thought of losing her; but he had long felt that the time must come when the young bird would have to leave the nest. The gloom which he made such efforts to banish from his face, his attempt to give a cheerful assent to the request which wrung his heart, struck the young people dumb in the midst of their joy.

Franz made a signal to Titine, and she understood it. With her hand resting lightly on her grandfather's shoulder, she murmured a few words in his ear.

"No, darling," he replied, "I do not grudge you your happiness. But the thought that I must lose you too, and have no one left" —

"Lose me!" she said in astonishment. "Why, of course, you go with us."

The old organist started, and looked round at Franz. With great readiness Franz answered his inquiring look: "I was just thinking that one of my rooms is exactly made to hold your *clavier*."

DICKENS IN RELATION TO CRITICISM.

BY GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

THE old feud between authors and critics, a feud old as literature, has not risen on the ground of chariness in praise, but rather on the ground of deficient sympathy, and the tendency to interpret an author's work according to some standard which is not his. Instead of placing themselves at his point of view, and seeing what he has attempted, how far he has achieved the aim, and whether the aim itself were worthy of achievement, critics have thrust between his work and the public some vague conception of what they required, and measured it by an academic or conventional standard derived from other works. Food of an author necessarily is of praise, and pained as he must always be by blame, he is far more touched by a sympathetic recognition of his efforts, and far more hurt by a misrepresentation of them. No hyperbole of laudation gives a tithe of the delight which is given by sympathetic insight. Unhappily for the author, this can but sparingly be given by critics, who trust less to their emotions than to their standards of judgment; for the greater the originality of the writer, and the less inclination he has for familiar processes and already-trodden tracks, the greater must be the resistance he will meet with from minds accustomed to move in those tracks, and to consider excellence confined within them. It is in the nature of the critical mind to judge according to precedent; and few minds have flexibility enough to adopt at once a novelty which is destined in its turn to become a precedent.

There is another source of pain. Besides the very great difficulties of independent judgment, of adjusting the mental focus to new objects under new perspectives, and the various personal considerations which trammel even open minds, — considerations of friendship, station, renown, rivalry, &c., — there is the immense difficulty which all men find in giving any thing like an adequate expression to their judgments. It is easy for us to say that a book has stirred or instructed us; but it is by no means easy to specify the grounds of our pleasure or profit, except in a very general way; and when we attempt to do so we are apt to make ludicrous mistakes. Thus it is that the criticism which begins with a general expression of gratitude to the author, will often deeply pain him by misplaced praise, or blame misdirected.

Longinus declares that criticism is the last result of abundant experience; he might have added that even the amplest experience is no safeguard against utter failure. For it is true in art as in the commonest details of life that our perceptions are mainly determined by our previous perceptions, our conceptions by our pre-conceptions. Hence I have long maintained the desirability of preserving as far as possible the individual character of criticism. The artist in his work gives expression to his individual feelings and conceptions, telling us how life and nature are mirrored in his mind; we may fairly state how this affects us, whether it accords with our experience, whether it moves or instructs us: but we should be very chary of absolute judgments, and be quite sure of our ground before venturing to assume that the public will feel, or ought to feel, as we feel. Now it is the tendency of criticism to pronounce absolute verdicts, to speak for all; and the exasperation of the artist at finding individual impressions given forth as final judgments is the main cause of the outcry against criticism. The writer who would feel little irritation on hearing that A and B were unmoved by his pathos, deaf to his humor, unenlightened by his philosophy, may be excused if he writhe under the authoritative announcement that his pathos is maudlin, his humor flat, his philosophy shallow. He may be convicted of bad grammar, bad drawing, bad logic; and if the critic advances reasons for particular objections, these reasons may be weighed, and perhaps accepted with resignation, if not without pain; but no verdict which does not distinctly carry its evidence can be accepted as more than an individual judgment; and in matters of art there is always a great difficulty, sometimes a sheer impossibility, in passing from the individual to the universal. It is impossible to resist feeling. If an author makes me laugh, he is humorous; if he makes me cry, he is pathetic. In vain will any one tell me that such a picture is not laughable, not pathetic; or that I am wrong in being moved.

While from these and other causes, especially from the tendency to exaggerate what is painful, authors have deep

resented "the malevolence" of critics — a malevolence hich has been mostly incompetence, or inconsiderateness - it is not less true that there has been much heartfelt atitude given by authors to critics who have sympathized ith and encouraged them; and many lasting friendships ve been thus cemented. It was thus that the life-long iendship of Dickens and his biographer began, and was ntained. Nor is it just to object to Mr. Forster's enthuasm on the ground of his friendship, since he may fairly nswer, "Dickens was my friend because I so greatly adired him." One thing is certain: his admiration was pressed long before all the world had acknowledged Dickn's genius, and was continued through the long years hen the majority of writers had ceased to express much rror of admiration, preferring rather to dwell on his shortmings and exaggerations.

And this brings me to the noticeable fact that there probly never was a writer of so vast a popularity whose geus was so little *appreciated* by the critics. The very splenr of his successes so deepened the shadow of his failures at to many eyes the shadows supplanted the splendor. stidious readers were loath to admit that a writer could justly called great whose defects were so glaring. They mitted, because it was indisputable, that Dickens delightthousands, that his admirers were found in all classes, and all countries; that he stirred the sympathy of masses t easily reached through literature, and always stirred althy, generous emotions; that he impressed a new direcn on popular writing, and modified the literature of his e, in its spirit no less than in its form; but they nevertheis insisted on his defects as if these outweighed all posie qualities; and spoke of him either with condescending tronage, or with sneering irritation. Surely this is a t worthy of investigation? Were the critics wrong, and so, in what consisted their error? How are we to recon- this immense popularity with this critical contempt? e private readers and the public critics who were eager take up each successive number of his works as it apred, whose very talk was seasoned with quotations from d allusions to these works, who, to my knowledge, were nt to lay aside books of which they could only speak in ms of eulogy, in order to bury themselves in the ew number" when the well-known green cover made its pearance — were nevertheless at this very time niggard eir praise, and lavish in their scorn of the popular hurist. It is not long since I heard a very distinguished man press measureless contempt for Dickens, and a few minte afterwards, in reply to some representations on the her side, admit that Dickens had "entered into his life." Dickens has proved his power by a popularity almost xampled, embracing all classes. Surely it is a task for iticism to exhibit the sources of that power? If every ng that has ever been alleged against the works be adtted, there still remains an immense success to be acnted for. It was not by their defects that these works re carried over Europe and America. It was not their fects which made them the delight of gray heads on the nch, and the study of youngsters in the counting-house d schoolroom. Other writers have been exaggerated, true, fantastic, and melodramatic: but they have gained little notice that no one thinks of pointing out their deta. It is clear, therefore, that Dickens had powers which abled him to triumph in spite of the weaknesses which gged them; and it is worth inquiring what those powers re, and their relation to his undeniable defects.

I am not about to attempt such an inquiry, but simply to intate two or three general points of view. It will be enough rely to mention in passing the primary cause of his sucss, his overflowing fun, because even uncompromising ponents admit it. They may be ashamed of their laughter, t they laugh. A revulsion of feeling at the preposterness or extravagance of the image may follow the burst laughter, but the laughter is irresistible, whether rationor not, and there is no arguing away such a fact

Great as Dickens is in fun, so great that Fielding and ollet are small in comparison, he would have been only passing amusement for the world had he not been gifted with an imagination of marvellous vividness, and an emotional, sympathetic nature capable of furnishing that imagination with elements of universal power. Of him it may be said with less exaggeration than of most poets, that he was of "imagination all compact;" if the other higher faculties were singularly deficient in him, this faculty was imperial. He was a seer of visions, and his visions were of objects at once familiar and potent. Psychologists will understand both the extent and the limitation of the remark, when I say that in no other perfectly sane mind (Blake, I believe, was not perfectly sane) have I observed vividness of imagination approaching so closely to hallucination. Many who are not psychologists may have had some experience in themselves, or in others, of that abnormal condition in which a man hears voices and sees objects with the distinctness of direct perception, although silence and darkness are without him; these *revived* impressions, revived by an internal cause, have precisely the same force and clearness which the impressions originally had when produced by an external cause. In the same degree of vividness are the images *constructed* by his mind in explanation of the voices heard or objects seen: when he imagines that the voice proceeds from a personal friend, or from Satan tempting him, the friend or Satan stands before him with the distinctness of objective reality: when he imagines that he himself has been transformed into a bear, his hands are seen by him as paws. In vain you represent to him that the voices he hears have no external existence; he will answer, as a patient pertinently answered Lélut: "You believe that I am speaking to you because you hear me; is it not so? Very well, I believe that voices are speaking to me because I hear them." There is no power of effacing such conviction by argument. You may get the patient to assent to any premises you please, he will not swerve from his conclusions. I once argued with a patient who believed he had been transformed into a bear; he was quite willing to admit that the idea of such a transformation was utterly at variance with all experience; but he always returned to his position that God being omnipotent there was no reason to doubt his power of transforming men into bears; what remained fixed in his mind was the image of himself under a bear's form.

The characteristic point in the hallucinations of the insane, that which distinguishes them from hallucinations equally vivid in the sane, is the coercion of the image in *suppressing comparison* and all control of experience. Belief always accompanies a vivid image, for a time; but in the sane this belief will not persist against rational control. If I see a stick partly under water, it is impossible for me not to have the same feeling which would be produced by a bent stick out of the water; if I see two plane images in the stereoscope, it is impossible not to have the feeling of seeing one solid object. But these beliefs are rapidly displaced by reference to experience. I know the stick is not bent, and that it will not appear bent when removed from the water. I know the seeming solid is not an object in relief, but two plane pictures. It is by similar focal adjustment of the mind that sane people know that their hallucinations are unreal. The images may have the vividness of real objects, but they have not the properties of real objects; they do not preserve consistent relations with other facts; they appear in contradiction to other beliefs. Thus if I see a black cat on the chair opposite, yet on my approaching the chair feel no soft object, and if my terrier on the hearth-rug looking in the direction of the chair shows none of the well-known agitation which the sight of a cat produces, I conclude, in spite of its distinctness, that the image is an hallucination.

Returning from this digression, let me say that I am very far indeed from wishing to imply any agreement in the common notion that "great wits to madness nearly are allied;" on the contrary, my studies have led to the conviction that nothing is less like genius than insanity, although some men of genius have had occasional attacks; and further, that I have never observed any trace of the insane temperament in Dickens's works or life, they being indeed singularly free even from the eccentricities which often accompany exceptional

powers; nevertheless, with all due limitations, it is true that there is considerable light shed upon his works by the action of the imagination in hallucination. To him also *revived* images have the vividness of sensations; to him also *created* images have the coercive force of realities, excluding all control, all contradiction. What seems preposterous, impossible to us, seemed to him simple fact of observation. When he imagined a street, a house, a room, a figure, he saw it, not in the vague schematic way of ordinary imagination, but in the sharp definition of actual perception, all the salient details obtruding themselves on his attention. He, seeing it thus vividly, made us also see it; and believing in its reality, however fantastic, he communicated something of his belief to us. He presented it in such relief that we ceased to think of it as a picture. So definite and insistent was the image, that even while knowing it was false we could not help, for a moment, being affected, as it were, by his hallucination.

This glorious energy of imagination is that which Dickens had in common with all great writers. It was this which made him a creator, and made his creations universally intelligible, no matter how fantastic and unreal. His types established themselves in the public mind like personal experiences. Their falsity was unnoticed in the blaze of their illumination. Every humbug seemed a Pecksniff, every nurse a Gamp, every jovial improvident a Micawber, every stinted serving-wench a Marchioness. Universal experiences became individualized in these types; an image and a name were given, and the image was so suggestive that it seemed to *express* all that it was found to *recall*, and Dickens was held to have depicted what his readers supplied. Against such power criticism was almost idle. In vain critical reflection showed these figures to be merely masks, — not characters, but personified characteristics, caricatures and distortions of human nature, — the vividness of their presentation triumphed over reflection; their creator managed to communicate to the public his own unhesitating belief. Unreal and impossible as these types were, speaking a language never heard in life, moving like pieces of simple mechanism always in one way (instead of moving with the infinite fluctuations of organisms, incalculable yet intelligible, surprising yet familiar), these unreal figures affected the uncritical reader with the force of reality; and they did so in virtue of their embodiment of some real characteristic vividly presented. The imagination of the author laid hold of some well-marked physical trait, some peculiarity of aspect, speech, or manner which every one recognized at once; and the force with which this was presented made it occupy the mind to the exclusion of all critical doubts; only reflection could detect the incongruity. Think of what this implies! Think how little the mass of men are given to reflect on their impressions, and how their minds are for the most part occupied with sensations rather than ideas, and you will see why Dickens held an undisputed sway. Give a child a wooden horse, with hair for mane and tail, and wafer-spots for coloring, he will never be disturbed by the fact that this horse does not move its legs, but runs on wheels — the general suggestion suffices for his belief; and this wooden horse, which he can handle and draw, is believed in more than a picture-horse by a Wouvermanns or an Ansdell. It may be said of Dickens's human figures that they too are wooden, and run on wheels; but these are details which scarcely disturb the belief of admirers. Just as the wooden horse is brought within range of the child's emotions and dramatizing tendencies, when he can handle and draw it, so Dickens's figures are brought within the range of the reader's interests, and receive from these interests a sudden illumination, when they are the puppets of a drama every incident of which appeals to the sympathies. With a fine felicity of instinct he seized upon situations having an irresistible hold over the domestic affections and ordinary sympathies. He spoke in the mother-tongue of the heart, and was always sure of ready listeners. He painted the life he knew, the life every one knew; for if the scenes and manners were unlike those we were familiar with, the feelings and motives, the joys and griefs, the mistakes and efforts of the actors were universal, and therefore universally intelligible; so that even critical spectators who complained that these broadly painted pictures were artistic daubs, could not wholly resist their effective suggestiveness. He set in motion the secret springs of sympathy by touching the domestic affections. He painted nothing ideal, heroic; but all the resources of the bourgeois epic were in his grasp. The world of thought and passion lay beyond his horizon. But the joys and pains of childhood, the petty tyrannies of ignoble natures, the genial pleasantries of happy natures, the life of the poor, the struggles of the street and back parlor, the insolence of office, the sharp social contrasts, east-wind and Christmas jollity, hunger, misery, and hot-punch — these he could deal with, so that we laughed and cried, were startled at the revelation of familiar facts hitherto unnoted, and felt our pulses quicken as we were hurried along with him in his fanciful flight.

Such were the sources of his power. To understand how it is that critics quite competent to recognize such power, and even so far amenable to it as to be moved and interested by the works in spite of all their drawbacks, should have forgotten this undenied power, and written or spoken of Dickens with mingled irritation and contempt, we must take into account two natural tendencies, — the bias of opposition, and the bias of technical estimate.

The bias of opposition may be illustrated in a parallel case. Let us suppose a scientific book to be attracting the attention of Europe by the boldness, suggestiveness, and theoretic plausibility of its hypotheses; this work falls into the hands of a critic sufficiently grounded in the science treated to be aware that its writer, although gifted with great theoretic power and occasional insight into unexplored relations, is nevertheless pitiably ignorant of the elementary facts and principles of the science; the critic noticing the power, and the talent of lucid exposition, is yet perplexed and irritated at ignorance which is inexcusable, and a reckless twisting of known facts into impossible relations, which seems wilful; will he not pass from marvelling at this inextricable web of sense and nonsense, suggestive insight and mischievous error, so jumbled together that the combination of this sagacity with this glaring inefficiency is a paradox, and be driven by the anger of opposition into an emphatic assertion that the belauded philosopher is a charlatan and an ignoramus? A chorus of admirers proclaims the author to be a great teacher, before whom all contemporaries must bow; and the critic observes this teacher on one page throwing out a striking hypothesis of some geometric relations in the planetary movements, and on another assuming that the hypothenuse is equal to its perpendicular and base, because the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of its sides — in one chapter ridiculing the atomic theory, and in another arguing that carbonic acid is obtained from carbon and nitrogen — can this critic be expected to join in the chorus of admirers? and will he not rather be exasperated into an opposition which will lead him to undervalue the undeniable qualities in his insistance on the undeniable defects?

Something like this is the feeling produced by Dickens's works in many cultivated and critical readers. They see there human character and ordinary events portrayed with a mingled verisimilitude and falsity altogether unexampled. The drawing is so vivid, yet so incorrect, or else is so blurred and formless, with such excess of *effort* (as of a showman beating on the drum) that the doubt arises how an observer so remarkably keen could make observations so remarkably false, and miss such very obvious facts; how the rapid glance which could swoop down on a peculiarity with hawk-like precision, could overlook all that accompanied and was organically related to that peculiarity; how the eye for characteristics could be so blind to character, and the ear for dramatic idiom be so deaf to dramatic language; finally, how the writer's exquisite susceptibility to the grotesque could be insensible to the occasional grotesqueness of his own attitude. Michael Angelo is intelligible, and Giotto is intelligible; but a critic is nonplussed at finding the invention of Angelo with the drawing of Giotto. It is indeed surprising that Dickens

should have observed man, and not been impressed with the fact that man is, in the words of Montaigne, *un être ondoyant et diverse*. And the critic is distressed to observe the substitution of mechanisms for minds, puppets for characters. It is needless to dwell on such monstrous failures as Mantalini, Rosa Dartle, Lady Dedlock, Esther Summerson, Mr. Dick, Arthur Gride, Edith Dombey, Mr. Carker, — needless, because if one studies the successful figures one finds even in them only touches of verisimilitude. When one thinks of Micawber always presenting himself in the same situation, moved with the same springs, and uttering the same sounds, always confident on something turning up, always crushed and rebounding, always making punch — and his wife always declaring she will never part from him, always referring to his talents and her family — when one thinks of the "catchwords" personified as characters, one is reminded of the frogs whose brains have been taken out for physiological purposes, and whose actions henceforth want the distinctive peculiarity of organic action, that of fluctuating spontaneity. Place one of these brainless frogs on his back and he will at once recover the sitting posture; draw a leg from under him and he will draw it back again; tickle or prick him and he will push away the object, or take *one* hop out of the way; stroke his back, and he will utter *one* croak. All these things resemble the actions of the unmutilated frog, but they differ in being *isolated* actions, and *always the same:* they are as uniform and calculable as the movements of a machine. The uninjured frog may or may not croak, may or may not hop away; the result is never calculable, and is rarely a single croak or a single hop. It is this complexity of the organism which Dickens wholly fails to conceive; his characters have nothing fluctuating and incalculable in them, even when they embody true observations; and very often they are creations so fantastic that one is at a loss to understand how he could, without hallucination, believe them to be like reality. There are dialogues bearing the traces of straining effort at effect, which in their incongruity painfully resemble the absurd and eager expositions which insane patients pour into the listener's ear when detailing their wrongs or their schemes. Dickens once declared to me that every word said by his characters was distinctly *heard* by him; I was at first not a little puzzled to account for the fact that he could hear language so utterly unlike the language of real feeling, and not be aware of its preposterousness; but the surprise vanished when I thought of the phenomena of hallucination. And here it may be needful to remark in passing that it is not because the characters are badly drawn and their language unreal, that they are to be classed among the excesses of imagination; otherwise all the bad novelists and dramatists would be credited with that which they especially want — powerful imagination. His peculiarity is not the incorrectness of the drawing, but the vividness of the imagination, which while rendering that incorrectness insensible to him, also renders it potent with multitudes of his fellow-men. For although his weakness comes from excess in one direction, the force which is in excess must not be overlooked; and it is overlooked or undervalued by critics who, with what I have called the bias of opposition, insist only on the weakness.

This leads me to the second point, the bias of technical estimate. The main purpose of art is delight. Whatever influences may radiate from that centre, — and however it may elevate or modify, — the one primary condition of influence is stirred emotion. No art can teach which does not move; no art can move without teaching. Criticism has to consider art under two aspects, that of emotional pleasure, and that of technical pleasure. We all — public and critics — are susceptible of the former, are capable of being moved, and are delighted with what stirs the emotions, filling the mind with images having emotional influence; but only the critics are much affected by technical skill, and the pleasure it creates. *What* is done, what is suggested, constitutes the first aspect; *how* it is done the second. We all delight in imitation, and in the skill which represents one object in another medium; but the refinements of skill can only be appreciated by study. To a savage there is so little suggestion of a human face and form in a painted portrait that it is not even recognized as the representation of a man; whereas the same savage would delight in a waxwork figure, or a wooden Scotchman at the door of a tobacconist. The educated eye sees exquisite skill in the portrait, a skill which gives exquisite delight; but this eye which traces and estimates the subtle effects of color and distribution of light and shade in the portrait, turns with disgust from the wax figure, or the wooden Highlander. In the course of time the pleasure derived from the perception of difficulty overcome, leads to such a preponderance of the technical estimate, that the sweep of the brush, or the composition of lines, becomes of supreme importance, and the connoisseur no longer asks, What is painted? but, How is it painted? The *what* may be a patch of meadow, the bend of a river, or a street-boy munching bread and cheese, and yet give greater delight by its *how*, than another picture which represented the Andes, Niagara, or a Madonna and Child. When the critic observes technical skill in a picture, he pronounces the painter to be admirable, and is quite unmoved by any great subject badly painted. In like manner a great poet is estimated by the greatness of his execution of great conceptions, not by the greatness of his intention.

How easily the critic falls into the mistake of overvaluing technical skill, and not allowing for the primary condition, how easily he misjudges works by applying to them technical rules derived from the works of others, need not here be dwelt on. What I wish to indicate is the bias of technical estimate which, acting with that bias of opposition just noted, has caused the critics to overlook in Dickens the great artistic powers which are proved by his immense success; and to dwell only on those great artistic deficiencies which exclude him from the class of exquisite writers. He worked in delf, not in porcelain. But his prodigal imagination created in delf forms which delighted thousands. He only touched common life, but he touched it to "fine issues;" and since we are all susceptible of being moved by pictures of children in droll and pathetic situations, and by pictures of common suffering and common joy, any writer who can paint such pictures with sufficient skill to awaken these emotions is powerful in proportion to the emotion stirred. That Dickens had this skill is undisputed; and if critical reflection shows that the means he employs are not such as will satisfy the technical estimate, and consequently that the pictures will not move the cultivated mind, nor give it the deep content which perfect art continues to create, making the work a "joy forever," we must still remember that in the present state of literature, with hundreds daily exerting their utmost efforts to paint such pictures, it requires prodigious force and rare skill to impress images that will stir the universal heart. Murders are perpetrated without stint, but the murder of Nancy is unforgettable. Children figure in numberless plays and novels, but the deaths of litttle Nell and little Paul were national griefs. Seduction is one of the commonest of tragedies, but the scene in Peggoty's boat-house burns itself into the memory. Captain Cuttle and Richard Swiveller, the Marchioness and Tilly Slowboy, Pecksniff and Micawber, Tiny Tim and Mrs. Gamp, may be imperfect presentations of human character, but they are types which no one can forget. Dr. Johnson explained the popularity of some writer by saying, "Sir, *his* nonsense suited *their* nonsense;" let us add, "and his sense suited their sense," and it will explain the popularity of Dickens. Readers to whom all the refinements of art and literature are as meaningless hieroglyphs, were at once laid hold of by the reproduction of their own feelings, their own experiences, their own prejudices, in the irradiating splendor of his imagination; while readers whose cultivated sensibilities were alive to the most delicate and evanescent touches were, by virtue of their common nature, ready to be moved and delighted at his pictures and suggestions. The cultivated and uncultivated were affected by his admirable *mise en scène*, his fertile invention, his striking selection of incident, his intense vision of physical details. Only

the cultivated who are made fastidious by cultivation paused to consider the pervading commonness of the works, and remarked that they are wholly without glimpses of a nobler life; and that the writer presents an almost unique example of a mind of singular force in which, so to speak, sensations never pass into ideas. Dickens sees and feels, but the logic of feeling seems the only logic he can manage. Thought is strangely absent from his works. I do not suppose a single thoughtful remark on life or character could be found throughout the twenty volumes. Not only is there a marked absence of the reflective tendency, but one sees no indication of the past life of humanity having ever occupied him; keenly as he observes the objects before him, he never connects his observations into a general expression, never seems interested in general relations of things. Compared with that of Fielding or Thackeray, his was merely an *animal* intelligence, i.e., restricted to perceptions. On this ground his early education was more fruitful and less injurious than it would have been to a nature constructed on a more reflective and intellectual type. It furnished him with rare and valuable experience, early developed his sympathies with the lowly and struggling, and did not starve any intellectual ambition. He never was and never would have been a student.

My acquaintance with him began soon after the completion of "Pickwick." Something I had written on that book pleased him, and caused him to ask me to call on him. (It is pleasant for me to remember that I made Thackeray's acquaintance in a similar way.) He was then living in Doughty Street; and those who remember him at that period will understand the somewhat disturbing effect produced on my enthusiasm for the new author by the sight of his bookshelves, on which were ranged nothing but three-volume novels and books of travel, all obviously the presentation copies from authors and publishers, with none of the treasures of the bookstall, each of which has its history, and all giving the collection its individual physiognomy. A man's library expresses much of his hidden life. I did not expect to find a bookworm, nor even a student, in the marvellous "Boz;" but, nevertheless, this collection of books was a shock. He shortly came in, and his sunny presence quickly dispelled all misgivings. He was then, as to the last, a delightful companion, full of sagacity as well as animal spirits; but I came away more impressed with the fulness of life and energy than with any sense of distinction. I believe I only saw him once more before I went to Germany, and two years had elapsed when next we met. While waiting in his library (in Devonshire Terrace) I of course glanced at the books. The well-known paper boards of the three-volume novel no longer vulgarized the place; a goodly array of standard works, well-bound, showed a more respectable and conventional ambition; but there was no physiognomy in the collection. A greater change was visible in Dickens himself. In these two years he had remarkably developed. His conversation turned on graver subjects than theatres and actors, periodicals, and London life. His interest in public affairs, especially in social questions, was keener. He still remained completely outside philosophy, science, and the higher literature, and was too unaffected a man to pretend to feel any interest in them. But the vivacity and sagacity which gave a charm to intercourse with him had become weighted with a seriousness which from that time forward became more and more prominent in his conversation and his writings. He had already learned to look upon the world as a scene where it was the duty of each man in his own way to make the lot of the miserable many a little less miserable; and, having learned that his genius gave him great power, he was bent on using that power effectively. He was sometimes laughed at for the importance he seemed to attach to every thing relating to himself, and the solemnity with which he spoke of his aims and affairs; but this belonged to his quality. *Il se prenait au sérieux*, and was admirable because he did so. Whatever faults he may have committed, there were none attributable to carelessness. He gave us his best. If the effort were sometimes too strained, and the desire for effect too obtrusive, there was no lazy indulgence, no trading on a great renown, no "scumbling" in his work. "Whatever I have tried to do in life," he said, speaking through Copperfield, "I have tried with all my heart to do well. Never to put one hand to any thing on which I could throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I now find to have been my golden rules."

Since I have been led in the course of argument to touch upon my personal acquaintance with Dickens, I may take advantage of the opening to introduce a point not mentioned in Mr. Forster's memoir, though he most probably is familiar with it. Mr. Forster has narrated Dickens's intense grief at the death of his sister-in-law, Mary — a grief which for two months interrupted the writing of "Pickwick," and which five years afterwards thus moves him in a letter to Mr. Forster on the death of her grandmother. The passage itself is in every way interesting, displaying a depth and delicacy of feeling, combined with a tenderness towards the sacredness due to the wishes of the dead, which is very noticeable: —

"It is a great trial to me to give up Mary's grave; greater than I can possibly express. I thought of moving her to the catacomb, and saying nothing about it; but then I remembered that the poor old lady is buried next her at her own desire, and could not find it in my heart directly she is laid in the earth to take her grandchild away. The desire to be buried next her is as strong upon me now as it was five years ago; and I *know* (for I don't think there ever was love like that I bear her) that it will never diminish. I cannot bear the thought of being excluded from her dust; and yet I feel that her brothers and sisters and her mother have a better right than I to be placed beside her. It is but an idea. I neither hope nor think (God forbid) that our spirits would ever mingle *there*. I ought to get the better of it, but it is very hard. I never contemplated this; and coming so suddenly, and after being ill, it disturbs me more than it ought. It seems like losing her a second time."

Again, when writing from America and describing his delight at the Niagara Falls, he says: —

"What would I give if you and Mac were here to share the sensations of this time! I was going to add, what would I give if the dear girl whose ashes lie in Kensal Green had lived to come so far along with us; but she has been here many times, I doubt not, since her sweet face faded from my earthly sight."

Several years afterwards, in the course of a quiet chat over a cigar, we got on a subject which always interested him, and on which he had stored many striking anecdotes — dreams. He then narrated, in his quietest and most impressive manner, that after Mary's death her image not only haunted him by day, but for twelve months visited his dreams every night. At first he had refrained from mentioning it to his wife; and after deferring this some time, felt unable to mention it to her. He had occasion to go to Liverpool, and as he went to bed that night, there was a strong hope that the change of bed might break the spell of his dreams. It was not so, however. That night as usual the old dream was dreamed. He resolved to unburthen his mind to his wife, and wrote that very morning a full account of his strange experience. From that time he ceased to dream of her. I forget whether he said he had never dreamed of her since; but I am certain of the fact that the spell had been broken then and there.

Here is another contribution to the subject of dreams which I had from him shortly before his death. One night after one of his public readings, he dreamed that he was in a room where every one was dressed in scarlet. (The probable origin of this was the mass of scarlet opera cloaks worn by the ladies among the audience, having left a sort of *afterglow* on his retina.) He stumbled against a lady standing with her back towards him. As he apologized she turned her head and said, quite unprovoked, "My name is Napier." The face was one perfectly unknown to him, nor did he know any one named Napier. Two days after he had another reading in the same town, and before it began, a lady friend came into the waiting room accompanied by an unknown lady in a scarlet opera cloak, "who," said his friend, "is very desirous of being

introduced." "Not Miss Napier?" he jokingly inquired. "Yes; Miss Napier." Although the face of his dream-lady was not the face of this Miss Napier, the coincidence of the scarlet cloak and the name was striking.

In bringing these detached observations to a close, let me resume their drift by saying that while on the one hand the critics seem to me to have been fully justified in denying him the possession of many technical excellencies, they have been thrown into unwise antagonism which has made them overlook or undervalue the great qualities which distinguished him; and that even on technical grounds their criticism has been so far defective that it failed to recognize the supreme powers which insured his triumph in spite of all defects. For the reader of cultivated taste there is little in his works beyond the stirring of their emotions — but what a large exception! We do not turn over the pages in search of thought, delicate psychological observation, grace of style, charm of composition; but we enjoy them like children at a play, laughing and crying at the images which pass before us. And this illustration suggests the explanation of how learned and thoughtful men can have been almost as much delighted with the works as ignorant and juvenile readers; how Lord Jeffrey could have been so affected by the presentation of Little Nell, which most critical readers pronounce maudlin and unreal. Persons unfamiliar with theatrical representations, consequently unable to criticise the acting, are stirred by the suggestions of the scenes presented; and hence a great philosopher, poet, or man of science, may be found applauding an actor whom every play-going apprentice despises as stagey and inartistic.

FOREIGN NOTES.

M. Tourguénief, the novelist, is not dead, as was reported a while since by the foreign papers. His necrologists confounded him with his relative, Nikolai Tourguénief, whose death was announced not long ago.

A new monthly paper called the *American Settler* has been started in London. It is intended as a guide to British emigration to the United States. We have always supposed the "Alabama claim" to be the "American settler."

M. Casanova, of the Hôtel Mirabeau, Paris, has had some of his rooms engaged by English people when the Emperor Napoleon's entry into Paris is decided on, so sure are they he will return. Though the large towns are chiefly republican, the country is imperial.

A Paris street scene: "Dear lady," said a child, exposing a toy for sale, "buy this." "What is its price?" "Judge yourself, madame; I have eaten nothing to-day.' This is dramatic enough to make the fortune of three English dramas of the period.

A reward of $10,000 has been offered, in the name of Lady Franklin, for the whole of the journals or other records of the expedition of the "Erebus" and "Terror." These records are believed to have been deposited near Point Victory, on King William's Land, by the survivors of the expedition in 1848.

Fourteen young Chinese, belonging to the noblest families of the Celestial Empire, have just arrived in Paris from Canton, sent by the Emperor to be instructed at the expense of the State. They are to be distributed between the colleges Saint-Louis and Louis-le-Grand. Every year fourteen young men are to be sent to France.

Four Japanese princesses, relations of the Tycoon, are expected in Paris shortly, for the purpose of completing their education. They are of great beauty, and have dignified figures, perpendicular eyebrows, elegant flat noses, and yellow teeth. Their names are Tsen, Ka-Pse-Hang, Hoans-Pa-Li, and Ko-Phare. They may change them, if young men are smart.

Here is a neat sample of a personal item from a local journal in India: "We are very glad to learn that the marriage of Mr. Rughoonathdas Madhowdas, a Kupola Bunia merchant of Bombay, with Dhuncoorbal, the daughter of Shet Godhurdas Moundas, and the widow of Luchmichand Dhurumsey, was celebrated at Chinchpoogly.

Offenbach, apropos of the production of the "Roi Carotte," is once more the subject of anecdotes in the *petits journaux*, some of which, though they may be of a certain commercial advantage to him in keeping him before the public, are not precisely calculated to raise him in public opinion. At a rehearsal of one of his works he found, we are told, a violinist practi-ing in a corner of the orchestra by himself. "What is that man playing?" he asked. "Violin concerto, by Mendelssohn," was the reply. "Oh, yes; I remember," said the maestro; "I was afraid at first that it belonged to my opera." As a further illustration of Offenbach's "naïveté," we are informed that on some one's asking him whether he was not born at Bonn, he made answer: "No; it is Beethoven who was born at Bonn. I was born at Frankfort."

A French paper notices some passages in the correspondence between Mme. du Deffand and Voltaire which adapt themselves in a singular manner to the present circumstances of France. It was 1760, three years after Rosbach; the Seven Years' War was still in progress. The generals of Louis XV. were getting themselves beaten, and the public treasury was becoming empty. M. de Silhouette, Comptroller of Finance, spoke of reducing the king's personal expenses, and of levying new taxes. This attitude pleased neither the court nor the taxable portion of the community. "We are daily threatened with terrible imposts," writes Mme. du Deffand, "but no one knows how to establish them." To which Voltaire replies: "I would still rather have revenues from France than from Prussia. It is our fate always to commit follies and to repair them. We hardly ever miss an opportunity of ruining ourselves and getting ourselves thrashed; but at the end of a year nothing is to be seen of it. The industry of the nation makes good the blunders of the ministry. We have now no great geniuses in the fine arts, unless it be M. Lefranc de Pompignan and his brother the bishop; but we shall always have tradesmen and agriculturists. We have but to live, and all will go well.

M. de Villemessant has just published a characteristic anecdote of M. Alexandre Dumas. When the present editor of *Figaro* brought out his *Grand Journal*, the name of the great novelist still retained such a hold on the public that he thought fit to place him at the head of his list of contributors. Dumas proposed to furnish a novel in six volumes, which was immediately accepted, but to begin with, M. de Villemessant implored a few *feuilletons*. "I have just what will suit you," said Dumas, "a series of *feuilletons* upon serpents. I have studied them half my lifetime, and know their habits intimately. Let me go to work, and I promise you we shall have an immense success." After all (writes M. de Villemessant), I thought he might do as well with serpents as any thing else, and knowing that money was his weakness, I asked him if he required any thing in advance. "Money!" cried Dumas, "I have more than I know what to do with; and this for the first time in my life." However, I had hardly returned to my office when I received the following note: "Reçu quinze louis à valoir sur ma copie. Poignée de main. — A. D." The next day comes a *feuilleton* with a note thus conceived: "Mon cher ami, — Tu serais bien gentil de remettre au porteur la somme de cent quatre-vingt-douze francs. — A. D." The same evening I received a despatch from Havre, saying, "Au reçu de la présente faire porter 400 fr. à mon domicile, maison Frescati. Merci. — A. Dumas." An hour afterwards came another despatch, "Mon bon camarade, c'est

six cents francs, et non quatre cents. Je t'aime. Feuilleton en route. — A. Dumas." The second *feuilleton*, announced by despatch, arrived the next morning, and contained just four lines by Dumas. It commenced: "I borrow from my good friend Benedict Revoil the following details about serpents," &c. And at the end: "In my next *feuilleton* I will give an account of the boa-constrictor, the most curious of all."

MME. ROSSINI has commenced a very remarkable action against a gentleman from whom she claims fifty thousand francs damages, on the ground of his having sung or caused to be sung, at one or more private parties, compositions, as yet unpublished, by her late husband. M. Michotte, the defendant in the suit, had been intrusted by Mme. Rossini with a number of new pieces for voice and piano-forte formally bequeathed to her by the great composer. It was necessary to fit many of the vocal pieces with words; and this task was at M. Michotte's request undertaken and performed by M. Wilder. During the two sieges of Paris, M. Michotte, with Rossini's last productions in his possession, was in Belgium; and at Louvain and elsewhere, he committed the offences charged against him by Rossini's widow. M. Michotte does not deny the allegation; but he pleads that, so far from depreciating the pieces confided to him by introducing a few of them to the notice of connoisseurs at musical parties, he by that very course increased their saleable value. Of late years, he argues, what little Rossini did produce was not thought worthy of him by his admirers; whereas the last compositions are in his best style — a fact with which it was desirable that the musical world should be made acquainted.

TO "LYDIA LANGUISH."

I.

You ask me, Lydia, "whether I,
If you refuse my suit, shall die."
(Now pray don't be offended;)
Although the time be out of joint,
I should not to a bodkin's point
Resort, at once to mend it;
Nor, if your doubtful mood endure,
Attempt a final water-cure
Except against my wishes;
For I respectfully decline
To dignify the Serpentine
And make *hors-d'œuvres* for fishes.
But, if you ask me whether I
Composedly can go,
Without a look, without a sigh,
Why, then I answer — No.

II.

"You are assured," you sadly say
(If in this most considerate way
To treat my suit your will is),
That I shall "quickly find as fair
Some new Neæra's tangled hair —
Some easier Amaryllis."
I cannot promise to be cold
If smiles are kind as yours of old
On lips of later beauties;
Nor can I hope to quite forget
The homage that is Nature's debt,
While man has social duties;
But, if you ask, do I prefer
To you I honor so
This highly hypothetic Her,
I answer plainly — No.

III.

You fear, you frankly add, "to find
In me too late the altered mind
That altering Time estranges."
To this I make response that we,
As physiologists agree,
Must have septennial changes;
This is a thing beyond control,
And it were best upon the whole
To try and find out whether
We could not, by some means, arrange
This not-to-be-avoided change
So as to change together:
But, had you asked me to allow
That you could ever grow
Less amiable than you are now,—
Emphatically — No.

IV.

But — to be serious — if you care
To know how I shall really bear
This much-discussed rejection,
I answer you. As feeling men
Behave, in best romances, when
You outrage their affection;
With all the ecstasy of woe,
By which, as melodramas show,
Despair is simulated;
Enforced by all the watery grief
Which hugest pocket-handkerchief
Has ever indicated;
And when, arrived so far, you say
In tragic accents, "Go,"
Then, Lydia, then — I still shall stay,
And firmly answer — No.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

FOR BRONCHIAL, ASTHMATIC, AND PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" manifest remarkable curative properties.

WHENEVER you visit the Parker House, Tremont House, Revere House, or American House in Boston, or the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Grand Central, the St. Nicholas or St. James Hotel in New York, ask for the HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE, for at all first-class hotels guests will be furnished with this most superior article.

READ the opinion of Mr. Greene, editor of Boston *Post*, in regard to WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA.

PERPETUAL BEAUTY. — Every lady has been wanting for years a toilet preparation in which she could place confidence, and use without fear of injuring health. The recent analysis made by the Metropolitan Board of Health has proven that Geo. W. Laird's "BLOOM OF YOUTH" is entirely free from any thing detrimental to health or injurious to the skin. It can be used without showing the slightest trace of its use. Will leave the skin soft, smooth, and delicately beautiful. Sold at all druggists' and fancy goods stores. Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES. — MRS. J. VAN BERGEN, of Rochester, N. Y., purchased her Wheeler & Wilson Machine in 1853. In the first fourteen months she made 1305 vests and pairs of pantaloons, from the coarsest to the finest material, besides doing her family sewing. She has not broken a needle for the last seven years.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1872. [No. 10

RECOLLECTIONS OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY DR. DORN, CAPELLMEISTER OF BERLIN.

I WAS a young man of three and twenty, prosecuting my legal studies in Berlin, when I first knew Felix Mendelssohn, then a lad of twelve years. One winter's experience showed me, that though I could get through my college terms, I should never be able to pass all the necessary law examinations, as I had so much musical business on my hands. At evening parties I was in constant request, being found very useful, as I was at once a piano-forte-player, an accompanyist, and a solo-singer — a rare combination in one individual, of which I can recall no other instances than Gustav Reichardt and Reissiger. Musical parties in Berlin at that time were at the height of their glory, and attended only by ladies and gentlemen who really loved music, and cultivated it as an art, and who were able upon emergency to perform whole operas or oratorios. Tea was handed round before the musical business of the evening began, and we wound up with cold refreshments and quartet singing.

One Friday, at the "at home" evening of my old countryman Abraham Friedländer, as I was in the midst of the well-known duet of Spohr's between Faust and Röschen, with a talented young singer, a commotion arose in the anteroom, which was most unusual, for a profound silence always prevailed when any thing was going on. During the pathetic air, "Fort von hier auf schönere Auen," my partner whispered to me, "Felix has come;" and when the duet was finished, I made the acquaintance of Felix Mendelssohn, then a lad twelve years old, residing with his parents on the Neue Promenade, only a few steps from Friedländer's house. He apologized for having interrupted our song by his entrance, and offered to play the accompaniments for me; "or shall we play them alternately?" he said — a regular Mendelssohn way of putting the question, which, even twenty years later, he made use of to a stranger in a similar position. At that time it would have been difficult to picture a more prepossessing exterior than that of Felix Mendelssohn; though every one made use of the familiar "Du" in addressing him, yet it was very evident that even his most intimate acquaintances set a great value on his presence amongst them. He was rarely allowed to go to such large parties, but when he did do so, the music, and the *con amore* spirit with which it was carried on, seemed to afford him real pleasure, and he, in his turn, contributed largely to the enjoyment. People made a great deal of him, and Johanna Zimmermann, Friedländer's niece, who had lost her husband while bathing in the Tyrol, regularly persecuted the young fellow, so that he could scarcely escape from her attentions. Young as he was, he even then accompanied singing in a manner only to be met with amongst the older and more thorough musicians who possessed that especial gift. At Königsberg the orchestral management of the piano was an unknown thing, and even in Berlin I had as yet had no opportunity of admiring this skill and facility in any one. That man was considered a very respectable musician who played from the printed copy *con amore*, and thus helped the singer now and then; but he who was able to enrich the slender piano-forte accompaniment with octave basses and full chords, of course stood in a much higher position. Such a gifted being was Felix, even at that time; and in the duet between Florestan and Leonora, which he accompanied, he astonished me in the passage "Du wieder nun in meinen Armen, o Gott!" by the way in which he represented the violoncello and the contre-basso parts on the piano, playing them two octaves apart. I afterwards asked him why he had chosen this striking way of rendering the passage, and he explained all to me in the kindest manner. How many times since has that duet been sung in Berlin to the piano-forte, but how rarely has it been accompanied in such a manner! In the winter of 1824–25 I was quite at home in the Mendelssohns' house; that is to say, I made my appearance there every Sunday morning at the musical entertainments, and was always invited to their evening parties, as a singer to be reckoned upon, and as one always ready to take a part in the dance. At the *matinées* I became by degrees personally acquainted with all the musicians of importance in Berlin. Men, such as Lanska, who had instructed both Felix and his sister Fanny (Fanny Mendelssohn at this time played more brilliantly than her brother Felix), Wollank (councillor of justice, and the composer of many well-known songs), and Karl Friedrich Zelter, almost alone marked that heavy period of Berlin's musical history, during which time no creative talent of any importance appeared. Simultaneously, however, with the recall of Spontini from Paris, three stars arose, and the whole attention of the musical world was directed to the native genius of Berlin, in the persons of Ludwig Berger, Bernhard Klein, and Felix Mendelssohn, all in the different ages of life.

I very seldom missed one of those interesting gatherings at the Neue Promenade, where, besides the greater compositions, which were henceforth studied under Berger's guidance, the newest works of the wonderful boy Felix were regularly played over — mostly sets of symphonies for stringed instruments with piano-forte accompaniment — by a small number selected from the royal chamber-musicians. Prof. Zelter, with whom Felix had studied counterpoint, was his most eager auditor, and at the same time his most severe censor. More than once after the performance, I myself have heard Zelter call out in a loud voice to his pupil that several alterations were necessary, whereupon, without saying a word, Felix would quietly fold up the score, and before the next Sunday he would go over it, and then play the composition with the desired corrections. In these rooms also, before the family removed to Leipziger Strasse, a three-act comic opera was performed, all the characters being apportioned and the dialogue read out at the piano. The *libretto* for "The Uncle from Boston" was written by a young physician, Dr. Caspar, who afterwards became a famous man. Every one who came in contact with him had something to relate of his wit, and I remember even now Holtei telling me, when I was at Riga, of the sparkling witty farewell speech addressed by Caspar to the Councillor Nernst, on the removal of the latter as postmaster-general from Berlin to Tilsit. He finished with "Depart, and the peace of Tilsit be with you!"

Although the musical compositions of this "American Uncle" pleased all the parties connected with it extremely, the subject of it was nevertheless very weak. Dévrient, and his *fiancée*, Therese Schlesinger, Johanna Zimmermann, the Doctors Andriessen and Dittmar, all took part in this

opera. I was also a chorus-singer in it, and from one circumstance this evening will never be forgotten by me. When the opera was finished, there were the regular slices of bread and butter, with the usual addition of anchovies, cold meat, cheese, &c. Edward Rietz and myself were enjoying our portion, when Felix, who was going the round of the room to thank all the singers personally, stopped before us to ask how we were faring in the way of refreshment. I showed him my share of the spoil.

"And which do you consider your *dux?*" (the leading, principal subject) he asked; "and which is your *comes?*" (the secondary theme.)

"Well, of course I consider my bread and butter my *dux.*"

"Oh, no," said he; "a guest must always regard his bread and butter as only the *comes.*"

Just as he had uttered this little sally, Zelter's voice resounded through the room: —

"Felix, come here."

The old gentleman stood in the middle of the room with a brimming glass in his hand, and whilst every one was listening intently, he said: "Felix, you have hitherto only been an apprentice; from to-day you are an assistant, and now work on till you become a master."

Therewith he gave him a tap on the cheek, as if he were dubbing him a knight, and then the whole party pressed forward to congratulate the affected and astonished parents, as well as Felix, who pressed his old master's hand warmly more than once. This is one of those scenes that can never be effaced from one's memory. It made such a powerful impression on me that I wrote the following day to my guardian to ask if I might become a pupil of Zelter's, and by his help rise to the higher grades. This permission I certainly received, but how different anticipation is to reality! Zelter was a whimsical old fellow, to whom it was all the same whether his pupils were young or old, gifted or without talent, beginners or advanced. All were treated alike, except as in the case of Mendelssohn's private lessons, when he really did instruct. I bore it for half a year, then I could not put up with it any more, and so I went over to Bernhard Klein, and never had reason to repent doing so.

With the removal of the Mendelssohn family from the Neue Promenade to Leipziger Strasse, to the same house where our present Chamber of Deputies hold their sittings, the circle of their acquaintance was much extended, owing in a great measure to Felix's increasing fame. Among the more intimate acquaintances may be reckoned Rietz, Klingemann, Marx, Franck, and Dévrient. Rietz, elder brother of the royal chapel-master at Dresden, was himself a member of the royal orchestra, and Mendelssohn's instructor on the violin. I may safely say that of all Felix's friends no one loved him more enthusiastically than Rietz. He was a grave, silent person, of a middle size and spare figure, endowed with a large share of nose between two fiery eyes, and always dressed in a tail-coat. When the two friends were together, the idea was always suggested to me of Faust and Mephistopheles, though there was certainly little enough of the diabolic in either of them. Robert and Bertram might perhaps have been more suitable, but such a connection had not then been proclaimed by Scribe and Meyerbeer. Rietz's artistic career was early cut short by the nerve of his third finger being injured during the performance of "Olympia." He died in 1832. Mendelssohn has dedicated his famous "Octett" to him.

Klingemann, the son of the well-known composer of plays, and manager of the theatre at Brunswick, made the most agreeable impression upon me of all Mendelssohn's more intimate acquaintances. He was attached to the Hanoverian Embassy, and was therefore admitted to the higher circles of society. Both his appearance and demeanor had something unaffectedly aristocratic in them, and in his whole manner to the ladies of the house he was vastly superior to the other visitors. It always appeared to me that Klingemann was most correct in his judgment of Felix. He did not worship him, and it never could have entered into his head to rival him, for he did not compose; he was neither insensible to the great qualities nor blind to the weak points of his young friend; and that he thoroughly knew how to appreciate the strongest side of Mendelssohn's talents is shown in the words which he wrote for Felix to set to music. A great many songs which Mendelssohn has arranged have been quite as well, perhaps even better, set by other musicians, but no one has ever yet succeeded in surpassing a song of Mendelssohn's with Klingemann's words; it was like two hearts beating with one pulsation. The capabilities of the youthful Secretary to the Embassy were certainly not equal to the composition of opera librettos; this was not, however, the field on which Felix ever earned any laurels, even when master of his profession; indeed they never bloomed for him at any time, as is shown by the production of his opera, "The Wedding of Camacho," written in the high tide of his youth. Klingemann was an eager supporter of the Berlin *Musical Times*, which had been started in 1824.

A great contrast in appearance with his colleague was the editor of this paper, A. B. Marx, who, although he had had a more thorough education, both as regards music and his profession as a lawyer, than either of the above-named gentlemen, and far exceeded them in cutting sharpness of intellect, yet, from his lack of polish and manner, his real scientific and dialectic superiority did not have the happy effect on those around that it would otherwise have done. He quickly interested himself about persons and things, and his sympathy once aroused, there could be no warmer nor more skilful advocate than he. He soon gained a great influence over Felix, which was often annoying to the elder Mendelssohn; but he had his own good reasons for not abruptly breaking off the connection. Marx was the editor of the *Musical Times*, at that period the only critical organ, and therefore not to be despised, especially as it was supported by many gifted friends of the Mendelssohns. Moreover, the elder Mendelssohn was very fond of contradicting, and of being contradicted; and in our Abbé (as he was called, after his initials A. B.) he found the right sort of opponent.

Midway between Klingemann and Marx stood Dr. Franck, of Breslau, possessing much of the refinement of the former, with more reserve of manner, and all the liveliness of conversation of the latter, with, however, less solidity. He had a sound judgment in musical matters, and soon discovered the weaknesses in Spontini's "Cortez;" he wrote a stinging article upon that opera in 1826, which was the signal for a complete rupture between Marx and Spontini; he had only armed his party with spectacles, and had overlooked many bright spots in the opera, rejecting the good with the bad. Spontini afterwards led the whole opposition against Mendelssohn; and as previously there had been little affinity between two such different elements, any nearer approach was now rendered impossible.

In 1849 I again met Franck; now, instead of the life-loving, exuberant man that he had been, a complete hypochondriac. He still took an eager interest in literature, and was quite imbued with the Wagner mania, and sent me that composer's "Nibelungen-Tetralogie." What would Mendelssohn have said to this, had he been alive at that time? Franck came to an untimely end soon afterwards in London; but these are painful recollections, and the circle of Felix's friends shall be concluded with the name of Dévrient, to the truth of whose interesting book about Mendelssohn, which has lately appeared, I can vouch. I had frequent opportunities of meeting Mendelssohn at the rooms of Johanna Zimmermann, the young widow previously mentioned, who, although somewhat eccentric, possessed a thoroughly musical nature; so that Felix felt himself completely at his ease in that unconstrained artistic atmosphere. His own home was, of course, much frequented by interesting and celebrated people, but the greater portion of them were not musicians. Foreign musical celebrities were, indeed, always hospitably received, but native talent was very weakly represented. Although Felix was by no means insensible to praise, he was not at all blind as to whether it was given with discrimination or the reverse. Marx and he were at Dehn's rooms on one occasion, I remember, and the first part of the evening we en-

ployed ourselves in all sorts of fools' tricks, such as cutting out figures with paper and apple-parings, until Felix got up and, unasked, played on the old piano till long after midnight a number of his own and other compositions. This gave him more real satisfaction than on many an occasion at his parents' house, where, with a first-rate Broadwood at his command, he had a large but very mixed audience. I well recollect a lady (Rahel Varnhagen) asking him for the A-Minor fugue of Bach's. "If I had played some variations of Czerny's, it would have been all the same to her," he remarked to me afterwards. Such an uncongenial assembly was never to be found at Madame Zimmermann's; there all participated equally, listening and performing; and I have never heard Felix extemporize better than at this house, where he was conscious of being thoroughly understood.

Before I left Berlin in March, 1828, I was present at the first performance of the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," conducted by Mendelssohn himself, with a full orchestra, at his father's house. This work certainly contains the germ and bloom of all Mendelssohn's compositions, and the grand chorus of St. Paul, "Mache dir auf, werde Licht," alone deserves to be put by its side.

In May, 1830, Mendelssohn visited me in Leipzig, where I was officiating as director of music, at what was then the Theatre Royal. He had just returned from London, and having attained his one-and-twentieth year, was about to commence his travels through Italy, to which we are indebted for that interesting collection of letters, which afford so deep an insight into a real poetic and musical nature. I invited him, with Marschner, who was then busy on his latest work, "The Templar and the Jewess," to come to my house the following evening, and I quickly asked a few other celebrities to meet him; in spite of the party being of the ill-omened number of thirteen, we were most animated, and every thing went off admirably until the time arrived for my grand *finale*. A present I had received same time back of some rare old wine of a celebrated vintage, all covered with cobwebs and dust and dirt of half a century, was to be brought forward on a certain sign from me. The auspicious moment arrived, the maid put fresh glasses on the table and disappeared, and I prepared the minds of my guests for the monstrous sight they were about to see by drawing an exaggerated picture of its horrors. In the midst of my flourishing address, the maid walked in, and placed on the table four brightly-scoured, shining bottles, exactly resembling those containing that agreeable *vin ordinaire* called "Kutscher;" mark, seal, label, all had disappeared, had fallen a sacrifice to the principle, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." My disgust can be well imagined. Fortunately, our palates bore testimony to the excellency of the wine, and so my friend Kistner's honor was retrieved

On the 2d of June, 1830, I received the following letter from Mendelssohn, dated from Weimar: —

"DEAR DORN, — Herewith follows my symphony, very punctually, and still in time I hope to be copied out, studied, and performed by the day before yesterday. Seriously, however, I am very sorry that I could not fulfil my promise. You always declared you knew how it would be, but I can assure you I had quite made up my mind to do it, and the very first day of my arrival here I began the necessary corrections in the score, which soon became so numerous that I had to take away much of the old part, and to add to the last portion. If the copyist recommended to me had kept his promise, you would even then have had the symphony in time but he put me off from day to day, and here I have been fourteen instead of four days. It comes at last, you see, and perhaps you will look through it and communicate with Marschner as to the sufficiency of the abbreviations in the last part; when you have had enough of it, which I am afraid will be very soon, will you kindly forward it to Madame Hensel. Perhaps it is as well for some reasons that the performance has been postponed, for it occurred to me afterwards that the choral part and the other Catholicisms would have a strange appearance in a theatre, and that a Reformation song would not sound very well at Whitsuntide. In short, I am an optimist. Remember me very warmly to Marschner, and thank him for his many kindnesses, and for the enjoyment he has afforded me by his beautiful compositions. I mean to write him a long musical letter as soon as I get to Munich. Farewell, and think of me always kindly. Yours, &c.,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN."

That I have never ceased to do.

On the 13th of September, 1843, Robert Schumann celebrated the birthday of his wife Clara. I appeared as an unexpected guest at the breakfast-table, where, besides David and Grützmacher, I met Mendelssohn again after thirteen years. When we had partaken of a bountiful repast, we had a succession of musical enjoyments. Schumann surprised his wife with a new trio, which was instantly tried, and Felix produced as his present "The Spring Song," and played it for the first time. This beautiful piece is the pearl of the fifth book of his "Lieder ohne Worte," which, as is well known, is dedicated to Madame Schumann. The little company was so enraptured with it that the composer had to repeat it twice. It was a worthy conclusion to the celebration of the day.

The next day I dined at Councillor Frege's, and again had the pleasure of meeting Mendelssohn, who even during the dessert placed himself at the piano and gave us some of his beautiful songs, which were sung with full appreciation by Livia Gerhardt, the celebrated singer. My third and last day at Leipzig was devoted to my friend Petschke, who had assembled a little party in honor of Mendelssohn, who seemed to be as much at his ease as he had formerly been as a young man in the house of Johanna Zimmermann. Petschke had asked me to bring some of my own compositions with me, and I found some attentive listeners to my "Schöffen von Paris." Mendelssohn, however, greatly surprised me by declaring he already knew one of the airs I had played, and seating himself at the piano, went through ten or twelve bars, where certainly the harmonies of my air occurred, although I failed to recognize where I had heard them before. "Why, you do not know your own composition again?" said Mendelssohn; "that is the final chorus to 'The Magician and Monster.'" That was a melodrama for which I had written the music, and which Mendelssohn had liked at the time, and of which now, sixteen years later, he could remember chords that had long since passed from my mind. When I expressed astonishment at his memory, he said, in a very gratifying manner, "It is only good melodies we should endeavor to retain."

I fear that the musical festival at Cologne, which gave rise to so much unpleasantness between the heads of the various musical societies, also caused a coldness between Mendelssohn and myself; I could not, in the interest of my party, approve of all the measures which were carried out, and I fear my conduct was represented to him in a manner calculated to wound. Unfortunately, I had neither time nor opportunity, during his twelve-hours' stay, to explain to him the Cologne comedy of "party faction," so I am afraid that he parted from me with resentment in his heart, whilst my admiration for his genius, profound knowledge, noble striving, and great lovableness always remained the same.

On the 9th of November, 1847, five days after Mendelssohn's death, I directed the second winter concert at Cologne, and, amidst the universal sympathy and expression of the deepest grief, the solemn chorus from St. Paul was introduced: "Behold, we reckon those happy who have endured; for though the body die, yet will the soul live forever."

THE INFLUENCE OF TRAVEL.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

WE allow most entirely that the individual influence of travelled men is rapidly decreasing; but we assert in the strongest manner that the new habit of continuous travel is exercising, on this nation at all events, a wonderful influence, which seems to us very good. In old times, a man

who had been to the First Cataract was a lion in public and a bore in private life. Now a man might as well try to give himself airs from having been to Aberfeldy as from having been to Melbourne. Thirty years ago the Geographical Society would have listened patiently to a man who had gone up the Mississippi; now you require a pundit who has been over the Great Steppe to keep them interested. A man admits with something like a blush that he has never been to Rome, though he may have been to New York. A friend told us the other day, that when comparing notes with a traveller who had been where he had not, he always "shut him up" with Sedan; no one ever went there before the battle.

Our fathers had always a great idea of the grand tour, and they were most perfectly right. The old grand tour was done by the governing classes, mostly by men who were destined for Parliament; and even in the days when all continental nations were despotic, save one, this did our ruling classes a great deal of good. We are not aware of any despotic nations now in Europe, save those of Russia and Turkey; and so our young statesmen have more opportunities for comparing different degrees in freedom than their fathers had: in the last century we were the only free nation in Europe (and not so very free either) except the Swiss; now free or partly free institutions are the rule everywhere, and we can watch their working by a fortnight's journey. Surely, if any nation could get good experience of the working of the institutions of other countries, that nation should be the British, who travel more than any others. Let us hope that this nation will have the wisdom to profit by these experiences.

If a man without any particular prejudices will take the trouble to travel now, he may see an enormous deal for three hundred pounds, and reflect thereon for the rest of his life; but then a traveller must get the habit of political thought before he starts, or he may as well go to the top of the Duke of York's monument and survey London. Englishmen more than Scotchmen have, for instance, the absurd idea that when they have crossed the nineteen miles from Dover to Calais, they are in a country as remote from them as China; one of the influences of travel is to dissipate this idea. Certainly, the English do not as a general rule speak French, and it is an uncommonly rare thing to find a Frenchman who can speak English or German for social purposes, although, if it is worth their while, the French will so far yield to the Teutonic nations as to speak their languages. Yet the wants of the lower classes in the two countries are much the same, and the wonderful International Society has found that out, and is perfectly aware that it has a terribly large trump in its hand. A travelled man has infinitely more chance of giving an honest opinion on this great and very strange fact of the International Society, than one who has only read the newspapers; the majority of men now, who want to find out the simple truth about matters, must be travellers who know foreign languages, and who must be *connected with no newspaper*. Our newspapers are the most liberal and outspoken in Europe; but a man who is connected with a newspaper is not exactly free, deny it who can. Any ordinary traveller, however, can have his opinions inserted in any decent newspaper in the form of a letter; therefore we urge that some of our most valuable contributors to our newspapers are the great unpaid, who are not bound down to give us either the obverse or the reverse of the medal.

There is nothing for a traveller so good as *viva-voce* conversations with foreigners; not with *a* foreigner, but with many intelligent foreigners, as many as possible. Our countrymen are nearly as bad as the French in this respect; they will only get introductions to men of their own modes of thought, and not to their opponents. Suppose that a regular "Knickerbocker" New York gentleman were to come to England, and associate entirely with old Whigs and Conservatives, his opinion would not be of any extraordinary value with regard to the state of parties in England. Suppose, again, that an extreme American radical should come to England, and associate solely with English extremists, would his opinion of the temper of the country or the balance of power be one whit better? We suppose here the case that the representatives of the two nations speak the same language. What must it be in the case where the traveller, like nine Frenchmen out of ten, can speak no language but his own? Look at the French deputation to Ireland the other day, and how they were sent away with a most dangerously false idea about the position of affairs; travelled men would have been much more cautious than those extremely puzzled gentlemen. A foreign traveller should have no foreign politics, but should most certainly understand three languages before he can express an opinion on the balance of parties abroad.

It may be said that no foreigner can understand the politics of a foreign country, but this is quite an error. Some of the shrewdest judges of the state of parties in England are quiet, not political, Americans. The Americans are not so very far wiser than other people; but their travellers come very much of a class without any strong prejudices, and they mostly speak both English and French; consequently it is very hard to find a man who understands European politics better than a highly educated American. European politics are a mere game of chess to them, at which they are on-lookers, and consequently they are the best umpires. *O, si sic omnes!* We this last year have been holding high words between ourselves about the Germans and the French. Some of us had been most in Germany, and some of us more in France. Those who had been at school with Fritz at Bonn were German; those who had been to school with Alphonse at Dieppe were French. As for argument, there was none among the main of us. The artistic and half Roman-catholic Bavarians who burnt Bazeilles were denounced fiercely by the French party among us as the Protestant hordes of Prussia; while the almost entirely ignorant and brutish peasants of France were described as perishing in defence of the most highly civilized country in the world — France. On the other hand, that small part of the great untravelled, who hung by Germany, overstated their case quite as badly. Surely, a little more travel, and a little more knowledge of language, would enable our countrymen to see that neither Frenchmen nor Germans were cowards or ruffians. A travelled American could judge of the question quite well; while we were blinded with political passion. He would never have called the highly-educated army of Germany, the most truculent of which were the men of Munich, the fellow-citizens of Kaulbach and Piloty, a horde of ignorant barbarians; nor could he, on the other hand, have called the French cowards. One incident of French heroism is too beautiful to be lost. Outside Paris a regiment of German cavalry was opposed to a regiment of French cavalry of splendid appearance, with scarlet breeches and kepis, and long snow-white cloaks. With a "Hoch!" the dark-blue, travel-stained Germans went at them: the pretty French regiment was scattered to the winds at once, and then the Germans heard from their prisoners what regiment this was. It consisted of shopboys and counter-jumpers, who had been dressed up like that and put on horses which they could not ride, and after a fortnight's drill told to fight. They had done their best, and this nation which bred them are no cowards. We happen to consider these boys in white cloaks and red breeches quite as great heroes as the splendid fellows who rode them down. We have no shrieks over the matter, simply because we happen to know both Max and Louis very well, and we have associated with them, and learned to love them both very dearly. We had to attend on Max and Louis last summer, after they had fallen out, when they were both in bed side by side with their heads broken. We asked the German doctor what proportion of French there were in the barn; and he said that he could not tell us, he only spoke to them individually in either language. "But the sister will know," he said with beaming eyes. And the sister told us that she did not know; for these men were the worst cases out of the trenches, and they had been hurried up only yesterday; for Bazaine was expected on us every hour, and their uniforms were left behind. "Some are German and some French; but, Herr, I cannot tell you exactly as to numbers.

One thing is certain, that all my pretty men must die if Bazaine makes another dash at us; so whether they are German or French, it does not matter. His outposts are only two miles off, and I shall lose them all if he beats us past here." Now here, I claim, was a travelled woman. *She* was a German, and by her dress I believe a Protestant; but the men were all alike to her in their common misfortune. She had only travelled into that land of ghastly horrors called Lorraine; but she had learned something, — that the nationality or the religion of a naked and ruined man mattered nothing in the sight of the God she worshipped.

We wish to illustrate now, you see, the fact that travel, in its most hideous and horrible form, that of war, does some tenth part of good in proportion to its unutterable evils. For my own part, I cannot find words sufficient to overrate my detestation of war, unless some great principle is to be gained by war. Looking at it in that light, some will say that no principle was gained by the late war; but let that pass. War has this fifty-millionth part of good in it, that, if it is decently conducted, it throws men in a domestic manner against people of whom they previously knew nothing. This last war has caused the Germans to travel into France to the amount of about seven hundred thousand men. This generation of Germans has never been there before. The affair went for the Germans, and the sons of the men of Jena found themselves conquerors of France. It was necessary that they should stay there among a violently irritated population — the most easily irritated population in the world, as some say. What do they find? That, on the whole, the French have behaved very well, and that the only reason why the French have not fraternized with them, arises from a sense of national dignity, for which the Germans never gave them credit before. They are "Blitz Franzoren" no longer. What do the French gain by this occupation, if their newspapers will let them gain any thing? They gain that they must have a settled and strong government of some sort, — most likely republican in the real sense, — and that a nation hardly their equal in point of numbers can conquer them (for it is little less) by self-sacrifice and organization. Then they find, or we hope they find, that the German, with his superior education, his family, and his religion of obedience to death to his *sacramentum militare*, makes a better soldier than the Frenchman, with all his wild dash and valor. The French people also will (or may) learn in time that the majority of their newspapers mislead them in the most gross and shameless way, as we can testify by constant perusal of them, as to the Germans. If this raid of the Germans into France can teach the French to insist on proper education, other than that of the Christian Brothers and priests, it will have done some good. Our hopes are not strong on this point; the average Frenchman is too hopelessly besotted. But, at all events, the journey of the Germans into France will leave some good behind it. It is impossible, or it would be impossible with any man but a Frenchman, that an occupation of Teutons of one year's length should leave no fruit behind it save that of hate. Surely there are some Frenchmen who can see that if things go on as they did last year, France will become as great a nuisance as Mexico. But some Frenchmen will neither travel nor learn, and in that fact lies a terrible and always existing danger for Europe.

A man may be no Internationalist. He may think that each nation should, if possible, wash their dirty linen at home. He may think that the masters have, as a general rule, the best notion of what they can afford to pay; and, in fact, he may think that the masters are generally in the right in most cases, and the workmen are often the screws, and not the masters. He may think that this, however, is a matter which is capable of infinite discussion, and there is no doubt that a great battle between labor and capital is imminent, in which labor, *with good generals*, will win quite as much as it ought to win; that if they win more, they are ruined. He may say that the masters have made a most foolish mistake at the very beginning, and have played straight into the hands of the International Society, by inviting foreign workmen over here. It is a Saarbrück for them; let them mind that it is not a Sedan: they have sent away five or six hundred propagandists from the English trades-unions — that is all they have done by their move; and as sure as there are apples in Devonshire, they will reap what they have sown sooner or later. These men have been sent back with money in their pockets, to tell the countries from which they came that the trades-unions are all-powerful. The masters, says our imaginary friend, in reality made the first practical move in Internationalism. Had they taken the trouble to travel more among the working-classes abroad, it is possible they would not have made it.

While thinking of these above sentiments of my friend, I came back to Max and Louis, and to the eternal hatred between the Latins and the Teutons, a thing which I do not believe will last forever if travelling goes on. Max was brought from Pomerania to fight in the cause of a united Germany, which he did most nobly on the great day of St. Privat; on the other hand, Louis was brought from Brittany and Alphonse from Languedoc, to fight for a general thing called France; they, too, fought well, and all three were wounded and housed in the château at Briey, where I first saw them. The Germans had taken all the tobacco; but when I heard that there were three convalescents at the château, I took my private stock there. There were two French and one German among the vines. Max, the German, the only educated one of the three, was lying with his head in Louis the French lad's lap, and Louis was feeding him with grapes while he translated the *Kölnische Zeitung* into French. Will those two boys ever fight against one another again? I say no; they are ξένοι. It will come some day — not yet — when it would be dangerous for any king who depends on his throne for the principle of nationality to let his people see much of other peoples; but this power is passing out of the hands of all princes, presidents, and parliaments. The time will come when Louis and Max will fight together for a cause, and not for a name. Max fought for a cause, and has travelled and learned: if Emperor William thinks that Max is the same man he was before he went to France on his errand, then Emperor William will find himself very much mistaken. It is possible, looking at all things as well as one can without farther facts, that this last expedition of Germany to France will have an "influence of travel" (dare we say the word?) not quite contemplated by the great Bismarck himself. Max has lain wounded for months among the sons of the great French Revolution.

But let us get on to far pleasanter matters. Look at the wonderfully genial influence which recent travel has bred between the peoples of England and of America. Eleven years ago the Civil War in America began, and the feeling at first was most favorable to the Northern States. Then, in consequence possibly of the action of Capt. Wilkes, possibly of the sudden loss of cotton, possibly of the very ill-advised speeches of Mr. Cassius M. Clay, the feeling turned against the North, until in 1860–61 it was hard to find a man in society who was not more or less a Southern sympathizer. One band of men, however, were generally sympathizers with the North, and those were the men who had travelled in America. At one time there were only three journals of great note who were on the Northern side, the *Star*, the *Daily News*, and the *Spectator* — we can remember no others. Since then the journey to America has become popular, nay fashionable; and look at the change of tone which has been produced by it. Year by year the two nations have been drawing closer and closer to one another. The Americans are proud of us, they always were; but now we are growing proud of them. Some people tell us that in one hundred years our coal will be exhausted, and that we shall be an agricultural people of about twenty-five millions. Let it be so, if God wills it, but we shall still look on America with her 100,000 millions with pride. A knowledge of them, gained by intercommunication, has removed all jealousy; and if they are to be more powerful than ourselves, we have the satisfaction of knowing that they are carrying freedom and civilization wherever they go. Every

traveller who goes to America brings back a new message of peace. Eleven years ago it was all anger between us, and had it not been for a few cool and wise heads on both sides of the Atlantic we might have been at war. Eleven years ago they would have thrown our money in our teeth, even if we had offered it. What do we see now? One of their most beautiful cities and one of their fairest provinces have been ruined by a visitation of God: instantly every Englishman, Scotchman, and Irishman worthy of the name, dashes to their assistance; they receive our aid without the smallest *arrière-pensée*, and thank us in terms which we, at all events, shall never forget, paying us ten times over in sheer good-will. The amount we are sending to Chicago and Michigan is very small; it is not half enough at present; but the two nations know one another now so well, that the will is taken for the deed, and they thank us in terms which warm the heart of every true man among us. Why is this? Because we have got to understand one another by circulating in one another's countries, and by finding out that we both want the same thing, — peace, freedom, and sound government. Newspapers, with all their enormous value, are sad mischief-makers sometimes. Nations will never get to know one another through their newspapers: a hundred things prevent any newspaper from giving the public opinion of more than a certain section of the community. Take, for example, the *Spectator*, which, with all ability and valor, stood up, as far as we remember, alone among the weekly press for the North in the American war. Did the *Spectator* represent the public opinion of Great Britain? Most certainly not. We may more or less allow that they were right now, but their position was very unpopular then. Newspapers cannot be taken, as a rule, to express the public opinion of any nation; for example, are the present Nationalist newspapers in Ireland a true representation of the feeling of the people? We most profoundly think not. Now, Irish and American newspapers are written in English, and very soon copied into our own. So we get the result, that any idle word or taunt has double its force to us. What is the simple remedy for this? Let the intelligent citizens circulate more among one another and speak by word of mouth: this is only to be gained by circulation, or, in other words, by travel; and this leads us to the very sad reflection, that for ten of my acquaintances who know France, but one in ten knows Ireland.

What a result of travel would be here, if Englishmen could be induced to go to Ireland as they do to Scotland! But they do not, and will not. Scotland every year is like another England. Englishmen, in extremely bad taste we think, absolutely adopt the so-called Highland dress, and go about with bare legs. (By the bye, Mr. Hill Burton, who should be an authority, says that this dress is only an invention of the last century.) Scotland and Scotticism is a kind of craze with some Englishmen; and the money which is poured into Scotland in consequence of this craze takes half the winter to count. The Scotch take the money and give the money's worth for it; while their members act as a solid Whig brigade, free and generous enough to any ministry on imperial questions, but absolutely inexorable on Scotch questions. They have got "Home Rule" with a vengeance, and without a thought of separation. Why? Because they are always meeting the English both in Scotland and in England; because the two nations entirely understand one another from talking together. There is some grumbling in Scotland just now, — for example, about game and hypothec, — and the Scotch have been saying that they have been neglected for the Irish, with much justice; but the Scotch interchange words with the English habitually, and so the Englishman knows that, although the Scotchman will wait, he will not wait forever, and that if the Scotch get sulky, their behests must be done. The Scotch brigade might not have waited quite so long for a few things, had it not been that the two nations see one another continually. But who ever goes to Ireland? What an immense deal there might be done did English people travel more in Ireland! For some reason, Ireland remains almost as little known as America. We honestly confess that we find a great difficulty in accounting for this fact. The greater part of Ireland is romantically beautiful, the people are amusing, kindly to strangers, and hospitable. The innumerable agrarian outrages of which we read have no more to do with the safety of strangers, than the dangers of a number of Greek banditti. Ireland is exceptionally free from crime, save of agrarian crime. The Fenians are not in the least degree likely to meddle with a stranger. There must be something of fashion in this neglect of the beauties of Ireland. We wish that some great personage would set a new fashion. The last royal visit to Dublin was a perfect success; the mishap in the Phœnix Park had little or nothing to do with it.

It is a great pity again, in many ways, that the intelligent French do not travel more and learn other languages than their own. The result of their almost universal stay-at-home policy is that they, with the best intentions, enormously overrate their moral influence in Europe. Take, as one example, the manifesto of Victor Hugo in his new paper, the *Rappel*. In it is shown an almost entire ignorance of European politics. The questions which are torturing the *ouvrier* classes of Europe are, fair wages, fair hours, free land, free speech, and the avoidance of war. M. Hugo starts by saying that France is the pillar of the universe, and goes away into generalities which must make his best friends smile, and the gist of which is that they must have one revolution more. Dear old Garibaldi is rather a hasty and unthinking man about politics, but he has seen many men and many lands intimately; consequently, his manifesto, though remarkably vague, reads like common-sense beside the Frenchman's. The Americans and the British are the greatest travellers, and, whether by accident, or in consequence of travelling, are the only two great nations at this moment free; for France is certainly not so, though we hope for the best. The Swiss, the only pure republic in Europe, is composed of men notoriously cosmopolitan for ages.

Look at the enormous injury which Chauvinism has done France — an injury which a generation will not repair. Now, what *is* Chauvinism of the worst kind, save want of travel? The English, as a rule, have seen and know a great deal of France, and have consequently got over the strange old Chauvinism which began at the Revolution, and scarcely ended until the Crimean war — this belief in the immeasurable superiority of the English in all things. We know now exactly where we are superior to the French, and where the French are superior to us; but the average Frenchman does not know, because he will not come and see us. He has imbibed certain notions about us, and to them he clings through every thing. The Englishman of the French stage is much the same as he was thirty years ago; and so is the Englishman of the *Petit Journal pour Rire* of the last few months a ridiculous-looking lunatic. We at one time had in our caricatures a most remarkable being, whom we called a Yankee, with short trowsers and large Wellington boots. We have, since we have known the Americans better, entirely given up this wonderful American, and have discovered that the American gentleman is as well dressed, as well spoken, and as well educated as any of us; but the old French Englishman is as rampant as ever.

I have written down above some of the slighter social and political results of travel; let me, before concluding, look farther afield, and take a larger view.

One of the greatest highways in the world was sealed to us twenty years ago. The Nile, which casts a vast volume of fresh water into the Mediterranean, in Egypt was totally unknown to us beyond Abyssinia; in fact, it was generally supposed that the little Blue Nile was the real river, until Grant and Speke announced the discovery of the great system of lakes in the centre of Africa, with a nearly fair water-way leading to a vast and rich district, capable of producing most things. This system of lakes was farther developed by Baker, who discovered one of the largest bodies of fresh water in the world, surrounded by mountains which in all probability give every climate, — for Mount Mfumbizo is clothed in snow nearly under the equa-

tor. Here is a discovery which may make Alexandria double the place it is now. Baker is up there with the power and wealth of the Khedive at his back, getting his steamers on the great lake, and surveying. The country can scarcely be more unhealthy than India: for Sir Samuel and Lady Baker went through a course of hardship and starvation there which would have killed them in most countries in the world. If this region can be made to produce any thing, and it swarms with the most gigantic forms of animal life, a few hundred thousand pounds will be enough to make locks on each cataract, and the road into the centre of Africa is free from the Mediterranean.

We are waiting breathless to hear what Baker is doing, and whether he will find Livingstone. Alas, if he does, the kindly soul which waited so long and so patiently for the return of his friend has passed from among us, and if Livingstone is ever welcomed at the Geographical Society, Murchison will not be there to meet him. This expedition of Baker's will, we believe, have a result of travel which is at present incalculable. The influence which it will have on the slave-trade, and on Eastern manners and African civilization, is equally beyond guessing.

The results, again, of the Pacific Railway are utterly beyond human calculation, but are beginning to show themselves already, notably in the suppression of the Mormons, a most objectionable body, who were, to my own certain knowledge, doing immense injury to idle young Americans. That place was to some, and I have heard it from their own lips, very much like the establishment of the Old Man of the Mountain, of which we may read in Marco Polo. Now that the railway has come within thirty miles of it, the nuisance has become too patent, and the United States have said inexorably that monogamy is to be the rule of their great future empire. The Mormons thought that they had got entirely beyond human reach. But no: travelling pioneers came and reported that a railway was possible: it was made, and the Mormons have no place on earth to fly to: the irrepressible American is upon them, and they must submit or go. It is the same way in India; now intersected by railways, the irrepressible Briton is there, destroying old prejudices, introducing new ideas. East, west, south, and north, the travelling nations are civilizing; while the untravelling ones, equally able, equally brave, seem to spend the most of their time in cutting one another's throats.

"TILL DEATH US DO PART."

It is necessary, in order to tell my story, that I should be, at the outset, somewhat personal — somewhat egotistical, if you will. As I am going to be the hero of my own narrative, it is almost inevitable that such should be the case. I have tried to avoid it by dressing up the history in the third person, and telling it about somebody else; but it was no good. I had even thought at one time of interweaving a highly sentimental love-story as a subsidiary plot, and making the whole run through two or three volumes by means of judicious padding; but I find the interest always flags, unless I confine myself, as I now purpose doing, to the barest recital of facts.

When I was at the university, without being in any sense a "fast" man, — indeed enjoying with most of that genus the reputation of a "reading" man, — I very studiously devoted my reading to every thing but what was likely to be useful to me there and then. I dabbled in science, flirted with literature, and was wedded to music, applying myself only so far to the classics as was necessary to ballast my magazine articles with Greek and Latin quotations, or occasionally to enable me to publish a few "bits" of the classical authors in the unlikeliest forms of the vernacular. Mathematics I altogether eschewed as being far too demonstrable, too "slow and sure," for my then desultory state of mind. Consequently I need scarcely say I considerably disappointed the hopes of my *pater* and numerous admirers, who mistook my versatility for genius, and altogether thought me a sort of Admirable Crichton.

It was during my college career, and whilst I was working *pro tem.* in a psychological groove, that Mr. Home's reputed doings in Paris and London made modern spiritualism a nine-days' wonder. This was, of course, exactly the thing to suit me — a short and easy cut at the solution of problems which had puzzled philosophers for ages. Spiritual problems were henceforth to be as capable of demonstration as mathematical ones, and a good deal more interesting. The condition of the departed was to be no longer a matter of speculation or revelation, but of purely scientific inquiry; and I the Bacon to inaugurate the *Novum Organum.* Without being, in the accepted sense of the words, a religious man, — a "Simeonite," in the current slang of my set, — I had, I believe, a vein of latent piety quite as fully developed as most young men close upon their majority. *Valeat tantum.* I really thought at first, that, by the time I got my degree, theology would be a fixed science, and modern spiritualism was to do the work. In a very short time there cropped up upon my bookshelves the principal works of English and American spiritualists, with manuals of magnetism, and old, high-priced, rakish-looking volumes on occult science generally. I learned to cast a nativity, swear by Andrew Jackson Davis, and puzzle myself and everybody else by discoursing of the odic force. Contemporaneously my little round table commenced active gyrations, whilst a "circle" assembled almost nightly in my rooms for "manifestations," which, when they did come, were very physical indeed. I am free to confess, however, the results were not great on academic ground. The "circle" were apt to be irregular, and to be impatient if results did not come immediately to order. I attributed my failures at the time to two principal causes: 1st, the absence of the female element in our circle (my bedmaker having proved cantankerous, and shied at the first intimation of invisible agency); 2d, the fact that men would smoke when sitting, a practice which I fancied the "intelligences" objected to.

In the first "Long," however, after my inoculation with the spiritualistic mania, I took all my books "down" with me, and resolved to "develop" somebody or something at the parsonage before long. I mentioned the matter very seriously — for I felt seriously — to my father, as he was plodding through his sermon for the following Sunday; but he took a line for which I was not quite prepared. Instead of pooh-poohing my facts, he readily admitted them; but considered the whole affair diabolical, and all assumed identity with the spirits of the defunct as the machinations of "lying spirits." This only gave a new impetus to my study. I had great respect for my father's opinion up to a certain point. I fancy now that point was where it coincided with mine.

"So you concede these manifestations are spiritual, sir?" I asked.

"Provided the facts be as you state them — and I have no time or inclination to go into the matter of testimony — decidedly yes. Spiritual because diabolical."

With my step-mother, who was considerably younger than my father, I succeeded better. The subject was new to her, and helped to dispel the gloom of a country parsonage. Even the little children (for there was a second family) wrote beautiful moral sentiments in a genuine scrawl with the planchette. But none of these produced results sufficient to give them more than a very secondary place in my narrative. However, I had succeeded so far. From my sanctum *sous les toits* down through the drawing-room and into the servants' hall itself tables were spinning and sibyllic sentences rapped out or automatically written from morning to night.

Reversing the ordinary process of most "experiences," I was not led on gently from mesmerism, or animal magnetism, to spiritualism, but plumped at once into spiritualism, and then left to work my way back to first principles via mesmerism.

From the first, be it understood, I had never been a red-hot enthusiast in the spiritualistic theory. Any orthodox "spiritist" would have deemed me all along heretical. In fact, according to their tenets, I should always have been termed a sceptic. In the proper sense of the word an inquirer, I accepted that title; I was not, for instance, pre-

pared to admit the "spiritual" element as readily as my father did. My standard of belief, in fact, was the introduction to the book "From Matter to Spirit," by Prof. de Morgan, which treats the pneumatological theory only as easier than any of the psychological. It was thus I formulated my doctrines during the course of this vacation, and before the startling events of the present story occurred to shake it:—

1. It is proved to demonstration that material substances can be rendered independent of the hitherto accepted "laws of nature," such as gravitation, &c., by human volition, with or without contact.

2. An intelligence which is not that of the medium is constantly found present at spirit circles. — N.B. Whether such intelligence is altogether independent of those surrounding the medium has not been proved to my satisfaction. I have of course read of instances where facts and events quite unknown to the persons present have been communicated; but I have had no experience of this myself.

3. The "higher phenomena," such as automatic writing, trance-speaking, and spirit-voice, are phases so easily simulated as to need much longer investigation than I have as yet been able to give them. It is only fair to add, that in the whole course of my investigation I have not been able to detect a single case of fraud.

This opinion, be it known, was strictly esoteric, being written in my private diary for my own edification. It was based on my experiences at college on a round of visits I had paid to the different professional *media* in London, and my brief experiments at the parsonage. Now came the test.

A governess had been engaged for the younger members of the family in the person of a tall, raw-boned Scotch girl, externally about as unspiritual-looking a lady as could be imagined. She "went in," however, mildly — as became her position — for my experiments. She had lots of traditional stories of second-sight attaching to various members of her family, and was also inclined to argue the matter (as Sydney Smith says) "in the *abstract*" at greater length than I cared. The servants, I afterwards found, had their own opinions as to why Miss M'Gorgon was so fond of sitting hand in hand with young master, and "adored dark *séances*;" but such a suspicion never crossed my mind then, and I have no idea even now whether it had the slightest foundation in fact. Whatever other ghostly element there may be in what I have to relate, there certainly is not the ghost of a love-story.

I came down from my sky parlor to the drawing-room latish one evening, and found my step-mamma and Miss M'Gorgon obviously boring one another from their easy-chairs at opposite sides of the fireplace. I had just been reading the Reverend Chauncey Hare Townshend's book on mesmerism, and the resemblance of Miss M'Gorgon's pose to one of the plates prompted me to say, —

"Miss M'Gorgon, you look as though you were sitting to be magnetized. Will you let me experiment on you?"

"By all means, but I am sure you will not succeed." And, to do her justice, her great Scotch eyes looked far too wide awake for any earthly power to shut.

After twenty minutes' manipulation, however, she was in a deep magnetic sleep. My step-mother was not at first quite inclined to accept as a conclusive fact that while Miss M'Gorgon was deaf to her, she responded readily to all my questions; but when she saw me stand up on Miss M'Gorgon's knees — I row over eleven stone, I should mention — she began to think that the laws of matter, even matter so material as the M'Gorgon shanks, were in a state of flux. But this was not all.

Some time before, the children had been ill with scarlet fever, and Miss M' Gorgon, in the course of her assiduous attention to them, took the disease. Being naturally of a somewhat hysterical temperament, she, as the ladies say, gave way a good deal; and, after the malady had left her, whether as one of its manifold *sequelæ*, or a result of her hysterical tendency, she either could not, or fancied she could not, move her left arm. At any rate, she did not use it in the slenderest degree possible, keeping it rigidly bent close to her side. My mother's astonishment may be imagined, then, when, at my command, Miss M'Gorgon assumed the attitude of the eagle-slayer, using the diseased member as the bow arm, and keeping it elevated in the most statuesque manner possible.

My father entered at this moment from his sermon-mongery, and, dismissing a pardonable doubt as to Miss M'Gorgon's sanity, proceeded to examine the phenomenon.

On this and subsequent occasions all the ordinary phases of animal magnetism, including phreno-mesmerism and clairvoyance, were exhibited, and at last we had a specimen of that peculiar condition known as lucidity.

Miss M'Gorgon threw herself into a chair, became pale and semi-rigid, exhibiting every appearance of death. Had I not been prepared by previous reading, my courage might have failed, and possibly disastrous consequences to the mind and even life of the "patient" followed. As it was, I preserved my equanimity, and bade her describe her condition. She was basking, she said, in light ineffable. Her only anxiety was to leave the body, and remain in that lucid state. The most curious part of the manifestation was, that she was utterly ignorant of the names of living persons. She readily remembered the dead, described herself as being with them, and exclaimed almost petulantly, —

"You know they are here! You are with me. Let me go to them. I can see them, if you will only let me."

Her volition was utterly lost in mine. It seemed a strange link between spiritism and magnetism; but my mother began to look nervous, my father evidently smelt sulphur, and, in fact, I felt myself that I was trenching somewhat closely on the limits of the "knowable." Much against her wish — I was going to write "will," but that was in abeyance — I bade her come back; and after my using the ordinary method for dispersing the "magnetic aura," she returned to earth utterly ignorant of all that had taken place. That evening I formulated another "opinion" in my diary:—

"Whatever be the power that seems, under certain conditions, to animate dead matter, and which, for lack of a better term, we call magnetism, that same power is capable of producing in the human frame a state of exaltation of the faculties which apparently lifts the patient into a higher condition of being."

Having produced this lucid phase at a second *séance*, after I had taken some lessons of a professional mesmerist, I was induced to extract a promise from Miss M'Gorgon — which I knew would be sacred if made in the magnetic state — that she would allow no one else to mesmerize her, and, moreover, that she would never resist my will. She even wrote it down in the blank page of my Reichenbach, and after having done so, said in a voice that startled us all,—

"I am yours — yours *till death us do part*."

It was, I fancy, more the matrimonial than the magnetic import of this particular phrase that frightened us at the time. Mine most unmistakably, whether with views matrimonial or magnetic, she was from that day forth. She anticipated my every wish, even to such trivial matters as passing things at table, &c. Had Miss M'Gorgon been young and beautiful, I do not know what I or other people might have thought of her attentions. As it was, nobody thought any thing at all; and, for myself, I soon found out the unsatisfactory nature of the spiritualistic inquiry; and by the time October came, I was quite prepared to leave all my occult works behind for my father to elaborate a learned discourse on Beelzebub, whilst I devoted my attention to the subject of brass bands in general, and the big saxhorn in particular, in consequence of having been promoted to the dignity of a bandsman in the University Rifle Corps.

But I was not to dissociate myself so easily from Miss M'Gorgon and spiritism.

Soon after I went "up," a change became visible in the governess. She was nervous and excitable to the last degree. The servants chuckled, and asked one another, "Hadn't they said so, all along?" The partial paralysis of her arm, which had disappeared under magnetic

treatment, reappeared, or was resumed. She even simulated other affections, such as a violent cough, a weak ankle, &c. A medical man who was called in, and to whom my father confided the fact of the mesmeric experiments, traced these affections at once to their true source, a desire to be magnetized. The doctor decidedly recommended her not meeting me again; so, an opportunity offering for getting her a more lucrative and less irksome position, as companion to an aged lady, Miss M'Gorgon was with some difficulty persuaded to make the change, having suddenly discovered an intense affection for the young ladies she had in charge at the parsonage. However, Miss M'Gorgon received her *congé*. The young ladies were sent to boarding-school, and Miss M'Gorgon and myself never met in the flesh again.

I strongly recommend any young lady who wishes to retain the affections of a swain not to allow herself to be mesmerized by him. On other and quite independent grounds, I would most seriously advise no female ever to submit herself to a power of which we know so little, except the one fact of its being open to fearful abuse. But especially with reference to young ladies in love, I may inform them that the fact of my having magnetized Miss M'Gorgon produced in me an irrepressible feeling of repulsion towards her. It was with the greatest delight I found we should not meet at the parsonage during the Christmas vacation.

Passing over one or two strange occurences at college, such as noises and apparently automatic displacement of furniture in my rooms whilst I was "consuming the midnight oil," I come to this particular Christmas vacation. There had been a time when the mere possibility of watching the movements of a peripatetic easy-chair or a locomotive coal-scuttle would have been irresistibly attractive to me. But now, without making me exactly nervous, it bored me. I always sheered off to bed directly the things began to get lively, without making any accurate examination as to whether it was not all fancy on my part. I instinctively associated the phenomenon with Miss M'Gorgon; and though there was nothing at all in the shape of an audible voice, the words were constantly and most vividly impressed on my mind — "Till death us do part." Whenever any disturbance of the kind occurred, I seemed to keep on saying over and over again these words to myself. I would even recite propositions in Euclid, or speeches of Shakspeare; but beneath them all, like an undercurrent, came those hideous words of that horrible woman, "Till death us do part — Till death us do part." I even went so far as to pay a most unusual visit to a medical man. I told him nothing of Miss M'Gorgon or mesmerism, but mentioned the "movables" in my room, &c. He simply laughed, told me to shut up my books and leave them behind me, go "down," and take lots of exercise; all of which I faithfully obeyed.

On Christmas Eve I was regaling myself with a musical practice in my sky parlor, and certainly nothing was farther from my thoughts than Miss M'Gorgon or magnetism, when I was startled quite out of my serenity by hearing in the next room, which had been the M'Gorgon bedchamber, unmistakable "thuds" of what I used to term irreverently the M'Gorgon "beetle-crushers." There was no mistake about it. Somebody or something was walking up and down the next room with that most martial and inimitable tread.

I confess to being thoroughly frightened, and to making a summary retreat. To save my life I could not have opened the door of the M'Gorgon chamber, which I knew, or believed, to be locked and tenantless. I even had to pause a moment to get my breath and recover my equanimity before I entered the drawing-room.

"Come to the fire," said my step-mother; "you look fearfully cold. Why do you mope yourself in that attic of yours? In fact, now I look at you, you are worse than cold — you are ill and haggard. Do, pray, obey your doctors, and exchange books and music for exercise in the open air."

I promised compliance; and my father, looking up from his *Guardian*, said, —

"You will be sorry to hear your old 'patient,' Miss M'Gorgon, is very ill, and not expected to live."

"I hope, sir, my patient does not attribute her ailment to my treatment."

"No; I fancy it is only a reappearance of an old and hereditary pulmonary affection. I think you may make yourself easy on the score of your treatment, which, as far as I could see, extended only to the head and heart."

"By the way," I added, in a tone of assumed carelessness, sipping my tea as I asked, "who occupies Miss M'Gorgon's room now?"

I was told, as I had expected, that the room had been locked ever since Miss M'Gorgon's departure. Indeed, my mother showed me the key in her basket, asking me jokingly, —

"She has not come back to claim her plighted spouse, has she — 'Till death us do part?'" she added, in a hoarse voice like Miss M'Gorgon's.

I told them, as laughingly as I could, how I fancied I had heard the M'Gorgon "thud" next me. I saw my father and mother exchange significant glances, as much as to say, "He is nervous;" and a good drive across country was proposed next day.

I am ashamed to say how childishly afraid I was to go to bed that night. No infant in a dark room ever dreaded "bogey" worse than did I that ponderous tread. Whilst I was spinning out the last few minutes, with my candlestick in my hands, the very lamp on the table quivered, and the ornaments rattled on the mantelpiece, as the same dull heavy footstep resounded in the room above us, which had been the children's schoolroom. We all turned pale as ghosts ourselves, and my father and mother exclaimed at once, —

"Miss M'Gorgon!"

As for me, I was speechless; and as I stood so, though I was quite sure no one else could hear a sound, the words seemed hissed into my ear, "Till death us do part."

The usual examinations of the house were made; the servants all found to be quiet in bed, the room undisturbed, &c. The footsteps seemed to cross it but once, and we heard no more.

We agreed upon the customary explanation, which palpably satisfied none of us, that we "fancied" we had heard what we were quite certain we did hear; and we parted for the night.

I dared not confess my cowardice, but I would have given any thing to have had a companion for that night. In plain simple English, I went to bed in a terrible fright.

I tumbled in more expeditiously than ever I had in my life, and buried my head under the bedclothes, not daring to look out into the darkness. I fancy I was dozing off, when suddenly the bells of the little village church clashed out discordantly. I had forgotten all about its being "Christmas day in the morning," and started up in bed, the more so on account of my nervousness from another source. It was utterly dark; but at the bottom of the bed there was *something*, palpable to some sense, analogous to that which had kept pealing through my ears those ominous words, "Till death us do part."

The *something* which I thus saw, yet did not see, appeared like a tall, scraggy, luminous mass, with too intensely light spots about the place where eyes might have been expected. At the same time, as I saw, yet did not see, this, I heard, in the same negative kind of way, the same loathsome words, as it were, drilled into my very ears, "Till death us do part." It could not have been common sight or common hearing, for in each of these cases time is necessary to impinge upon the senses; and as it was, I was down in bed again, buried deeper than ever, "like a shot," as we say. Turning my bedclothes, bolster, and pillows into a veritable sarcophagus, I managed to dull all external sights and sounds; even the clanging bells did not reach my ears; but still before my eyes was the *spectrum* of the "something" I had seen; and a voice that seemed to grow more and more subjective — seemed, as it were, to retreat within the innermost chambers of consciousness — still repeated, "Till death us do part. I promised to be yours till then; I

have kept my promise. If you *dare* to doubt it, look at your watch in the morning, and remember the Christmas bells."

After that, silence — but not sleep. Through that weary Christmas morning I never lost consciousness; nor did I emerge from my sarcophagus until the sound of a brass band under my window — the brass band I had "coached" for the occasion — saluted my ears with an air I had myself selected as being not too secular-sounding for that sacred day, namely "Pestal." With what a new meaning the vocal chorus seemed to strike on my ear, the chorus I had meant only to be an effective slow march!

I jumped out of bed, let the welcome daylight in at the window, and waved my hand by way of compliment to my bucolic band down among the snow. I expected to feel "seedy," and did miss my night's sleep a little; but a good "sluish" in cold water soon got over this, and to my astonishment I felt better than I had done for months. A weight seemed removed from me. I had almost a difficulty in recalling the events of the past night, or the words that up to that time had caused me so much discomfort.

What was the time? I sought my watch on its usual hook at the head of my bed. It was not there! I could have sworn I hung it there on the previous night. After diligent searching I found it lying on the floor at the foot of the bed, and almost underneath it. It had stopped at about half-past twelve!

Whether this had any thing to do with my luminous visitant, or whether in my fright I tumbled it down and so stopped it, I do not pretend to determine. Had the event stood by itself, that would, of course, have been the natural explanation. Even the M'Gorgon "thud," had I alone heard it, might have been attributed to antimatrimonial views on my part towards the lady in question.

As to the poor girl herself, she troubled no one farther with her presence, matrimonial, magnetic, or otherwise. She became rapidly worse on Christmas eve, and whilst the bells were beginning to chime in the Christmas morning passed away. Her last articulate words were, "Till death do us part," which of course the watchers attributed to a blighted love-dream of the poor governess. She continued murmuring for some time, and *at half-past twelve* died.

We did not hear of the event for some time, and I had carefully noted all the above particulars in my diary before the news reached me. When the letter arrived, I fetched the volume down, and laid it quietly open before my father. He read it very carefully, and from time to time compared it with the contents of the black-edged letter in his hand. At last he rose and returned me my manuscript, with the solitary remark, "A very strange coincidence!" and so retired to his study — I have no doubt to append a side-note to his sermon on the being, nature, and attributes of Beelzebub.

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

COOKING AS A FINE ART.

PASSENGERS at sea generally eat five times a day, partly because the air makes them hungry, partly because they have nothing else to do. On shore we are less voracious and more occupied, but still we can scarcely get along agreeably without three meals. Some of us pretend that it is humiliating to be thus afflicted by purely animal needs; others, on the contrary, are of opinion that, as feeding is a delectable operation, we ought to be very thankful that we can perform it so frequently; a third class thinks nothing about it either way; while doctors, economists, and historians regard eating as a grave question, as one of the keys to health, and as a serious element in the progress of civilization. And there is another point of view — more interesting still. We meet to eat; our repasts are made in company; they bring families and friends together; they exercise a unifying effect of enormous force. From Homer downwards, poets have sung the charms of what they call "the festive board;" they have praised its softening action, its power of stimulating good temper, cheeriness, and gayety; of dispelling anger, sadness, and discontent. The poets are right; nothing has ever been invented which soothes like dinner; and without going so far as to suggest that it is a great moral cause, it may at all events be said with truth, that it stands in the front rank amongst the material influences for good which are at our disposal. Of the daily functions of home life it is indisputably the highest; no other social act can be compared to it in character, in importance, or in result. All the races of mankind feel this; even savages may be temporarily tamed by the sweet spell of mutual dinner; and as we rise in the scale of education the manifestation of its power grows clearer and clearer, until we reach the pinnacle of its development in certain European homes.

In no country are the higher uses of eating more thoroughly appreciated or more seriously pursued than in France. The eminently social nature of its people, their singular skill in the preparation of food, the power which they so generally possess of extracting pleasurable satisfaction from the most ordinary acts, combine to enable them to lift up dinner to a level which is rarely reached elsewhere. Of course there are sufficiently abundant exceptions in other lands, to show that intelligent dining is not really a monopoly of the French; but they alone realize it as a national fact; they alone, as a whole people, get out of the act of eating all that it can give. This superiority is not solely due to their culinary ability; the perfection of their dining is not an exclusive consequence of scientific cooking; the cook's work is but one of the two secrets of success; the other lies in the temper of the diners, and in their keen perception of the character of the operation which they are performing. There is evidence of the truth of this in almost every decent house in France; dinner is regarded as the principal event of family existence, as a moment of moral expansion rather than as a process of simple nourishment; for, excellent as the feeding ordinarily is, it alone would not raise meals to the importance which they assume amongst our neighbors. The people come to them not only to eat but to laugh, to charm the heart as well as to soothe the stomach. The consequence is, that, as a rule, great cookery is neither used nor needed in daily home life. The ablest professors of the delicate art of arranging food, the profoundest *chef*, the most skilful *cordon bleu*, can contribute, after all, but little more than their less learned colleagues to the real object of every-day dinner; it is only on special occasions, at great festivals, that their capacities find room for exhibition. Ordinary life does not require, and cannot utilize, transcendent ability in the kitchen — it wants lightness and brightness and laughter; and it is because they unite those merits to true home cookery that French families know how to dine.

Still, however true all this may be, however much the national temperament may contribute to the effect attained, the nature and execution of the dishes form the essential basis of a dinner in France just as they do elsewhere. Bad feeding destroys gayety; good cookery is consequently called for quite as much for the sake of the moral influence it exercises as for the pleasure which it offers to the tongue. But when we look indoors across the channel, we find that the phrase "good cookery" has a special meaning. It signifies something more than cunning variety, skilful handling, and pretty serving up. The deepest sense of the two words lies in the possession by every *plat* of the particular taste which is proper to it. To persons who have never directed their attention to this subtle point, or who have had no opportunity of studying it, such a definition may seem either meaningless or incomplete, according to the bent of their individual impressions on the subject; but, from the French point of view, it sets forth one of the great laws of cooking. To put the case quite clearly, it is essential to recall the fact that wealth is the exception in France, that poverty is the rule; that prudent thrift is generally practised, even when it is not imposed by irresistible necessity; and that economy of house-keeping consequently stands first amongst domestic duties. Now, economy means privation, to some

extent at all events; but though the French generally live very cheaply; though, with few exceptions, their outlay is within their incomes; though they do without what they think they ought not to pay for, they do not suffer as others would from this want of money, because they possess the priceless faculty of making the best of what they have. This capacity extends to almost every detail of home organization, but it comes out with conspicuous distinctness in their management of food. The eating in middle-class French houses, inexpensive as it is, is certainly far superior to that of the majority of the richer classes in other countries. It consists of fewer dishes, of smaller quantities; it is composed of low-priced articles; its habitual range is limited; but the execution of each dish is perfect in itself, and the variety of the forms of preparation makes up for the relative absence of variety in the substances employed. The French are too poor and too wise to waste money in the purchase of fish, flesh, or fowl, when any of them cost more than their regular current value. These extravagances are left to people who are really wealthy, and to the faster elements of society in Paris and a few other towns. The nation never perpetrates them. But the nation, poor and saving as it is, requires that each dish shall be itself, with its full aroma, its full essence, its own character. It knows, by long experience, that poverty does not prevent the exercise of skill; it sets the latter off against the former; it replaces money by intelligence.

The first step towards the end in view is to so employ the sum allotted for the kitchen that it shall produce its utmost value, not only in quantity and quality, but, what is even more important, in suitability. Going to market does not simply mean clever buying; it involves the far higher talent of adapting the choice of the provisions bought to the use which it is proposed to make of them. The law — so absolute is the habit that it may be called a law — which limits each day's purchases of food to what can be consumed in twenty-four hours, imposes the condition that every thing shall be in small quantities; that is the basis of the entire question. Next comes the fitness of each object for the form of cookery to which it is to be subjected. No Frenchwoman, be she cook or mistress, would dream of buying the same chicken for a *fricassée* as she would select if she meant to roast it; the same vegetables for a soup or to serve alone; the same meat for stewing and for a *rôti*. She would always choose an inferior and cheaper article in one case than in the other, knowing that it is useless to spend money in good looks when she has a sauce to depend upon which will cover ugliness. The difference of expense resulting from the application of this principle may certainly be averaged at a tenth, but the additional economy which is produced by the exclusive use of little quantities is considerably more important. Here, however, the effect is complex: it is not limited to the direct diminution of waste in the ordinary sense of that word; it extends in two or three directions, and brings about various consequences which remain invisible until they are closely looked for. These consequences, however, form one of the great elements of the subject, and it is well worth while to bring them clearly into light.

First of all, less fuel is required to cook a small dish than a large one. French kitchen-ranges do not resemble those which are still so generally in use in England, where the same vast mass of coal goes on blazing itself away, whether its heat be employed to boil a kettle or to roast a sheep. In France, especially in the country, cookery is carried on with wood or charcoal fires, kept down to a low smoulder when not needed for the moment, and roused up to activity in five minutes when the time comes to use them. The same exact adaptation of means to the end, the same diligent pursuit of small economies, is discovered here as in all other details of the subject: a fire to roast a chicken is made just big enough to serve the purpose: the combustion of a pennyworth of charcoal boils or stews the contents of two saucepans at the same time; directly the operation is complete the fire is covered up with ashes, or is put right out. Small quantities do not take so long to cook as big ones do, so they need heat for a shorter period; and even in the case of soups, and of the few other dishes which require hours of gentle simmering to bring them to the point, the very nature of the process prohibits strong flame and accompanying loss of fuel. "*Cuisinez doucement*" is the first counsel given to a beginner; and that means, amongst other things, never have a bigger or a hotter fire than you really want; for if you do, you will waste money, and will burn your *casseroles* and their contents.

The next consequence of the French system is that every thing is eaten up. As there is only just enough, nobody has a chance of leaving any thing; waste is suppressed because it cannot exist without a surplus, because its very possibility depends on an excess of supply over consumption. A very short experience will show a cook how much total weight of food she has to serve each day; and, the measure once acquired, she invariably acts upon it, and provides just that much and no more. The whole house knows that it will never be offered more than it can use; and that if the dinner of to-day should seem to go beyond immediate wants, it is solely because to-morrow's breakfast is included in the estimate.

But the great source of economy lies in the diminished use of the dearer articles, and in the correspondingly increased employment of the cheaper ones. If a great piece of meat, costing twelvepence a pound, is placed at the disposal of a hungry family, it will naturally be eaten at until everybody is content; but if a far smaller joint, which only partially satisfies their appetites, is put before them, with a supplementary allowance of soup, bread, and vegetables, representing, at the outside, an average price of threepence a pound, it follows that the latter elements of the dinner will be consumed in large proportions, and that the total cost will be diminished in the exact ratio in which three is substituted for twelve. This example is, however, far too simple; it expresses the arithmetic of the case, but it gives no idea at all, either of its infinitely-varied applications, or of the ease with which such substitutions are carried out in France without any lessening of the attractive qualities of dinner. But as, for the moment, we are considering only the money side of the matter, such an illustration is sufficient, because it shows distinctly how the adoption of small dishes of each sort of food enables French housekeepers to economize on the dearer articles.

It is scarcely possible to form any reliable calculation of the total comparative saving which is brought about by the union of these three consequences of buying in little quantities — that is to say, of lessened fuel, suppression of waste, and the setting off of cheap food against higher-priced articles. At a guess, however, it may be put at about a third; which means that, under the French system — supposing prices to be exactly equal in both cases — a sovereign will go as far as thirty shillings would in England. This is the material result of kitchen management in France, and no one will deny its grave importance. But when we come to see that this vast economy of expense is accompanied by extraordinary superiority in the nature of the food itself, we ought to regard our own food arrangements with stupefaction, and to ask ourselves when we are going to have sense enough to profit by the example set us across the Channel.

In England, taking the people as a whole, and excluding the special cases, there are but three known national ways of dressing food, — roasting, boiling, and that inconceivable horror known as "hash." Roasting is not badly done by us, and we fry soles fairly; but there end our faculties: what we call "boiling" is one of the most senseless acts to which human intelligence can descend; it is an inexcusable, unjustifiable, wanton folly. To people who have been "boiling" all their lives, these adjectives may seem strong; but have they ever really asked themselves what this boiling means? Have they ever reflected for one instant over the operation they are performing? To boil food, be it meat or be it vegetable, is to extract from it, first, its volatile aroma, then its essences and juices, and, finally, its power of nutrition; aroma, essence, juice, and strength, go out into the hot water, leaving behind them the fibre which they have quitted. Now, in France this process is called making soup;

the water becomes excellent, but the materials which have imparted their nature to it are considered, with some few exceptions, to have lost all claim to be considered as real food, and are only used as inferior aliments. So thoroughly is this principle applied, that even the water in which white haricots or cauliflowers have been boiled, is always kept to serve as a basis for vegetable soups. Every liquid which has received the extracted flavor of a boiled substance, is looked upon as precious, and is employed again in some special form, so as not to waste the properties which it has acquired. In England, on the contrary, when we have carefully abstracted from turkey, or from beef, from chicken, ham, legsof mutton, green pease or beans, all that steady red-hot boiling can take out of them, we eat the tasteless, azoteless relics of our work, and we diligently throw away the "dirty water" which contains all the nutrition that we have distilled. This may be worthy of a great nation, but it is not easy to see how. Scotland, at all events, uses mutton-broth, but no right-minded Englishman will condescend to swallow any such "stuff," or if he does, he calls it "hot water stirred with a tallow candle." If ever prejudice and ignorance were thorough synonymes (as they almost always are), it is surely in their application to British cooking.

Now, look at France and see what is done by the people who, according to our lofty convictions, live contemptibly on "kickshaws." Their dogma is, that every thing which is in food ought to be left in it by the cook, and to be found in it by the eater. The entire theory of French cooking, both in form and in result, is contained in that one article of faith; its consequence is, that the whole nutritive elements of every substance employed pass into the stomach, instead of being partially poured down the sink or sent out to the pigs, as is the case in this free and eminently great country. Yet we despise the eating of those miserable French, with all our hearts, and look scornfully down upon it from the glorious summit of our boiling. The explanation of this insanity — though the word explanation is miserably misemployed in such a sense — is, that we imagine that because we buy more meat than they do we are necessarily better fed. So perhaps we should be if we swallowed it all, though even then a good deal might be said against so needless a use of flesh; but as, on an average, we take out of it, by what we call cooking, at least a fourth of its alimentary value, we do not in reality get any more chemical result out of the sixty pounds of meat (beef, mutton, veal, and pork) which each inhabitant of Great Britain (babies included) devours every year, than the Frenchman does out of the forty-five pounds of the same nature which he consumes. He, at all events, extracts the uttermost from what he digests, for the simple reason that it is all there to be digested; not a grain of it has gone into the sewers or the sty — it is all in the dish, either in solid or in liquid. We should think it folly to throw away the gravy which exudes during the act of roasting; but not only do we take it as quite natural to fling to waste the entire product of the far more exhausting process of boiling, but we resolutely apply that process to the larger part of what we eat, as if it were the right thing to do.

Excepting the harder vegetables the French boil absolutely nothing, in our meaning of the word at least. From Dunkerque to Bayonne, from Nice to Strasburg, not one ounce of any thing goes into the pot unless it be to make soup: but then the nation lives on soup. Roast meat costs too much for the every-day consumption of a population whose earnings average eighteen pence a head: so they feed on a copious stew of bacon, sausage, cabbage, potatoes and bread — and very good indeed it is, provided one is hungry. This aspect of the case, of course, excludes all idea of serious cookery; it means feeding and nothing else; but it is feeding in which every thing is food, where what has been stewed out stops in the stew, where not one scrap is lost, where every centime spent produces its full result in the stomach.

The same law applies everywhere, in every rank. As we rise in the scale of outlay, and, consequently, of types of nourishment, we find no change; the principle is the same throughout the land — eat every thing, waste nothing. But the details become vastly more interesting when skill comes into play, for then we see what art can do to adorn economy. The cooking at French hotels and restaurants, which is all that most travellers know any thing about, gives but a faint idea of the feeding in use in families; for not only are the quantities and the expense much larger in one case than the other, but the flavors are stronger, coarser, less varied, and less true. It is inside real homes that French eating should be studied, for it is there alone that it can be examined in reality and in perfection. The nation — whatever we may think — does not dine at *cafés*; such a plan would break up the affectionate habits which the French so fondly cherish; it would be nasty and too dear. The nation takes its nourishment within its own four walls, so as to get it better and cheaper, and to retain, in all its force, the eminently social character of the act. And this applies to every class, without exception; for the great dinners in Paris private houses are as superior, in delicacy and refinement of execution, to what the best restaurants can produce, as is the home feeding of the peasants to what they could get in the country wine-shops. *Café* cookery employs, even in its highest forms, too many artifices; it seeks too much to attain effect and vigor; it is not natural; its sauces are too powerful — they hide the intimate essence of the food: in one word, it does not realize the fundamental principle of carefully preserving unimpaired the particular aroma, the special perfume, which should inherently belong to every dish, and which gives to it its own distinctive nature. And, furthermore, the restaurants never offer to their customers certain well-known dishes which form part of the regular daily list for home use, and which stand so high in French appreciation that they are ordered several times a week in moderate houses. Such are the more ordinary vegetable soups (whose name is legion), the endless shapes of stews and of simpler ragouts, the hundred forms of preparing eggs, the infinite variety of cheap *plats sucrés*. It is useless to attempt to describe such products, or even to give a list of them, especially as they are to be found in all the cookery-books; but their number is so great, and their merit is so real, that they alone suffice, without including the high-class cookery, to place French feeding above that of the whole world outside.

Here, however, habit and previous opinion may perhaps claim to have their say, and to protest against any thing but "plain joints." There are many virtuous people who live and die in the intense belief that what they so oddly call "made dishes" — as if every thing they swallow were not "made" too — are unwholesome and unworthy, and that "roast and boiled" are the sole manners of preparation worthy of British teeth. There is absolutely nothing to be said in reply to such ideas, for prejudice is so hard a master that it prevents all possibility of fair comparison, and blinds us to the most convincing proofs. It would therefore be quite useless to expect that, for the reasons already given, any real Englishman will believe that these "made dishes" are quite as nutritive as roast meat, and are vastly more so than the same substances when boiled. Even the strong arguments of economy and almost unlimited variety which the French system supplies, might fail to produce any real effect on minds which are resolved beforehand, as so many are, that nothing is to be learned across the Channel. But there are enough inquisitive people round us to make it well worth while to show in what this economy and this variety consist, so that they, at all events, may judge whether they will try to begin the revolution which, sooner or later, must be enforced in English eating.

In giving details of the cost of housekeeping, the difficulty is to choose a thoroughly fair example which honestly and truthfully sets forth an average case, without exaggeration either way. Twenty years ago it would have been impossible to even attempt to do so, because the cost of food then varied widely all over France, certain places being about twice as dear as others. But railways have now changed all that; they have levelled prices almost everywhere, and have suppressed those singularly cheap residences in which English people used to seek refuge, like St. Malo and St. Omer. There are still a few outlying vil-

lages, fifty kilometres from the nearest station, where a chicken can be got for eighteen pence; but with those exceptions a chicken is now worth about the same all over France: and the same may be said, in substance, of every other article of food. The towns are dearer than the country, because of the *octroi* dues which are levied on all provisions which enter them; but that difference can be allowed for with tolerable exactness; and it may be estimated, without much fear of error, that the cost of food in France is now about 10 per cent higher in the towns, and 20 per cent higher in Paris, than it is in the rural districts. Of course this calculation is not intended to apply to every case; it shows only a general mean, but that mean is near enough to the reality to enable us to work upon it. It must, however, be added, that during the last few years, and especially since the war, prices have gone up enormously, and that the figures which express the present cost of living are certainly one-third higher than they were in 1855. With these explanations before us, let us take a middle-class Paris family, living reasonably well, wisely economical, but in no way stingy, and let us see how its account-book stands. In order to provide fair ground of comparison with the outlay of an English household of corresponding rank, the example chosen is that of a cheery home, which includes nine people, — three big ones, three little ones (who eat like big ones), and three servants. It should be added that there is somebody to dinner nearly every day, and a regular dinner-party once a month, and that the service is performed with a tolerable amount of elegance.

From the 1st September to 30th November, 1871 (ninety-one days), that family expended 1,801 francs, 10 centimes (£72, 0s. 10d.), in food of every kind, excluding only wine; so that the exact average per week was 140 francs (£5, 12s.). As there were, including friends, ten people fed every day, the cost per head per day amounted to exactly two francs, or one shilling and seven pence. This outlay included £7, 6s. 10d. for three dinner-parties of about a dozen people each. During the same period the cost of wine consumed was 504 francs (£20, 3s. 2d.), of which 364 francs were for ordinary wine, and 240 francs for good wine. Meat, in all its forms, with poultry, represented £30, 1s. of the total, and consequently came to £2, 6s. 8d. per week, which gives 6s. 8d. per day, or 8d. per head for each of the ten people. Bread cost £7, 1s., and the rest was spent on a considerable variety of objects, as is proved by the fact that the cook's book contains an average of sixteen entries every day. That was the cost; now let us see what they got for it.

Coffee and bread and butter began the day at eight o'clock. At half-past eleven came the breakfast, composed of two dishes of meat, one of vegetables, cheese, dessert, and coffee. The children had a small eating of their own at half-past three, made up of bread and jam, chocolate, or fruit. The dinner included soup, an *entrée* and a *rôti*, vegetables, sometimes a *plat sucré*, cheese, dessert, coffee and *liqueurs*. At nine came tea or *tilleul*. And do not let it be imagined that all this was simple cookery; a good deal of it was so, but each day brought out at least one *plat* which required experience and execution, while the *menus* of the dinner-parties were little gems of delicate workmanship. This latter part of the subject is perhaps worthy of detailed analysis, for English housewives may, not improbably, be curious to know how much a Paris dinner costs the giver. In the case before us the servants are exceptionally intelligent, and do every thing without orders or surveillance; the mistress has only to say to the man, "So many people to dinner to-morrow; the best service; tell Marie to bring me her ideas;" and when the cook has submitted her "ideas," and the *menu* is settled, the lady troubles her head no more about it. Such a privilege is, however, somewhat rare; the rule on these occasions is, that mistresses of the middle class (it would be useless to talk of the very rich) are obliged to look about themselves a little, to order the dessert and to arrange the flowers. The programme which we will examine was for ten persons; every article in it, excepting the dessert, was executed at home by the cook alone; this is what it cost, all ingredients included:—

	£.	s.	d.
White soup,	0	4	3
Tunny, olives, and radishes,	0	1	7
Fillets of sole, à la Orly,	0	6	9
10 cailles au nid,	0	16	2
Timbale Milanaise,	0	5	2
Roast fillet of beef,	0	10	2
Salad,	0	0	6
Green pease,	0	2	0
Fried cream,	0	2	5
Cheese,	0	1	7
Dessert (composed of wondrous things from Boissier's),	0	11	4
	£3	1	11
Deduct for economy on the expenditure of the following day, in consequence of the relics left in hand,	0	10	0
There remains for the cost of the catables,	£2	11	11
Wine —			
1 bottle of Montrachet,	0	2	6
2 bottles of Chapelle de Chambertin,	0	6	6
2 bottles of Gruaud Larose,	0	10	0
2 bottles of Champagne,	0	12	0
Coffee and liqueurs,	0	4	6
Flowers,	0	4	0
Candles and extra fires,	0	7	0
Additional man to wait,	0	4	0
Total cost of the entertainment,	£5	2	5

All these items are copied textually from the cook's book, excepting the wine, which appears at its original cost when bottled and laid down in the cellar years ago, but which now represents two or three times the value shown. Two of the dishes in the list merit explanation, — the *cailles au nid* and the fried cream. Each quail, when cooked, is ornamented with his head, tail, and outspread wings; he is then placed on his "nest," which is formed of the bottom of an artichoke, and is half filled with simulated eggs made of white stuffing. The nests are arranged in a circle in a large round dish, and bathe in a dark brown sauce. A prettier combination to look upon, or a pleasanter one to eat, can scarcely be desired. *Crême frite* consists in balls of hot, liquid, creamy custard cased in a diaphanous golden pellicale of frizzled batter; in the mouth they burst and melt with a result that is fantastically delicious. And the wages of the woman who created these impossibilities are £19 a year!

Two questions present themselves here. What would such a dinner have cost in England, if indeed it could be produced at all in any ordinary house? And how is it that French peasant girls, at £19 a year, can attain the talent necessary to achieve so admirable a success for £2, 11s. 11d.? The first of these two queries may be left to get an answer for itself; the second takes us into a new element of the French food question.

It is evident that the system which prevails in France could not exist at all if the genius of cookery were not naturally implanted in the heads and fingers of the class of women who administer the kitchens. But no innate predisposition towards the culinary art would enable a Normandy farm-girl, who has spent her youth in guarding her master's geese and turkeys, to make fried cream. Study, manipulation, and experience, are needed before she can reach such a height as that; and how is she to acquire them? She does it because Providence has been pleased to make her imitative and laborious. She leaves the geese when she is fourteen, and becomes scrub at £3 a year under the village notary's wife; then she is appointed plate-washer at an inn in the neighboring town; she rises to the post of kitchen-maid, and in that capacity learns to pare vegetables, and to roast a little, and gets her first insight into serving. At two and twenty she has saved up £5, 3s. 6d., and with that she starts for Paris, "where she has a cousin." Here she becomes kitchen-maid again, but in a decent family, where things are nicely done, and where the cook knows her business. From that moment begins her education; but instead of lasting half a lifetime, and of being contemptibly incomplete at the end of that long period, as is the case with our own food-spoilers, twelve

months suffice to enable the French girl to cook cleverly for her own account. Then she shifts her place once more, and gets £16 a year in a quiet family, where the mistress looks after the kitchen herself, and gives counsel to the cook. Most French ladies know a little of the delicate rules which regulate the preparation of food — in theory, at all events; some of them even are brilliant executants with their own hands; the consequence is, that the new cook gets all the advice she needs, and after a little floundering, begins to utilize the power of listening and copying which the French possess in so singular a degree. If the sacred fire of her art really dwells within her, she spends her evenings in profound reading of her cookery-book, which she devours as if it were an exciting novel; thus she leaps rapidly into a *cordon bleu*. But as her intelligence develops down goes her honesty; one falls as the other rises, as a rule at least, so that the best cooks are generally the greatest thieves. In the larger Paris houses many of them regularly overcharge from three to ten francs a day, according to their own ambition and the size of the establishment. These are not the women who permit people to subsist on £5, 12s. per week: that result can only be attained, either with an exceptionally honest cook, who is very difficult to find, or by constant verification from the mistress. Men cooks are worse still: most of them coolly tell you that you must not expect them to be economical, as if the thought of saving their master's money were beneath their dignity. Still, taking France as a whole, particularly in the country, nineteen-twentieths of the cooks are steady, honest creatures, who add the painstaking research of little cheapnesses to marked ability in their trade. It is they who make French eating what it is — a compound of condensed nutriment, innumerable tastes, and low expenditure. In the example which has just been quoted, the cook is a good faithful servant, who takes hearty pride in all the reductions which she can operate in the weekly outlay. There are not many such in Paris, but there are tens of thousands of them in the provinces.

In considering the sum spent by the family we are investigating, it must be remembered that the cost of each individual article was higher than that of the same object in the dearest town in England. In the country the same feeding could be achieved for one-fifth less, or £4, 10s. per week. It will now be understood that the explanation of this cheapness of total result, as compared with us, lies solely in the organization of home life in France, and in the system of the cookery. It has been already said that the first sources of economy lie in the smallness of the quantities, in the consequent absence of waste, in careful marketing, and in the utilization of every ounce of nutrition contained in the food. To these causes must be added the immense saving which is realized, in comparison with ourselves, in the feeding of the servants. In France servants eat immediately after their masters have finished, and content themselves with what is left. If the relics are really insufficient for their appetites, a special dish of some common kind is added — lentils and bacon, or cheap veal or mutton and white haricots, or sausages and pease-pudding. Never do the servants touch the more expensive sorts of meat; poultry, or game, or sweet things are utterly forbidden to them: all that may remain of that kind is kept for next day's breakfast. And yet they eat as much as they like, without stint or limit. By the association of these various conditions, a family of ten people is enabled to live admirably well in Paris — infinitely better than its equals do in England — for 1s. 7d. per head per day, or in the country for about 1s. 3d.

This outlay is represented by a variety of dishes of which we have no conception; even in families who carry economy farther still, who deprive themselves of every luxury, who cut down their expenditure to one shilling per head per day, the forms of preparation are so multiplied that no sense of sameness is produced by the almost daily employment of the same cheap viands. To take the most ordinary example: the beef which has served to make *bouillon*, the most elementary and exhausted form of meat which can possibly be quoted, is prepared in nine different ways: it may be served cold, *en vinaigrette* — that is to say, cut into slices, with oil and vinegar, mixed up with anchovies and chopped herbs; it may be dressed hot, *au gratin*, or minced, *en boulettes*, or *en hachis*, the three latter being accompanied by mushrooms, and by a *sauce piquante* or tomatoes; or it may be done *à la jardinière*, with various vegetables, or *en persillade*, or with onions, or *à la bourgeoise*, or in little pies. The object of these nine arrangements is to give back a flavor to the fibre which has lost it in long boiling, and to so utilize agreeably a tasteless remnant. The nine results are excellent, but habit generally prescribes that they shall be employed for breakfast only, like omelettes, and the other forms of egg, which are never served at dinner. This illustration is but one out of a hundred which might be given; and if it does not suffice, let it be remembered that the first cookery-book we open will tell us how to make one hundred and ten soups and sixty sauces; how to dress beef in one hundred and seventy fashions, veal in one hundred and forty manners, and mutton in one hundred and twenty, without counting the interminable varieties of form, taste, and color which may be communicated to game, poultry, vegetables, and eggs. Of pastry, puddings, and sweet *entremets*, there are more than three hundred sorts. And let it be remembered that every single one of these thousand dishes has its own special, individual, proper nature, — its own aroma, which must be so exactly rendered that they can be instantly recognized and appreciated by the palate. Not more than one-twentieth of the preparations which compose this curious list are really used in daily home life: many of the compositions described in the "Cuisinier Impérial" and its fellow-publications are too costly and too complicated for common use; but even fifty varieties of beef and mutton, and other ordinary aliments, enable a French household to change its feeding so perpetually that the same dish is not used twice in a fortnight. That variety is not unhealthy, that "kickshaws" do not damage digestion, is proved by the rarity in France of dyspepsia and other disorders of the stomach: the lightness of the bread, the relatively moderate eating of the entire population, may partially explain this; but, at all events, the fact would seem to indicate that the whole system is a wise one hygienically.

The rarer products of French cookery are beyond the reach of the nation as a whole; daily home life knows little of them, but yet an allusion to them can scarcely be omitted in an examination of the food of France. It is, however, in their local rather than in their general character that they present real interest. Everybody has dined at Philippe's and the Moulin Rouge; everybody has eaten, at least once in his life, "when he was in Paris," one curious dinner of which the memory dwells within him; when he made acquaintance with a *bisque d'écrevisses*, and a *sauté de filets de sole à la Vénétienne*, and a *Cromesqui de volaille*, and *cailles en caisse*, and a *crême à la Bourbonnaise*, or half a dozen other amazing compounds with similarly unintelligible denominations. But the number of us who have eaten *grilled Royans* at Bordeaux, or crayfish out of the Fontaine de Vaucluse, or in Lorraine, or *calissons* at Aix, or *violets* and *roses* at Grasse, or *foies de canard* in the Périgord, or the other peculiar products of twenty other places, is probably somewhat limited. And, more than all, how many of us have dined at the Réserve at Marseille, that famous restaurant on the Mediterranean shore, where the brothers Roubion have acquired immortal fame? There is but one word in English which describes the sensation of the traveller who eats there for the first time — that word is revelation. New truths seem to be imparted to you as you swallow, new objects and new theories of life seem to float around you, strange ideas come to you across the sea; and when it all is over, when, with a calm cigar, your legs stretched out, you silently digest and think, with the Chateau d'If and the flickering waves before you in the moonlight, you gratefully thank Providence for having led you there. All this is the effect of garlic, which works upon you like haschisch. You began your dinner with *Preyres* and *oursins*, shell-fish which are as good as oysters, and with them you drank the stony-flavored white wine which

grows on the rocks at Cassis, half-way to Toulon. Then you took a soup called *Bourride*, a fascinating mixture of creamy fish, thin bread, and *ailloli*, a *purée* of hot garlic. Then came red mullets, *en papillotte*, the woodcocks of the sea. Your mouth having become somewhat hot, you stopped to cool yourself with Roubion's *Musigny* of 1837, stimulated by a little *Poutarque*, a preparation of fish-eggs far superior to *caviar*. Comforted and strengthened you began again on fillets of duck, into which the essence of a hundred olives from the Crau had been injected by simultaneous stewing. One glass of *Latour* of 1854 materially helped you at this juncture. Then came a *Chateaubriand*, floating in a *remoulade* of which one-half was *ailloli* again. Here, as you well remember, you needed three more glasses of that *Latour*. Vegetables you refused, you had had enough; but you toyed a little with an unknown soft cake soaked in sirup of *Kirsch* assisted by un-iced dry champagne (*Roussillon's carte d'or*). Finally, you got to your hotel to bed, and tossed about all night in a red-hot fever. In your fitful sleep you dreamed that you were Monte Christo; and you felt frightfully ill next morning; that was garlic again: the people of the country told you, however, that you would become accustomed to it after four or five years of patient practice. "The sea hath its pearls, the heaven hath its stars;" England has Richmond and Greenwich; France has the Pavillon Henri Quatre at St. Germain, and the Réserve at Marseille. Maids of honor and whitebait, however, do not reach the height of the *filet Béarnaise* in Seine-et-Oise, or of the *ailloli* in the Bouches du Rhone: they are certainly the pearls and stars of lofty eating. If you doubt it, try. The white-fish on Lake Superior, the prawns who get fat on the dead negroes who are buried in the sea at Rio Janeiro, the canvas-backs in October at Baltimore, are all sweet to eat and to recollect, but they are pale indeed by the side of *ailloli*.

The Réserve is, however, after all, only the completest expression of the cookery of the whole district; all Provence feeds on garlic: the annual garlic fair is the great event of the year in the villages which have the glory to receive it. And the old kingdom of Réné d'Anjou grows its own truffles too, and has red-legged partridges, and quantities of trout in the affluents of the Durance, and grives which really are most wonderful in the winter when the juniper-berries are ripe. But, good and curious as the feeding is in some respects, Provence is terribly incomplete; as there is no grass there are no cows, and consequently no fresh milk or butter, excepting what the goats give. Again, all roasting is performed there before brushwood fires, whose smoke lends a most nasty flavor to the meat, just as the wine-skins in Spain make their contents taste of resin, and as English coal gives a special odor to our own roast-beef, which is instantly detected by the unaccustomed tongues of foreigners. In the Bordelais the food is excellent; garlic is relatively rare, even amongst the peasantry; poultry is abundant, and the fruit superb; the nectarines particularly, are perhaps the finest in the world. The figs, however, are less perfect than the little green ones which grow in the mistral of arid Provence, especially for drying, but they have merit; and as for ortolans, Gascony may be called their autumn home. In Brittany the eating offers no kind of special type, excepting for people who delight in buckwheat bread, which is the only local product. In the north-eastern provinces everybody is well fed; but, excepting the general use of *bisque* and of *beurre d'écrevisses*, which is rendered possible by the singular abundance of crayfish in every rivulet, there is no indigenous speciality. The wise employment of herbs and of *tisanes* is universal. It belongs to no province and to no department in particular; it is everywhere throughout the land. No salad is complete without its *fourniture*, which consists of chervil, pimpernel, tarragon, and chives, all daintily chopped up, so that their subtle perfumes shall pervade the leaves of *Romaine* or of lettuce. Scarcely a sauce is possible without its "bouquet," which results from the distillations of a little bunch of parsley, thyme, and laurel. The water in which fish is boiled is prepared beforehand by decocting the same herbs in it. As for *tisanes*, their name is legion; and though they are for the most part rather medicinal than nutritive, they occupy a sufficiently important place in the economy of French home life to merit mention here. The first and most notable of them all is *tilleul*, made of the dried flower and young leaves of lime-trees; then come marsh-mallow, violets, apple, cherry-stalks, orange-flowers, tucilage, camomile, ash-leaves, arnica, mélisse, verbena, fennel, erysimum, valerian, white stinging nettle, ivy, absinthe, hop-blossoms, and twenty others. Each substance possesses a special merit of its own, and produces a particular effect. Some are stimulating, some are soothing, some aid digestion, others bring about the most odd results by their action on our organs, one or two induce sweet sleep and abundant perspiration. In every house in France a stock is kept of these various ingredients, ready dried; when wanted, a little handful is thrown into a teapot, boiling water is poured over it, and in three minutes the gentle remedy is prepared. It is almost pleasant to be ill in France, in order to make acquaintance with such agreeable physic. The variety of substances in common use is so considerable, that it implies an extent of knowledge of herbs and simples beyond what we have any idea of here. This knowledge is insensibly acquired in early childhood from constant contact and from constant use. Every French girl of ten years knows what is the right *tisane* to administer in a given case; she gives it to her dolls for practice.

But if *tisanes* are universally and equally employed all over France, the same cannot be said of meat in its various forms. The inequalities of consumption are singularly marked between different towns. Each inhabitant of Paris pays for 130 lbs. of butcher's meat every year (beef, mutton, veal, and lamb); but at Le Mans, the rate per head falls to 60 lbs. Rennes and Rheims are the only two places which reach nearly to the Paris figure; all the other large towns lie between the two extremes. Of pork, in its many forms, Chalons eats the most, for it takes 35 lbs. per head; Paris consumes 22 lbs.; while Bordeaux uses only 5 lbs. In liquids the differences are almost greater. Each Parisian absorbs 113 quarts of wine, 13 of beer, 2 of cider, and 12 of brandy; while Lille employs 18 quarts of wine, 153 of beer, 12 of brandy, and no cider. Rennes, on the contrary, needs 400 quarts of cider per inhabitant, and 21 of wine. At Rouen, the average swallowing of brandy reaches 45 quarts per annum for each man, woman, and child. But these figures, though they show us what the urban populations use, give no idea whatever of the average consumption of the whole country, particularly in meat. Exact returns can only be obtained from towns where the *octroi* is enforced, and where, consequently, a precise account is kept of every thing which goes in or out. But when it is remembered that the towns contain only seven millions out of the thirty-seven millions who people France, we see at once how valueless these figures are as a general guide. The mass of the rural population, which includes about three-quarters of the nation, does not eat butcher-meat more than once a week, and even pork is an article of luxury. The consequence is, that the official returns indicate, as has been already said, an average consumption, throughout the eighty-nine Departments (this was reckoned up before the war), of only 45 lbs. of all kinds of meat per head, pork included — which is less than a third of the Paris rate. Each Londoner eats 211 lbs. of meat per annum, which is 59 lbs. more than the Parisian asks for; but the latter claims 400 lbs. of bread, while the former contents himself with 330. Paris shows, therefore, an excess of 70 lbs. in this item. In vegetables, Paris has a greater advantage still: each of its inhabitants consumes 300 lbs. of them against 141 in London. Also in butter, milk, and fruit, Paris is ahead of us in varying proportions. In Prussia, Spain, the German Duchies, Holland, Belgium, and Italy, still less meat is eaten than in France; in southern Germany, however, the quantity per head is rather greater.

If we admit that Paris and London may be taken as fair points of comparison between France and England, these details, incomplete and insufficient as they are, suffice to

prove that the average total weight of food of all kinds consumed per head across the Channel is higher than we attain ourselves. It is not made up in the same way — there is more meat here, more bread and vegetables there; but it may be said with certainty that any difference of nutritive value which may result from this difference of composition is more than compensated, not only by the extra quantities of other food than meat, but also by the form of cookery adopted by our neighbors, which, as has been insisted upon throughout this article, leaves in the food every grain of nourishment which it originally possessed.

It is therefore perfectly reasonable to assert that the French are at least as well fed as we are, if not better; while they spend much less than we do, and have vastly more agreeable eating. What is the reason of this difference? It cannot be attributed to climate, for the whole north of France is as wet, cold, and uncomfortable as any district we can show. Neither is it explainable by special physical necessities on either part which call for a particular type of food. The only cause which we can assign for it on the French side is that undefinable, motherless influence, known as national peculiarity, the most untraceable of the great springs of modern life. Who can pretend to determine how national peculiarities arise? And even if we limit our consideration of them to this one point of the composition of the food of France, who can tell us why or how it has grown to be what it is? The handiness and cleverness of the people in all culinary matters are but a national peculiarity after all. It is useless to refer to them for an explanation, for they simply throw us back once more on to the original difficulty. Poverty and thrift do not help us either, for other nations besides the French are poor and thrifty without attaining their consummate skill in cooking. All that we can say is, that the home ability of the French, their singular household craft, are appanages of their race; they have them because they have them, because Providence has so willed it, just as the English possess the specialty of hashed mutton, and of never going out without an umbrella. But, however hidden be the first origins of their present ways, we are able to indicate with approximate precision the actual elements of their dining power; if we can not define its primary causes, at all events we can detect its immediate agents. These elements, these agents, have already been referred to at the commencement of this article; but now that we have gone through the consequences and the effects which they bring about, we may, with much utility, return to the point we started from, and try to see not only what we can learn, but, even more, what we can apply.

So far as it is possible to judge from the meagre details contained in the old chronicles of French home life, the system of feeding now in use does not seem to have begun to assume its form until about a hundred years ago; the accumulated contributions of three or four generations have sufficed to carry it to the perfection which it now presents. One example will be enough to show that at the end of the seventeenth century, eating had in no way reached, even in the best houses, the character which it has acquired since. In 1678 Madame de Maintenon wrote a letter to her brother, who had just been married, to tell him how to live. After strictly limiting him to an outlay of fourteen francs per day (including wines, wood, and candle) for his wife, himself, and ten servants, she goes on to describe his *menu*. She says: "You will have a soup, with a chicken in it, and you will have all the *bouilli* served together in a large dish; it is admirable in that sort of disorder. You can have sausages one day, veal another, or sheep's tongue, or a leg of mutton, or a shoulder, or two chickens. I forgot your breakfast, which is a capon or any thing else, and a *compote* of pears or apples." There is no mention of any cookery here — it is all rough meat; no allusion is made to vegetables, which have since become so essential a basis of nourishment in France. If this were the feeding which the Comte d'Aubigné found sufficient, if this were the programme which the king's mistress sketched out for her own brother, it is reasonable to conclude that it represented a high average, and that the nation, as a whole, was far away behind it. It was during the Regency that real cookery may be said to have first been introduced, but its action was then limited to the upper classes only, and to the relatively short supply of materials, especially in fruit and vegetables, which the markets offered. As the cultivation of roots and of leguminous food extended, the range of kitchen action extended to; but, when we remember that it was not till about 1790 that even potatoes began to be seriously grown in France as an article of food, it becomes evident that the employment of garden-produce on a large scale is quite a modern feature in the composition of French eating. The use of vegetables, dried and fresh, fibrous and farinaceous, has gone on spreading until it has carried their consumption to nearly half the total weight of food employed. The change in the details and results of cooking have been proportionately great, the entire system having been built up slowly to its present shape, with the successive aid of each new alimentary substance which time has added to the list. Concurrently with the invention and the development of new products the science of their uses has budded out; the entire question has gradually marched ahead, materially and artistically, throughout all France, stimulated by growing needs, guided by progressing education. This much, at all events, we can see and prove; where we fail to find any explanation is in the mystery of the starting-point; it is there that we are obliged to content ourselves with the vague, unsatisfactory answer of "national peculiarities." But if we are unable to suggest why it is that the French can cook, and can go on dicovering fresh forms of cookery, adding still more dishes to their prodigious catalogue, or why they have learned to utilize so many articles which we neglect, so that every trifle which falls within their grasp is made to serve a purpose, at least we can clearly recognize what they use, and how they use it. They have not kept their cunning to themselves; they have published it to the world by example and by precept, inviting and enabling everybody to follow in their track.

Can we follow them? Can we, by degrees, adopt in England the system which has been worked out across the Channel? Can we attain our neighbor's faculty of eating cheaply, variedly, nutritively, and agreeably? That we can do so partially is probable, if not certain. Our upper strata are already trying it lamely and insufficiently, but with good-will and satisfaction; their progress thus far has been slow and incomplete. What they call "French dishes" are not yet French in the real meaning of the word; they are imitations, not originals. But we are getting on, and some of us may finish by acquiring the purity of taste, the delicacy of palate, the long habit of comparison, which permit the eater to judge whether the cook has correctly and critically done her duty. But is it to be expected that the entire nation can be led to modify its habits and to adopt the principles which regulate French feeding? To this question the answer can scarcely be affirmative at present. Even if our middle and lower classes could vanquish their deeply-rooted prejudices, and could be led to see and own that the first law of dressing food is so to treat it that it shall retain the entire power of nutrition which nature gave it, where are we to get the cooks? Even supposing that all the theoretical difficulties were suppressed — that the whole people, with one voice, called out for soup and stews, and refused to go on with boiled and baked — where are we to find the women to whose hands we could intrust the realization of the wish? The same law of national peculiarities which has rendered it possible for the French to create their system, forbids us thus far to copy them. There, everybody knows how to cook, or can learn to do so rapidly: here, the genius of kitchen-work is absent; we are born without it, and we do not grow to it in after-life. What can be more deplorable than the helpless ignorance on the subject which is shown by the wives and daughters of our workmen? What can be more idiotic than the resolute refusal of all servants who are not cooks to learn what cooking is? Their repulsion is so deeply rooted, it is so inherent in their blood, that the

English nurse-maids who live in France invariably refuse to take even a passing lesson from what is going on around them; they like the feeding infinitely better than what they get at home, but they will not condescend to study its production so as to be able to carry knowledge back with them on their return. Any serious transformation of our system is quite hopeless, so long as this fundamental difficulty continues to exist. The richer and better educated amongst us may struggle after change; they may even effect it to some extent; but the trades-people, and the populace, and the peasants will go on as they are, until their women are lifted up to a higher appreciation of their home duties, and of the infinite importance of food as a domestic influence for good. Let them keep their tea and beer: cider and light wines are not fitted to their temperaments, and, so far as liquids are concerned, our habits may perhaps be suited to our climate; but can we not discover and supply some really effective remedy to their actual indifference about the solid portion of their eating? In this country of public meetings and public charity, where everybody subscribes his mite to aggregate philanthropy, could we not establish cooking-shows, with prizes for the most proficient? It would be very easy to draw up a first programme, descriptive of a dozen dishes — of the simplest kind, of course, but involving the employment of various cheap ingredients, and especially of herbs and vegetables. The matter should be regarded solely in its application to the poor; it must be dealt with at the bottom — the rich can get along alone. The effort should be one of direct teaching rather than of example, for the simple reason that such examples as exist are hidden away out of sight in our dining-rooms, where the poor cannot contemplate them. Some such plan as this is probably the only one which would offer any prospect of success, and an entire generation would doubtless have to pass away before the effort could produce its fruit. Still the result would be so excellent that both time and effort would be well employed. Our girls in country-houses, the wives and daughters of our parsons, could scarcely use their idle hours more usefully than in stimulating such a movement. There would be a practical reality about it which would please unimaginative natures, while the more dreamy of us would be attracted by the pretty theory of regeneration of national taste. Everybody would find some kind of satisfaction in such a work, especially the ploughman-husband and the blacksmith-brother when they came home to supper. Surely it is worth trying; surely we are not incapable of the attempt; surely we cannot all be so blinded by prejudice and stupid custom that none of us will consent to copy what the French do so vastly better than ourselves. If we need additional encouragement, if purely material advantages do not suffice to tempt us to modify our doings, let us look back to France once more, and see what moral results we could possibly extract from an adoption of its ways. There we see a race each family of which seeks its pleasures together, as a rule, where the home tie is not enfeebled by the attraction of the wine-shop, where mutual affection softens the roughness of uneducated minds. Is it not fair to attribute some part of this indoor cohesion to the effect of meals? If a good dinner constitutes an indisputable attraction to ourselves, why should it not produce the same action on our poorer brothers? It does in France. The French peasant stops at home for it just as we do, because he likes it, because home gives him more and better than he can find elsewhere; because being together, young and old, they laugh, and so grow to regard eating as a motive of union, as a time for cheeriness. This aspect of the subject has already been alluded to, but it merits a second mention now, for it supplies extremely important arguments; not that joy at dinner is an exclusive property of the French, — we have it too to some extent and under certain conditions, — but because with them it is a national feature, consequent not only on their temperament, but also on their wise views of the function which they are discharging, and on the agreeable shape they give to it. We need not despair of some day reaching the same end, by employing the same means, any more than the French should doubt of acquiring our solidity of character if they would but recognize the value of fixed principles, and resolutely set to work to believe in something — God, king, or each other. Their economy in the kitchen is another enviable quality, for it shows us how calculating prudence can be applied without entailing the too distinct sentiment of privation; how cheapness and satisfaction can be combined; how a useful lesson can be enforced each day without assuming the form of punishment. In England economy is almost always nasty; in France it frequently assumes a character so subtle and artistic, that it loses its repulsive physiognomy, and indeed sometimes acquires a sort of charm, in consequence of the infinite skill with which it is administered, and of the admiration which that skill provokes. A third result of the French system is, that it necessitates, or at all events insensibly produces, an almost universal power of home usefulness amongst the women. It expands their *rôle* in life, it creates for them a special duty, teaches them that wise truth which most of them so clearly recognize and so cordially practise, that no indoor detail is beneath a woman's care; it further develops in them the handiness, the adroit fingering, which have become distinctive of the modern French woman. Such results as these are well worth working for; and though there are exceptions amongst our neighbors, though they sometimes have as wretched homes as we can show, the rule incontestably is, that their working-classes know no misery like ours. Their system of eating enters for a large part into the explanation of this fact.

The association of these moral consequences with most attractive material satisfactions gives to French eating a special place in actual civilization. Progress may improve it to a still higher form, other nations may grow to it hereafter; but, in the present condition of the world, nothing equal to it can be found elsewhere; and it has the admirable character of being in no way the privilege of a class: it is the common property of the entire people; it can be appreciated and applied by all, from top to bottom of the scale. The one condition of its use is to wish to use it.

THE PEBBLES IN THE STREET.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

If you, dear reader, dwell in any northern town, you will almost certainly see, paving courts and alleys, and sometimes — to the discomfort of your feet — whole streets, or set up as bournestones at corners, or laid in heaps to be broken up for road-metal, certain round pebbles, usually dark brown or speckled gray, and exceedingly tough and hard. Some of them will be very large — bowlders of several feet in diameter. If you move from town to town, from the north of Scotland as far down as Essex on the east, or as far down as Shrewsbury and Wolverhampton (at least) on the west, you will still find these pebbles, but fewer and smaller as you go south. It matters not what the rocks and soils of the country round may be. However much they may differ, these pebbles will be, on the whole, the same everywhere.

But if your town be south of the valley of the Thames, you will find, as far as I am aware, no such pebbles there. The gravels round you will be made up entirely of rolled chalk flints, and bits of beds immediately above or below the chalk. The blocks of "Sarsden" sandstone — those of which Stonehenge is built — and the "plum-pudding stones" which are sometimes found with them, have no kindred with the northern pebbles. They belong to beds above the chalk.

Now if, seeing such pebbles about your town, you inquire, like a sensible person who wishes to understand something of the spot on which he lives, whence they come, you will be shown either a gravel-pit or a clay-pit. In the gravel the pebbles and bowlders lie mixed with sand, as they do in the railway cutting just south of Shrewsbury; or in huge mounds of fine sweet earth, as they do in the gorge of the

Tay about Dunkeld, and all the way up Strathmore, where they form long grassy mounds — *tomauns* as they call them in some parts of Scotland, *askers* as they call them in Ireland. These mounds, with their sweet fresh turf rising out of heather and bog, were tenanted — so Scottish children used to believe — by fairies. He that was lucky might hear inside them fairy music, and the jingling of the fairy horses' trappings. But woe to him if he fell asleep upon the mound, for he would be spirited away into fairy-land for seven years, which would seem to him but one day. A strange fancy: yet not so strange as the actual truth as to what these mounds are, and how they came into their places.

Or again, you might find that your town's pebbles and bowlders came out of a pit of clay, in which they were stuck, without any order or bedding, like plums and raisins in a pudding. This clay goes usually by the name of bowlder-clay. You would see such near any town in Cheshire and Lancashire; or along Leith shore, near Edinburgh; or, to give one more instance out of hundreds, along the coast at Scarborough. If you walk — holding, of course, your nose if the wind be in the north and the tide low — along the shore southward of that now notorious town, you will see, in the gullies of the cliff, great beds of sticky clay, stuffed full of bits of every rock between the Lake Mountains and Scarborough, from rounded pebbles of most ancient rock down to great angular fragments of ironstone and coal. There then, as elsewhere, the great majority of the pebbles have nothing to do with the rock on which the clay happens to lie, but have come, some of them, from places many miles away.

Now, if we find spread over a low land pebbles composed of rocks which are only found in certain high lands, is it not an act of mere common-sense to say, — These pebbles have come from the highlands? And if the pebbles are rounded, while the rocks like them in the highlands always break off in angular shapes, is it not, again, an act of mere common-sense to say, — These pebbles were once angular, and have been rubbed round, either in getting hither or before they started hither?

Does all this seem to you mere truism, my dear reader? If so, I am sincerely glad to hear it. It was not so very long ago that such arguments would have been considered, not only no truisms, but not even common-sense.

But to return, let us take, as an example, a sample of these bowlder-clay pebbles from the neighborhood of Liverpool and Birkenhead, made by Mr. De Rance, the government geological surveyor: —

Granite, greenstone, felspar porphyry, felstone, quartz rock (all igneous rocks, that is, either formed by, or altered by, volcanic heat, and almost all found in the Lake Mountains), 37 per cent.

Silurian grits (the common stones of the Lake Mountains deposited by water), 43 per cent.

Ironstone, 1 per cent.

Carboniferous limestone, 5 per cent.

Permian or Triassic sandstanes, i.e., rocks immediately round Liverpool, 12 per cent.

Now, does not this sample show, as far as human common-sense can be depended on, that the great majority of these stones come from the Lake Mountains, sixty or seventy miles north of Liverpool? I think your common-sense will tell you that these pebbles are not mere concretions; that is, formed out of the substance of the clay after it was deposited. The least knowledge of mineralogy would prove that. But, even if you are no mineralogist, common-sense will tell you that if they were all concreted out of the same clay, it is most likely that they would be all of the same kind, and not of a dozen or more different kinds. Common-sense will tell you, also, that if they were all concreted out of the same clay, it is a most extraordinary coincidence, indeed one too strange to be believed, if any less strange explanation can be found — that they should have taken the composition of different rocks which are found all together in one group of mountains to the northward. You will surely say, — If this be granite, it has most probably come from a granite mountain; if this be grit, from a gritstone mountain; and so on with the whole list. Why are we to go out of our way to seek improbable explanations, when there is a probable one staring us in the face?

Next, — and this is well worth your notice, — if you will examine the pebbles carefully, especially the larger ones, you will find that they are not only more or less rounded, but often scratched; and often, too, in more than one direction, two or even three sets of scratches crossing each other; marked, as a cat marks an elder-stem when she sharpens her claws upon it; and that these scratches have not been made by the quarrymen's tools, but are old marks which exist — as you may easily prove for yourself — while the stone is still lying in its bed of clay. Would it not be an act of mere common-sense to say, — These scratches have been made by the sharp points of other stones which have rubbed against the pebbles somewhere, and somewhen, with great force?

So far so good. The next question is, — How did these stones get into the clay? If we can discover that, we may also discover how they were rounded and scratched. We must find a theory which will answer our question; and one which, as Prof. Huxley would say, "will go on all fours," that is, will explain all the facts of the case, and not only a few of them.

What, then, brought the stones?

We cannot, I think, answer that question, as some have tried to answer it, by saying that they were brought by Noah's flood. For it is clear that very violent currents of water would be needed to carry bowlders, some of them weighing many tons, for many miles. Now Scripture says nothing of any such violent currents; and we have no right to put currents, or any other imagined facts, into Scripture out of our own heads, and then argue from them as if not we, but the text of Scripture, had asserted their existence.

But still they may have been rolled hither by water. That theory certainly would explain their being rounded; though not their being scratched. But it will not explain their being found in the clay.

Recollect what I said in my first paper: that water drops its pebbles and coarser particles first, while it carries the fine clayey mud onward in solution, and only drops it when the water becomes still. Now currents of such tremendous violence as to carry these bowlder stones onward, would have carried the mud for many miles farther still; and we should find the bowlders, not in clay, but lying loose together, probably on a hard rock bottom, scoured clean by the current. That is what we find in the beds of streams; that is just what we do not find in this case.

But the bowlders may have been brought by a current, and then the water may have become still, and the clay settled quietly round them. What? Under them as well as over them? On that theory also we should find them only at the bottom of the clay. As it is, we find them scattered anywhere and everywhere through it, from top to bottom. So that theory will not do. Indeed, no theory will do which supposes them to have been brought by water alone.

Try yourself, dear reader, and make experiments, with running water, pebbles, and mud. If you try for seven years, I believe, you will never contrive to make your pebbles lie about in your mud, as they lie about in every pit in the bowlder-clay.

Well then, there we are at fault, it seems. We have no explanation drawn from known facts which will do — unless we are to suppose, which I don't think you will do, that stones, clay, and all were blown hither along the surface of the ground, by primeval hurricanes, ten times worse than those of the West Indies, which certainly will roll a cannon a few yards, but cannot, surely, roll a bowlder stone a hundred miles.

Now, suppose that there was a force, an agent, known — luckily for you — not to you, but known but too well to sailors and travellers; a force which is at work over the vast sheets of land at both the north and south poles; at work, too, on every high mountain range in the world, and therefore a very common natural force; and suppose that this force would explain all the facts, namely: —

How the stones got here; how they were scratched and rounded; how they were imbedded in clay. Because it is notoriously, and before men's eyes now, carrying great stones hundreds of miles, and scratching and rounding them also; carrying vast deposits of mud, too, and mixing up mud and stones just as we see them in the brick pits, would not our common-sense have a right to try that explanation? — to suspect that this force, which we do not see at work in Britain now, may have been at work here ages since? That would at least be reasoning from the known to the unknown. What state of things, then, do we find among the highest mountains; and on whole countries which, though not lofty, lie far enough north or south to be permanently covered with ice?

We find, first, an ice-cap, or ice-sheet, fed by the winter's snows, stretching over the higher land, and crawling downward and outward by its own weight, along the valleys, as glaciers.

We find underneath the glaciers, first a *moraine profonde*, consisting of the bowlders and gravel and earth which the glacier has ground off the hillsides, and is carrying down with it.

These stones, of course, grind, scratch, and polish each other; and in like wise grind, scratch, and polish the rock over which they pass, under the enormous weight of the superincumbent ice.

We find also, issuing from under each glacier, a stream, carrying the finest mud, the result of the grinding of the bowlders against each other and the glacier.

We find, moreover, on the surface of the glaciers, *moraines supérieures* — long lines of stones and dirt which have fallen from neighboring cliffs, and are now travelling downward with the glaciers.

Their fate, if the glacier ends on land, is what was to be expected. The stones from above the glacier fall over the ice-cliff at its end, to mingle with those thrown out from underneath the glacier, and form huge banks of bowlders, called terminal moraines, while the mud runs off, as all who have seen glaciers know, in a turbid torrent.

Their fate, again, is what was to be expected if the glacier ends, as it commonly does in arctic regions, in the sea. The ice grows out to sea-ward "for more than a mile" sometimes, about one-eighth of it being above water, and seven-eighths below, so that an ice-cliff one hundred feet high may project into water eight hundred feet deep. At last, when it gets out of its depth, the buoyancy of the water breaks it off in icebergs, which float away, at the mercy of tides and currents, often grounding again in shallower water, and ploughing the sea-bottom as they drag along it. These bergs carry stones and dirt, often in large quantities; so that, whenever a berg melts or capsizes, it strews its burden confusedly about the sea-floor.

Meanwhile the fine mud which is flowing out from under the ice goes out to sea likewise, coloring the water far out, and then subsiding as a soft tenacious ooze, in which the stones brought out by the ice are imbedded. And this ooze — so those who have examined it assert — cannot be distinguished from the brick-clay, or fossiliferous bowlder-clay, so common in the north. A very illustrious Scandinavian explorer, visiting Edinburgh, declared, as soon as he saw the sections of bowlder-clay exhibited near that city, that this was the very substance which he saw forming in the Spitzbergen ice-fiords. *

I have put these facts as simply and baldly as I can, in order that the reader may look steadily at them, without having his attention drawn off, or his fancy excited, by their real poetry and grandeur. Indeed, it would have been an impertinence to have done otherwise; for I have never seen a live glacier by land or sea, though I have seen many a dead one. And the public has had the opportunity, lately, of reading so many delightful books about "peaks, passes, and glaciers," that I am bound to suppose that many of my readers know as much, or more, about them than I do.

But let us go a step further; and, bearing in our minds what live glaciers are like, let us imagine what a dead glacier would be like; a glacier, that is, which had melted, and left nothing but its skeleton of stones and dirt.

We should find the faces of the rock scored and polished, generally in lines pointing down the valleys, or at least outward from the centre of the highlands, and polished and scored most in their upland, or weather sides. We should find blocks of rock left behind, and perched about on other rocks of a different kind. We should find in the valleys the old moraines left as vast deposits of bowlder and shingle, which would be in time sawn through and sorted over by the rivers. And if the sea-bottom outside were upheaved, and became dry land, we should find on it the remains of the mud from under the glacier, stuck full of stones and bowlders, iceberg-dropped. This mud would be often very irregularly bedded; for it would have been disturbed by the ploughing of the icebergs, and mixed here and there with dirt which had fallen from them. Moreover, as the sea became shallower and the mud-beds got awash one after the other, they would be torn about, resifted, and reshaped by currents and by tides, and mixed with shore-sand ground out of shingle-beach, thus making confusion worse confounded. A few shells, of an arctic or northern type, would be found in it here and there. Some would have lived near those later beaches, some in deeper water in the ancient ooze, wherever the iceberg had left it in peace long enough for sea-animals to colonize and breed in it. But the general appearance of the dried sea-bottom would be a dreary and lifeless waste of sands, gravels, loose bowlders, and bowlder-bearing clays; and wherever a boss of bare rock still stood up it would be found ground down, and probably polished and scored by the ponderous icebergs which had lumbered over it in their passage out to sea.

In a word, it would look exactly as vast tracts of the English, Scotch, and Irish lowlands must have looked before returning vegetation coated their dreary sands and clays with a layer of brown vegetable soil.

Thus, and I believe thus only, can we explain the facts connected with these bowlder-pebbles. No agent known on earth can have stuck them in the clay, save ice, which is known to do so still elsewhere.

No known agent can have scratched them as they are scratched, save ice, which is known to do so still elsewhere.

No known agent — certainly not, in my opinion, the existing rivers — can have accumulated these vast beds of bowlders which lie along the course of certain northern rivers; notably along the Dee about Aboyne — save ice, bearing them slowly down from the distant summits of the Grampians.

No known agent, save ice, can have produced those rounded, and polished, and scored, and fluted *rochers moutonnés* — "sheep-backed rocks" — so common in the Lake district; so common, too, in Snowdon, especially between the two lakes of Llanberis; common in Kerry; to be seen anywhere, as far as I have ascertained, around the Scotch Highlands, where the turf is cleared away from an unweathered surface of rock, in the direction in which a glacier would have pressed against it had one been there. Where these polishings and scorings are found in narrow glens, it is, no doubt, an open question whether some of them may not be the work of water. But nothing but the action of ice can have produced what I have seen in land-locked and quiet fiords in Kerry — ice-flutings in polished rocks below high-water mark, so large that I could lie down in one of them. Nothing but the action of ice could produce what may be seen in any of our mountains — whole sheets of rock ground down into rounded flats, irrespective of the lie of the beds, not in valleys, but on the brows and summits of mountains, often ending abruptly at the edge of some sudden cliff, where the true work of water, in the shape of rain and frost, is actually destroying the previous work of ice, and fulfilling the rule laid down (I think by Prof. Geikie in his delightful book on Scotch scenery as

* See a most charming paper on "The Physics of Arctic Ice," by Dr. Robert Brown of Campster, published in the *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, June, 1870. This article is so remarkable, not only for its sound scientific matter, but for the vividness and poetic beauty of its descriptions, that I must express a hope that the learned author will some day enlarge it, and publish it in a separate form.

influenced by its geology), that ice planes down into flats, while water saws out into crags and gullies; and that the rain and frost are even now restoring Scotch scenery to something of that ruggedness and picturesqueness which it must have lost when it lay, like Greenland, under the indiscriminating grinding of a heavy sheet of ice.

Lastly; no known agent, save ice, will explain those perched bowlders, composed of ancient hard rocks, which may be seen in so many parts of these islands and of the Continent. No water-power could have lifted those stones, and tossed them up high and dry on mountain ridges and promontories, upon rocks of a totally different kind. Some of my readers surely recollect Wordsworth's noble lines about these mysterious wanderers, of which he had seen many a one about his native hills: —

> "As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
> Couched on the bald top of an eminence,
> Wonder to all who do the same espy
> By what means it could thither come, and whence;
> So that it seems a thing endued with sense.
> Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shell
> Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself."

Yes; but the next time you see such a stone, believe that the wonder has been solved, and found to be, like most wonders in nature, more wonderful than we guessed it to be. It is not a sea-beast which has crawled forth, but an ice-beast which has been left behind; lifted up thither by the ice, as surely as the famous Pierre-à-bot, forty feet in diameter, and hundreds of bowlders more, almost as large as cottages, have been carried by ice from the distant Alps right across the lake of Neufchâtel, and stranded on the slopes of the Jura, nine hundred feet above the lake.

Thus, I think, we have accounted for facts enough to make it probable that Britain was once covered partly by an ice-sheet, as Greenland is now, and partly, perhaps, by an icy sea. But, to make assurance more sure, let us look for new facts, and try whether our ice-dream will account for them also. Let us investigate our case as a good medical man does, by "verifying his first induction."

He says,— At the first glance, I can see symptoms *a*, *b*, *c*. It is therefore probable that my patient has got complaint A. But if he has he ought to have symptom *d* also. If I find that, my guess will be yet more probable. He ought also to have symptom *e*, and so forth; and as I find successively each of these symptoms which are proper to A, my first guess will become more and more probable, till it reaches practical certainty.

Now let us do the same, and say,— If this strange dream be true, and the lowlands of the North were once under an icy sea, ought we not to find sea-shells in their sands and clays? Not abundantly, of course. We can understand that the sea animals would be too rapidly covered up in mud, and too much disturbed by icebergs and bowlders to be very abundant. But still, some should surely be found here and there.

Doubtless; and if my northern town readers will search the bowlder-clay pits near them, they will most probably find a few shells, if not in the clay itself, yet in sand-beds mixed with them, and probably underlying them. And this is a notable fact, that the more species of shells they find, the more they will find — if they work out their names from any good book of conchology — of a northern type; of shells which notoriously, at this day, inhabit the colder seas.

It is impossible for me here to enter at length on a subject on which a whole literature has been already written. Those who wish to study it may find all that they need know, and more, in Lyell's "Student's Elements of Geology," and in chapter xii. of his "Antiquity of Man." They will find that if the evidence of scientific conchologists be worth any thing, the period can be pointed out, in the strata, though not of course in time, at which these seas began to grow colder, and southern and Mediterranean shells to disappear, their places being taken by shells of a temperate, and at last of an arctic climate; which last have since retreated either toward their native North, or into cold water at great depths. From Essex across to Wales, from Wales to the estuary of the Clyde, this fact has been verified again and again. And in the search for these shells, a fresh fact, and a most startling one, was discovered. They are to be found not only in the clay of the lowlands, but at considerable heights up the hills, showing that, at some time or other, these hills have been submerged beneath the sea.

Let me give one example, which any tourist into Wales may see for himself. Moel Tryfaen is a mountain over Carnarvon. Now, perched on the side of that mountain, fourteen hundred feet above the present sea-level, is an ancient sea-beach, five and thirty feet thick, lying on great ice-scratched bowlders, which again lie on the mountain slates. It was discovered by the late Mr. Trimmer, now, alas! lost to Geology. Out of that beach fifty-seven different species of shells have been taken; eleven of them are now exclusively arctic, and not found in our seas; four of them are still common to the arctic seas and to our own; and almost all the rest are northern shells.

Fourteen hundred feet above the present sea: and that, it must be understood, is not the greatest height at which such shells may be found hereafter. For, according to Pro. Ramsay, drift of the same kind as that on Moel Tryfaen is found at a height of two thousand three hundred feet.

Now I ask my readers to use their common-sense over this astounding fact; which, after all, is only one among hundreds; to let (as Mr. Matthew Arnold would well say) their "thoughts play freely" about it; and consider for themselves what those shells must mean. I say not may, but must, unless we are to believe in a "Deus quidam deceptor," in a God who puts shells upon mountain-sides only to befool honest human beings, and gives men intellects which are worthless for even the simplest work. Those shells must mean that that mountain, and therefore the mountains round it, must have been once fourteen hundred feet at least lower than they are now. That the sea in which they were sunk was far colder than now. That icebergs brought and dropped bowlders round their flanks. That upon those bowlders a sea-beach formed, and that dead shells were beaten into it from a sea-bottom close by. That, and no less, Moel Tryfaen must mean.

But it must mean, also, a length of time which has been well called "appalling" — length of time sufficient to let the mountain sink into the sea. Then length of time enough to enable those arctic shells to crawl down from the northward, settle, and propagate themselves generation after generation; then length of time enough to uplift their dead remains, and the beach, and the bowlders, and all Snowdonia, fourteen hundred feet into the air. And if any one should object that the last upheaval may have been effected suddenly by a few tremendous earthquakes, we must answer,— We have no proof of it. Earthquakes upheave lands now only by slight and intermittent upward pulses; nay, some lands we know to rise without any earthquake pulses, but by simple, slow, upward swelling of a few feet in a century; and we have no reason, and therefore no right, to suppose that Snowdonia was upheaved by any means or at any rate which we do not witness now; and therefore we are bound to allow, not only that there was a past "age of ice," but that that age was one of altogether enormous duration.

But meanwhile some of you, I presume, will be ready to cry,— Stop. It may be our own weakness, but you are really going on too fast and too far for our small imaginations. Have you not played with us, as well as argued with us, till you have inveigled us step by step into a conclusion which we cannot and will not believe? That all this land should have been sunk beneath an icy sea? That Britain should have been as Greenland is now? We can't believe it, and we won't.

If you say so, like stout, common-sense Britons, who have a wholesome dread of being taken in with fine words and wild speculations, I assure you I shall not laugh at you, even in private. On the contrary, I shall say,— what I am sure every scientific man will say,— So much the better. That is the sort of audience which we want, if we are

teaching natural science. We do not want haste, enthusiasm, *gobe-moucherie*, as the French call it, which is agape to snap up any new and vast fancy, just because it is new and vast. We want our readers to be slow, suspicious, conservative, ready to "gib," as we say of a horse, and refuse the collar up a steep place, saying,—I must stop and think. I don't like the look of the path ahead of me. It seems an ugly place to get up. I don't know this road, and I shall not hurry over it. I must go back a few steps and make sure. I must see whether it is the right road; whether there are not other roads, a dozen of them perhaps, which would do as well or better than this.

That is the temper which finds out truth, slowly, but once and for all; and I shall be glad, not sorry, to see it in my readers.

And I am bound to say that it has been by that temper that this theory has been worked out, and the existence of this past age of ice, or glacial epoch, has been discovered, through many mistakes, many corrections, and many changes of opinion about details, for nearly forty years of headwork, by many men, in many lands.

As a very humble student of this subject, I may say that I have been looking these facts in the face earnestly enough for more than twenty years, and that I am about as certain that they can only be explained by ice, as I am that my having got home by rail can only be explained by steam.

But I think I know what startles you. It is the being asked to believe in such an enormous change in climate, and in the height of the land above the sea. Well, it is very astonishing, appalling, all but incredible, if we had not the facts to prove it. But of the facts there can be no doubt. There can be no doubt that the climate of this northern hemisphere has changed enormously more than once. There can be no doubt that the distribution of land and water, the shape and size of its continents and seas, have changed again and again. There can be no doubt that, for instance, long before the age of ice, the whole north of Europe was much warmer than it is now.

Take Greenland, for instance. Disco Island lies in Baffin's Bay, off the west coast of Greenland, in latitude seventy degrees, far within the Arctic circle. Now there certain strata of rock, older than the ice, have not been destroyed by the grinding of the ice-cap; and they are full of fossil plants. But of what kind of plants? Of the same families as now grow in the warmer parts of the United States. Even a tulip-tree has been found among them. Now, how is this to be explained?

Either we must say that the climate of Greenland was then so much warmer than now, that it had summers probably as hot as those of New York; or we must say that these leaves and stems were floated thither from the United States. But if we say the latter, we must allow a change in the shape of the land which is enormous. For nothing now can float northward from the United States into Baffin's Bay. The polar current sets *out* of Baffin's Bay southward, bringing icebergs down, not leaves up, through Davis's Straits. And in any case, we must allow that the hills of Disco Island were then the bottom of a sea: or how would the leaves have been deposited in them at all?

So much for the change of climate and land which can be proved to have gone on in Greenland. It has become colder. Why should it not some day become warmer again?

Now for England. It can be proved, as far as common-sense can prove any thing, that England was, before the age of ice, much warmer than it is now, and grew gradually cooler and cooler, just as, while the age of ice was dying out, it grew warmer again.

Now what proof is there of that?

This. Underneath London — as, I dare say, many of you know — there lies four or five hundred feet of clay. But not ice-clay. Any thing but that, as you will see. It belongs to a formation late (geologically speaking), but somewhat older than those Disco Island beds.

And what sort of fossils do we find in it?

In the first place, the shells, which are abundant, are tropical — nautili, cones, and such like. And more, fruits and seeds are found in it, especially at the Isle of Sheppey. And what are they? Fruits of Nipa palms, a form only found now at river-mouths in eastern India and the Indian Islands; anona-seeds; gourd-seeds; acacia fruits — all tropical again; and proteaceous plants too, of an Australian type. Surely your common-sense would hint to you that this London clay must be mud laid down off the mouth of a tropical river. But your common-sense would be all but certain of that, when you found, as you would find, the teeth and bones of crocodiles and turtles, who come to land, remember, to lay their eggs; the bones, too, of large mammals, allied to the tapir of India and South America, and the water-hog of the Cape. If all this does not mean that there was once a tropic climate and a tropic river running into some sea or other where London now stands, I must give up common-sense and reason as deceitful and useless faculties; and believe nothing, not even the evidence of my own senses.

And now, have I, or have I not, fulfilled the promise which I made — rashly, I dare say some of you thought — in my first paper? Have I, or have I not, made you prove to yourself, by your own common-sense, that the lowlands of Britain were underneath the sea in the days in which these pebbles and bowlders were laid down over your plains? Nay, have we not proved more? Have we not found that that old sea was an icy sea? Have we not wandered on, step by step, into a whole true fairy-land of wonders? to a time when all England, Scotland, and Ireland were as Greenland is now? when mud streams have rushed down from under glaciers on to a cold sea-bottom? when "ice, mast high, came floating by, as green as emerald"? when Snowdon was sunk for at least fourteen hundred feet of its height? when (as I could prove to you, had I time) the peaks of the highest Cumberland and Scotch mountains alone stood out, as islets in a frozen sea?

We want to get an answer to one strange question, and we have found a group of questions stranger still, and got them answered too. But so it is always in science. We know not what we shall discover. But this, at least, we know, that it will be far more wonderful than we had dreamed. The scientific explorer is always like Saul of old, who set out simply to find his father's asses, and found them — and a kingdom besides.

I should have liked to have told you more about this bygone age of ice. I should have liked to say something to you on the curious question — which is still an open one — whether there were not two ages of ice; whether the climate here did not, after perhaps thousands of years of arctic cold, soften somewhat for a while, — a few thousand years, perhaps, — and then harden again into a second age of ice, somewhat less severe, probably, than the first. I should have liked to have hinted at the probable causes of this change, — indeed, of the age of ice altogether, — whether it was caused by a change in the distribution of land and water, or by change in the height and size of these islands, which made them large enough, and high enough, to carry a sheet of eternal snow inland: or whether, finally, the age of ice was caused by an actual change in the position of the whole planet with regard to its orbit round the sun — shifting at once the poles and the tropics: a deep question that latter, on which astronomers, whose business it is, are still at work, and on which, ere young folk are old, they will have discovered, I expect, some startling facts. On that last question, I, as no astronomer, cannot speak. But I should have liked to have said somewhat on matters on which I have knowledge enough, at least, to teach you how much there is to be learned. I should have liked to tell the student of sea-animals how the ice-age helps to explain, and is again explained by, the remarkable discoveries which Dr. Carpenter and Mr. Wyville Thompson have just made, in the deep-sea dredgings in the North Atlantic. I should have liked to tell the botanist somewhat of the pre-glacial flora, the plants which lived here before the ice, and lasted, some of them at least, through all those ages of fearful cold, and linger still on the summits of Snowdon, and the highest peaks of Cumberland and Scotland. I should have liked to have told the lovers of zoölogy about the animals which lived

before the ice; of the mammoth, or woolly elephant; the woolly rhinoceros, the cave lion and bear, the reindeer, the musk oxen, the lemmings, and the marmots which inhabited Britain till the ice drove them out southward, even into the south of France; and how as the ice retreated, and the climate became tolerable once more, some of them, the mammoth and rhinoceros, the bison, the lion, and many another mighty beast, re-occupied our lowlands, at a time when the hippopotamus, at least in summer, ranged freely from Africa and Spain across what was then dry land between France and England, and fed by the side of animals which have long since retreated to Norway and to Canada. I should have liked to tell the archæologist of the human beings — probably from their weapons and their habits — of the same race as the present Laplanders, who passed northward as the ice went back, following the wild reindeer herds from the south of France into our islands, which were no islands then, to be in their turn driven northward by stronger races from the east and south. But space presses, and I fear that I have written too much already.

At least, I have turned over for you a few grand and strange pages in the book of nature, and taught you, I hope, a key by which to decipher their hieroglyphics. At least, I have, I trust, taught you to look, as I do, with something of interest, even of awe, upon the pebbles in the street.

VITUPERATION.

THE mind of man naturally relishes and takes delight in vituperation — in hearing others, provided that no personal interest is concerned, deliver themselves of hearty abuse, careless of nice discrimination. People would not call names if they did not meet with the sympathy of animated attention; there would be few vituperators if there were no applauding audience. Vituperation is, in fact, a social exercise, and the liking for it is ingrained; a spice of abuse enlivens a dull subject as much as a good story. We may all recollect the stimulus which an honest, cheerful, witty vituperator on our own side has given to our convictions. Even before a side is taken, the confidence which is inspired by an outburst of contumely goes for something, and has done so from the beginning of things. Satire, says Dryden, — and he means vituperation, — is almost as old as verse; and though hymns, which are the praises of God, may be allowed to have been before it, yet the defamation of others came not long afterwards. Of course the vituperation of which we speak as being so generally acceptable is not malignant. It is that habit of a ready, licentious tongue which anticipates and strengthens opinion in the speaker rather than is formed by it. People of ordinary good nature do not like to be parties to the more bilious forms of railing, where the railer desires to injure by his execrations; it must be understood that the bark is worse than the bite, that the whole thing is an achievement of rhetoric, with which malice has little to do. If we cannot admit in the retrospect that a trick of vituperation is really harmless, either to speaker or sympathizers, yet people assume it to be so when it amuses them and they allow themselves to enjoy it.

The pleasure of vituperation we take to be a kind of glory, an exuberant elevation and sense of power in placing our antagonist or victim on any level we please. Whatever may be said of laughter, there is no doubt that calling names is an assumption of superiority; we judge a man when we designate him a blockhead or a rascal. Nor is this glory confined to the speaker; it inflates in a lesser degree those who listen, and who are supposed to be capable of appreciating a derogatory opinion which is confided to them. They feel themselves cleverer and honester by unconscious comparison. The power to string epithets together stands for a substantial accomplishment, and has a way of creating conviction as the string lengthens. Hence a good vituperator is hailed as an important ally among the zealots of a cause, both as keeping adherents in good humor and their convictions at the proper tension. We are not sure that a party can ever be found to take root without one to carry people a little beyond themselves and so commit them. Not but that there are men so keenly vituperative as to be unfitted for any kind of fellowship. They play their game alone. Social vituperators are of this class. As the practice can scarcely be largely indulged in in society without some qualities that make it entertaining, it all passes for sport, as "the man's way." There are people so much in the habit of witty disparagement that, if they talk of their friends at all, they cannot help doing them an injury, and attaching some stigma to their names in the minds of those who hear them, so that ever after there clings a sense of something to their disadvantage; for to hear a person called names whom we do not know, or to whom we are indifferent, establishes a prejudice, the strength of which is in proportion to the absence of apparent ill-will in the vituperator, and to the very vagueness and dimness of the charge. Nobody can slip into the vein without some ill-nature; but when a man is young and fresh this taint may be as little perceived by himself as by his admiring friends. Indeed, though ill-nature certainly grows under the habit, at first it may be little enough. It is the unrestraint and want of discipline which does the mischief, the use of a language immoderate, unmeasured, indiscriminating, unscrupulous.

A habit will long outlive the wit which set it off, and a hardened vituperator who calls names, and characterizes his neighbor's actions in opprobrious terms, has few friends. The same epithets which, in the fascinating insolence of sanguine and confident youth, appear to be a mere ebullition of animal spirits, offend us as disappointed malice when the game of life is played out. In fact, no imagination is active or lively enough to supply an unceasing flow of fresh invective; and yet there is no point on which the ear more inexorably demands novelty and play of invention. The man who designates either friends or enemies by the same abusive terms through a lifetime gets nothing but the reputation of a foul tongue for his pains. There must be something quaint and new, something to repeat, in order to sustain his band of listeners. The whole language of calling names is transitional, and changes with a rapidity known to no other art. Thus the sexagenarian railer finds himself superseded and outshone by some younger tongue well up in the most recent vein; his very terms are old-fashioned; and, whether for this or some deeper cause connected with the morality of the subject, we shall always find him flat, embittered, tinged with melancholy or discontent, his friends consulting and shaking their heads over him behind his back, and the whirligig of time bringing about abundant revenges. And what happens to persons in their private capacity, happens to authors in regard to their fame. Pope made sure that his "Dunciad" would survive as long as the English tongue should remain as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George; he seemed to rest his fame upon it. It is read no doubt still, but how stale and wearisome have his epithets become now. The perpetual recurrence of *dunce*, *fool*, and *knave* repels the general reader, to whose fancy they once condensed so much fine satire when dunce and fool were the favorite terms of opprobrium. Vituperation is the only language — assuming it to be the best of its kind — that loses credit and dignity with time. It will not keep. If when it is old it still amuses us, it is rather at the expense of the vituperator than of his subject and victim. In our calm superiority we see the injustice of it, and muse on the righteousness of moderation. What disadvantage is it, for example, to the Presbyterians of the seventeenth century to find them described by their opponents in a string of epithets as "covetous, false, undermining, poor-spirited, void of generous souls, sneaking, snivelling," &c.? Who suffers in our estimation, Andrew Marvell, or the critic who habitually calls him "buffoon"? We are amused rather than convinced of Prynne's unpopularity when we are told that "he almost nauseated the sober part of the nation by the stench of his carrion pasquils." We are not influenced in our estimate of Anthony a-Wood when we find that a rival biographer pronounces his book a "tu-

multuous mixture of stuff and tattle." Vituperation has two stages of appreciation when approved at all. At first we like it because it expresses our prejudices with a courage and audacity which we are not equal to; and afterwards, as a literary curiosity, as showing upon what matters the asperities of a past age, which we have ourselves outgrown, exercised themselves. Where not redeemed by quaintness and the use of obsolete terms, the effect of vituperation on a style is generally to vulgarize it; for all names, all set forms of abuse, by whomsoever originated, descend to the vulgar at last. Hence it is wonderful how a habit of calling names lowers a man with posterity. Warburton was a great offender in this way. His "Divine Legation" "stuck with some candid men" who did not like his line of argument; and his orthodoxy was called in question. In return he calls the pious Romaine an "execrable scoundrel." His correspondence abounds with such terms — applied to well-meaning divines — as dunces, wretches, a worthless crew, abandoned libellers, and senseless, profligate scribblers. He looks forward, in his preface to a second volume, to "hanging them all like vermin in a warren, then leaving them to posterity to stink and blacken in the wind." He reached the climax of this sort of rhetoric when, in the House of Lords, he apologized to Satan for having supposed him capable of inditing Wilkes's pamphlet. Even antiquity was not safe from his tongue. Not only was the society of antiquaries a hospital of blockheads, but the very fathers of the church were miscalled. John of Antioch he suspected of being a "shagrag," and Theodoret and an august brotherhood were "poltroons." He only, however, exceeded the practice of the day. There was a trick amongst friends of praising one another up to the skies, and treating all the rest of the world as "wretches," which tells but poorly upon an indifferent and supercilious posterity. We find a record of Swift's, whose cynicism took this direction, showing a strictly private indulgence of the vein in his comments on the leading men of his day. If that on Lord Wharton, "the most universal villain I ever knew," was not well merited, at least it was shared by his friends; but he had also personal antipathies, as to the Scotch. Thus somebody is "one of the greatest knaves, even for a Scot;" the Duke of Argyle is "an ambitious, covetous, canny Scot." Then there follow in order Duke of Bolton, a great booby; Duke of Montagu, "as great a knave as any in his time;" Earl of Ranelagh, "the vainest fool I ever saw;" Earl of Sandwith, "as much a puppy as ever I saw, ugly and a fop;" Earl of Feversham, "he was a very dull old fellow;" Lord Guildford, "a mighty silly fellow," and so on. In order to show a high standard of merit, it was necessary to such a temper to flatter somebody. Flattery, indeed, is a necessary antithesis to vituperation, as we see when a few of these wits get together or write civil letters to one another.

The present century had the counterpart of these masters of the art in Prof. Wilson, whom nobody ever surpassed in the reckless daring of his contumely. His vituperation was essentially of the unmalignant sort, betraying unrestraint and recklessness rather than malice. What a quantity of stuff of this kind, that looks poor enough now, amused his contemporaries, and uplifted them in the reading into some sense of his own audacious smartness! as when, for example, he characterizes cockneys by every epithet of scorn, calls Leigh Hunt, mainly on this account, a profligate creature, and stigmatizes all opponents, literary or political, as blackguards and villains. Though less exuberant, we find the same vein in De Quincey. It was a family tendency. His marvellous boy brother was an early proficient; once he proposed to execute the feat of standing head downwards on the ceiling "like those scoundrels the flies." He works himself into quite a passion of ill language against Dr. Johnson, for his tone towards Milton. He is rancorous and unappeasable. "Am I the man," he asks, "to suffer him to escape under the trivial impeachment of 'prejudice'?" "Dr. Johnson, viewed in relation to Milton, was a malicious, mendacious, and dishonest man." We call this vituperative, because he is obliged to make admissions about Milton which expose himself quite as reasonably to the same allegations, without once flying out at him. But the vituperative temper cares nothing for consistency; blindness is one of its characteristics.

We have only touched on the more creditable forms of vituperation, as indeed a branch of rhetoric, a vehicle for zeal, an expression of honest conviction even where self comes in. It is innocent in proportion to the absence of merely personal considerations, if indeed it can ever be quite clear of these or of some dash of error. We certainly see that men may have taste and principles so much at heart that they keenly hate, and rejoice to vilify, the dead who are removed from them by long periods of time and remoteness of association. With what a rage of contumely Mr. Ruskin denounces painters who have lain for ages in their graves; what adjectives and what nouns in conjunction; what ingenuity of novel invective do his pages display! "Sickening offensivenesses;" "weaknesses and paltrinesses;" "tottering affectations;" "tortured inanities;" "shallow, unreflecting nothingness;" "distorted feverishness;" "strained and disgusting horrors" — such flowers of criticism on art are thickly strewn. How he storms at the "intolerable, inconceivable brutality of Salvator," "base born, thief-bred," and at the lower Dutch schools, "which lose the villanous in the brutal and the horror of crime in its 'idiocy'!" However well-merited may be his rebukes, it is impossible not to discern in Mr. Ruskin a relish for railing in well-sounding periods and a perception of the literary use of invective — a relish which we regard as dangerous alike to growth in judgment and to permanent influence.

Whatever may be the incitement to this vein — whether a detestation of moral turpitude, as in the mutual denunciations of Cavalier and Roundhead, Puritan and Churchman; or of folly, which was the stimulus to abuse among the wits of a later age; or of defective taste, which is perhaps the provocative to bad language that is most general in our own time — all vituperation comes at last to the charge of knavery and villany of some sort. We are so far moral creatures that nothing satisfies the unlicensed tongue but measuring all men and things alike by a moral standard. The man is as villanous who perpetrates a false quantity as he who rebels against his king, or betrays his country, or scruples at a dogma, or tyrannically imposes it. However far removed our likes and dislikes, our tastes and efforts, may seem from the standard of moral right and wrong, vituperation never stops short of it. Not knowing the language of moderation, it is incapable of shades or degrees, and is driven to see wickedness and foul wrong in all that it disapproves in order to account for and justify its own vehemence.

THE LITERARINESS OF LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH it is not pleasant to be mulcted in one of the higher enjoyments, as that man is mulcted who has to recant or modify a literary admiration, yet reasons superior to those of pleasantness, urging that a misplaced enjoyment is better lost than kept, should make us ready to revise any of our admirations on good cause shown. Accordingly, when the weightier ordnance of criticism goes off against some cherished object — when the spirits of Gifford or of Jeffrey speak through their time-honored depositaries to restrain the errant predilections of a younger generation — we are always disposed to listen deferentially. Now the current number of the *Quarterly Review* contains a criticism of just the kind which it is none the less proper we should examine because it threatens to be destructive of some of our pleasures. It is written in depreciation, not intemperate or malicious, of a phase of contemporary English poetry including productions which many readers of poetry regard with enthusiasm, as an honor to the age and language. Coupling together the names of Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Rossetti, and Mr. Morris, the writer charges the work of all three (and incidently that of other and still more celebrated living poets) with qualities which he holds fatal to their permanent reputation.

Let us see what are the qualities which the Quarterly Reviewer has in his mind. He sums up his points in the

single epithet *literary*, — "The Latest Development of Literary Poetry," — not at first sight the most damning that could be attached to works of literature. But the sequel throws light upon his case. It appears that "literary," as a term of reproach, has for our reviewer a two-fold application: poetry is literary as to its subjects, if that is drawn from ancient or remote sources, implying familiarity and sympathy with old forms of recorded thought; it is literary as to its style, if its style differs from the idioms of speech in ordinary use except in so far as it economizes these and elevates them. Those are definitions which we draw word for word from the writer's own text, although he does not himself bear them consistently in mind, or take any pains to keep subject and style distinct in his allegations. Indeed, he permits his whole thoughts on the question in a confusedness which stands in the way of their proper discussion, and constrains us to treat them less as argument than as a loose bundle of considerations, suggesting one or two far from recondite counter-considerations, which it may be worth while to try and put forward with somewhat more precision. (And at starting we would disavow all advantage to be taken from one or two palpable slips made by the reviewer in the easier and less disputable parts of criticism. For example, he calls it a characteristic of the latest English blank verse to be "scientifically precise, and not unlike the iambic in its pauses;" whereas the truth is that the whole art of Mr. Tennyson in his blank verse has been to practise variations at once the most subtle and the most audacious in the normal iambic scansion of the metre, while its more monotonous treatment in the hands of Mr. Swinburne abounds none the less in ellipsis and other intentional licenses, to a point unheard of by its earlier masters.)

The Quarterly Reviewer then, after a slight allusion to the alleged causes of Keats's death, laments that "since Keats, English poetry has had an exclusively literary mark," and proceeds to give a list of antecedent poets free from this blot, from Chaucer down to Crabbe. As he mixes up the questions of matter and manner, and we desire to keep them to a certain extent apart, we will not follow him through his examples, but say what we have got to say in our own order. A poet, like a painter, may evidently either be inspired by the circumstances of his immediate experience, or by circumstances, which he has imagined or read of, belonging to other times and another environment than his own. Within what limits and in what mode is the latter inspiration, that due to retrospective or creative imagination, tradition, or reading, allowable to him? when and on what terms does it justly become a cause of reproach? We should ourselves say that the inspiration drawn from literature and the past is only illegitimate when it is not really inspiration; when it is a stock or mechanical trick of art, playing upon antique or far-away themes and allusions not for the sake of feeling, but for the sake of fashion, because fashion declares that the right rule of poetry. For a long time no poem could be written in France or England without direct mechanical reference to an ancient model, without an invocation to the Nine and abundant apostrophes and similitudes in the language of classical mythology, without calling the sun Phœbus and the moon Cynthia and the rainbow Iris. Imagery of this kind, whether adorning a contemporary or an ancient theme, is what we should call literary in an opprobrious sense, a sense implying the chillness of convention as opposed to the glow of inspiration. But there is another way of being literary which carries no opprobrium, which is spiritual and not mechanical, and that is when something antique or far-away catches freshly hold of a living imagination, excites it really, and is recast by it in a form of beauty. Every instance of this is a gain to mankind; the larger the class of themes to which the imagination of any age can extend this vivifying touch, the richer will be that age's literature and its bequest to the next. In the strength of the emotion, the vividness and beauty of the picture produced under the emotion, lies the sole criterion of right or wrong in the choice. It is the glory of the imagination to give a new life to things of which the old natural life is no more, to invest with the colors of life things which never had it on the natural earth; it is a poetical age of literature when the imagination does this, freely, sincerely, and enjoyingly, for a vast range of old or visionary things; it is an unpoetical age of literature when the imagination can only do it for a narrow range, or does it imitatively and without enthusiasm. And the English poetry of the nineteenth century — not least, we think, the very poetry of Mr. Morris with which our reviewer quarrels — carries out this work of reanimation with a new and catholic instinct of delight, ranging over the whole field of antiquity, the whole field of the Middle Age, in no stale or simulated spirit, but with the same stir and eagerness of living enjoyment as over the field of visible nature — with spontaneous lingerings of affection and bright amplifications of the brooding and realizing fancy. And that, we maintain (and are surprised that it should be necessary to maintain), is more than a legitimate, it is a memorable and invaluable service for poetry to do us. If it is well that poetry should strike out the aspects of the present in their own colors, it is certainly not less well that it should put the present in delighted possessions of the past and the past's visions—an imagination within an imagination—so that nothing lovely should be lost. And the Quarterly Reviewer who commits himself to the opinion that "the general function of the poet is to find expressions for the thoughts and actions of the men among whom he lives," seems to have framed a definition rather to justify his prejudications than to exhaust the acknowledged meaning of that which he defines. That is to starve the matter of poetry — to tie poetry arbitrarily down to one small portion of its functions, unless you include in the thoughts of living men (what the reviewer grudges to do) the thoughts which living men extend towards dead men and *their* thoughts.

"But it is only the exclusive, the paramount, preoccupation with far-off fancies that we condemn." Let each man, we say, do his own work; and let us be thankful to him if he does it well, instead of insisting that he should do something else. And, in truth, our censor, in his hurry to stigmatize the real or assumed alienation of modern poets from the active life which surrounds them as something new and heretical in poetry, hazards the most curious appreciations of some of their predecessors, whom he would have us think of as having escaped their errors. Any thing or nothing gains exemption for a writer who flourished before the days of the French Revolution. Dryden and Butler are not "literary" — because our party politics are represented in their verse. Goldsmith and Crabbe belong to the course of genuine English poetry — because they describe pictures of English peasant life. Spenser is redeemed by the patriotic and contemporary allegory in his work, and because Gloriana stands for Queen Elizabeth. Milton's imagination is certainly guilty of transcending the bounds of space and time, but he keeps a foot on firm ground — by his part in politics? no, that seems to be overlooked; but by the fact that his minor poems contain "enchanting descriptions of English country scenery." That is very droll. Descriptions of English country scenery occur certainly in much larger proportion in the work of Mr. Morris, and might on the above principle have been expected to redeem that gentleman's muse from the reproach of being exclusively "literary." But, with a fine tenacity to a foregone construction in spite of appearances, the mark of the beast is detected even here; the loving and direct nature-writing of the modern writer is ingeniously set down as "very happily caught" from "the out-of-door freshness and naïveté *of the romances*." In the same spirit — by no means, we have said, of malice, but of clammy adhesion to an ill-considered formula, as the limpet is not critical of any rock it has stuck to — the new and passionate inspiration which Keats found in external nature is ignored; Keats, veritably the incarnation of a reaction against literary convention in poetry, is dubbed father of that literary spirit which we are henceforth to reprehend in our poetry, inasmuch as his works "do not contain a single allusion to passing events," as he failed to be "exhilarated by the conflict of modern opinions," and "found an opiate for his despondency in the remote tales

of Greek mythology." Despondency found the ally which we all know against the opiate, but happily not until some of the tales, from being remote, had been brought very near in an illumination which will not fade.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of that part of the charge under consideration which refers to style and diction. Here again we venture to think the reviewer might have seen reason to distrust his aversions, if he had taken a little more pains to examine in what they really consisted. He complains that the modern poets "affect an arbitrary standard of diction," remote from the common speech of men, and seems to associate this remoteness of dialect with the remoteness of theme which is the other object of his strictures. "The style of our poets till the beginning of this century was generally as idiomatic as their subjects were national." And we are told how the old poets "treated the language as an inheritance;" how they with great pains "elaborated a poetical idiom" according to the proper genius of our tongue, of which younger writers have allowed scarcely a trace to survive; how between the language of modern poets and that in general use "there is an extraordinary difference;" how the literary poet "aims first of all at being strikingly original," and at "producing a perfectly novel effect of language." The reviewer does not give sufficient examples to make it quite clear what qualities of diction he has actually in view. But, again, there occurs against him the obvious instance of Milton, who charged the language with unheard-of Latinisms, and, though he lived before the beginning of this century, transformed and expanded his inheritance certainly with greater boldness than any of his late successors. And there occurs, also, the obvious principle that just as the feeling to be expressed in poetry differs from the feeling expressed in common speech, in the same degree ought the language in which it is expressed to differ from that in general use. When the Quarterly Reviewer refers to Pope as a model, and to Pope's character of Atticus as a "splendid example of poetic diction," we agree that he is referring to an excellent passage by a great master of English. But Pope is not a master, nor is the character of Atticus a passage, in that vein of poetry which is the expression of exalted feeling and impassioned imagination. And it has usually been one phase or another of exalted feeling and impassioned imagination which since the revolutionary revival English poets have endeavored to express; and our reviewer condemns the language in which they have expressed it by a standard adapted to something quite different. The style which he admires is in truth a much more generalized, much more really artificial or "literary" style than the later styles, which are repugnant to his feelings because they carry the stamp of a more emphatically expressed individuality and more highly strung feeling. In calling these "literary" and that "idiomatic" he has arrived at an actual inversion of the true position of the case. Most of the instances of archaic or technical diction which he cites in modern poetry are precisely instances of a surely healthy tendency of our language to enrich and invigorate its vocabulary from its own ancient stores, and other quarters forbidden by the literary canon of that which our reviewer calls the "idiomatic" period. We do not mean to say that in thus stretching and renewing the resources of English, modern poets have avoided the faults of mannerism — that many rampant or glittering individualities in style may not contrast badly with the classical gait of the language in that poetry which was a poetry of wit and reason, and not of the imagination. But we do say it is idle thus to accuse the styles of contemporary poets as forming the dialect of a caste — idle to talk as if the prescription of a classical period could furnish an ultimate standard of poetical diction — when the truth is that the sole standard resides in an emotional instinct which must be trained, indeed, in all the traditions of the language, but which must vibrate infallibly also to every note of genuine passion, every stroke of living imagination, every fine associated beauty of meaning or music, which comes carried along each new mode or mould of language in which an individual genius stamps itself. "How shall any man acknowledge the existence of this subtle standard in another? When will any two measure alike by so intangible a canon?" That is the despair of criticism — that each critic may forever accuse his neighbor of lacking what is but an internal and invisible organ after all.

At any rate, we do not seem to have seen the signs of its existence in the remarks we have had under consideration. If we have thought and called admirable some of the poetry which we here find slightly esteemed — if, for instance, such or such a sonnet of Mr. Rossetti has seemed to us a masterpiece of imaginative richness as well of diction, none the less classical, none the less English, for its ornate and sonorous pregnancy, because these qualities are the appropriate dress of its peculiar pitch of thought and passion — we shall not consent to forego our enjoyment for a criticism which almost seems to have been written that a couplet of its writer's favorite poet might be fulfilled — concerning one who, —

> Now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
> Means not, but blunders round about a meaning.

Dislike of the worship of new gods, distaste for the poetical part of poetry —these, if we may venture the expression, constitute the pivot of the evolutions above reviewed; and these are the unconscious essence of half that indistinct grudging-spiritedness which passed once under the name of criticism.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A MOVEMENT is on foot for all workmen in France to labor one hour per day extra and devote the proceeds to liberating the territory from the Germans.

AT a fancy ball in Florence, the Princess Strozzi wore a dress so heavy with jewels and gold damask, that, as soon as all her guests had arrived, she changed it for a lighter costume, which would enable her to move with something like ease.

A CORRESPONDENT at Brussels writes that Titian's "Madonna with the Veil," which was generally believed to have been destroyed at the storming and sacking of Rome by the Constable of Bourbon, has been found again among the pictures in an old chateau belonging to the late Dr. Riteri. The professors of the Academy of Turin pronounce it to be the genuine picture.

AN English gentleman in Paris has just become the fortunate winner of a most valuable lottery. It appears that a French lady persuaded the Briton to take tickets of two napoleons in a raffle which she was getting up for the purpose of disposing of some magnificent jewels, which rumor says had belonged to the Empress. He paid the sum, and thought no more of the matter; when to his utter astonishment he received a small packet one day, and on opening it he found he had become the happy possessor of a diamond cross and necklace worth about sixty thousand dollars. This is a fact — or it would not have been in the French papers.

THE latest hypothesis concerning Dr. Livingstone is that he is "imprisoned for debt." Why a man need have got into the heart of Africa to achieve this purpose is hard to say; but Mr. Winwood Reade, who has sojourned in Africa, has simply declared this to be the great traveller's probable fate. It seems that when you get into an African village a hut is given you, and as long as you remain you are supplied with goats, fowl, yams, &c.; and when you are going away you are asked to pay the bill. But suppose you don't pay your bill — and there are people of that turn of mind — your luggage is taken; and if you have no luggage you are taken yourself. This is what has happened to Dr. Livingstone.

M. LEOUZON-LEDUC, in his "Mémoires d'Alexandre II.," relates a curious incident in the life of the present Emperor

of Russia. One day the late Emperor Nicolas, hearing a great noise in the room in the Winter Palace where his children were playing, went in to see what was the matter. He found Constantine holding down his brother Alexander by both knees, and pulling with all his strength at the knot of a cravat which he had tied round Alexander's throat. Alexander, who was nearly throttled, was begging for mercy, and his father only came just in time to save him. On being asked the meaning of this strange scene, Constantine explained to his father that they were re-enacting a well-known event in Russian history — the assassination of the Emperor Paul I. Constantine was put under arrest for having attempted to strangle the Czarowitch, and Alexander was sent to prison because he cried for mercy.

THE question of the use of phosphorized bronze as a material for guns is now engaging the attention of many of the European Powers. For some time past important trials have been going on with guns of this material in Prussia, and, we understand, with the most satisfactory results. The Swiss Government have under trial a breech-loader of phosphorized bronze; the Dutch Government a muzzle-loader; the Italian Government, having repeated the statical tests which were applied to this material by Messrs. Montefiori-Levi and Künzel, of Liége, have resolved upon proceeding to the trial of guns of the material; and in Vienna some phosphorized bronze guns are about to be tested. Finally, the French Government are about to make some guns with this bronze, supplied from Liége.

MR. SPURGEON in a recent address to the Young Men's Christian Mission of the town of Walworth, objected to prefix "Reverend" as applied to himself. "I do not know myself," said he, "by that name. I am not entitled to the slightest reverence from anybody. If you must reverence man, find out somebody that deserves it. I do not profess to." After this disclaimer, it would, of course, be bad taste on the part of the Walworth Christian Young Men to feel or show any reverence for Mr. Spurgeon; but at the same time it must be difficult for them to meet his wishes in this respect when he elevates the ministerial office by such stories as the following: — "On Saturday," he said, "I received a letter from Australia containing 'an order for three Baptist ministers.' I had some thoughts of getting them packed up and labelled 'This side up with care,' and sending them out by the next mail, but," continued Mr. Spurgeon, "the most amusing part was the postscript. Here it is — 'P.S. Don't send duffers.'" This story made the Walworth Young Men's Christian Mission laugh exceedingly, and their mirth was renewed when Mr. Spurgeon added that had it not been for the postscript he could have executed the order at once, "but 'duffers' are no more liked in Australia than they are here." If decided Christians take to poking fun at each other in this fashion, they will be compelled for their own sakes to cultivate a little toleration. It must be dreadfully provoking for Baptist ministers of England to hear that it is not easy to find one who is not a "duffer."

THE experiences of a pork-butcher's shop-boy named Broche who has just been tried by court-martial at Versailles are well worth a passing record. On the outbreak of the Communal insurrection, he was taken — much against his will — from the sale of sausages to serve in a Federal battalion of National Guards at Neuilly. Here he incurred the ill-will of his comrades by his refusal to accept the rank of a captain. He was accordingly tried and sentenced to be shot. The men entrusted with his execution decided — by way of a change, perhaps — to hang the unfortunate Broche, instead of shooting him, and he was accordingly launched into space from a first-floor window. He contrived, however, to cling to the wall, and so to avoid total strangulation, until cut down by some men of another battalion who took pity on him and disapproved of the unmilitary mode of execution adopted. Broche, however, only remained two days with his new friends. At the end of that time he attempted to escape, but was so closely pursued that he jumped into the Seine, and swam to the bank occupied by the Versailles troops, who hospitably received him with a hailstorm of balls, one of which struck him in the leg. Being taken before a court-martial of officers of the regular army, his protestations of innocence were disbelieved, and he was condemned for the second time to be shot. The executioners of M. Thiers, however, did not do their work any better than those of the Commune, for though duly shot and left for dead, Broche escaped with two flesh wounds and a broken arm. He was hidden and nursed by an inhabitant of Puteaux, where he had been shot, and when the Commune fell, was again arrested and taken to Versailles, where he appears to have passed the last eight months in prison. Being tried a few days ago for the third time, the unlucky and yet lucky pork-butcher was at once acquitted. Here's a ready-made hero for a sensational novelist.

"IT seems probable," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "that among other distinguished visitors to London during the approaching season we are likely to be favored with the presence of an Albanian gentleman, aged forty, and unmarried, whose appearance alone will insure him a warm welcome in fashionable circles." He is, according to the *Medizinische Wochenschrift* of Vienna, of middle height, and beautifully and strongly built, and is tattoed from "top to toe." His whole body looks as though it were tightly enveloped in a webbing of richly woven Turkish stuff. From the crown of his head to the tips of his toes he is covered with dark blue figures of animals and plants, in the interspaces of which appear to be characters in blue and cinnibar red. The hands are tattoed on both surfaces, but only with inscriptions. The blue figures stop short at the insteps of the feet, but the tattooing is continued along the toes to the root of the nails in the form of red characters. Through the very hairs of the scalp and of the beard appear also designs in blue. On the forehead, one on either side, are two panthers, separated in the middle line by red characters. There are altogether on his body three hundred and eighty-eight figures. All of these are of a blue color, and represent apes, leopards, cats, tigers, eagles, crowned sphynxes, storks, swans, men, women, elephants, crocodiles, snakes, fish, lions, snails, fruit, leaves, flowers, bows, arrows, and quivers. The inscriptions on the surfaces of the hands belong, according to Pro. Müller, to the language of Burmah. This interesting stranger is said to have been tattoed as a punishment in Chinese Tartary for supplying insurgents with arms during a rebellion in that country. He intends shortly to visit London, where he will no doubt meet one of the requirements of the day — namely, a person about whose identity at any future time there cannot be a shadow of doubt.

THE Count Espagnac, a well-known picture fancier, who is constantly buying, selling, and exchanging works of art, appeared recently as a prosecutor before the tribunal of Correctional Police under the following circumstances: In March, 1870, a young man of engaging appearance, named Léon Bezier, called at his house in the Rue de Clichy, and represented that he was going to England, where he would have excellent introductions to the Duc d'Aumale, who was a great amateur of paintings and curiosities. He particularly proposed to sell to the duke some interesting autographs of the Orleans family which Count Espagnac possessed. The count, after several interviews, gave his confidence to the volunteer broker. He at once trusted him with the precious autographs; and subsequently, on the receipt of assurances by his agent that he had been warmly received at Twickenham, and that the duke was most desirous to purchase some *chefs d'œuvre* of the Espagnac collection, packed up a Cromwell, a Saint George of Raphael, and a Giorgione, and despatched them to Bezier's address in London. Bezier wrote afterwards that the Queen was determined to have the Cromwell, and that the Prince of Wales would not let the Giorgione go. More consignments to London followed, among which were a miniature of Louis XIV., by Petitol, and (a great curiosity) the very proof-sheet of the *Ami du Peuple* which Marat was reading in his bath when Charlotte Corday killed him.

The Prussian war broke out and Bezier disappeared. His counsel now says that he covered himself with glory as a volunteer. However this may have been, Count Espagnac discovered that his pictures were pawned in London for small sums, and that neither the Queen, the Prince of Wales, nor the Duc d'Aumale had ever heard any thing about them. Bezier, who after the war obtained employment as an extra clerk in the Finance Ministry, was tried on Jan. 9 by default, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He speedily had the hardihood to come forward to "purge his contempt," and alleged that he had acted *bonâ fide*, but had been the dupe of a swindler in London. The fact that Count Espagnac got back all his property for 50*l.* was pleaded in extenuation. But the Court discredited the excuses made, and confirmed the sentence.

THE BALLAD OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay in the Field of Blood;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Beside the body stood.

Black was the earth by night,
And blacker was the sky;
Black, black were the broken clouds,
Tho' the red moon went by.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot,
Strangled and dead, lay there;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Looked on it in despair.

The breath of the world came and went
Like a sick man's in rest;
Drop by drop on the world's eyes
The dews fell, cool and blest.

Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did make a gentle moan —
"I will bury underneath the ground
My flesh and blood and bone.

"I will bury deep beneath the soil,
Lest mortals look thereon;
And when the wolf and raven come
The body will be gone!

"The stones of the field are sharp as steel,
And hard and cold, God wot!
And I must bear my body hence
Until I find a spot!"

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
So grim, and wild, and gray,
Raised the body of Judas Iscariot,
And carried it away.

And as he bare it from the field
Its touch was cold as ice,
And the ivory teeth within the jaw
Rattled aloud, like dice.

As the soul of Judas Iscariot
Carried its load with pain,
The eye of heaven, like a lanthorn's eye,
Open'd and shut again.

Half he walk'd, and half he seemed
Lifted on the cold wind;
He did not turn, for chilly hands
Were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto
It was the open wold,
And underneath were prickly whins,
And a wind that blew so cold.

The next place that he came unto
It was a stagnant pool;
And when he threw the body in
It floated light as wool.

He drew the body on his back,
And it was dripping chill;
And the next place he came unto
Was a cross upon a hill.

A cross upon the windy hill,
And a cross on either side;
Three skeletons that swing thereon,
Who had been crucified.

And on the middle cross-bar sat
A white dove slumbering;
Dim it sat in the dim light,
With its head beneath its wing.

And underneath the middle cross
A grave yawn'd, wide and fast;
But the soul of Judas Iscariot
Shiver'd, and glided past.

The fourth place that he came unto
It was the Brig of Dread;
And the great torrents rushing down
Were deep, and swift, and red.

He dared not fling the body in
For fear of faces dim,
And arms were waved in the wild water
To thrust it back to him.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Turned from the Brig of Dread,
And the dreadful foam of the wild water
Had splashed the body red.

For days and nights he wandered on,
Upon an open plain;
And the days went by like blinding mist,
And the nights like rushing rain.

For days and nights he wandered on,
All thro' the Wood of Woe;
And the nights went by like moaning wind,
And the days like drifting snow.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Came with a weary face;
Alone, alone, and all alone;
Alone in a lonely place!

He wandered east, he wandered west,
And heard no human sound;
For months and years, in grief and tears,
He wandered round and round.

For months and years, in grief and tears,
He walked the silent night;
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Perceived a far-off light.

A far-off light that went and came,
Small as a glow-worm's e'e;
That came and went like the lighthouse gleam
On a black night at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Crawl'd to the distant gleam:
And the rain came down, and the rain was blown
Against him with a scream.

For days and nights he wandered on,
Push'd on by hands behind;
And the days went by like black, black rain,
And the nights like rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone, at dead of night,
Before a lighted hall.

And the wold without was white with snow,
And his foot-marks black and damp;
And the ghost of the silvern moon arose,
Holding her yellow lamp.

And the icicles were on the eaves,
And the walls were deep with white,
And the shadows of the guests within
Pass'd on the window light.

The shadows of the wedding guests
Did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretch'd along the snow.

The body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretch'd along the snow;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Ran swiftly to and fro.

To and fro, and up and down,
He ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen pole
Glided the lean white bear.

'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table-head,
And the lights burnt bright and clear:
"Oh, who is that," the Bridegroom said,
"Whose weary feet I hear?"

'Twas one look'd from the lighted hall,
And answered soft and low, —
"It is a wolf runs up and down
With a black track in the snow."

The Bridegroom in his robe of white
Sat at the table-head.
"Oh, who is that who moans without?"
The blessed Bridegroom said.

'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answered fierce and low, —
"'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
Gliding to and fro."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Did hush itself and stand,
And saw the Bridegroom at the door
With a light in his hand.

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he was clad in white;
And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so broad and bright.

The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and look'd,
And his face was bright to see.
"What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper
With thy body's sins?" said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood black, and sad, and bare.
"I have wandered many nights and days;
There is no light elsewhere."

'Twas the wedding guests cried out within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright, —
"Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night!"

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he waved hands still and slow;
And the third time that he waved his hands
The air was thick with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touched the ground,
There came a dove; and a thousand doves
Made sweet and gentle sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet;
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
Were like its winding-sheet.

'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door
And beckon'd, smiling sweet;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in, and fell at his feet.

"The Holy Supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine;
And I have waited long for thee
Before I poured the wine!"

The supper wine is poured at last;
The lights burn bright and fair;
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet,
And dries them with his hair.

WASHINGTON IRVING, a great sufferer from Asthma, found relief in WHITCOMB'S REMEDY.

A UNIVERSAL REMEDY. — *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* for Coughs, Colds, and Bronchial affections, stand first in public favor and confidence; this result has been acquired by a test of many years.

THE choicest and the cheapest relish that a gentleman can place upon his table is the HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE. A pint bottle is sold by your No. 1 grocers for only fifty cents.

READ the opinion of Mr. Greene, editor of Boston *Post*, in regard to WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA.

A TRUE WOMAN. — IT is the duty of every true woman to look as beautiful as she can. It is her duty to brighten and gladden the world with her loveliness. If nature has denied them this power, it can be remedied by the use of a perfectly harmless beautifier of the skin known as Geo. W. Laird's "BLOOM OF YOUTH," which will remove all discolorations, tan, freckles, sunburns, and other cutaneous diseases from the skin, leaving it delicate, soft, smooth, clear and perfectly beautiful. Sold by druggists everywhere. Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES. — MRS. CARRIE S. SLATER, Newark, N. J., has operated a Wheeler & Wilson Machine eighteen years; for the last thirteen years on her own account sewing in families, and earned in that time $11,000; married, borne two children, done her own sewing, and attended to other household duties.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. L] SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1872. [No. 11.

SERPENT-CHARMING IN CAIRO.

BY PROF. RICHARD OWEN.

ON my visit to Egypt during the winter of 1868–9, I was interested and amused by the tricks of the "serpent-charmer," the baboon-trainer, and other zoölogically-disposed natives, who exhibit the accomplishments of themselves and their captives in the warm and bright January sunshine on the broad *trottoir* of the Esbekiah, below the entry-terrace of Shepherd's Hotel, whereon the traversers to and from our Indian empire, with other sojourners, love to bask and congregate.

I wished to see the process by which the charmer clears the house infested by ophidian vermin, hoping to get some clew to its intelligible element. I found in Mr. Broadway, formerly a pupil of my old acquaintance, Cartright, and now surgeon-dentist to the Khedive, the Hareem, and the *haut ton* of Cairo, a friendly and willing ally in this matter. He made an arrangement with a notable member of the privileged family of Derwishes, who profess to inherit the *quasi* supernatural faculty, and drove me to a part of the suburbs of Cairo where dwellings were to be found likely to require and profit by it.

The charmer came to appointment, accompanied by a boy with a bag, said to be for the snakes that were to be captured.

The houses were of the low, tumble-down character common in those suburbs; most of them detached, in patches of slovenly-cultivated ground.

I suggested that the charmer should strip, and have his garments searched before entering; but he refused, and even resisted the temptation of half a sovereign extra — a large sum in piasters — which I thought suspicious. The outer garment of the villanous-looking old Sheik was the long loose frock of a coarse blue cotton-stuff, called "galabieh," with large baggy sleeves, or what looked like sleeves from the mode of its adjustment. A conjuror would have concealed the major part of his property in its ample folds.

He entered a house, followed by his boy and ourselves. I may mention that we were joined by Mr. Solly, son of my old and esteemed friend the late president of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, who happened then to be in Cairo. The Sheik, on entering, stepped forward, mysteriously glancing to the right and left, muttering and occasionally whistling, and passing from room to room, closely followed and watched by us; he, however, left that house, intimating that it was free from snakes.

In the next house, — and whenever any inhabitant was visible, the charmer was reverently welcomed, — on entering the second room, I noticed a doorway led from it to a darkened apartment without other entry or exit. The charmer stood at this doorway, his legs apart, his arms on the lintel, his turbaned visage poked forward, and the incantation and whistling becoming emphatic. I tried to get into the place, but there was no passing without shoving the fellow aside, and the boy loudly protested against my proximity and disturbance. The charmer next stretched forward the hand carrying his stick, and tapped the wall of the darkened room; then, suddenly turning round to us, exclaimed, according to my interpreter, "The snake, my cousin; there he is!" and stepped down into the room. We followed, and a small specimen of the common, harmless house-snake of Egpyt (*Coluber atrovirens*), half coiled in seemingly a semi-torpid or sluggish state, lay on the floor. On the supposition that it had been coaxed out of a chink in the wall I should have expected to see some movement of the reptile or endeavor to escape; but we were given to understand that it was charmed. The boy seized it behind the head, and, after I had inspected it, popped it into his bag, which I observed to contain others, apparently of the same kind.

We visited four or five other houses, in two of which a serpent on the floor was the result of the incantations and movements exhibited by the charmer at the entry to the alleged infested apartment.

I noted that he never "charmed" save when he came upon a room to which there was no other entry than a doorway from the one we happened to be in.

To my strongly-urged desire to first enter such *cul-de-sac*, in order to see the issue of the mesmerized serpent from its lurking-place, I was told that the charmer objected, on account of the evil influence of the presence of an "uncomplimentarily-specified individual" upon the operation of the magic process.

It reminded me of the objections of our own spiritualists to the presence of a sceptic, and to too much light in the room.

I thereupon watched the Sheik the more closely, and distinctly detected a slight but rapid and energetic quivering movement of the left arm and sleeve, immediately preceding his announcement of the success of his incantation. The poor snake, which had been jerked out, lay, like the first, in a half-coiled, sluggish state on the floor.

I charged the imposter with the fact, and was happily unacquainted with the meaning of the loud and voluble remonstrances of the derwish and his gathering of dusky believers, to which my friendly conductor put a stop by threatening to thrash the saint.

I returned to the hotel with the conviction that "serpent-charming" was not conducted under circumstances favorable to a rational or scientific explanation of the process; that, on the contrary, it was attended, like other marvels which dread the light, with purposive obstructions to fair and accurate observations; and, finally, that it was a rude mode of conjuring, in which the snake, professed to be charmed out of a hole in the wall, was concealed upon the person of the conjuror, and transferred by sleight of arm and hand to the floor of the room alleged to have been infested.

I parted, gratefully, from my worthy and liberal guide, — for the time Mr. Broadway devoted to this wish of mine was, I knew, of considerable value to him, — under the impression, however, that he had engaged in the experiment as a believer in serpent-charming, and with a view of removing my scepticism thereon. The result was, evidently, a shaking of his own belief, though without unqualified acceptance of my explanation of the process.

Mr. Broadway, however, kindly promised to repeat the experiments after my departure from Cairo, with certain precautions and conditions which I suggested. He associated with him in the investigation an intelligent and close observer, and I have been recently favored by Dr. Grant with the following communications on the subject: —

CAIRO, Oct. 12, 1871.

PROF. OWEN.

Dear Sir,—I write this to prevent your using any documents you may have on serpent-charming, for scientific purposes, till the subject is more thoroughly examined. Mr. Broadway and I have set about clearing up the matter in a way that will recommend itself to you, and we have already got three-fourths finished. Had it not been that I am at present very busy, you would have had a full account of what we have already ascertained, instead of this *promissory* note. Knowing that you are anxious to have serpent-charming properly investigated, so as to leave no shadow of a doubt either way, I beg you will wait for my communication, which I am convinced will satisfy your mind, in as far as serpent-charming in Egypt is concerned; and it is allowed that the Egyptians stand second to none in this respect, unless to the Hindoos; and rest assured, even in their case, it is but a piece of legerdemain.

Pardon the liberty I have taken in thus writing you, and believe me,

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) J. A. S. GRANT.

CAIRO, Oct. 20, 1871.

PROF. OWEN.

Dear Sir,—By last mail I sent you a letter promising to give you some information on serpent-charming, and I now take pleasure in communicating to you the facts that have come to light since Mr. Broadway and I have put the matter to the test. We procured two serpents from the desert, one a *cerastes cornutus*, the other a *cobra di capello*, and had them kept in a box made with two compartments. A professed serpent-charmer, who had lately successfully practised his art in other houses, was sent for several times by those who had employed him before, but each time an evasive answer was returned, and he could not be got. After a time we were successful in getting a member of the Rifauyeh to come.

The Rifauyeh are the first and most celebrated of the four orders of the Derwishes They are divided into three sects with distinct functions. These are:—

1st, Florannych or Owlad Ilwan.—These pretend to thrust iron spikes into their eyes and body without injury; to pass swords through the body, and skewers through the cheeks, without producing a wound. They also eat snakes and live coals.

2d, Saaduych.—These pretend to handle with impunity venomous serpents and scorpions. They also partly devour serpents.

3d, Owlad Syidi Gamaa.—These pretend to detect the presence of serpents anywhere, and to have the power of calling them out from their hiding-places. They also eat them entire.

The Order was founded by Seyyid Ahmad Rifaah el Kebur, who is reported to have had supernatural power over serpents, the secret of which he handed down to his followers. He is revered as a saint; and his tomb is said to be full of serpents, so that even in death he attracts them to him. The Sheikh of the Order resides in Cairo.

We concealed the box containing the cerastes and the cobra under a divan, but with the box-lids sufficiently open to allow of their exit. When the charmer was called in he consented to an examination, and allowed his loose frock to slip from his shoulders to his feet, showing himself naked. In an instant, however, he replaced it over his shoulders and proceeded to his work.* He had a long slender stick which was quite solid. He went along the passage on which the rooms opened, at one time whistling, then beating the wall with his stick, and repeating an incantation in Arabic. While Mr. Broadway followed and kept his eye on the charmer, I watched the boy who had accompanied him with a bag of serpents. When he came opposite the kitchen door, which was wide open, he stopped, stepped forward a little, and then starting back, exclaimed, 'There is one—there is one! come, come!' At this moment Mr. Broadway peeped round the edge of the door, but saw nothing. The charmer seeing this movement, made a feint as if the serpent had seen him (Mr. B.), and turned back to its hole Then he rushed into the kitchen and with his stick brought out a serpent, a harmless house-snake, which I am sure was not there before he introduced it. He now began to play with it, making it bite his galabieh, and pretending to tear out its poison-fangs.

He was told there was still another serpent to be removed, and that of a different kind. He deposited this one *alive* in the boy's bag. (They profess that if once they kill or connive at the killing of a snake, they would forever lose their power over them. How then do they retain their power and yet eat them?) This time I kept my eye upon the charmer, and Mr. Broadway watched the boy, as we entered the room where our serpents were. There were also other spectators. He went through the same manœuvres as in the passage, only, after having gone several times around the room and effected nothing, he began to poke with his stick in holes about the walls, when he was told that any one could poke a snake out of his hole in that way, but that *he* was to call it out.

Failing to find an opportunity of doing his work, he asked to have a wardrobe opened, which I did, leaving one half of the door shut. Behind this he began to poke, and before I could detect any thing he inserted his arm, and cried, "There is one! there is one!" and pretended to exert great force in drawing it out Then he cried, "There are two! there are two!" and directly brought out two ordinary house-snakes. We could not detect the trick, though convinced that it was sleight of hand We insisted, however, that there were more serpents in the room, but he was emphatic in his assertions that there were none; and swore by his saint who had invested him with this power, that the place was cleared of them.

Finding that we could not urge him on to further display of his skill, I asked for his stick, and with it I pushed from under the divan the box in which our serpents were undisturbed. He looked at them and exclaimed, "These are from the desert, from the Western Mountains. I don't know how to work with these." We all laughed heartily, which so annoyed him that he began to prove that he was one of the order of serpent-charmers by eating one of his own serpents. This, however, did not convince us, and calling for the boy, we made him put one of his house-snakes into a hat, and placed the hat in the middle of the room. Then we asked the charmer to call this snake out. "Oh, no!" said he, "I cannot do this; because, once a snake has been charmed and imprisoned, it will never be charmed again to become imprisoned again."

Thus baffled, we took him before the Prefect of Police, and found that he was one of the Rifauyeh. The Prefect told him that he was a conjuror (Habass), and that all his kind were conjurors; and ended by saying, "Be off with you, you dog!" On explaining, however, to the Prefect what we wanted, he assured us that the whole of them, not excepting the Sheikh of the order, were deceivers; but he would further our object by ordering the Sheikh to appear the next day.

On leaving the Zabatieh, the charmer and his boy, who had been waiting outside, clamored for "bucksheesh," which we promised to give them when they returned with the Sheikh. They walked off sheepishly without further solicitations. During the afternoon of the next day we took our serpents to the police-station to meet the Sheikh. In the crowd outside a hot discussion was kept up regarding the powers of the Sheikh,—a Jew maintaining that he had no more power over these serpents than any other person, and that he would not dare to touch them; a Mos.em, on the other hand, declared that the Sheikh would not only handle them with impunity, but would eat them.

When the Sheikh appeared I questioned him carefully, and obtained the following information: that his name was Mohammed Yaseen; that he was the Sheikh es Seggadeh el Rifa'eeyeh (occupant of the prayer-carpet of the founder of the order; the "Seggadeh" is considered the spiritual throne); that he knew how to devour fire and eat snakes; that he had secrets from his ancestors that those under him did not know, and that some of those under him had secrets that he did not know; that he dare not touch those serpent of ours; that if he were bitten by them he would be poisoned like other men; that he did not know how to charm serpents; that there were none in Cairo who could; that if there were any who said they could, they were kadabeen (liars); that there were only fifty or sixty men who had this secret transmitted to them from father to son; that he knew for certain those had the power of detecting where serpents were, and could entice them out from their hiding-places by calling "My cousin, my cousin;" that all serpents were alike to them, and no one more capable of being charmed than another; that you might take a serpent of your own and put a mark upon it, and secrete it anywhere, and they would bring it out for you; that these men are called "Owlad Syidi Gamaa," and live in two villages (Deseits in the Minoofieh district, and Dinosher, near Mahallah) at a considerable distance from Cairo; that they are agriculturists, and earn their bread by tilling the soil; that they have this power over serpents imparted to them on condition that they never take any reward for whatever service they may render in using it (hence they do not travel round the country, nor lay themselves out for serpent-charming, but remain at their villages, following remunerative employments); that all those who practise the art of serpent-charming and take money for it are deceivers; that he expected one of the genuine charmers to visit Cairo next month (shaaban), and he promised to bring him to us, begging in an undertone that the exhibition should not be at the police station.

* Snakes concealed in the sleeve-bags would not necessarily be displaced or detected in this process. The frock should have been removed and searched.—R. O.

The Prefect being now disengaged, began to cross-examine the Sheikh, and we noticed a great discrepancy in his different answers. He now confessed that he did not know positively that these fifty or sixty men could call serpents from their hiding-places, but as it was the talk (*on dit*) of the country, he believed it. The Prefect, however, declared that they were all Habbasseen (conjurors), whether they accepted of money or not. On this the Sheikh became angry and left. We followed, and on passing through the courtyard we heard the disappointed Moslems excusing their Sheikh by saying that we would not give up the serpents, and on that account the Sheikh would not display his powers. Their belief is that once the Sheikh has brought serpents under his influence, he must not let them go out of his possession. The Sheikh, however, did not intimate any such thing to us, but absolutely refused to touch them.

(Signed) J. A. S. GRANT.

In the last letter with which I have been favored, Dr. Grant writes: —

"The other day I met the 'serpent-boy' who accompanied the 'serpent-charmer' we had employed, and I bribed him to tell me how we were deceived. He was unwilling at first to inform me; but, after a little wrangling about how much the bribe should be, he declared that the charmer had the serpents concealed about his dress in small bags, one being in one bag and two in the other. This appeared to me to afford a feasible explanation of what the charmer effected, for the two serpents were twined together just as if they had been confined in a small space, and the great exertion manifested on his part to get them out was a mere pretence to have his other hand introduced to manage to open the bag, and to conceal it while we were being attracted by the serpents."

Human nature is pretty much the same in all ages and climes.

Unregenerate craftsmen, if work be scarce, and comes not naturally, will "make work" when others have to pay for it.

It seems to be an accepted principle with plumbers and glaziers, for example, that they have no further concern with the fire they have had to kindle on the roof of hall or castle after the lead it has melted has been duly applied *secundum artem*. It would be a cheap insurance if a fireman or policeman or other trusty individual were employed, as a rule, to visit and inspect the locality immediately after such artisans had left work. It may be deemed an imperative precaution when a mansion stored with priceless rarities has any need of a plumber.

But to come back closer to my subject. At a happy period of my life, when I came into possession of the charming abode assigned to me by the gracious favor of the Queen, in Richmond Park, I was discussing with the gardener, one fine evening in May, some horticultural operations, when a functionary of the Park was announced and made his appearance. He was the "mole-catcher," and had plied his vocation there, he told me, man and boy, for upwards of fifty years. He respectfully intimated to me that my predecessor had found it necessary to avail himself of his services in keeping down what would otherwise be a grievous pest to both lawn and flower-bed. I expressed my surprise at the intimation. Rats, I knew, were plentiful about, but moles I had thought were a scarce article in the garden. However, I inquired the "terms," as it was "no part of his regular business to look after the gentlemen's gardens belonging to the Park." My predecessor, it appeared, had subsidized the old expert at a guinea a year, and I was warranted "never to see a mole twice" in the garden on these terms. The difficulty, it struck me, was as to getting any glimpse at all of the interesting burrower; but it was the mole-heaps old Warps meant; once levelled after the upturner had been trapped, they would not appear. I hesitated, and pondered on the capabilities of my then limited salary from the Royal College of Surgeons, and its contrast with the probable fortune of my gallant predecessor at Sheen Lodge, and concluded that I must forego the luxury of keeping a mole-catcher.

Next morning I was disturbed at breakfast by my gardener, with the announcement that the moles had been at work; and, by a most curious coincidence, in the very part of the kitchen-garden where the conference with the mole-catcher had been held on the previous evening. There, sure enough, no fewer than six mole-hills had been raised in that very night, most of them breaking up the rows of the brightly-sprouting peas, on which I had been building flattering hopes of a rarely-enjoyed luxury. Touching which, I remember Mr. Ellis of the *Star and Garter* once giving me an instance of the refinement that the gustatory sense may attain to by due cultivation. The prime-warden of a city company, holding a summer-festival on Richmond Hill, interpellated the waiter by, — "You rascal, these are mixed peas!" Meaning that only half of them had been gathered on the day of the feast.

It seemed plain to me that moles and fresh-gathered peas were incompatible. I struck my flag; sent for the mole-trapper, and paid him his guinea in advance. I never regretted it. I got more mole-lore out of that old gentleman than I had ever before heard or read of. He always reminded me of a mole himself — a thin, prognathic visage, the nose longer than it was deep, and ending in a red point; the smallest, keenest eyes that ever peered out of sockets.

If at home on the evenings of his professional inspection, I usually ordered a jug of Mortlake ale into the arbor, and went in for mole-gossip.

I owe to Warps my first evidence of the vocal powers of *Mustela vulgaris*.

"You know, sir, them parts of the Park as the servant-gals and the people won't go near to, after dark, coz of the screams of the murdered babby as was heard thereabout half the night."

"Well, it must have taken a long time to kill," I interpose.

"Now I tell you what that was, sir; it were a weasel as got trapped in one of my mole-traps, and I never heard a beast squeal so loud afore. I couldn't 'a thought such a little critter could 'a made such a row."

After a long pull at the jug, old Warps grew confidential.

"Now, I don't mind showing you, sir, what a mole can do." And he pulled a live one out of the depths of a capacious pocket in his fustian jacket. "You'd never think, to look at him, he could run so quick." And I own I was surprised the first time I witnessed the rate the little short-limbed animal sped along the hard ground, till he came to the nearest bed; then with snout and the fore-shovels up flew the soft mould, and he was out of sight in a few seconds.

"But, Warps," I exclaimed, "he's got into the carnation-bed, and will have them all up!"

"Oh, never fear, sir! I'll have him again to-morrow;" and so he did.

Whenever I wanted a mole for anatomical purposes, I had only to send to old Warps and it was forthcoming. No matter at what season, or of what sex, or in what stage of the "interesting condition" of the female. When other monographs now in hand are finished off, I may have leisure to work up my materials, so obtained, for an embryogeny of *Talpa europæa*.

I own to a voluntary blindness to one weakness of Warps, which I had not at first suspected, and to which some of my neighbors were less indulgent.

I was making a call on the resident of one of those beautiful villas at Roehampton, just outside the Park wall, and was ushered into my friend's garden. We paced along the noble gravel-walk separated by a well-known evergreen hedge from the pathway to the offices. Our chat happened to turn upon moles.

"Do you know," I asked, "how quickly they will run on hard gravel like this?"

"Oh, yes," said he; I have seen it, and I can tell you more than that. Did you know, Professor, that a mole can leap?"

"No," said I, "that it can't do; its organization is quite unfitted for that mode of motion."

"It can, though," replied my neighbor; "I have seen a mole take a flying leap over that very Portugal laurel" (it was at least eight feet high), "and come down on this very walk. It was then I first saw how fast a mole could run.

Mr. So-and-so" (a common acquaintance) "happened to be here with me, and if he had not been quick enough to give the little beast a kick on the ribs before it had buried itself in the flower-bed, I should have believed it to have been a rat. Fancying I heard a footstep in the back walk just before the mole flew over the fence, I called my servant and asked if any one had been that way to the kitchen? 'Only old Warps,' he said, 'the mole-catcher.' 'Ah,' rejoined my neighbor, 'I suspected so. Tell that old rogue when next you see him, that if ever I catch him within fifty yards of my boundary, I'll make him remember it the longest day he has got to live?'"

Poor old Warps was not far from his longest and last, when he sent the live mole flying over the laurel bushes. About a month after he was laid in mother earth, where he rests quieter than his subjects.

This he may plead; that if he brought the vermin into the grounds he was paid to keep out of them, he trapped them fairly, and made no pretence to an art he did not possess.

RELIGION AS A FINE ART.

"IN the first of Queen Elizabeth," says Fuller, "Scripture-plays were acted even in the church itself; which, in my opinion, the more pious the more profane, stooping faith to fancy, and abusing the majesty of God's word. Such pageants might inform, not edify, though indulged the weakness of that age. For, though children may be *played* into learning, all must be *wrought* into religion, by ordinances of divine institutions, and the means ought to be as serious as the end is sacred." We have become wiser since the days of the quaint historian. The Ammergau play has been the means of our conversion. The representation of the death of the Saviour of mankind has been performed to a series of crowded and enthusiastic audiences; it has had a run sufficient to rouse the envy of the managers of London or Paris. The simple-minded peasantry, who, twenty years ago, had it all to themselves, and, ten years ago, received a mere sprinkling of curious observers from the outside world, have, during the last two seasons, been elbowed by Englishmen following each other with true tourist docility. Ten years hence, Ammergau will hardly be able to contain its visitors, unless some enterprising speculator runs up a monster hotel; and what is to become of the succeeding representations, if curiosity increases at its present ratio, is difficult even to be imagined. The literature which has sprung up upon the subject may possibly justify one who has not been present, in fancying that he can form some vague picture of the general features of the scene, though it is true that every description begins by saying that nothing but ocular inspection can convey even an inadequate idea of its wonders. Yet, if we disavow the least intention of criticizing the performance itself, perhaps something may be said, without offence, of the effect invariably produced upon the minds of the spectators. One cannot but wonder, for example, at the complete absence from their narratives of any trace of such sentiments as we have quoted from Fuller. The suspicion that there might, perhaps, be something irreverent in a performance so alien to our modern ideas is noticed only to be emphatically repudiated. A man who should avow himself to be ever so little shocked by the representation of the crucifixion upon the stage, would be hooted out of court as a Philistine of the deepest dye. One universal chorus of unmixed admiration has been raised from all sides. Every superlative in the language has been heaped upon the play and the actors. The distribution of praise has indeed been so lavish that perhaps some of us have been conscious of a certain feeble recalcitration and a faint wish, half-formed and most carefully guarded from utterance, that some one might have the courage to express a shade of dissent. But the only muttering of disapproval that has reached our ears, has been a remark that the crowning of St. Peter's cock was not quite up to the mark, and that the coloring of some of the dresses was not quite perfect. Assert that Shakspeare was no poet, that Newton was a feeble mathematician, that Raphael was a poor painter, and Mozart a second-rate musician; but, on penalty of a kind of æsthetic excommunication, you are forbidden to find fault with the mystery at Ammergau. And yet many of those whose enthusiasm was thus excited were men from who many sparks of that kind are hard to elicit. Professed cynics and unbelievers, radical attorneys, unimaginative stockbrokers, and even Dissenting ministers, have joined in the universal laudation. From all which it may be safely inferred that, in its way, the Ammergau mystery must be singularly impressive, and absolutely free from some of the failings which we should have been inclined to anticipate.

But there is another inference with which we are more concerned. These ardent admirers admit with one voice, that this most impressive spectacle is hopelessly doomed. They agree that it is a relic of an earlier phase of thought, preserved along with an expiring form of society in the folds of the Alps, and that it would perish if transplanted to a different climate. They fear that even their admiration will be fatal. The influx of new admirers will sophisticate the native simplicity of the performers; with a breath of the outside air it will vanish, as the old kings who melt into dust when some *tumulus* is broken open after the lapse of centuries. Indeed, one zealot has gone so far as to propose that means should be taken for excluding strangers from the country. He would condemn the villagers to permanent exile from the nineteenth century, in order that so beautiful a relic of mediævalism may not be destroyed. They should be protected by a Chinese seclusion, for the benefit of our æsthetic perceptions. At first sight this is rather a bold proposal; and yet, as we look closer, we perceive that its strangeness consists rather in its modesty than in its audacity. To condemn one little village in the Alps to permanent exile into the Middle Ages is a trifle, when there is so general a desire to apply the same remedy to the whole world. The civilized races of Europe are suffering from a disease which, in clerical language, is generally put down as Atheism: elsewhere it will have to be stamped out; here it has fortunately not yet penetrated, and there may be a chance of keeping it at bay by a properly devised spiritual quarantine. Something, indeed, may be done by a judicious use of disinfectants and prophylactics, even in the districts where it is most rife. If no physical line of separation can be established, yet there are means known to science by which the contagion may be prevented from spreading. The little flock of true believers may mingle with a sceptical world, and yet may preserve here and there small cities of refuge, where no doubt may be whispered, and mutual sympathy may stimulate their powers of faith. But as it is impossible for any one living in such places as London and Paris not occasionally to rub shoulders with the wicked, as we cannot all retire into cloisters and place ourselves behind locks and bars, there is need of a more portable form of protection. Each genuine believer is therefore encouraged to erect an impassable barrier — not between himself and the infidel world — but across his own mind. Let him divide his thoughts from each other, so that no contagion can pass from one sphere to the other. His intellect will resemble one of those ships which are built in water-tight compartments. Even if the deluge of infidelity pours into one part of his mind, he will be scarcely less buoyant and secure of rising above the surges. Or perhaps it may be said with more propriety, that such a person resembles the cataleptic patients who lead two separate existences — one in dreamland, and one in the ordinary world of human beings. In one life he will deal with facts, with science, and Darwinism, and blue books, and political economy; in the other he wanders through a beautiful but shadowy region, where romance takes the place of history, and poetry of reasoning. He will retire into a remote chamber of his brain, and there repose untroubled by any contact with hard realities, as Crusoe, when he had drawn up his ladders, felt secure from the cannibals. He will care no more for historical criticism as applied to the Gospels, than he would care for testing the geographical accuracy of Dante's descriptions

of heaven and hell. As Prior complained of being forced to swear to the truth of a song, he will think it ridiculous to be invited to subscribe to the truth of a creed. Cavillings, like those of poor Bishop Colenso, will be triumphantly answered by the remark that the application of a similar mode of arguing would show that Brobdingnag and Lilliput never existed. In short, religion will become one of the fine arts, and have no more root in the world of fact. The two modes of thought will belong to different spheres, which can by no possibility be brought into collision.

That some such system is, in fact, very prevalent, may be inferred with some probability from the general admiration of the Ammergau play. Why, in fact, should anybody be shocked by the representation of the most touching story that has ever appealed to human sympathy? The old Puritans, who swept away so much that was beautiful, had a prosaic way of adhering to the letter, and were not refined enough to understand the difference between a symbol and a downright assertion. When they were told that the Second Person of the Trinity was incarnate in human flesh, they actually supposed that they were listening to a statement of fact. Though the full meaning of the words transcended all human intelligence, they nevertheless believed that, without any figurative interpretation, Jesus Christ was really divine as well as human. Consequently it shocked them as one would expect it to shock any one who shared their belief, to see a good-looking peasant part his hair in the middle and declare himself to be the representative of his Saviour. They would have thought the performance as profane as we should still think it profane (so at least one may vnture to assume for the present), if a venerable old man with a full beard enacted the part of God the Father. Such a scene as the crucifixion had a significance too awful to become an object of artistic treatment. Heaven and hell were realities, and the means by which the Divine wrath was turned from sinners could only be contemplated in moods of the most solemn adoration. Something of this kind would be the old Protestant feeling. We have changed all that. We can recognize the beauty of the Christian legend without troubling ourselves about its historic truth. The idealization of suffering is equally pathetic, whether embodied in a myth or in an authentic narrative. Phrases about the divinity of Christ are superlatives, to which it is unnecessary or impossible to attach any definite meaning. To talk about heaven and hell and redemption, is merely a picturesque way of expressing abhorrence for gross and disgusting habits. Worship is merely an agreeable mode of stimulating certain emotions, without implying any particular theory as to the objects of worship; and one method of treatment may be as effective as another. Nor, of course, is there any trace of irreverence in the performers themselves. The position which Christ occupies in their ordinary beliefs is in harmony with this mode of celebrating his history. He is the central figure in their Pantheon; the head of the saintly hierarchy; and except so far as he is superseded by his mother, the most useful patron at the court of heaven. In those innocent valleys the uncomfortable Protestant habit of demanding statements of fact has never perverted the natural developments of a popular mythology. They have never plunged into theological disputation after the fashion of the Scotch peasantry. There has been no discontinuity in their intellectual progress. One legend has grown up after another, as quietly as successive generations of pines have risen on the sides of their mountains. There has been no great dislocation of ideas, since their primitive paganism faded out before Christianity; and perhaps even then the old beliefs were as much transformed as superseded. Amongst such simple-minded people the figure of Christ takes its place naturally in a cycle of legends, whose truth or falsehood is simply an irrelevant question. His attributes are not for them defined by a dogmatic theology of which they know nothing, and the very existence of scepticism or critical inquiry is unsuspected. The popular imagination naturally rejects the divine in favor of the human elements, and Christ becomes a figure of singular beauty, admirably adapted to be the subject of a dramatic representation. It is only when you insist upon identifying the hero of the popular imagination with the person whose attributes are defined in creeds, that there is any risk of the discord due to profanity. Forget all about the thirty-nine Articles, the Trinitarian controversies, and dogmatic theology, and you need be no more shocked at bringing upon the stage the death of Christ than the death of Ali.

The frame of mind of those innocent peasants has an immense attraction for imaginative persons at the present day. They watch with infinite pain the decay of the old symbols, so intimately associated with the deepest emotions and loftiest aspirations of the poet. The world looks bleak and miserable, as the temples fall into ruin, and the idols are broken down. The contest between science and the old theology becomes daily more implacable: it is in vain that the opponents on both sides declare, in the most emphatic language, that there is not, and cannot be, any fundamental opposition between the voice of God as revealed in Scriptures and as revealed in the book of Nature. The proposition is undeniable,but unfortunately quite irrelevant to the question, whether the Scriptures are, in fact, the voice of God. Equally idle is the other commonplace, that the Bible was not intended to teach us science. If the Bible states that something is a fact which is not a fact, it makes no difference to call it a "scientific fact." It can hardly be seriously urged, that an inspired book is at liberty to make erroneous statements on all matters which may become the subjects of accurate investigation—the only sense which can be made of the words. A reconciliation is required, founded on some deeper principle. The sacred images must be once and for all carried fairly beyond the reach of the spreading conflagration, not moved back step by step, suffering fresh shocks at every fresh operation. The radical remedy would be to convey them at once into the unassailable ground of the imagination. Admit that the Bible has nothing to do with facts of any kind, that theology and science have no common basis, because one deals with poetry and the other with prose. The sceptic's standing-ground will be cut away from beneath his feet. He may tear to pieces any number of Scriptural statements, only to find that he has been venting his rage on an empty garment, from which the living essence has withdrawn itself uninjured. Voltaire or Strauss may be allowed to do their worst with entire complacency. Whether there was or was not a Garden of Eden, or a flood, or a Tower of Babel; whether the Jews ever walked dryshod through the Red Sea; whether a priest could eat thirty-three pigeons in a minute; nay,—to leave such trifles,—whether there ever was upon this earth a living and moving human being called Jesus of Nazareth, would be matters of the most profound indifference.

In fact, we see that from the most opposite parties there is a curious convergence towards conclusions of this kind. Those who believe that a supernatural guide is to be found, capable of deciding all religious controversies, have been hardly pressed to maintain their position. As our view of history widens, it becomes gradually more impossible for the imagination, to say nothing of the reason, to believe that any pope or council has a monopoly of truth. The *à priori* demonstrations of the necessity of such a guide break down in face of the palpable fact, that no such guidance has been vouchsafed to the overwhelming majority of the human race; and the more men examine the pretensions of the only body on whose behalf such claims are put forward, the more difficult it becomes to believe in the infallibility of its varying and contradictory oracles. The marks of its human origin are too plain, and its historical development too distinctly before us. But admit that the Pope is not, in the plain sense of words, a judge of controversies, but a master of the ceremonies, and the difficulty disappears. If one doctrine is as good as another, so far as its relation to facts is concerned, or, in other words, if it has no relation to facts at all, there are manifold advantages in accepting an authority which may secure unity of rites and discipline. Legislation, palpably out of place in the sphere of reason, may perhaps be admitted in matters of imagination. We may accept that particular set of idols which an intelli-

gent priesthood thinks likely to be the most useful, if they do not ask us to believe that they represent realities.

The doctrine by which such a system may be supported has been already partly elaborated. Our assents, we are told, are not to follow our reason, but to outrun it by some indefinite quantity. We are to believe dogmas, not because their truth can be established by the ordinary processes of observation and induction, but partly also because they give a certain satisfaction to our emotions. So long as reason is admitted to have any part in the matter, it is to be feared that its corroding influence will still make itself felt; it will be always eating away the base upon which these beautiful superstructures have been reared, and slowly but inevitably they will crumble into dust. The only satisfactory result will be reached when reasoning of this kind is pushed to its logical extreme. The division between faith and reason is a half-measure, till it is frankly admitted that faith has to do with fiction, and reason with fact. Then the two spheres of thought may be divided by so profound a gulf, that each of the rival methods may be allowed its full scope without interfering with the other. There will be, for example, an ecclesiastical and a secular solar system; the earth may in one system revolve round the sun, and in the other the sun may revolve round the earth, without the smallest possibility of a collision. The only meaning of accepting a doctrine on authority to the exclusion of reason, when the words are fearlessly examined, is accepting it whether it is true or not. The Virgin Mother is a lovely symbol in the region of pure poetry; but once admit that historical criticism is to be permitted to inquire into the truth of the statement, or into the competency of the authority on which it is to be accepted, and no one can answer for the results. Sooner or later that "inexorable logic," of which we sometimes hear, must either commit suicide by admitting the extreme sceptical conclusion that all reason is fallacious, or must regard religious truth as merely a variety of what is known as artistic truth. Doctrines must be subjected to the test of their imaginative harmony, instead of the scrutiny of the verifying faculty.

The tendency is equally marked, though it produces a different set of results, amongst the opposite religious party. The more we study the writings of the liberal school of the theologians, the more we are struck by the constant recurrence of certain difficulties. They are perpetually troubled by the rigid dogmas, and the still more rigid facts, which they are compelled to work into their system. They labor with almost pathetic earnestness to soften the harsh outlines of the old-fashioned doctrine, and to put new wine into the old bottles. The dogmas undergo a change like that of a fossil shell, where the form remains, but the whole substance has been gradually exchanged. And yet, manipulate language as you will, you cannot quite get rid of its early associations. The doctrine of the sacraments has an inseparable tendency to sacerdotal magic. Hell may be proved to be the most unobjectionable place conceivable, and yet it has a certain sulphurous flavor about it. The Athanasian Creed, after all has been said that can be said, is still an inconvenient form of words for expressing hatred of sectarian dogmatism. The necessity of retaining some sort of historical basis for belief is equally irritating. The essential doctrine of the school is that a divine element is to be found in every creed; and that religion can neither stand nor fall by the result of a critical inquiry into facts. Every possible contempt is thrown upon poor Paley and his like, who fancied that they could try the truth of Christianity as one would try an issue of fact before a jury. The miracles upon which our simple ancestors laid so much stress, are declared to be rather a scandal than a source of edification. Faith is declared to rest on an incomparably wider and firmer basis. The doctrine may be true, and is certainly attractive in many ways. And yet, after it has been announced in the broadest and boldest manner, we somehow find the old evidences coming back. After declaring that dogmatic formulæ and historical statements are mere empty shells, of no significance to the spirit of man, we discover that, in some sense or other, the knowledge of a certain set of events which happened in Palestine eighteen hundred years ago is of vital importance to mankind. We are told, with abundant eloquence, that belief in Christ, and not the acceptance of certain dogmas about Christ, is that which is imperatively required. And yet, when we try firmly to grasp this rather vague statement, we find that the most abstruse dogmas convey truths unspeakably refreshing to the soul, and that belief in them is the salt of the earth. The logical conclusion to which these thinkers are tending would be, that the emotion, and not the opinion, is of vital consequence; but frankly to accept that conclusion would be to part company with Christianity of the historical kind. Willing as they are to soar altogether above the groundwork of fact, they are still brought back to it by the fear of floating off into mere vague cloudland of Pantheism. The cord, so often strained, must snap at last. Christianity must be made independent of history, and the difficulty will disappear. The rigid framework will dissolve of itself, and religion becomes merely the embodiment in concrete images of the spiritual aspirations of mankind. There is no longer a pretext for describing as dishonest the use of a dogma to express the precise contrary of what it once meant. Milton might appropriate a classical myth, or Goethe a mediæval legend, to express modern conceptions; and we may take equal liberties with the picturesque imagery of the early Christians. We shall not be asked to believe that the Gospels are true, in the sense in which a newspaper report is true, but merely that they have an artistic truth as representing a noble phase of human nature. The evidences and the dogmas may be finally dismissed to the limbo of Dryasdust.

"Whoever," says Mr. Pattison, "would take the religious literature of the present day as a whole, and endeavor to make out clearly on what basis revelation is supposed by it to rest; whether on authority, on the inward light or reason, on self-evidencing Scripture, or on the combination of the four, or some of them, or in what proportions — would probably find that he had undertaken a perplexing, but not altogether profitless inquiry." The four bases do not seem to be very logically discriminated; but it seems doubtful whether the enumeration exhausts all possibilities. None of them, at least, seem to lead us to the purely modern conception, that of a religion raised on a purely æsthetic basis; accepted, not because it is true, but because it is beautiful. Certain old-fashioned prejudices may oppose its adoption, and yet it would seem that by this path alone we can arrive at that truly Catholic religion, so ardently desired by so many different sects. A dogma is only offensive when you are asked to believe it; but we may be all members of a church in which a dogma is no more essential than a vestment, and is simply an arbitrary sign of certain emotions. Indeed, by this method we may reach a catholicism wider than has ever yet dawned upon the imagination of mankind. Why should we be debarred from any legend, which, as Mr. Tennyson puts it, the supreme Caucasian mind has carved out of nature for itself? The Virgin Mother and the suffering God may be the most impressive of types; but there is beauty also in the innumerable creeds of the past, as in the old Pagan worship. Why should not the gods come back from the exile so pathetically described by Heine? They cannot quite take their old place, and must doubtless condescend more or less to put on the livery of the Galilean; but if provided with proper costumes by cultivated artists, and approved by a judicious priesthood, they might once more see the old celebrations revived, and the feasts of at least the more respectable deities celebrated with an imitation of the old fervor. Christianity was rather too hard upon the old superstitions, even whilst pressing many of them into its service. Why should religion be deprived forever of the element which the Greek sense of beauty contributed to art and poetry? Why should our devotions be attenuated with the meagre and repulsive forms due to the mediæval imagination? Let us have a judicious eclecticism, such as is already provided in art, where classical and mediæval revivalisms appear to subsist in friendly rivalry. The public mind is already prepared for the change. The popular commonplace is, that all religions come to the same thing, though dissevered by a

few external excrescences. The spirit is one, though its manifestations are many. A new Eirenikon may be proposed with more hope of acceptance, when theologists have once recognized the truth already perceived by the multitude, that one set of dogmas is pretty much as good as another.

The great change which has taken place in apologetic literature may be perhaps expressed thus. It is no longer argued that the orthodox solution is the only credible solution, but that it is a credible solution. It is not said, if you examine the whole history, follow science to its legitimate conclusions, and grapple boldly with metaphysical difficulties, you will find yourself inevitably driven to accept the orthodox creed; but it is urged, more modestly if not more conclusively, that, whatever difficulties may be raised, they are not so great as to make belief in that creed impossible. Nobody says that the position of the man of science is untenable if you choose to accept his point of view; but it is argued, that if you train yourself properly, and look at matters judiciously, you may still work yourself up to accept the other position. The argument from evidence is superseded by the argument from morality, or the argument from taste. The old religion is so beautiful and so convenient, that it is a pity to give it up, until it is untenable to the imagination as well as to the reason. Whether you evade the conflict between science and theology, by saying that the ancient dogmas are to be accepted without any reference to reason, or to be accepted because they may be twisted into any meaning whatever, or to be accepted simply because you can get up a sham belief in them if you try very hard, you are equally approximating to the same principle that they belong to the sphere of poetry, instead of history. This view once boldly accepted, controversies may disappear as simply inapplicable, and we are on the road to the eclectic faith, combining all that is lovely in the creeds of all persuasions.

And yet, attractive as the vision may be, there is still a difficulty or two in the way of its realization. The old Puritan leaven is working still in various forms, in spite of the ridicule of artistic minds and the contempt of philosophers. A religion to be of any value must retain a grasp upon the great mass of mankind, and the mass are hopelessly vulgar and prosaic. The ordinary Briton persists in thinking that the words "I believe" are to be interpreted in the same sense in a creed or a scientific statement. His appetite wants something more than "theosophic moonshine." He expects that messages from that undiscovered country, whence no traveller returns, should be as authentic as those which Columbus brought from America. He wants to draw aside the mystery by which our little lives are bounded, and to know whether there is, in fact, a beyond and a hereafter. He fancies that it is a matter of practical importance to know whether there is a heaven where he will be eternally rewarded, or a hell where he will be eternally tortured. He does not see that it really makes no difference whether those places have an objective existence, or are merely the projections upon the external world of certain inward emotions. He is so inquisitive that he insists upon knowing whether the word of God is to be applied to a being who will interfere, more or less, with his life, or is merely a philosophical circumlocution for the unvarying order of nature. One fiction may do as well as another in poetry, and may be taken up or laid down as the artist pleases; but he supposes that his readiness to pick pockets or cut throats will, more or less, depend upon whether he believes that God or humanity is the centre of the universe; that priests are licensed manufacturers of myths, or ambassadors revealing supernatural secrets; that the approval of men or the prospect of future reward is to be the mainspring of his conduct here. He imagines, in short, that though certain commonplaces are common to all systems of morality, his character and the general tendency of his actions will be profoundly influenced by the view of his position on earth placed before him by his instructors. Protestants, and Papists, and Positivists, all condemn murder and praise benevolence in general terms; but there are, or so he fancies, profound differences in the type of morality which results from absorbing the influences of those rival systems. Of course, he is short-sighted and stupid. The differences of doctrine are superficial, and will die away of themselves. The one objectionable thing is to believe any thing very strongly; that is bigoted, and makes a man painfully narrow-minded. Look at all religions from the serene heights of philosophy, and you must admit that all are beautiful in their way, and may be turned to account by the genuine liberal. Dr. Newman expounds a very beautiful and touching creed, so does Comte, and possibly even Mr. Bradlaugh. Let us agree to differ. Those who find it pleasant to their imaginations, may dwell upon St. Paul's aspirations for immortality; and others may prefer, in the words of a modern poet,—

> To thank with brief thanksgiving
> Whatever Gods may be,
> That no life lives forever,
> That dead men rise up never,
> That even the weariest river
> Winds somewhere safe to sea.

There are times at which one conception is most appropriate, and times at which we may prefer the other. Why go on struggling, and arguing, and forcing our neighbors to share our opinions? It is as unphilosophical as to insist upon everybody prefering Gothic or Greek architecture, instead of taking the modern ground of judicious eclecticism, and loving all styles of art, all types of morality, and all systems of religion. The opposite line of conduct is worthy only of the petty tradesman, who carries calculations of profit and loss to an inappropiate sphere, and asks for motives as tangible as pounds, shillings and pence, when he ought to be content with lovely poetical reasons.

And yet, even when our prosaic friends are thoroughly suppressed, and made properly ashamed of themselves, we are not quite at the end of the question. Let us give up the question of fact, and admit that the demand for truth in a creed is utterly unreasonable, so far as its influence upon our lives is concerned. Still there remains an æsthetic perplexity. Can even an art — if religion is to be definitely an art — be noble and genuine when entirely divorced from reality? That desired separation between the two lobes of the brain is not so easily managed as might be wished. A sort of chemical reaction is set up in spite of all walls of division. You cannot combine the mythology which is the spontaneous growth of one stage of intellectual development, with the scientific knowledge characteristic of another. Even the poetical imagination requires some stronger sustenance than can be derived from mere arbitrary fancies or the relics of exploded traditions. The gods of the pagan pantheon led a kind of posthumous existence in poetry, long after they had died out of the living faith of the world; but they suffered from a slow but inevitable decay, which made them too shadowy, by degrees, even for poetical use. Invocations of the Muse became very uninteresting when the Muse had become what, according to some philosophers, the Christian duty is in danger of becoming — a mere philosophical formula. The highest poetry must always express emotions excited by the deepest convictions of the time. A modern Dante, if such a person existed, could no longer compose a Divine Comedy, when placed in the chilling medium of modern scepticism. Descartes, says Pascal, used to do without God, but was obliged to retain him in order to give a fillip to start the machinery of the universe. A God of this kind — a mere *roi fainéant*, a constitutional king, secured from our sight by responsible ministers in the shape of second causes — will hardly stir the vehement passions which burst spontaneously into verse. The psalms sung in his honor would be as languid as the feelings he inspires. A God who is not allowed even to make a fly or launch a thunderbolt, will be worshipped in strains widely different from those which celebrated the Ruler who clothed the horse's neck with thunder, and whose voice shook the wilderness. The prevalent conceptions of the day will somehow permeate its poetry — if it has any — in spite of all that can be done to keep them out. Shakspeare and Bacon were not independent phenomena, brought together by an accidental coincidence. They were rooted in the same soil,

and the impulse, though it led to different manifestations was ultimately derived from the same sources.

This, of course, is a commonplace; but we have a device in modern times for evading the apparent conclusion. We are, it is said, pre-eminently an historical age; our special function is the critical. We do not produce original thought, but live upon examining and dressing up the accumulated inheritance of our ancestors. We want the simplicity and the freshness which was necessary to produce new forms of art or faith. Indeed, when we come across regions in which such forms still linger, we are apt to spoil them by our touch. The native dress of India disappears in favor of Manchester prints, and perhaps native religions may be superseded in time by equally vulgar forms of European superstition. The remedy is to be found in that judicious spirit of revivalism which is now so popular. We must learn to cherish instead of destroying. Since Scott revealed to us the surprising fact that mediæval knights and ladies were real human beings, instead of names in a book, and succeeded in impressing that fact upon the world at large, we have made surprising progress. We have been reviving all manner of things once supposed to be hopelessly dead. We have succeeded in building churches so carefully modelled after the old patterns, that William of Wykeham might rise from the dead and fancy that his old architects were at work. Nay, we have revived the men themselves. We have clergymen who succeed in accomplishing very fairly the surprising feat of living in two centuries at once; and the results are held to be infinitely refreshing and commendable. We have been just told, for example, that our new courts of law must be unimpeachable because there is not a window or a tower in them which might not have been built just as well six hundred years ago. Poets can affect an infantile lisp, and tell us legends of old times as naturally as if human beings at the present day had still a lively interest in them. We have undoubtedly obtained some very pretty results, and have a beautiful new set of toys, which we may persuade ourselves are almost capable of living and moving. There is only one objection to our complete success. The more skilfully we imitate obsolete modes of art or religion, the more palpably dead they become. One of our modern imitations of an ancient church resembles its original as minutely as the Chinese imitation of a steam-engine, the only fault of which is that it won't work. The old building was the natural production of men working freely, by all means in their power, to give expression to their feelings: the new building is the work of men fettered by the self-imposed law that they will use the forms invented in an epoch permeated by different creeds, aspirations, and emotions. A genuine revival could only be produced by reproducing all the intellectual and social conditions under which the old art arose; and in that case it would have a spontaneous resurrection. Till then we shall only see what we see now — spasmodic attempts to be pretty and picturesque, with infinite antiquarian labor, and yet, with all our products marked by that feebleness of constitution characteristic of any natural or artificial object forcibly transplanted to an unnatural medium.

In art, indeed, there is room for such methods. There can be no reason why the poet or the painter should not help us to enter into the spirit of the past, and to contemplate with pleasure the picturesque and graceful forms from which all vitality has departed. Speaking frankly, indeed, art of this kind, whether it takes the shape of the careful historical romance or of the pictorial representation, is apt to be rather oppressive. At best, it is fitted chiefly for decorative purposes. The emotions to which it appeals are those with which we enter a museum, not those with which we enter a church. But at any rate, an art which has become entirely parasitical must fall into decay. The method is in fact inapplicable to the loftier forms amongst which, one would suppose, religion must be reckoned. The passionate and deep emotions, to which the highest art is owing, must burst forth in spontaneous and original expression. A great orator must use the language of his day; he cannot stop to pick and choose his words, and see that he has in every case the authority of Addison or Johnson's Dictionary. If preaching is bad at the present day, it is because it generally resembles an eggdance, where the performer is afraid of coming into collision at every step with one of the Thirty-nine articles. The growing interest in past ages, and the warm appreciation of what was good in them, which should have led us to investigate the principles on which our ancestors acted, has too often led us to a servile mimicry of their results. Admiring the imposing aspect of a great spiritual power which reposed on the profoundest convictions of mankind, and provided harmonious expression for their strongest emotions, it is attempted to revive that happy state of things by obeying the same power when it is opposed to all our deepest convictions, and when it is impossible to use its forms without unnaturally cramping our understandings. What was once spontaneous tends to become a masquerade, where the actors are nervous and constrained by the fear of acting out character. It is characteristic that the commonest bit of advice now administered to the French people is not that they should cultivate that virtue of veracity of which their late experience should have taught them the importance, but that they should cling to any fragments of belief which remain amongst them; as though dogma acted like a charm, even when it rested not upon conviction, but upon a persuasion of its convenience.

Much contemporary teaching appears, in fact, to be the product of amiable sentimentalism and intellectual indolence. We shrink with effeminate dislike from all that is severe and melancholy in the old creeds. Our ears are too polite to be shocked by the mention of hell. We wrap ourselves in a complacent optimism, and the only form of faith which seems to have no chance of revival is that which endeavored to look things boldly in the face, and refused to evade the more awful consequences of theology. Religion is to be an opiate instead of a stimulant. Christianity is to mean nothing but the Sermon on the Mount; and its historical basis and distinctive dogmas are to be withdrawn as much as possible from view. We are told in substance, that if you take away from Christianity all the peculiarities by which it is distinguished from other religions, there will remain a very amiable system of morality; and this is put forward in perfectly good faith as a sufficient reason for accepting it. The residuum thus left is explained to be identical with the very estimable doctrine dispersed through popular novelists and the leaders of the *Daily Telegraph*. It will do very well for comfortable middle-class people, who have no particular reason to be discontented with the world, and are not apt to perplex themselves with speculative difficulties. The learned writer who has converted the Gospels into materials for a very pretty French romance is generally stigmatized as an infidel; but his method is substantially that of most popular preachers. Let us all be very amiable, turn away our eyes from the doubts which beset thinkers, and the evils which drive men to revolution, and we may manage to get along with a very comfortable, picturesque, and old established belief. Such, we may fancy, was the attitude of mind of many of the spectators of the Ammergau play. They saw no irreverence in the play, though, perhaps, they might have found something irreverent in the more free-spoken products of the robust faith of older times.

The absence of profanity is indeed less a proof of the vitality of the performance, than an indication that it has passed into the academical and unreal stage, and is properly superintended by modern professors of æsthetics. It would be as impossible now to introduce any ribaldry on such an occasion, as to allow Cato to appear on the stage in a full-bottomed wig. We have become extremely exacting as to the harmony and keeping, and terribly afraid of anachronism. That is just because the whole affair is to us, whatever it may be to the performers, a mere artistic performance, and is entirely divorced from any reference to fact. A modern religious painting is very certain not to offend against the accepted canons of good taste, for the very reason that it appeals to no stronger sentiments. Costumes have become more perfect, and the proprieties of time and

place are more carefully observed in proportion as the old animating influence has been withdrawn. And the same progress in propriety and the same decay in intensity is visible in our other religious observances. Nobody, except some vulgar Dissenter, dares now to make a joke in a sermon, any more than he dares to start a new heresy. Those are symptoms of a period of superabundant energy and vitality; not of a time when we are eminently respectable, dull, and decorous. And yet we have become so much accustomed to this mode of regarding religions, that it has passed into a kind of axiom, that our creeds cannot be beautiful unless they are in some degree false. We have seen it lately asserted, that the modern view of Christianity is that it is the depository of the profoundest truths, although the history is an entire delusion. That is to say, in plain language, that you must tell a certain number of lies in order to secure the acceptance of a certain quantity of truth. Pure unmixed truth is too dazzling for the vulgar mind. It must be judiciously adulterated, combined with a judicious alloy of myths and legendary legends, in order to impress the popular imagination. It is difficult to put into words a more complete expression of utter scepticism; and we may safely assume that no enduring superstructure can be raised upon so unsafe a foundation. One may indeed manufacture a *dilettante* religion; something which to professors of æsthetics will appear to be exceedingly graceful and pretty, but which will fail really to touch the hearts and consciences of mankind. Even its own advocates admit that a doctrine of this kind is intended as a mere stop-gap; it is intended to patch up a difficulty, and to make a secure paving across which we may pass to revolutionary conclusions. But surely it is better, here as elsewhere, to look our perplexities in the face; to give up this feeble attempt at vamping up old dogmas to look as good as new. We must be content to abandon much that is beautiful and that once was excellent. But the more we really believe that religion is founded upon enduring instincts which will find an expression in one form or another, the less anxious we should be to retain the old formulæ, and the more confident that by saying what we think, in the plainest possible language, we shall be really taking the shortest road to discovering the new doctrines which will satisfy at once our reason and our imagination. The reluctance to part company with beliefs which have been so valuable in their day, is in every way amiable and respectable; but, however slow we may be to acknowledge the truth, it is in fact the worst compliment we can pay them, when we endeavor to make the mere empty shams do the work of realities, and try to play at believing, when we can no longer believe in earnest. Certainly the first results of an endeavor to be perfectly sincere may be the destruction of many beautiful fancies with which we cannot part without a pang; but the plunge must be made, and the sooner it is made, the more quickly we shall arrive at a really satisfactory result.

THE POLITICAL ENFRANCHISEMENT OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

BY ARTHUR ARNOLD.

MINDFUL of my obligations to women for education in early years, and later for friendships with which I have been honored, I feel unable to divest myself of a sense of shame in advocating their political enfranchisement. I task my memory in vain to recall a time when it did not seem to my humble judgment a self-evident proposition, that within the limits of the constitution as defined by law, the rights of citizenship were the correlative of the burdens of that condition. Again and again on my way through life I have asked myself the questions — What is the justification of law? Why am I bound by the clearest and most cogent promptings of self-respect to obey and to accept the authority of law? My answer to these self-interrogatories may possibly have been erroneous, but at least it has never varied. I have felt that the authority of law found its supreme and all-sufficient utility in making the weak to be as the strong. When we speak of lawless men or lawless communities, we indicate some who are oppressing those who have less natural or acquired advantages than they possess; they are communities who know no law but that of might in their dealing with other peoples; they are races who, valuing laws for themselves, treat some inferior race with lawless cruelty; they are brigands, who, hardy and well-armed, descend upon the defenceless traveller, or upon the timorous villagers. Whenever or wherever a law can be found affecting the general welfare of society, which places a portion of the fully responsible members of that society under disabilities, denying their equality before the law, we may be sure that statute is imperfect, and will in time give place to a more righteous edict. We know that in this country there are nearly a million more of the weaker than of the stronger sex; we are aware that no distinction is known in those obligations which are not regarded as privileges. A woman is equally liable to punishment with a man. It is not Miss Florence Nightingale's footman, but herself, upon whom the tax-gatherer makes his demand. The office of poor-law guardian has been much and very unwisely degraded; the woman householder may vote for him. Town councils and local boards are not held in very high estimation; the questions upon which such elections turn are not of very apparent importance; they are rarely interesting to the higher mental faculties. Women may vote at the election of such local officers, and, of course, when the Education Act was passed it was obligatory to concede that franchise. It would have been too absurd to maintain that women should vote in elections to a body intrusted to some extent with the administration of justice, with the regulation of footpaths, roadways, drains, gas-lamps, and policemen, and yet should have been the only rate-payers disqualified from voting or taking part in the education of young children. The political franchise is still withheld. Of the vast population of this country, of which women compose more than one-half, women, who but for the disability of sex are in a position to claim the right of voting, are in proportion to electors as one to seven; and before passing to the grounds on which this denial is supported, I propose to refer to the alleged justification of this exclusion.

In this question of women's suffrage I do not admit the existence of opponents. There are those who are doing their utmost to retard that amendment of law which in this world of ours is always going on with the one aim I have already laid down as the sole justification of its authority — the equalization of strength before the law. In this progress there may be stumbles and faltering, turnings to this side and that; but there will be no rest, and every year will see us further on the road to the goal which, the more successfully we labor to approach it, appears ever the more distant. As striving to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly, we get fuller and fairer views of our duty towards God and our neighbor of either sex, so before us the horizon of thought and the perception of right becomes more expanded in the clearer atmosphere, and our notion of the fulfilment of duty, which as we toiled with faces to the ground in the heavy air of lower life was narrow and selfish, becomes ever more wide and more comprehensive, as the clouds of prejudice and ignorance roll away, till at last the dull, and at first sight unvaried, plain has ended in a splendid but not precipitous height, whose summit towers far above mortal gaze. I recognize no opponents, only hindrances in the path of progress to that condition of society in which every created being shall exercise his or her faculties to the fullest possible extent, and to the utmost advantage of others. I recognize no opponents of women's suffrage, because in the light of the past they as well as I can read and appreciate the resistless march of freedom. Within the last few years I have had, as I have sometimes thought, unusual opportunities of marking the progress which leads to this conclusion. The Bedouins of Asia and Africa live much as they did in Biblical times, and in their rude tents I have often seen women in a condition lower by far, I think, than even in savage life, because among savage people there is not the comparative splendor of the man and of his horse to darken the shadow upon the

woman's life. Later, in the home of a Moroccan chief, I heard the chatter of his Circassian wives. Passing to Constantinople, I have watched there the life of Eastern women in its fullest development of civilization. And here I must accuse the painters of all times of a great wrong. I do not speak now of that grievous hindrance to the spread of true Christianity which they, in their ignorance of the realities of Eastern life, have perpetrated in so grossly misrepresenting the life of Christ. How much nearer the hearts of men and women would have been to-day to that glorious example if painters had sketched him as he was, who shall say? But, blind to reality and truth, they have taught, in their pictures of Eastern women, that grace is compatible with sloth; that suppleness of body comes without training or exercise; that refined beauty can be the partner of ignorance and indolence; in short, that every perfection of form and face is consistent with an existence and a diet of which the sure results are obesity and inanity. Let us have done with all such falsehood. Let us believe that figs will sooner grow of thistles than the graces of life of sensual and sordid hours. Another traitor is Mr. Phillip. Vainly have I looked through Spain for the originals of his charming pictures. The Spanish women are the least educated, and certainly the plainest, in western Europe. I do not care to argue the question of women's possible fitness for the franchise, when I recall to mind the venerable figure of one of the greatest living mathematicians — Mrs. Somerville. In every sphere of life in which women have been allowed full scope and encouragement they have been admirably successful. For literary brilliance, how many in this country are the equals of George Eliot? And where is the Frenchman to be compared with George Sand, "whose style," says Mr. Mill, "acts upon the nervous system like a symphony of Haydn or Mozart"? The temple of histrionic fame has been fairly open to women, and the queens of song have received in this country larger remuneration for their labor than has ever been given by way of payment to any man in the State.

The object that I set before myself is not so much to argue that women, who are only disqualified by reason of sex, ought to have the political suffrage; for that I regard as a self-evident proposition. I rather propose to remove by solution the hindrances which retard the attainment of this right. I propose to show those who obstruct this measure that their policy is not merely vain, but wasteful; and I have thus glanced from one phase to another of the present condition of women throughout the world with a double intention. I wished to show that the progress of women towards a fuller independence is desirable as well as inevitable. And when I hear it said of any women that they do not desire this advance; that they would rather "rest and be thankful;" that the path to which others invite them is unwomanly and "mannish" — of course I am not surprised. For myself, I rather lose patience with such arguments. As if it were possible to stand still. As if these are not the invariable objections of women all up the gamut of civilization of which I have struck a few notes. In 1867 I spent a week in a mud-built town upon an oasis in the Great Desert, where every householder walked with the huge key of his house — and of his wives — slung on his girdle. I am quite certain that those women had no desire for the promenade. I have heard a Turkish lady of rank scold her husband because he admitted a strange man to her presence before she had adjusted her face-veil. 'Tis —

Custom that makes cowards of us all.

That women are unfit for the franchise, and that all women do not demand the franchise, are arguments which we may now set aside. But still I hear that which the Member of Edinburgh University has so happily summed up as "the old 'rib' theory" ringing in my ears. The objector to my line of argument says, "True it is that the progress of women towards fuller responsibility and fuller exercise of mental and moral faculties is inevitable, but your chain of instances only shows her condition relative to that of the man, and always in subordination to the first-born of creation. The English woman is up to my level as the Bedouin wife to the standard of her husband. You assert something more, and that which is unnatural and wholly different from the phases of this equal progress." I am prepared to meet such a line of objection. But I insist upon this: that the measure of that fuller happiness which this Englishman thinks he has in his married life, the superior joy which he has in the society of his wife as compared with the Bedouin, who never regards women as the intellectual companions of men, is, whether he knows it or not, the degree of independence which the woman has gained from the progress of that authority of law which, as I have said, justifies its claims upon our allegiance only so far as it tends to equalize the subjection of all to its behests.

It cannot surprise us to find that the sweetest part of our lives is lost to the men of Stamboul, who do their courtship by hired voice, or to the men of Spain, who pass so much of it through a second-hand. Let men reflect; which women are the more attractive — the submissive, or those who claim their respect as of right? So far as my observation goes, and so far as I am possessed of ladies' confidence, I should be inclined to assert that the latter have ten admirers for one attracted by the woman of slavish disposition. Why in so many cases is there that painful contrast between courtship and marriage — a contrast never to be observed in the long continuance of the closest and most affectionate friendships? I say that this decline of happiness is at least to some extent caused by the further decline from equality of condition. It is with me a firm conviction that true love can only co-exist with sincere respect, and that respect will be very apt to fail when it is required of one who is independent, for another in a dependent condition. Remember, I would say, that marriage is a deliberate act, not of purchase and sale of human rights, but of partnership; and just as I believe that an Englishman would find no happiness in the society of an Arab wife, so I argue that the nearer her state of legal and political independence approaches to his own, the greater will be his happiness and his enjoyment of her society. I know I am at present occupying low ground; I might content myself with saying that this enfranchisement is a right, and therefore should be granted; but I will not for that reason forbear from showing men that their interest and happiness are involved in this progress. I will not even use an argument so far removed from selfishness as to speak of children, though it must be clear, I think, that the education of the young is at present greatly hampered by the illiberality of thought which is so often instilled at the mother's knee, and which leads to so much painful reaction in after life. I say, then, that if men will strive to place women in a position of equality before the law with themselves, and to promote an education for women equally fitting, they will be in less danger of finding marriage a disillusion; they will be happier and nobler, and higher, as those are highest who most reverence their conscience, who do to others as they would others should do to them. But more than this. Many men nowadays groan beneath the burden which the folly and extravagance of their wives brings upon them. To the same cause, let me say, in parenthesis, is owing the rapid disappearance of the practice of polygamy in Constantinople. It is in vain that the law of the Prophet allows four wives, when the bills of French milliners and of the vendors of *articles de Paris* permit but one. The allusion is not indeed irrelevant; for just as the irresponsible extravagance of the women of Stamboul is helping to work out a great moral improvement in their condition, so I believe the frivolity and extravagance of many women among us — the natural but evil fruits of an idle and aimless life — will turn men's minds to the necessity for giving women more serious occupations. I have had some opportunities for observing household life in every rank of society in England, and I venture to affirm that the adherents of this movement for the abolition of the political disabilities of women, would furnish a larger proportion of good housekeepers than any equal class of women which could be named. Whatever is unequal in the condition of women relative to men, is favorable to

household extravagance. Notoriously, the women who have always been accustomed to the expenditure of money, are the most frugal and the most successful in their housekeeping. The objector to my argument says that the progress of women is a menace to his position as head of the family. I say that God only knows who is the "head" of a family. The true headship of a family can only be determined and is only settled in the same way in which leadership is adjusted among men. Whether the wife be a tyrant or a slave, the hardships of either position will be modified by conceding her equality before the law. It is urged on the other side that women ought not to be troubled with politics; as if in this London — where out of seven times the number of male voters, not one in a thousand devotes a single hour in the year to his electoral duties — not merely the whole of the female voters, but every woman besides, would give themselves up to political discussion. Finally, driven to his intrenchments, my objector says that the possession of the franchise would be contrary to women's natural position, by which he is supposed to indicate in a vague and mysterious way, that the Creator specially formed women with reference to their perpetual exclusion from voting at parliamentary elections; and he presumes to think that what God has made, he or I can assist in unmaking; for he says that the concession of the suffrage will *unsex* women. Does he suppose, then, that women are *sexed* by these disabilities — these unjust laws — which are continually breaking from their limbs like rotton thongs? By the grace of God, let us get to a more wholesome doctrine than this. I would rather argue that because the sex and disposition of men and women are providentially ordained, we should not dare to put upon them unequal laws; that we might be quite sure that under a *régime* of equal laws they could not be unsexed; that the divine teaching strictly enjoined us to this end. I find the truth of Christianity nowhere more convincing of its everlasting character than in its ignorance of sex. Mahometanism is gross and hateful, and falling before the pure light of Christ's doctrine, because Islam is advancing beyond its morality — because it is pervaded with the idea of sex. "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." He has given to woman intelligence and judgment, love of justice and of liberty, as to man; the human laws which are supposed natural to her position, have, through a long course of ages, rent asunder these qualities from their proper concord.

I have dealt with the man's objections; I wish now to speak briefly of the woman's reasons for this demand. Lately I heard a man—a scholar and a gentleman, the father of children, the husband of a good, virtuous, and intelligent wife — say, in objecting to women's suffrage: "Why should this talk be made about women? They have nothing to complain of." I replied to him: "Put yourself in her place." I took the liberty of speaking of his wife, with whom I have had the pleasure of long acquaintance. I said: "She loves your children with an affection that we men can hardly estimate; from early training and conviction of principle, the strongest sentiment of her mind, next to affection for yourself and your children, is towards the Protestant religion. Yet it will not be illegal for you to leave to the sole guardianship of your Irish Roman Catholic cook the education and care of your children, without any regard for her agony of heart and mind. If her uncle were to die to-morrow, and his fortune should fall to her, you may bequeath every shilling of it to purposes the most abhorrent to her conscience; she may not attempt to earn her livelihood without your permission; if you strike her, and she flies to my house for shelter, you can force her home again and again; if you starve her, she has no direct claim at law against yourself, and even the Poor Law may refuse her dying appeal for help. A few years ago, and but for agitation of the same sort as that you now comdemn, her condition before the law would have been greatly more debased. If you wished to disgrace her name, you could bring an action for alleged damages sustained by her dishonor; no evidence of vice or profligacy on your part would then have given her claim to be divorced; while, on the other hand, you could immediately have obtained a divorce upon proof of her infidelity. Then, her brains and fingers would have been yours; if she earned money, she could not own it; you could take from her any fruit of her labor." Women were, up to the passing of the Divorce and the Married Women's Property Acts, to a certain extent in a worse position than any Cuban slave, for the latter can sometimes purchase his freedom. Said I to my friend: "If you care nothing for your political privileges; if you care nothing for your parental privileges; if you do not value the advantages which, because you are a man, and for no other nor better reason, you have enjoyed through life, in the way of public school or university career, and in all the power to choose for yourself both a career in life and the woman you loved to be your wife — you are a poltroon; and if you cannot promise that those unjust laws which I have indicated as yet existing with regard to women shall so far as your power extends be at once set aside, then you are bound, if you wish to escape the suspicion of roguery, to allow and to assist the women to help themselves." If I have expressed any contempt for those who retard the passing of the Women's Disabilities Bill, it is owing to the recollection of their frequent defeat. The Divorce Law may not yet be perfect, but when it was shocking and shameful in its injustice there were scores of lords and gentlemen to assert its excellence. Mr. Gladstone then enunciated a grand doctrine, to which, however, he now seems rather weak-kneed in his allegiance. He said: "When the gospel came into the world, woman was elevated to an equality with her stronger companion." Well might the Hon. Mrs. Norton write bitterly of this speech: "The only text on the subject acknowledged by Parliament is the Old Testament text, "And he shall rule over her." we keep the doctrine of the fall, not of the redemption.''

Can women trust their interest to others? It would seem not. Were it not for agitation such as that which has now compelled attention, every employment but the most menial would be closed to women. The proper education of girls is at least as important as that of boys, seeing that to women the education of all is committed, at least during tender years; but all the public endowments have been made or wrested to the boys. Surely no one who has given fair attention to the subject would pretend to say that the interests of women receive even decent regard in the Legislature; and who can measure the disrespect which their disability entails? Miss Burdett Coutts was a person often referred to as one who had some claims to the franchise. I think her present disability is even more marked. She is a baroness; she has provided bishops with endowments; she has made regal gifts, not to London only, but to other towns; yet she is far more removed now, in her exaltation, from the political privileges of men of the caste into the borders of which she has consented to step, than when she adorned the simple, truly English, and respectable title of "Miss." All her virtues, all her wealth, and no further accession of rank can qualify her for the privilege which would come of right to any one of her peers, were he ever so incapable, drunken, or profligate. See how the unjust principle has ruled even in the highest places! The same gifted lady who has written of Queen Victoria as "the only woman in England who *cannot* suffer wrong," has placed on record in this burning sentence the different measure which has been meted out to sinful kings and erring queens. "We trace," she says, "the incontinence of the former by successive creations in the peerage; the faults of the latter by records of imprisonment and death on the scaffold."

It cannot be expected that women should patiently endure these legal wrongs, nor rest contented when good men — better than the laws they do not lift their finger to alter — say: "Yes; it is bad that a woman can have no property in her child except it be illegitimate, but then, you know, nobody leaves them to the law." We know that the truth is otherwise; cases are often published which show that women are left to the cruel operation of unjust laws. But indeed men might just as well take credit for the fact that they do not fall under the law against murder. The cardinal fault of

many laws relating to women is that they operate precisely in contradiction of the principle which we have said justifies the authority of law — they oppress the weak for the benefit of the strong. Do you want more proof? Look, then, at the shocking law relative to seduction, the punishment for which is usually awarded in an action by one man against another, to determine the charge which he shall make for "loss of services," as the cruel wrong is called. How many a poor unhappy, fallen mother, whose child is her own — and her shame — is at this moment half-starving upon the pittance which the law demands from the father, who may be, and is often under such circumstances, living luxuriously! It would be *mauvais ton* for them to complain, but I confess that any one in the society of high-born dames may well be penetrated with sympathy for their peculiar wrongs. In the middle class, that which people have is generally their own; but, although there is scarcely a nobleman who is any thing more than the life-tenant of his estate, that is a position of dignity compared with the lot of a dress-loving duchess or countess, whose jewels — like a livery to which she is no longer entitled — will be stripped from her at her husband's death. It is a wonder the dowagers have never yet had the strength of mind to stand upright when their Juggernaut, Primogeniture, passes by.

Women have, then, abundant reason to demand the suffrage; while, until much is altered by their own exertions in their favor, they have little means or allurements to qualify themselves for the best use of enfranchisement. It is to me amazing how, without any of the baits and stimulants which cheer men on in their mental labor, women do in so great numbers display a love for higher education. Many of these ladies study, without hope of appreciation or external reward, a self-sacrifice which no man makes, and the extent of which no man can fully conceive. In fact, whether we regard women as weak or strong, their claim to the suffrage is valid. If they are weak, they need representation, for the history of every country and the existing state of our law prove that only those who are directly represented get their rights; if they are strong, the country cannot afford to legislate with one arm. "Let male indignation," writes the Hon. Mrs. Norton, "be appeased by the thought that for one 'strong-minded woman' — one woman strong-hearted enough to bear ridicule, and intelligent enough to argue — a hundred at least are sitting, feebly weeping, by lone firesides, or writing quires of letters to brothers and friends, to 'see them righted,' without the smallest inkling of comprehension of any law whatever except that law of necessity which compels them to suffer!"

Lastly, I assert that the political enfranchisement of women should be demanded in the interests of the community — for the advantage of both sexes. But let us for a moment refer to the position of the question in America. There is no doubt that its acceptance is retarded in this country to some extent by the slow progress which it makes in the United States. Timid people think that if the go-ahead Republic of the West halts in the political enfranchisement of women, how much more should a kingdom of ancient lines and institutions, grown old under a one-sexed suffrage, consider its ways. It is remarked, to the prejudice of this movement in England, that on the other side of the Atlantic no leading statesman has adopted the cause. But it is easy to perceive that the question has a very different aspect in a country governed by universal suffrage, and a country like our own, where the right of voting is the appanage of residential qualification. In the United States the question is one of doubling the electoral body; here it is a question of adding one-seventh to the electing representatives of the whole people. I am profoundly convinced that the concession may be safely, should be quickly, made. It cannot be for the interest of the community that we should retain disabilities in the statute-book which discourage one-half the people from the exercise of their intellectual faculties, and that half acknowledged to be the more liberally endowed with some of the most valuable qualifications. Mr. Mill asserts that "with equality of experience and of general faculties, a woman usually sees much more than a man of what is immediately before her." He candidly admits the tendency of women "to build overhasty generalizations;" but "the corrective to this defect is access to the experience of the human race. A woman's mistakes are those of a clever, self-educated man, who often sees what men trained in routine do not see, but falls into errors for want of knowing things which have long been known." Is it no great loss, no crime, to relegate to frivolity and fashion, to the unproductive consumption of the world's wealth, such abilities as these? Does not our legislation show in a thousand ways, and with ever-increasing force, the waste and injury which the community sustains for want of female co-operation? Not only is this country distinguished above all the great powers of Europe for the harsh injustice of its laws in their relation to the rights of women, as touching their persons, their children, their property, and their homes, but it is the one in which the bulk of the people have the least comfort, together with the largest ability to make themselves comfortable. As compared with the poor of other countries, the English people know nothing of economy in their homes. We are famed for a high rate of infant mortality. Paupers swarm in the streets of the richest cities in the world; now and then they die of starvation; the Poor Law is always breaking down and being set up again by a sham process termed official inquiry; the Marriage Law is in confusion; the Married Women's Property Law is in a muddle; we are going to legislate on the drink question without the assistance of those who suffer most in body and soul from the English plague of drunkenness; the Church and Education are both questions of the hour. All these, and a hundred other matters essentially important to women, as well as to men, will soon be submitted to the ordeal of a general election. I believe it will be well for the country if women have a voice in the national verdict. I am not one of those — as I think somewhat impious — persons who are ready, as they term it, to trace the purpose of God in every affair; but I confess that I am unable to comprehend the religion of those men who, believing that women are of equal value in the sight of God, are yet resolved to take for themselves the government of the world, and leave subjection for the other half of the community. Such stand self-condemned by the remorseless law of progress, which teaches loud and louder to every succeeding generation that man grows higher and nearer to God in proportion as he ceases from violence, and learns to love justice. The pre-eminence of mere physical strength in man has passed away. The age of warriors was succeeded by the age of generals, when, as Macaulay says, "among the hundred and twenty thousand soldiers who were marshalled round Neerwinden under all the standards of western Europe, the two feeblest in body were the hunchbacked dwarf who urged forward the fiery onset of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England." Brute force among men has ceased to reign. Men are now asked to make yet another advance — to be victorious over themselves. And though, as I have said, I do not profess to a knowledge of the ways of Providence, yet I will contend with Mr. Gladstone that the teaching of the gospel implies the elevation of woman to an equality with her stronger companion, and my reason forbids me to doubt that in every duty of life in which co-operation is possible, the work of the world will be best accomplished by the united efforts of men and women.

THE BOYHOOD OF CHARLES LAMB.

THERE is one picture of Charles Lamb and his sister, which, though rudely painted, has a significant and almost affecting interest. The two old-fashioned figures are grouped together: Lamb seated, his sister standing, her hand resting on the back of his chair. Both heads are disproportionately large for the figures, and those who did not know for whom the picture was intended could hardly resist smiling at the grotesque frilled cap and curls — the housekeeper-like attitude of the female figure. But to any one familiar with the story of Charles and Mary Lamb

these primitive portraits will have an almost painful interest; and in these two faces, now composed to the conventional earnestness of the sitter, will find an inexpressible sweetness and goodness, combined with a sense of patience, of strained, long-enduring suffering; of quiet simplicity, which imparts dignity to the mob-cap and mean shawl, to the ill-cut coat and spare small-clothes. This union of quaintness, simplicity, misery, and affection, made up, indeed, the sum of their lives — the old fashion of the garments standing for an antique wit and "New-Testament plainness" that has not been, for two centuries at least, surpassed: the union of brother and sister, one that for self-sacrifice and devotion is equally unrivalled; while the sorrow is of a shape that would have furnished Marlow with the most awful and hideous of domestic tragedies. A mother slaughtered in a paroxym of madness, a father's life attempted, — the insanity recurring, impending, with a fearful regularity, — and one fine-strung, sensitive nature taking the whole burden on itself,— fighting a desperate battle for hope, subsistence, and life itself, — with the one end of soothing with the kindliest deception, warding off the fatal recurrence with incessant toil; laboring, earning, cultivating reading and wit, to that one holy end; yet all the time having to do battle with the private weaknesses of his own highly-strung and imperfectly balanced mind. This struggle, carried on gallantly, and well-nigh successfully, to the end, furnishes a picture of human tragedy the like of which has not been heard of. Such a one almost deserves the title of "hero;" and when it is told that he was the truest of friends, the most entertaining acquaintance, the wittiest and fancifullest of writers, the mate and equal of great intellects, the airiest and gayest of letter-writers, and yet all this while had a domestic sword of Damocles hung over his head at home; when, moreover, his life was bound up with that of all the leading writers and wits of his time, the picture becomes one of extraordinary unique interest. Tragic horror and the most agreeable comedy were never so mysteriously compounded, and the mixture has the strangest interest, and even fascination, in the world. But it is as the study of a noble character, not without weaknesses, that the life of Charles Lamb will be found of extraordinary interest. But there is yet another view. In every one's life, even in that of the most ordinary natures, there is a series of impressions, belonging to infancy, childhood, manhood; to school-days, love, books, which to many are almost impalpable, and to men may seem trivial, but which, when recovered by the hand of a master, becomes poetical. They are then recognized as common property, and according as the art with which they are presented is more exquisite, are more precious, they form part of the public stock of harmless pleasure. Lamb is thus a signal benefactor, and in giving us his own impressions, has but given us back part of our own, or something nearly akin to our own. A life of Lamb that would fully bring out all these elements — the tragic, the comic side, and their more generally human elements — would not trench upon what has been done by Sir Thomas N. Talfourd long ago, and more recently by Barry Cornwall. All that has been done has been a little too shadowy. Both were personal friends, and for many reasons wrote under restraint. The former, indeed, confesses that he did little more than present the letters of Lamb, united by a thread of comment, though this is far too modest a description of what is almost a classical book. But the effect left, after reading the "Life and Letters," and "Final Memorials," which goes back over the same ground, is naturally confusing. Mr. Proctor's book is very short, and more in the nature of an essay, but has the merit of being an account by one who was a dear and intimate friend of Lamb's. But the truth is, Lamb will be found to be his own best biographer.

The pleasant gardens of the Temple, whose quiet and solitude owed half their charm to the sudden and piquant change from the din and population of Fleet Street, have often been celebrated by poets and contemplative essayists. The old-fashioned courts, straggling passages, cheerful, "liberal-looking" squares, ancient halls, bright grass, and gay flowers, even now affect the stranger with a curious surprise and satisfaction which no other town sight can afford him. "Indeed, it is the most elegant spot in the Metropolis." But the old, almost monastic air of retreat has passed away. Stiff, massive buildings rise awkwardly in confined spaces. "Many a heavy load on the earth" — the grass has given place to gravel. There is an open publicity. The sapient "trouble tombs" and restorers have been at work. Above all, the quiet retirement of the terrace overhanging the river, where the lawyers could walk of a summer's evening, — the Thames being then to the gardens as a private stream,— has gone forever, the great public thoroughfare on the embankment interposing below. Swept thus, north and south, by two great roads, its old, dreamy privacy is a thing of the past; and Lamb's description of the Temple in his time has an additional value, in marking the prodigious transformation always going on in London.

Charles Lamb was born and passed the first seven years of his life in the Temple. His earliest recollections were of this quiet sanctuary, the tranquil solitude, the gray, old buildings, and the awful benchers — the dignitaries of the place taking their promenade on the terrace by the river — "their air and dress asserted the parade." He recalled Coventry, the square-faced, massive bencher, whose tread was elephantine, and growl the terror of children; Daines Barrington, who wished the gardener to poison the sparrows; the meagre Twopenny, and Wharry, with the singular gait, of three steps and a jump regularly succeeding; Mingay, with the iron hook for a hand; and Baron Maseres, who still wore the costume of George the Second's day. The little Elia gazed wistfully at these great beings, who, their hands behind them, solemnly patrolled their terrace.

Among them, however, was Mr. Samuel Salt, who for him had most interest, as being his father's patron. These figures suit excellently with the old-fashioned background. Salt was a grave, gentle being, of absent habits, and possessing little law, though he had the reputation of knowledge. He was a stately and benevolent man, with a fine face and person, which had inspired a hopeless attachment in the bosom of a constant spinster. It does seem to have been known to the Christ's Hospital boy that his patron made one of the scanty mourners that attended the wretched obsequies of Sterne. But it seems to fall in with his character; and his absent remark at the window when cautioned on the subject of Miss Blandy's execution, would deserve a place in "Tristram Shandy."

To the service of this bencher was attached Lamb's father, originally a law clerk or "scrivener," but from attachment and service becoming Mr. Salt's "clerk, good servant, his dresser, his friend, his flapper, his guide, his stop-watch, auditor, treasurer." When a case for advice and opinion was sent in, the bencher handed it over to his man, with some instructions, who, by "the light of natural understanding, would despatch it out of hand." Such light, however abundant, would not be of much profit without some technical knowledge at least, and though the office of articled clerk might not have been then so formally constituted as now, a mere "valet," as John Lamb has been described to have been, could hardly have been competent to give such substantial aid to a counsel in good practice. The description of this useful assistant shows gifts and training not usually found in a mere body-servant. He had come up a mere lad from Lincolnshire, and later would tell his son of the weary tramping across the fens, where one mile was as good as four elsewhere; where the nearest village was seven miles away, and the church was sometimes visited on a fine, dry Sunday, "just to see how goodness thrived," as the worshipper would say in a quaint phrase worthy of his son. He would tell how his mother had wept at parting with him — tears which were changed into those of joy and pride when, after a few years, he presented himself in his smart new livery, having gone down to pay her a visit. This son dwells fondly on his virtues and accomplishments. "He was a man," he says, "of an incorruptible and losing honesty. A good fellow withal, and would strike in the cause of the oppressed. He never considered inequalities in calculating the number of his opponents. He once wrested a sword out of the hands of a man of quality that had drawn upon him, and pummelled him severely with the

hilt of it. The swordsman had offered insult to a female, an occasion upon which no odds against him would have prevented the interference of Lovell. He would stand the next day bare-headed to the same person, modestly to excuse his interference, for Lovell never forgot where something better was not concerned. Lovell was the liveliest little fellow breathing; had a face as gay as Garrick's, whom he was said greatly to resemble (I have a portrait of him, which confirms it); possessed a fine turn for humorous poetry — next to Swift and Prior; moulded heads in clay or plaster of Paris to admiration by the dint of natural genius merely; turned cribbage-boards and such small cabinet toys to perfection; took a hand at quadrille or bowls with equal facility; made punch better than any man of his degree in England; had the merriest quips and conceits; and was altogether as brimful of rogueries and inventions as you could desire. He was a brother of the angle, moreover, and just such a free, hearty, honest companion as Mr. Izaak Walton would have chosen to go a fishing with." There is nothing more delicate or more graphic than this in the Essays of Elia. The conception of airy vivacity is helped by the introduction of Garrick, the likeness to whom is more than confirmed by the engraving given in Mr. Proctor's volume. The fine turn for humorous poetry, which filial admiration placed "next to Swift and Prior," is represented by a thin quarto volume of poems, published by request of friends, and by desire of a benefit society, and which contained verses, like Dodsley's "Muse in Livery," descriptive of what he had observed in his profession.

He was considerably older than his wife, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Field. She was the daughter of "a Bruton who had married a Field," and came from near Ware, in Hertfordshire. She was in the family of the Wards, at their old seat Blakesware, and lived and died there as housekeeper.

Mrs. Lamb was considered to resemble Mrs. Siddons in an extraordinary degree. So, with parents resembling such great artists, the son might fairly expect to inherit a strong dramatic taste. Both were gay and fond of amusement. They were established in Crown-office Row, a heavy row of buildings in the Inner Temple, facing the river, which has since been rebuilt, where Mr. Salt, the bencher, also lived. There his three children were born. John, the eldest, in 1763; Mary, two years later; and Charles, the youngest and most celebrated, on Feb. 10, 1775.

He was a sensitive child with a delicate temper, which seems to have been misunderstood or neglected by his gay parents. The eldest was the mother's favorite. "They loved pleasure, and parties, and visiting; but as they found the tenor of my mind to be quite opposite, they gave themselves little trouble about me, but on such occasions left me to my choice, which was much oftener to stay at home, and indulge myself in my solitude, than join in their rambling visits." The picture indeed of what was to be this lonely childhood, and its results on the literary character of the man — future Elia — finds a curious parallel in the recently published life of Charles Dickens, out of the very wretchedness of whose childhood seems to have been developed the whole wealth and coloring of his special power and humor. It is not that the mere vivid description and recollection of childish events make a substantial part of their writing, but that the unnaturally acute observation of men and things during those early days of desertion enforced a concentration of ideas and an early vigor. The child's view is purer, is undisturbed by the hackneyed associations of the world; and when its mind, as was the case with Dickens and Lamb, is isolated, driven in on itself by neglect, these impressions are burnt in as it were, grow up as the child grows up, and color all its maturest years. That this was the case with Dickens, has been shown in the recently-published account of his life, where it became unexpectedly disclosed to the world that the almost tragic solitude and misery of his childish years, became not only the foundation of his style, but the treasury on which he drew for his characters and description. The early recollections of both writers, when put side by side, have the strongest similarity — the same airy, dainty touch, the same reverence and earnestness of treatment which elevates what might seem trivial into dignity. Nor can the likeness be considered the result of an unconscious imitation by the latter writer: it was the cruel probation that made the early years of both the most important, and left an impression on the rest of their lives that never wore out. He himself, indeed, later, shadowed forth this theory, showing that he was conscious of this mysterious force — of this old power: "In the heart of childhood there will forever spring up a well of innocent, of wholesome superstition; the seeds of exaggeration will be busy there, and vital, — from every-day forms educing the unknown and uncommon. While childhood and while dreams, reducing childhood, shall be left, imagination shall not have spread her holy wings totally to fly the earth."

The young lad was not, however, wholly deserted. He found a friend and comforter in an old aunt, a pensionary of the family — an antique, quaint figure, herself apart — not being a favorite of the family, or thinking herself a little neglected — she clung to the little child, saying, with some ungraciousness towards her hosts, it was the only thing in the world she loved. She was "dear and good, one whom single blessedness had soured to the world. . . . . She was from morning till night poring over good books and devotional exercises. Her favorite volumes were 'Thomas à Kempis,' in Stanhope's translation, and a Roman Catholic prayer-book, with the *matins* and *complines* regularly set down — terms which I was at that time too young to understand. She persisted in reading them, though admonished daily concerning their papistical tendency, and went to church every sabbath, as a good Protestant should do. These were the only books she studied; though I think at one period of her life, she told me she had read, with great satisfaction, the 'Memoirs of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman.' . . . . With some little asperities in her constitution, she was a steadfast, friendly being, and a fine *old Christian*." She was a woman of strong sense and a shrewd mind; extraordinary at a *repartee* — one of a few occasions of her breaking silence, else she did not much value wit. She was his father's sister, and ten years older than he. Her affection for the boy was constant — displayed when he was a wretched little sufferer to small-pox, at only five years old, when at school, and later, under a terrible trial. But she unconsciously ministered to a diseased and morbid affection of his nature; and when actual derangement of mind came long after, it is easy to tell when the first seeds of it were sown.

Close to their rooms was a closet, in which was a number of Mr. Salt's books, and the careless parents allowed Charles and his sister to spend their time there, turning over great volumes they could not read, and gazing at mysterious pictures in old folios. The results of this pastime furnish an almost awful picture of childish terrors, and show that there must have been in both brother and sister some tendency to weakness of mind. "Here," he says in the character of "Maria Howe," "when my parents have been from home, I have stayed for hours together, till the loneliness, which pleased me so at first, has at length become quite frightful, and I have rushed out of the closet into the inhabited parts of the house, and sought refuge in the lap of some one of the female servants, or of my aunt, who would say, seeing me look pale, that I had been frightening myself with some of those *nasty books:* so she used to call my favorite volumes, which I would not have parted with — no, not with one of the least of them — if I had had the choice to be made a fine prince, and to govern the world. But my aunt was no reader. She used to excuse herself, and say that reading hurt her eyes. I have been naughty enough to think that this was only an excuse; for I found that my aunt's weak eyes did not prevent her from poring ten hours a day upon her prayer-book, or her favorite 'Thomas à Kempis.' But this was always her excuse for not reading any of the books I recommended. The attention and fondness which she showed to me, conscious as I was that I was almost the only being she felt any thing like fondness to, made me love her, as it was

natural: indeed, I am ashamed to say, that I fear I almost loved her better than both my parents put together. But there was an oddness, a silence, about my aunt, which was never interrupted but by her occasional expressions of love to me, that made me stand in fear of her. An odd look from under her spectacles would sometimes scare me away, when I had been peering up in her face to make her kiss me. Then she had a way of muttering to herself, which, though it was good words, and religious words, that she was mumbling, somehow I did not like. My weak spirits, and the fears I was subject to, always made me afraid of any personal singularity or oddness in any one. But I must return to my studies, and tell you what books I found in the closet, and what reading I chiefly admired. There was a great 'Book of Martyrs,' in which I used to read, or rather I used to spell out meanings; for I was too ignorant to make out many words: but there it was written all about those good men who chose to be burned alive, rather than forsake their religion and become naughty Papists. Some words I could make out, some I could not; but I made out enough to fill my little head with vanity; and I used to think I was so courageous I could be burned too; and I would put my hands upon the flames which were pictured in the pretty pictures which the book had, and feel them. Then there was a book not so big, but it had pictures in it. It was called 'Culpepper's Herbal.' It was full of pictures of plants and herbs; but I did not much care for that. There was Salmon's 'Modern History,' out of which I picked a good deal. It had pictures of Chinese gods, and the great hooded serpent, which ran strangely in my fancy. There were some law books, too; but the old English frightened me from reading them. But, above all, what I relished was 'Stackhouse's History of the Bible,' where there was the picture of the ark, and all the beasts getting into it. This delighted me, because it puzzled me: and many an aching head have I got with poring into it, and contriving how it might be built, with such and such rooms, to hold all the world, if there should be another flood; and sometimes settling what pretty beasts should be saved, and what should not: for I would have no ugly or deformed beasts in my pretty ark. Besides the picture of the ark, and many others which I have forgot, Stackhouse contained one picture which made more impression upon my childish understanding than all the rest; it was the picture of the raising-up of Samuel, which I used to call the Witch-of-Endor picture. I was always very fond of picking up stories about witches. There was a book called 'Glanvil on Witches,' which used to lie about in this closet; it was thumbed about, and showed it had been much read in former times. This was my treasure. Here I used to pick out the strangest stories.

"These stories of witches so terrified me, that my sleeps were broken; and, in my dreams, I always had a fancy of a witch being in the room with me. I was let grow up wild, like an ill weed; and thrived accordingly. One night, that I had been terrified in my sleep with my imaginations, I got out of bed, and crept softly to the adjoining room. My room was next to where my aunt usually sat when she was alone. Into her room I crept for relief from my fears. The old lady was not yet retired to rest, but she was sitting with her eyes half open, half closed; her spectacles tottering upon her nose; her head nodding over her prayer-book; her lips mumbling the words as she read them, or half read them, in her dozing posture; her grotesque appearance, her old-fashioned dress, resembling what I had seen in that fatal picture in Stackhouse. All this, with the dead time of night, as it seemed to me (for I had gone through my first sleep), joined to produce a wicked fancy in me, that the form which I beheld was not my aunt, but some witch. Her mumbling of her prayers confirmed me in this shocking idea. I had read in Glanvil of those wicked creatures reading their prayers *backwards;* and I thought that this was the operation which her lips were at this time employed about. Instead of flying to her friendly lap for that protection which I had so often experienced when I have been weak and timid, I shrunk back, terrified and bewildered, to my bed, where I lay, in broken sleeps and miserable fancies, till the morning which I had so much reason to wish for came. My fancies a little wore away with the light; but an impression was fixed, which could not for a long time be done away. In the daytime, when my father and mother were about the house, when I saw them familiarly speak to my aunt, my fears all vanished; and when the good creature had taken me upon her knees, and shown me any kindness more than ordinary, at such times I have melted into tears, and longed to tell her what naughty, foolish fancies I had had of her. But when night returned, that figure which I had seen recurred, — the posture, the half-closed eyes, the mumbling and muttering which I had heard. A confusion was in my head, *who* it was I had seen that night: it was my aunt, and it was not my aunt: it was that good creature who loved me above all the world, engaged at her good task of devotions — perhaps praying for some good to me. Again it was a witch, a creature hateful to God and man, reading backwards the good prayers; who would perhaps destroy me."

This is a terrible picture, and highly dramatic; but in Elia he is even more distinct: "The night-time, solitude, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth to the seventh or eighth year of my life . . . without an assurance which realized its own prophecy of seeing some frightful spectre. Be old Stackhouse, then, acquitted in part, if I say, that to his picture of the witch raising up Samuel (oh that old man covered with a mantle!) I owe — not my midnight terrors, the hell of my infancy, but the shape and manner of this visitation. It was he who also dressed up for me a hag that nightly sat upon my pillow — a sure bedfellow when my aunt or maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed, waking, over this delineation; and at night (if I may use so bold an expression), awoke into sleep and found the vision true. I durst not, even in the daylight, once enter the chamber where I slept, without my face turned to the window, aversely from the bed where my witch-ridden pillow was. Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling *about for a friendly arm — the hoping for a familiar voice, when they wake screaming, and find none to soothe them* — what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves." In this essay he deals gaily with Stackhouse, and describes in his happiest vein, how, "turning over the picture of an ark with too much haste, I unhappily made a breach in its ingenious fabric, driving my inconsiderate fingers right through the two larger quadrupeds, the elephant and the camel, that stare (as well they might) out of the two last windows next the steerage in that unique piece of naval architecture. On this, Stackhouse was summarily forbidden, and locked up."

But it was extraordinary how many things conspired to unsettle the tender wits of the forlorn child. Even theological doubts were to assail him: and the bulky commentator was not indicted before he had had time to disturb even the elementary and shadowy religious ideas present to the mind of a child five or six years old. The process is thus described: —

"I remember it consisted of Old Testament stories, orderly set down, with the *objection* appended to each story, and the *solution* to the objection regularly tacked to that. The *objection* was a summary of whatever difficulties had been opposed to the credibility of the history, by the shrewdness of ancient or modern infidelity, drawn up with an almost complimentary excess of candor. The *solution* was brief, modest, and satisfactory. The bane and antidote were both before you. To doubts so put, and so quashed, there seemed to be an end forever. The dragon lay dead, for the foot of the veriest babe to trample on. But — like as was rather feared than realized from that slain monster in Spenser — from the womb of those crushed errors young dragonets would creep, exceeding the prowess of so tender a Saint George as myself to vanquish. The habit of expecting objections to every passage, set me upon starting more objections, for the glory of finding a solution of my

own for them. I became staggered and perplexed — a sceptic in long coats. The pretty Bible stories which I had read, or heard read in church, lost their purity and sincerity of impression, and were turned into so many historic and chronologic theses to be defended against whatever impugners. I was not to disbelieve them, but — the next thing to that — I was to be quite sure that some one or other would or had disbelieved them. Next to making a child an infidel, is the letting him know that there are infidels at all. Oh, how ugly sound scriptural doubts from the mouth of a babe and a suckling!" The child was in this morbid state, when there fortunately arrived on a visit, his Grandmamma Field, another affectionate relation, whose heart yearned towards this curious, but interesting child. A few weeks in the country she saw would clear its head of these fancies, and bring back a healthy tone. The gay Garrick-like father and matronly Siddons, made no objection. "I went with some reluctance at leaving my closet, my dark walk, and even my aunt, who had been such a source of both love and terror to me."

This visit was down to Blakesware, in Hertfordshire, which with the old granddame, who was its sole occupant, fills so important a place in Lamb's writing. Blakesmoor, or Blakesware, is one of the fairy castles familiar and real to every reader of taste: the solitary old housekeeper who lived in it is a classic; yet it is the observation of a child of six or seven years old that has furnished this pleasantest of perpetual legacies. "It was a decayed place; the owners — the Wards — had long forsaken the old house of their fathers for a newer trifle, and who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in an adjoining county. Thus she was left in possession. Though she was not, indeed, the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in many respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her . . . but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived." She was a tall, upright, graceful person, and had been — see how the picture grows — the best dancer of the day. A stern, determined whist-player, all for the clear fire and rigor of the game: for being thus *quasi* mistress — and she had thus been in office some sixty years of her life — she was considered in the neighborhood, and likely enough, played hostess. It was a rare old house, with a noble hall with a mosaic pavement, round which were ranged busts of the twelve Cæsars — its justice hall, with the disused high-backed magisterial chairs — its noble picture-gallery of old portraits, a tattered and diminished scutcheon hanging over the great staircase, the tapestried bed-chamber, and even the haunted room, which the old guardian would occupy. Outside, too, the venerable wooding, concealing a noisy brook, — beautiful fruit garden, with its sun-baked southern wall; the ample pleasure-garden rising backward from the house in triple terraces, with flower-pots now of palest, save that a speck here and there, saved from the elements, bespake their pristine state to have been gilt and glittering; the verdant quarters backwarder still; and stretching still beyond in old formality, the fiery wilderness, the haunt of the squirrel, and the day-long murmuring wood-pigeon, with that antique image in the centre, god or goddess I wist not."

The change for the London boy was amazing. He was enchanted into a new world. It filled his little soul. He was there "as in a holy temple." The cold marble busts of the Cæsars impressed him awfully: in his manhood and old age, these images, as of something stately and magnificent, were ever before him. "The frowning beauty of Nero," extorting his wonder, "the mild Galba" his love. Every day he mounted on chairs to look at them, and read the inscriptions underneath, until they became familiar as human faces. Indeed, those who have seen these busts in the Vatican and other museums, will own to the strange and impressive character of these faces, as being likely of all things in the world to impress a child. There was a row of Hogarth's prints running round underneath, which delighted him no less. But with the old portraits he was more mysteriously affected. "There were old men, and women, and children; one — and then another — would seem to smile, reaching forward from the canvas." He longed to have a fairy-power to call the children down from their frames to play with him. One little girl who hung beside a glass door that opened into the garden, he delighted to invite to walk with him — a beauty with cool blue pastoral drapery, and bright yellow hair, her arm round a lamb's neck, a bunch of roses in her hand. He would fearlessly explore the house, though he could only see the great rooms by light which came glimmering in over the tops of the closed window-shutters, marking out indistinctly the carved chimney-pieces, the ancient worked furniture, the covers of which he would fearfully lift to have a peep. To say nothing of the faded tapestry, "so much better than painting, not adorning merely, but peopling the wainscots;" glancing at those stern, bright visages, staring reciprocally; all over on the walls — Actæon, and Diana, and Phœbus, pleasing Marsyas. On a marble slab in a corner of the hall, he found even "tarnished gilt leather battledores, and crumbling feathers of shuttlecocks," left as they were twenty years before.

Outside, too, the child found no less a charm in the noble grounds, "sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me — and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at; or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me; or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth; or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings — I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children.

"And this delight was so blended with love and reverence, that though there lay (I shame to say how few rods distant from the mansion), half hid by trees, what I judged some romantic lake, such was the spell that bound me to the house, that the idle waters lay unexplored for me; and not till late in life, curiosity prevailing over elder devotion, I found, to my astonishment, a pretty brawling brook had been the *locus magnitus* of my infancy." This is a characteristic glimpse of childish nature; but the whole background and character is exquisite and unrivalled as a picture of child's life. It is what we ourselves must have felt, or something akin; and it was still so much a part of Lamb himself grown up and grown old, that he has drawn it several times in his letters, and in his finished Essay.

The good old lady had not only Charles, but her other grandchild often down on a visit. Mary must have been there long before Charles, being some ten years older. Her room in the house was the haunted one; for there was a tradition in the district that it had been the actual scene of the story of the Babes in the Wood, whose history and that of the wicked uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall. And it was believed that an apparition of the two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near to where she slept. But they recollected she said these good innocents would do her no harm. All this time she was suffering from a deadly cancer, which she never allowed to have the least effect upon her spirits, and her battle against the acute pain.

Wise she was,
Wrote her grandchild affectionately,
And wondrous skilled in genealogies,
And could in apt and voluble terms discourse

Of births, of titles, and intermarriages;
Relationships remote, or near of kin;
Of friends offended, family disgraced —
But these are not thy praises; and I wrong
Thy honored memory, recording chiefly
Things light or trivial. Better t'were to tell
How with a nobler zeal and warmer love,
She served her heavenly Master.

Mary Lamb had her recollections of the place, which affected her in the same mysterious way as it did her brother. She had to attend on the austere old lady, who every morning used to nod her head very kindly, and say very graciously, "How do you do, little Mary?" The child adds, "I do not recollect that she ever spoke to me for the rest of the day, except, indeed, when Mary read the Psalms, when she would say that she 'never heard a child read so distinctly.'" But Mary's eyes were weak, and she was not allowed to try them too much. She heard the old lady then discourse of needlework, generally the history of some piece of work she had formerly done, the dates when they were begun, and when finished. If occasionally other events were spoken of, she had no other chronology to reckon by than in her recollection of what carpet, what sofa-cover, what set of chairs, were in the frame at the time. The curious dream-child was dealt with in this ascetic way, as, indeed, she had been at home, so it was no change for her; and thrown upon herself, was driven to find ghostly companions in the dusty relics of the old place. She was injudiciously allowed to wander about through the old rooms and passages, and to feed her little mind with these disturbing visions. She was impressed awfully, like her brother, by the busts of the Cæsars, the tapestries, and the marble figure of a satyr, on which she laid her hand every day "to see how cold he was." Roaming over the old house, she came on a door which she tried day after day with a growing curiosity, and which at last opened and revealed a huge library. She was enchanted at this discovery; spent hours there every day alone, taking down the huge folios and turning them over. Here she found a work in large type, with some leaves torn out, and which was called "Mahometanism Explained," which she sat down to devour. Her attraction for this strange subject is explained by the fascination which one of the tapestries had for her, exhibiting Hager and Ishmael — the beauty of the youth and the forlorn state of his mother detaining her before them for hours. When she finished the story of Ishmael, which she found like a fairy tale, she passed on to Mahomet, which was full of wonders, which she accepted in all faith: for the book told that all who believed these stories were Mahometans. Then she read that there was a bridge no wider than a silken thread, over which all must pass after death; and while those who were not Mahometans "would slip on one side of this bridge, and drop into the tremendous gulf that had no bottom," the poor child became perfectly unsettled as she brooded over these horrors. The image of the bridge made her giddy; though, as being a Mahometan, she felt her safety ought to be assured. When she saw her old grandmamma totter across the room, she was seized with a sudden terror; for it flashed upon her that she would never be able to get across the bridge. Then came the image of her mother, who was sure to be lost; for she concluded that there was but one copy of this work locked up in the library, and that therefore it was unknown to the rest of the world; and she became distracted as to what she ought to do — confess "that she was a Mahometan," which entailed a confession of reading without leave, or was she to remain silent, and let them so near and dear perish? The misery of the struggle actually threw the poor child into a fever, wherein she lay long, rambling about Mahometanism. A kind doctor who was sent for saw what was the matter. The child was oppressed by the severe austerity of those over her. Her mother, she says piteously, "had almost wholly discontinued talking to me," and she scarcely ever heard a word addressed to her from morning till night. The solemn granddame, the ascetic aunt of the Temple, were ill-suited to soothe such a disposition. It is plain, indeed, that the reason of this unnatural desertion, was that both she and her brother were considered "queer" children. Charles himself says bitterly that Mary's filial caresses and duties were met "too frequently with coldness and repulse;" while the grandmother was heartless enough to say often: "Polly, what are those poor crazy, moythered brains of yours thinking of always?" There is a world of childish agony revealed in this cruel reproach; and, as I have before hinted, these minute details of childish sufferings are, indeed, the life of Charles Lamb (for Mary's childhood and his were virtually one), growing up with him, in a dark, unwholesome tangle, and spreading over every action and thought of his life. Under such unfortunate treatment, it was no wonder that madness came later. The kind doctor and his wife took her away on a visit, made her play games, brought her to a fair, where she was enchanted, amused her in every way; while the lady quietly explained to her her delusion about Mahomet. She remained a month, and was restored perfectly well. These pictures of childish feeling are of rare interest, and, indeed, owe their effect to the almost acute recollections of the narrators, and the bitterness of the recollection actually overpowered filial affection; so that in many of these pictures is found a kind of reproach for such unkind treatment — in this resembling Dickens. In both instances, what might seem a blemish, can be explained as a sort of irresistible protest — a cry not to be suppressed.

A favorite haunt of Charles was the cheerful store-room, "in whose hot window-sill" he used to sit poring over a book of poetry, with the grass-plot before the window, and the hum of the solitary wasp that hummed it in his ear. He used to have the buzzing in his ears long after. There was the stolen peach, which he recalled long after. "On the south wall (can I forget the hot feel of the brick-work?), lingered the one last peach. Now peaches are a fruit to which I always had, and still have, an almost utter aversion to. I know not by what demon of contradiction inspired, but I was haunted with an irresistible desire to pluck it. Tear myself as often as I would from the spot, I found myself still recurring to it, till maddening with desire (desire I cannot call it — with wilfulness, rather — without appetite — against appetite, I may call it), in an evil hour I reached out my hand, and plucked it. Some few raindrops just then fell; the sky (from a bright day) became overcast; and I was a type of our first parents, after the eating of that fatal fruit. I felt myself naked and ashamed, stripped of my virtue, spiritless. The downy fruit dropped from my hand, never to be tasted."

The eldest boy, John, was her favorite — a bold, sensible, unimpulsive lad, who was likely "to do" in the world, and who succeeded fairly. He had none of the strained fancies of his brother and sister — was a king to them; handsome, and "instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us," he would get upon a spirited horse, join huntsman and hounds, and was over all the country in a morning. Not but that he had an affection and sympathy for the old house too, but had too much spirit to be always shut up within it. Mary, being so much older, was sent down with Charles under her care; and he recalled that visit to a great aunt, near Wheathampstead, the wife of Farmer Gladman, a substantial old farm-house, with pigeoncote, woodhouse, orchard, the pastoral walks in "the green lanes of pleasant Hertfordshire." These visits seem to have been periodical, and kept up for some years. But at last the old granddame, worn out by her sufferings, died; and her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and by the gentry for miles round, who wished to show them respect. He treasured up also some grotesque memories of her austere treatment, which have a characteristic flavor. "She had," he says, "never-failing pretexts of tormenting children for their good. I was a chit then, and I well remember when a fly had got into a corner of my eye, and I was complaining of it to her, the old lady deliberately pounded two ounces or more of the finest loaf-sugar that could be got, and making me hold open the eye as wide as I could (all innocent of her purpose), she blew from delicate white paper, with a full breath, the whole saccharine contents into the part afflicted, saying, 'There,

now the fly is out!' 'Twas most true: a legion of blue-bottles, with the prince of flies at their head, must have dislodged with the torrent and deluge of tears which followed. I kept my own counsel, and my fly in my eye when I had got one, in future, without troubling her dulcet applications for the remedy. Then her medicine case was a perfect magazine of tortures for infants. She seemed to have no notion of the comparatively tender drenches which young internals requires; her potions were any thing but milk for babies. Then her sewing up of a cut finger, picking a whitlow before it was ripe, because she could not see well, with the aggravation of the pitying tone she did it in!"

Then followed the destruction of the old mansion. Even by this dissolution the precious memories of childhood were to be linked on to those of manhood. For when he was about forty years old, he happened to be travelling down northwards, and went out of his way some miles to look at the dear old haunt. He had heard rumors of its destruction, but was shocked and overwhelmed at the thoroughness with which the work had been done. Not a stone was left upon a stone: only a few bricks remained. Every thing had been carted away. The best portion had been removed to another fine old mansion in the same county — Gilston; the great marble chimney-piece placed in the hall; and the carvings of Actæon and the Boarhunt placed over it, and the mysterious twelve Cæsars ranged round the octagon hall. The Beauty with "the cool drapery" had flitted also. Gilston is a fine baronial mansion; but Blakesware, though destroyed, will be imperishable. Mr. Plumer had married the widow of the owner of both places, and had taken her name; but, though a man of letters, he seems not to have known of Lamb's charming essay — nor, indeed, of Blakesware itself.

Thus closes the prettiest idyll in Charles Lamb's life. In the barrenness and suffering of after years, his heart dwelt on it with a painful interest.

Charles and his sister were sent to a day-school, situated in the mean passage that leads from Fetter Lane into Bartlett's Buildings, and looking into a discolored, dingy garden. It was presided over by a Mr. William Bird, teacher of languages and mathematics, who was assisted by a strange being, called "Captain Starkey," later to be "a character," beggarman, what not. This oddity wrote an account of his own life, which Lamb happened to stumble upon, and the name awakened all his and his sister's slumbering recollections of their school-days, and the spontaneousness and delight at there occurring some of the precious memories of childhood, prompted a vivid and graphic little retrospect, which, with some finishing, should have found a place among his Essays. "This," he said, "was the Starkey of whom I have heard my sister relate so many pleasant anecdotes, and whom, never having seen, I almost seem to remember." Mary had been there long before Charles was sent, and the fashion in which he interweaves her recollections with his own is singularly charming. "Every touch may be accepted as literally true. Heaven knows what 'languages' were taught in it then! I am sure that neither my sister nor myself brought any out of it but a little of our native English. By 'mathematics,' reader, must be understood 'ciphering.' It was, in fact, an humble day-school, at which reading and writing were taught to us boys in the morning; and the slender erudition was communicated to the girls, our sisters, &c., in the evening. Now, Starkey presided, under Bird, over both establishments. In my time, Mr. Cook, now or lately a respectable singer and performer at Drury Lane Theatre, and nephew to Mr. Bird, had succeeded him. I well remember Bird. He was a squat, corpulent, middle-sized man, with something of the gentleman about him, and that peculiar mild tone — especially while he was inflicting punishment — which is so much more terrible to children than the angriest looks and gestures. Whippings were not frequent; but when they took place, the correction was performed in a private room adjoining, where we could only hear the plaints, but saw nothing. This heightened the decorum and the solemnity. But the ordinary chastisement was the bastinado, a stroke or two on the palm with that almost obsolete weapon now, — the ferule. A ferule was a sort of flat ruler, widened, at the inflicting end, into a shape resembling a pear, — but nothing like so sweet, — with a delectable hole in the middle to raise blisters, like a cupping-glass. I have an intense recollection of that disused instrument of torture, and the malignancy, in proportion to the apparent mildness, with which its strokes were applied. The idea of a rod is accompanied with something ludicrous; but by no process can I look back upon this blister-raiser with any thing but unmingled horror. To make him look more formidable, — if a pedagogue had need of these heightenings, — Bird wore one of those flowered Indian gowns formerly in use with schoolmasters, the strange figures upon which we used to interpret into hieroglyphics of pain and suffering. But, boyish fears apart, Bird, I believe, was, in the main, a humane and judicious master.

"Oh, how I remember our legs wedged into those uncomfortable sloping desks, where we sat elbowing each other; and the injunctions to attain a free hand, unattainable in that position; the first copy I wrote after, with its moral lesson, "Art improves Nature;" the still earlier pot-hooks and the hangers, some traces of which I fear may yet be apparent in this manuscript; the truant looks side-long to the garden, which seemed a mockery of our imprisonment; the prize for best spelling which had almost turned my head, and which, to this day, I cannot reflect upon without a vanity, which I ought to be ashamed of; our little leaden inkstands, not separately subsisting, but sunk into the desks; the bright, punctually-washed morning fingers, darkening gradually with another and another ink-spot!

"Poor Starkey, when young, had that peculiar stamp of old-fashionedness in his face which makes it impossible for a beholder to predicate any particular age in the object. You can scarce make a guess between seventeen and seven and thirty. This antique cast always seems to promise ill-luck and penury. Yet it seems he was not always the abject thing he came to. My sister, who well remembers him, can hardly forgive Mr. Thomas Ranson for making an etching so unlike her idea of him when he was a youthful teacher at Mr. Bird's school. Old age and poverty — a life-long poverty, she thinks — could at no time have so effaced the marks of native gentility which were once so visible in a face otherwise strikingly ugly, thin, and care-worn. From her recollections of him, she thinks that he would have wanted bread before he would have begged or borrowed a half-penny. 'If any of the girls,' she says, 'who were my school-fellows, should be reading, through their aged spectacles, tidings from the dead of their youthful friend Starkey, they will feel a pang, as I do, at having teased his gentle spirit.' They were big girls, it seems, too old to attend his instructions with the silence necessary; and, however old age and a long state of beggary seem to have reduced his writing faculties to a state of imbecility, in those days his language occasionally rose to the bold and figurative; for, when he was in despair to stop their chattering, his ordinary phrase was, 'Ladies, if you will not hold your peace, not all the powers in heaven can make you!' Once he was missing for a day or two: he had run away. A little, old, unhappy-looking man brought him back, — it was his father, — and he did no business in the school that day, but sat moping in a corner, with his hands before his face; and the girls, his tormentors, in pity for his case, for the rest of that day forbore to annoy him. 'I had been there but a few months,' adds she, 'when Starkey, who was the chief instructor of us girls, communicated to us a profound secret, — that the tragedy of "Cato" was shortly to be acted by the elder boys, and that we were to be invited to the representation.' That Starkey lent a helping hand in fashioning the actors, she remembers; and but for his unfortunate person he might have had some distinguished part in the scene to enact. As it was, he had the arduous task of prompter assigned to him; and his feeble voice was heard clear and distinct, repeating the text during the whole performance. She describes her recollection of the cast of characters, even now, with a relish.

Martia, by the handsome Edgar Hickman, who afterwards went to Africa, and of whom she never afterwards heard tidings; Lucia, by Master Walker, whose sister was her particular friend; Cato, by John Hunter, a masterly declaimer, but a plain boy, and shorter by the head than his two sons in the scene, &c."

But this sort of "hedge-schooling" was preparatory; and when the boy was only six years old, it was arranged that he should enter Christ's Hospital. Mr. Salt's interest was enough to secure this valuable privilege. He was admitted by a committee, on July 17, 1782, "by a bond entered into by Samuel Salt, of the Inner Temple, London, Esquire." A petition had been sent in from his father, who set forth "that he had a wife and three children, and he finds it difficult to maintain and educate his family without some assistance." The admission was then merely formal, and he was not "clothed" as a Blue-coat boy until the 9th of October in the same year. Here was to begin a new existence, a wider field, from which to gather and store up images which he was hereafter to recall. But there was not to be the old soft poetry of Blakesware; and though a London boy, and with his heart alway centred in the town, this era was to have for him a more matter-of-fact complexion. His eyes do not linger on it as he looks backwards. He does not recur to the old images again and again, or reproduce them in pictures of varying shapes. The antique solemnity of the hospital is now almost overpowered by masses of new building which contrast harshly with the small remains of mellow old brick; the quaint doorway, with the figure of the blue-coat boy overhead, the church, and the quiet counting-house, with its mullioned windows, has the air of a room in Blakesware itself. There is now a greater publicity, and the old romantic solitude has been encroached upon. Hither it was that the mild, delicate boy, who walked with a strange and measured step, and who spoke with a nervous hesitation, came from the Temple to this famous school, where he was to remain seven years.

In two well-known essays he has given a chromatic picture of his school life — full of color, peopled with figures — the masters, stewards, the boys — their amusements and the somewhat barbarous punishments which they suffered; with a background of the great hall whose ceiling was painted by Verrio, in an old-fashioned florid style, and the stained glass and the crumbling cloisters. We hear the roar of the five hundred lads within the great hall — see them refusing "the gags" or pieces of fat (a gag-eater being considered next to a ghoul); watch the tall "Grecians," who were going to the university; and the "sea-boys," those cruel tyrants; and the monitors, with their quaint badges. There were the visits to the tower, where by ancient privilege they enjoyed a gratuitous view of all the curiosities; the procession through the city at Easter, to enjoy the Lord Mayor's bounty; the scenes at Christmas; the carol sung by night at that time of the year, which, when a young boy, I have often lain awake to hear from seven (the hour of going to bed), when it was sung by the older boys and monitors, and have listened to it in their rude chanting, till I have been transported in fancy to the fields of Bethlehem, and the song which was sung at that season by angels' voices to the shepherds.

Among the boys he soon found friends — the two Le Grices, Charles Valentine, and Samuel, the former of whom became a clergyman and tutor in Cornwall, writing agreeable verses to the end of his life; the latter, "sanguine, volatile, and sweet-natured," breaking away from college, and dying of fever at Jamaica. "The Christ Hospital boys' friends," says Elia, "are commonly his intimates through life;" and it was here that he laid the foundation of an intimacy with a most remarkable character — Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Their standing nearly corresponded, Coleridge remaining longer at the school, becoming "Grecian," a rank Lamb was prevented attaining to. This prodigy was of course not recognized; and his gifts were rudely chastised by the eccentric James Boyer, who was chief master of the school. The portrait of this being is a singular one, and his severities awful. His wigs betokened the changes of his temper: "one serene, smiling, fresh-powdered" heralding a mild day; the other, "an old, discolored, unkempt, angry canon, denoting frequent and bloody execution." He would "make a headlong entry" into the schoolroom from his inner recess, and singling out a lad, roar out, "Odds my life, sirrah!" (his favorite adjuration) "I have a great mind to whip you!" then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, fling himself back into his lair; and after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the contest), drive headlong out again, . . . with the expletory yell, "*And I* WILL *too!*" The great thinker long after owned that to him he owed his classical taste, though he hardly forgave him his rude treatment. "Lay thy animosity against Jimmy, in the grave," wrote Charles Lamb to his friend, when the news of Boyer's death reached him. Coleridge did forgive him then, with the aspiration, "Poor J. B., may all his faults be forgiven, and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings!" It reached the master's ears that the precocious lad had read Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary:" "So, sirrah, you are an infidel, are you?" he said. "Then I'll flog the infidelity out of you;" and proceeded to administer the severest flogging the boy had yet received.

Charles Lamb was more fortunate in having a gentle, careless master, Matthew Field, who actually neglected his scholars, attending gay parties, or presenting himself at episcopal levies. His class sat in the same room with that of the severe master, and the contrast was amusing. Sometimes the latter marked his sense of their indulgence by such grim satire, as, remarking of the birch which he had borrowed of his colleague, "how neat and fresh the' twigs looked." With such a director, under whose care he remained four or five years, Lamb could not have learned much. His nice classical taste, evinced even by the excellent Latinity of some of his familiar letters, was probably owing to his two years' wholesome discipline under Mr. Boyer's rule. But the spectacle of that prodigy, Coleridge, his friend, must have had even a more powerful influence — "the idol of those among his schoolfellows who mingled with their bookish studies the musée (?) of thought and humanity, and he was usually attended round the cloisters by a group of these (inspiring and inspired), whose hearts even then burnt within them as he talked, and whence the sounds yet linger, to mock Elia on his way.

Other friends, but of far less mark, were "Bob Allen," later to be a newspaper hack and infidel; and Gutch, in whose house, when growing old, Lamb was to lodge; while many there were whom he would not call companions, but whom he admired at a distance. Awful "Grecians" were Stevens, afterwards master; Thornton, soon to be a diplomatist at the Northern Courts; and Middleton, Bishop of Calcutta. There was Franklin, who, later on, became Master of the Hertford Grammar school, "fine and frank-hearted;" and who acquired a fantastic interest in Lamb's eyes from "having officiated at Thurtell's last moments;" and Favelle, whose story was to have a piteous interest: The son of a common house-painter, he had found his way to Oxford by his own exertions, with brilliant prospects before him, but nervously sensitive as to the paternal trade. The arrival of his father in the very town, with the hope of obtaining custom on the strength of his son's connexions — his setting up of a flaming signboard, in dull unconsciousness of the agony he was causing his son — was too great a mortification for the young man, who, unable to face his friends, with perhaps a foolish sensitiveness, fled from the place and became a common soldier, falling at Salamanca.

The little monastic, retiring boy, was kindly and tenderly treated by all. It was noticed that he was always called Charles Lamb, instead of the shorter and blunter patronymic by which other boys were addressed. This seemed a proof of special interest and affection. He was allowed some privileges, which his school-fellows had not. He might go and see his family when he pleased. The rude diet of the hospital, the meagre beer and penny loaf, the "gags," half-pickled or whole fresh boiled beef, "mutton scraggs" "rotten, roasted, or rare," were not for him; or was at least corrected by tea, and other delicacies from the Temple. On certain days his good old aunt would arrive at the cloisters

with a plate of roast veal, or "more tempting griskin," and sitting down on the old coal-hole steps near the grammar-school door, would open her apron and bring out her basin. The young nephew, struggling between shame and appetite, almost despising, as he bitterly owned later, the affectionate old creature who thus thought of him. It was she, too, who "strained her pocket-strings to give him a sixpenny whole plum cake," which, in a moment of complacent charity, "in all the pride of an evangelical peacock," he bestowed on an old mendicant; and in what followed, we have one of those valuable glimpses of boyish thought which he treasured up for his maturer years, and then analyzed with a masterly touch. Scarcely had the act been accomplished, when a revulsion came — the thought of the good aunt's kindness, "the sum it was to her, *the pleasure she had a right to expect that I — not the old impostor* — should take in eating her cake; the ingratitude by which, under the colors of Christian virtue, I had frustrated her cherished purpose. I sobbed, wept, and took it to heart so grievously, that I think I never suffered the like; and I was right. It was a piece of unfeeling hypocrisy, and it proved a lesson to me ever after."

This bears out what was before insisted on, that in viewing Lamb's childhood, we study his manhood and character. These little incidents were nursed like plants — developed as he grew old and yet older, and were his present sensations, in fact. That he should have felt so acutely on the occasion — the bitter grief following so speedily on the impulse — shows us what his character was. "For me," he says, "I do not know whether a constitutional imbecility does not incline me too obstinately to cling to the remembrances of childhood; in an inverted ratio to the usual sentiments of mankind, nothing that I have been engaged in since seems of any value or importance compared to the colors which imagination gave to every thing then. I belong to no body corporate such as I then made part of."

The recollections of this time lingered in his mind, such as his being hoisted upon a servant's shoulder, in Guildhall, to look "upon the installed and solemn pomp of the then drawing lottery — the blue-coat boy, with his naked arm, first converting the invisible wheel, and then diving into the dark recess for a ticket. His wanderings and playings in the Temple gardens, making the little fountain rise and fall to the amazement of companions, he knowing the trick; his first visit to church, described with his wonderful analysis of childish emotion. This word "church" suggested to him now a great hollow cave, then something movable, like a wagon or a cart. "Was it any thing to eat or drink?" he asked his mother. He was awe-stricken by the grotesque heads and monsters which ran along the sides of the church, which his father told him were very improper ornaments for such a place. "And so I now think them," adds Charles, writing years afterwards. Yet he immediately makes a protest against this rather limited view, correcting it by his old childish faith; since, as they were placed upon a church, "to which I had come with such serious thoughts, I could not help thinking they had some serious meaning, and looked at them with wonder, without any temptation to laugh. I somehow fancied they were the representation of wicked people set up as a warning. The scene was the Temple Church, though he only hints at it, and he was awe-stricken by the tombs, figures, windows, &c.; for he says paternally he was "a poor lonely creature" then. His father, too, had, from some fantastic notion of education, taken care that he should not receive any religious impression or instruction till he was five or six years old. The child tells how all this time, during this first visit, he was thinking how happy he was, and what a privilege he enjoyed in being allowed to join with so many grown people: "I remember I foolishly applied every thing that was said to myself, so as it could mean nobody but myself. . . . All that assembly of people seemed to me is if they were come together only to show me the way of a Church." This is but the common thought of all children on such occasions. "Oh," he says in conclusion, "it was a happy day for me; for before I used to feel like a little outcast in the wilderness — like one that did not belong to the world of Christian people." However, these religious instincts were soon to be overpowered in the rather wild explorings after truth, which again were to give place to a shape of meagre theism but little removed from philosophic paganism. But now the time was come for him to quit school. His knowledge and proficiency, it seems to be admitted, were sufficient to entitle him to go to the universities as an exhibitioner. But Sir J. Talfourd states there was an understanding that such exhibitioners should embrace the Church. "Lamb," he says, "was unfitted by nature for such a profession," and was not allowed to enjoy his promotion. The impediment of a stammerer could hardly have been held sufficient for inflicting what was an injustice on an industrious boy, who, we are told, saw all his own contemporaries preferred before him. It seems more probable that his industry and abilities were not sufficient to entitle him to the rank of Grecian. He was, however, "deputy Grecian — in the lower division of the second class."

At last the day arrived when he was to quit the old cloisters; and on Nov. 23, 1789, he was discharged.

THE FATHER OF SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

HOMER was the father of poetry, Herodotus the father of history. We do not know exactly who deserves the title of the father of novel-writing, but whoever he was, like the other fathers, he is represented in these latter days, and has been for many centuries past, by a very clever and industrious progeny. Poets, historians, and tale-tellers have flourished since men first produced manuscripts or printed books, and of the making of these books there seems to be no end. But there is a literary product of the last half-century — almost, indeed, of the last quarter of a century — which has characteristics of its own, and which appears to have sprung into existence contemporaneously with big newspapers and the rivalry in collecting news from the ends of the earth.

Special correspondents are the most energetic, almost the most ubiquitous of men. They go everywhere, see every thing, and describe what they see with the accuracy of the historian, the liveliness of the polished essayist, the realism of the photographer, and the feeling and spirit of the old ballad-maker. They are the modern knights-errant who go forth to seek adventures, and the modern minstrels who relate the deeds of heroes. Is there a war in the Crimea, a mutiny in India, a struggle of nationalities in Europe, or the march of an irresistible host in a doomed city, the "special" is there with his ready pen, to reproduce, for the benefit of home readers, the incidents of the march or the deadly struggle. The "special" watched the charge at Balaklava, and in a few days all England was throbbing with emotion at the Homeric vigor of his stirring prose. The greatest of ships is steered across the Atlantic, bearing the wire which yard by yard is lowered into the deep — a line between two mighty nations — and on the deck stands the "special," preparing that vivid description of the waves, the sky, the storm, the ship cutting its way through the Atlantic, and all the human elements of expectancy, anxiety, and the triumph of success, which was soon to appear in the columns of the newspaper, a veritable epic, exquisitely wrought, one out of many furnished by the special correspondents, who, while ministering to the present demand for high-class writing and prompt intelligence, are also providing materials for the future historian.

Who was the real inventor of this style of writing — the prototype of the modern "special"? Herodotus wrote history after examination of localities and personal research; he gathered traditions and verified dates, but was purely and simply the historian. Xenophon more nearly approached the type; but he was a soldier, and admirable and strongly individualized as is his narrative of the retreat of the ten thousand, its production was not the purpose of his expedition, but rather an accident of his position. Considered independently of the circumstances which produced it, the "Anabasis" is almost as purely a special report as the description of the invasion of Abyssinia, or the relief of

Lucknow, in our newspapers; but for all that Xenophon was not a special reporter.

We must go back just five hundred years for the real original special correspondent, the true father of the modern masters, the most acute of observers, indomitable of collectors of news, and most picturesque and vivid of describers of gallant acts and brave adventures. If ever there is erected a literary pantheon, side by side with Homer, Æschylus, and Herodotus, — the fathers of poetry, tragedy, and history, — should be the effigy of Sir John Froissart, the "father of special correspondents," the teacher and inspirer of Shakspeare and Walter Scott.

He was styled "Sir," not because he was himself a knight, but because he was a member of the clerical profession, a canon, on whom, as on parish priests, the title "Sir," equivalent to our modern "Reverend," was generally bestowed. He was born at Valenciennes, in 1337, the son of an heraldic painter, and no doubt the bright little boy inherited a taste for chivalric emblems and nightly gear which did not well adapt him for the profession for which his parents destined him. He was very clever and forward, the head boy of his school, quick at learning, and of a gay, vivacious temperament, which made him the favorite of all. While still a lad he exhibited a great fondness for history, and was employed, at the instigation of a friend who noticed his special talent, in collecting materials for a narrative of the wars then waging in Europe. He wrote verses, too, and seems to have vastly preferred the study of romances and the hearing of news, to the dry treatises of theology and casuistry which would have better fitted him for the cloister. A true poet in temperament, he says of himself: "Well I loved to see dances and carrolling, well to hear minstrelsy and tales of glee, well to attach myself to those who had hawks and hounds, well to toy with my fair companions at school. I took great pleasure in drinking, and in fair array, and in delicate and fresh cates. I loved to see the early violets and the white and red roses, and also chambers fairly lighted; jousts and dances and late vigils, fair beds for refreshment, and for my better repose a night draught of claret or Rochelle wine, mingled with spice." The hopeful youth, still in his teens, had, it must be admitted, a very clear idea of the best way of enjoying himself, and was just the sort of person to sympathize with the spirit of those times, when chivalry, with its mingled daring and sentiment, its brave trappings, its amatory sighings and merry minstrelsy, was assuming the form of a science.

Neophyte of the Church though he was, John Froissart naturally fell over head and ears in love. One day he saw a pretty girl reading a romance, and soon contrived to be seated by her side and reading too. Now, reading sentimental romances with a charming young lady for a companion is a very agreeable amusement, but if a young man particularly wishes *not* to fall in love he had better not try the experiment. Froissart, perhaps, had no objection to the inevitable result, and speedily found himself in the poetical stage of the malady. He wrote verses in which, of course, he described the fair one as being the most peerless of all possible maidens, and himself as the most adoring of all possible lovers; and when he discovered that the pretty romance-reader was engaged to be married to somebody else, he was as near going mad as a lively young fellow, with good health and spirits, and who (if we may believe his poetry) had certainly two other objects of adoration, could go with safety.

But he fell ill, and was so far despondent that after his recovery he resolved to leave the country, and set out on his travels. He rode rapidly, composing love-verses all the way, till he reached the sea-shore, and finding there a ship about to depart for England, went aboard. The passage was rough, and Froissart for the first time experienced the *mal de mer*. But, at once sea-sick and love-sick, he contrived to gasp out a few more verses in remembrance of the beautiful cause of his trouble, and then felt better. This was the poetical period of his life. He tells us that he had written about thirty thousand verses; fortunately, perhaps, not many of them are preserved.

He had probably an introduction to the English Court, for he was soon domiciled as private secretary to Edward the Third's womanly and spirited queen, Philippa, who, with her ladies, petted and caressed the lovelorn, but still merry and highly diverting little foreigner. He retained his office for three or four years, making his first appearance as special correspondent on the occasion of one of those visits to Scotland which — "come ye in peace or come ye in war?" — the English frequently made. Froissart "spyed out the land," travelling on horseback, often with no companion but his dog, and with note-book in his wallet, in which he jotted down such matters as attracted his inquisitive eye. He describes the fierce courage, the frugal habits, the oatmeal bannocks of the Caledonians, as hundreds of years afterwards other writers described them, and reminds us of the famous chapter in Macaulay's history. He was well received by King David, and was a guest of the Douglas. Ireland, too, was visited, but does not appear to have been very attractive to the chronicler.

Perhaps he was still moping a little about the beautiful Anna (we know not who she was, but he hints that, like the Welsh Shenkyn, she was of noble race), and perhaps, too, was not quite certain that she was married after all; and the tender-hearted queen persuaded him to return to Hainault. She was herself Philippa of Hainault, and retained an affection for her native land and its belongings. Froissart went back, nothing loth, but too late for matrimony, for the lady was married. The manners of the times, however, permitted him to attend her to all kinds of amusements and to compose verses in her honor — very congenial employments, in which he found compensation for his disappointment. He revisited England, where he remained about two years, and then his restless activity made him set to work at the real business of his life, that of compiling a chronicle, as much as possible from his own observation, of the stirring events of the time.

There were stirring events enough in that busy fourteenth century for Froissart to record. There were the wars of our Edward the Third with Bruce of Scotland, and the struggle between France and England; the insurrection in the Flemish towns, with which the Van Arteveldtes, father and son, were concerned; the wars between Castile and Portugal; between the King of Hungary and the Turks, then just settling in Europe; the horrors of the Jacquerie; the quarrels of the rival Popes and their partisans, besides abundance of intestine feuds of cities, barons, and kings. "Nothing," says one critic, "of novelty passed of which Froissart did not seek to be a spectator; jousts, feasts, tournaments, conferences for peace, interviews of princes, their entries, nothing escaped his curiosity." He visited England, Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, Languedoc, Beaune, Italy, and Germany, personally conversed with most of the famous men of the time, and never lost a chance of picking up a good story or a bit of authentic news from knight or squire, whom chance made the companions of his wanderings. He was present at the grand entertainments given at Milan by King Amadeus of Savoy, in honor of the marriage of the English prince, Lionel, Duke of Clarence. For a short time he resumed the clerical life, having obtained the living of Lessines. There he led a jolly life, spending money freely, chiefly for the good of the innkeepers. Then he spent some time at the court of Wenceslaus, of Luxemburg; then became clerk of the chapel to Guy, Count of Blois, and afterwards resided for some time with the famous Gaston Phœbus de Foix at Orthes, in Beaune. This magnificent Gaston appeared to Froissart to be the *beau idéal* of knightly personages. He won the chronicler's heart by listening to his romances after dinner, and by his gallant bearing and the splendor of his establishment. "I have never seen any so handsome, either in the form of his limbs and shape. He was so perfectly formed, no one could praise him too much. He was a prudent knight, full of enterprise and wisdom. He never had any unbeliever with him, reigned prudently, and was constant in his devotions. He was liberal and courteous in his gifts." The facts, mentioned casually by Froissart, that this gallant gentleman, whose deportment was so princely, had quar-

relled with his wife, whom he would certainly have murdered had she not kept out of his way, that he did actually murder his cousin, Sir Peter Arvaut, and his own son, appear to have been very trivial blots on his character in the eyes of his admirer. Gaston was one of the ablest politicians of his day, and at his court was received the earliest intelligence of all important events. "There is not a lord in the world more eager after news than he is."

Of course Froissart was quite at home in such a centre of news; but for some time he was terribly puzzled to account for the amazing rapidity with which intelligence reached the count, who would not unfrequently announce events nine or ten days before the swiftest messengers could bring the news from the scene of action. The telegraph was, in fact, anticipated. At length the secret was imparted in confidence to Froissart, and the explanation involves as clear a case of spiritual intervention as any related by modern mediums. We will tell the story briefly. A former occupant of the castle, Raymond, Lord of Corasse, had, in the matter of tithes, offended a priest, who threatened to send "a champion you will be more afraid of." This champion proved to be a tricksy spirit, who set to work in the familiar fashion of rapping at Raymond's bed room door, thereby frightening him and his wife terribly, and smashing the plates and dishes in the kitchen. But Raymond, being a bold man, at length made friends with his visitor, who promised to bring him regularly intelligence of what was going on in the world. Two or three times every week the spirit, who said, "I travel as fast as the wind, or faster," woke the lord of Corasse by pulling his pillow away, or making strange noises, alarming the lady, who "hid her head under the bedclothes, and the hair of her head stood on end." The supernatural Reuter then told Raymond that "such an event has happened in England, or Scotland, or Germany, or some other country." After a time the knight offended him, and he came no more; but it was generally believed that he afterwards extended his favors to Gaston de Foix, and kept him as well supplied with the news of the day as if he had taken in the *Times* or *Echo*.

This is a specimen of the stories which occasionally find a place in the pages of Froissart; but generally he is more practical, and delights in knightly encounters, duels at the lists, pageants, processions, and battles. He visited England again in the reign of Richard the Second, and describes, with an amusing touch of vanity, how he presented the king with a manuscript of a romance he had written, which was "bound in crimson velvet, with ten silver-gilt nails and a golden rose in the midst of two clasps, gilt, richly chased with gold roses." This superb "presentation copy" Froissart had accidentally with him, not anticipating the king would ask for it!

Froissart died in his comfortable canonry at Lille — bestowed upon him by Pope Clement the Seventh in 1378 — somewhere about 1414. His chronicle, first published with the title, "La Chronique de France, d'Angleterre, d'Ecosse, d'Espagne, de Brétagne," &c., extends from 1326 to 1400. For the earlier incidents related he was indebted to the labors of Jean de Bel, canon of Liège. The records of the latter half of the century are all his own.

The influence of Froissart is apparent in almost every page of Scott's romances of chivalry. The incidents of the tilting in the lists at Ashby, the *mêlée*, the storming of the castle at Front-de-Bœuf are almost transcripts from his pages. Scott makes Claverhouse ask young Henry Morton, in "Old Mortality," if he had ever read Froissart, and being answered in the negative, Bonny Dundee replies, "I have half a mind to contrive you should have six months' imprisonment, in order to procure you that pleasure. His chapters inspire me with more enthusiasm than even poetry itself."

Shakspeare himself owed something to this "father of special correspondents," especially in the last act of "Richard the Second." There was, at any rate, this in common between them, that each prophesied his own literary immortality. Shakspeare wrote, "Not marble nor the monuments of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme;" and the gay, gossiping, poetic, heroic-souled little canon of Lille was as confident that he had not lived and worked in vain — "I well know that, in time to come, when I shall be dead and rotten, this grand and noble history will be much in fashion, and all nobles and gallant persons will take pleasure therein and gain augmentation and knowledge."

A SLEEPING PREACHER.

ABOUT the year 1604, the little society of New College, Oxford, numbered amongst its fellows one named Dr. Richard Haydock. This person had developed a curious faculty of preaching very learned and excellent sermons when, to all outward appearance, he was in a deep slumber. This faculty was the more noteworthy, in that Haydock was but a dull fellow in his waking hours, and known to be no great scholar. Greek and Hebrew, too, were familiar to his tongue in these nocturnal discourses, though the preacher was supposed to be ignorant of both languages. The fame of him soon spread throughout the university, and the fellows and scholars flocked as regularly to hear Haydock preach in his sleep as to any other sermon. Nor were they ever disappointed of his performance; in fact, so methodical was he in his proceedings, that he never failed to pray most fervently for the king and royal family, both before and after his discourse, which was regularly opened with a text. On concluding, he would wake, stretch, wonder to see an audience, and remember nothing that he had said. The previous career of Dr. Haydock presented no very remarkable features. He was born at Grewel, in Hampshire, had received his early education at Winchester, from thence he had proceeded to New College, where he was admitted a fellow in the year 1590. He took the usual degrees in arts, and afterwards travelled for some time abroad. Haydock, on his return, about 1598, published a heavy folio on the subjects of Painting and Engraving; this he thought sufficiently valuable to be handed down to posterity, with his own portrait on the title-page. Thomas Bodley, the founder of the Bodleian Library, was a sort of patron of his, and to him the work was dedicated.

The notoriety of the sleeping preacher was rapidly extended beyond Oxford, and in a few months attracted the attention of King James. That monarch, as we all know, prided himself on his superior wisdom, and eagerly seized any opportunity that offered of displaying it before a crowd of admiring courtiers. He therefore determined that Haydock's supposed marvellous gift should be tested at court, and under his own keen eye. Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, who was then Secretary of State, was instructed to make inquiries of Dr. Abbots and Dr. Hussey, leading authorities of the university, relative of Haydock; and these learned gentlemen were commissioned to arrange for the transfer of the preacher's services to the court of St. James's for a time. Haydock, however, must have had some inkling of what was going on, as a little before that time he quietly left Oxford, and some weeks elapsed before Dr. Hussey could give any tidings of him. It was then found out that Dr. Haydock was settled and lodged in the house of one Blacker, dwelling in the close at Salisbury. In that city he was rapidly acquiring fame as a physician, for, indeed, it was principally to the study and practice of medicine that he had devoted himself at Oxford. A letter written from Salisbury at the time reported him as going much to the house of Sir William Dorington, who had taken a great interest in the doctor's pursuits, and whose seat was within six miles of the city. The gift which had made Haydock so pre-eminent at his university seems to have been allowed to languish since he had taken up with the active duties of his own proper profession. We find no record of his having delivered any theological discourses at Salisbury, whether sleeping or waking. However, his place of residence being discovered by Cecil's emissaries, it was intimated to him how gratifying it would be to his Majesty King James to witness a display of his curious powers at court. The preacher no doubt inwardly prayed the authorities to have him excused, but there was no getting out of what amount-

al to a royal command. The next scene in the story is best old in a letter still extant, and written by Rowland White, ostmaster of the court, to the Earl of Shrewsbury. This tter bears date 27th April, 1605, and is as follows: —

"At court there is one Haydock, of New College, in Oxord, by profession a doctor of physic, who uses oftentimes o make long sermons in his sleep. The King's Majesty eard him one night; the next time, the Dean of the Chapl and Sir Thomas Chaloner; the third time, my Lord of ranborne caused a bed to be put up in his drawing-room t court, and heard him preach, and sent for my Lord Pemroke, Lord Shandos, Lord Danvers, Lord Marre, and thers. He doth very orderly begin with his prayer; then o his text, and divides it; and when he hath well and arnedly touched every part, he concludes it, and with roaning and stretching, awakes, and remembers nothing e said. The man seems to be a very honest man, of a ood complexion, of a civil conversation, and discreet; hath o books, or place to study; and twice or thrice a week sually preaches. Yet the king will not say what he thinks f it. He will hear and sift him ere he depart from court."

His Majesty, we are told, proceeded in the business with nfinite solemnity and precaution, and after much cross-xamination by himself and his privy-councillors, actually revailed upon Haydock to confess his imposture, and to ive in writing the motives both of his beginning and of is continuance in so strange a practice. On Sunday the 8th, he sent to the king that "if it would please His Majsty to pardon his offence, and deliver him from punishent, he would confess the whole truth of this deceit whererith he had abused the world." His first confession was ot considered sufficiently explicit and minute, as appears rom a letter written by the Earl of Worcester, one of the eading councillors, to the Secretary of State, mentioning ach point as his Majesty, "out of the depth of his wonerful judgment," required to have further cleared. Ultiately, the preacher furnished some very complete details f the origin and growth of his imposture. These details re curious, and have an air of truthfulness. We are told hat on his first coming to Oxford, Haydock had a great esire to study divinity, and to become a preacher, but ound in himself a disability for that faculty, by reason of stuttering he had in his speech, and a slow, imperfect utterance. He was thus reluctantly compelled to abandon his study, and betook himself to physic. It afterwards ame to his remembrance, as he said, that his school-fellows t Winchester had told him many times how he used to peak in his sleep; and that he then made verse, and spoke Latin, with much more quickness of invention and readier utterance than at any time else. Whereupon, he took a oncei: that he would try how near he could come to such bility of utterance by speaking at the time of night which as nearest to that in which he used to speak in his sleep. First he began, as soon as he was out of his first sleep, to peak some discourse concerning physic; and found in himself such ripeness of invention, and so perfect and ready delivery, that he was astounded at himself, and practised his fashion of speaking after midnight some four or five imes, in physic; which, when he found to make so great an lteration of his speech, and ability to discourse, he resolved o try if the same effect would follow if divinity were the hosen subject, as he had ever the strongest desire for that branch of learning. So he took a text, and prepared himself to preach from it three or four days before he put it in practice; and, when sufficiently prepared, would sit up in bed, after his first sleep, and deliver what appeared to him a very excellent sermon. This course was pursued by Haydock several times without the least intention of being overheard; but by chance one night some one lying in the chamber next to his own was awake, and heard all he said. It was accordingly reported over the college the morning after that Mr. Haydock had preached very learnedly in his sleep. Haydock was weak or wicked enough to humor the deception, and had practised it for about a year and a half every other night — preaching in Latin in Oxford, and in English in the country.

Haydock's petition to the king for forgiveness is still preserved amongst the state papers, and is a curious testimony to the vanity and weakness of the man. It is much too long to reproduce here, so a very few extracts must suffice us. He says: "I do here, in the naked simplicity of a most thankful and penitent soul, ingenuously confess and acknowledge, that this use of my nocturnal discourse, seeming to be a deep and sound sleep, when indeed I was waking, and had more perfect sense of that I conceived and spake than when by day I attempted the same, was from the beginning a voluntary thing, done with knowledge, upon a discovery in myself of a greater ability, and freedom of memory, invention, and speech, in that mild, quiet, and silent repose of the night, than in the daytime I found." And again he says: "When company approached, I well perceived, though, indeed, no ordinary voice could interrupt my strong contemplation, nor the glimmering light of the candle held at mine eyes, which I always kept shut, even in the dark, and could never meditate to purpose when they were open." Haydock adds that he never had any sinister plot, purpose, or drift to the disturbance of the peaceable estate, church, or commonwealth — and that he had not offended maliciously, but of human infirmity.

King James was too well satisfied with what he was pleased to consider his own acuteness in unmasking the deception, to bear malice against the author of it, and readily pardoned the offender. We have little more to chronicle concerning him. It is needless to say that Haydock discontinued the practices which had made him so notorious He withdrew once more to Salisbury, and achieved a reputation there as a very able physician. He afterwards came to London, died, and was buried there, shortly before the outbreak of the civil wars.

EDITING.

THE editor of the *Cigare* is obliged to leave Paris for four and twenty hours; the sub-editor selects this precise moment for being ill; and M. Aristide Gruau, the Nestor of the staff, is absent canvassing a provincial constituency in his own and the Liberal interest. So the editor sees nothing for it but to ask M. Timoléon Tartine, before starting, kindly to discharge his functions for a single day; and M. Tartine, who would have undertaken the command of the army of the Loire at five minutes' notice, consents with pleasure. However, the editor feels some slight misgivings; not that he mistrusts M. Tartine's head, but he knows his heart — M. Tartine is prone to enthusiasm. Wherefore, in getting into the train, the director of the *Cigare* points out to his chroniqueur, who has come to see him off, that after all there will not be much to do, that he has given the main directions for the next number, and that the principal thing will be to watch that nothing creeps into the leaders or the notes likely to hurt the feelings of General de Ladmirault, an awkward person to offend by reason of the state of siege. M. Tartine promises. Then the editor conveys a counter-warning against insidious Government secretaries who prowl about seeking admission for semi-official paragraphs in influential papers; but at this M. Tartine protests with so much warmth that he would recognize a Government secretary even disguised under a bear's skin, and perceive the drift of his prose though it were couched in Sanskrit or Carribee, that the editor feels reassured. In another minute the train has disappeared, and M. Tartine walks out of the station with a four-and-twenty hours' kingship of the most popular organ in Paris.

Having about sixteen hours to spare before he need commence his duties — for this is evening, and the *Cigare* does not appear till five on the morrow — M. Tartine goes and dines, and thence to the play; and being of communicative mood, he tells what friends he meets that it is he who for the nonce rules the destinies of the *Cigare*. The result of this is that by midnight the report has been flashed down the whole line of Boulevards and into every newspaper office of the capital that M. Tartine has been intrusted

with a post which he will fill, not for a day — for rumor is fond of additions — but for a month, some even say six weeks; and at eleven o'clock the next day, when he comes down to the office, M. Tartine finds a whole throng of affectionate friends, who, knowing his benevolent disposition, shake him by the hand, offer him their assistance, and meanwhile would be much obliged if he would render them some little services which they will explain if he will just give them each five minutes in private. Truth to say, M. Tartine has slept as soundly as did the great Condé on the eve of Rocroy. Intrepidity is his characteristic. He accepted the functions delegated to him, expecting nothing and fearing nothing; and the levée of suitors takes him a little aback. Nevertheless, he rallies on recognizing in one a popular novelist, in the other a fluent debater, in a third an enterprising money man, and he gallantly leads the way into the editor's room, whither the novelist follows him, shutting the door to exclude the other two. He has not much to ask, has the man of fiction; he simply wants the *Cigare* to announce a novel of his that is coming out. "Oh, certainly; with pleasure," says M. Tartine; "what is the title?" "Oh, there's not much in the title!" answers the author, modestly. "It's 'Les Chevaliers du Boudoir;' but the scope of these works often needs to be explained to the public beforehand so that they may not go away with wrong impressions. This is a realistic study of life. Perhaps something in this style would do," and he draws a paper from his pocket. "I didn't write the paragraph myself, it was a friend did it. Thank you; I know I may rely upon you; good morning," and he vanishes, leaving M. Tartine to read: "It is with immense satisfaction that we announce a new work from the pen of M. A——, the gifted author of 'Les Pêches Roses,' 'Le Scandale de la Rue X——,' and other delightful books. Any thing more piquant in style, more interesting in plot, or more thoroughly artistic in conception than this new novel, into which M. A—— has thrown all his minutely realistic powers of description, his" — "Yes, but stay," cries M. Tartine, "this reads like an advertisement;" however, he has no time to move, for the door opens again and in rushes the fluent debater, distancing the money man by a head. "My dear M. Tartine, look at this!" he ejaculates, displaying yesterday's *Cigare;* "here is the parliamentary report, and, to begin with, my speech, as you observe, is most humiliatingly curtailed; but I shouldn't complain if it were not for this passage. See, I have a discussion with a member of the Left, a Radical, and you give him the best of it, for after his joke at me — a miserably small joke — you add, 'hilarity on all the benches,' just as if I had made no repartee." "But *did* you make one?" asks M. Tartine. "Why, of course," answers the fluent debater; "at least, if I hadn't, you know, it ought to come to the same thing; for if the *Cigare*, an orderly journal, gives the palm to men of that sort — Red Republicans, Communalists, and destroyers of society — what are we to expect? I think, perhaps," (here a paper is extracted from the waistcoat), "if you would kindly insert this little note — I didn't write it myself: it was a friend who did it. Thanks. I know I can confide in your courtesy. Good morning." And he, too, disappears, yielding his place to the money man, who enters just as M. Tartine has read this much: "By a printer's error in our yesterday's impression, the brilliant witticism by which M. B——, the eloquent member for ——, utterly pulverized M. C——, the Radical deputy who interrupted him, was omitted. M. C—— said" — "Pardon me, my dear M. Tartine," interposes the money man, "I am aware how valuable your time is. I shall not be a minute. Here is the *Cigare's* money article of yesterday. Do you see these lines? They may prove the death of the 'Oyster-shell Joint-Stock Utilization Company,' in which the savings of thousands are invested; and I am convinced nothing can be further from your thoughts." "Nothing," assents M. Tartine. "Well, but look," groans the money man. "You say there is a depression on our shares. Only think of the immensity of the undertaking on which we are embarked! Picture to yourself the millions upon millions of oyster-shells that formerly lay about idle, but which now, hrough our instrumentality, may be the means of pouring gold into the homes of the penurious. Ours is no mere speculation, it is a patriotic enterprise; and surely a journal like the *Cigare* ought to encourage it. Oh, I know what you were going to reply; but even supposing it to be true that the shares were depressed, will the saying so in your paper tend to make them go up again? Remember, it is in the interest of our shareholders — our trusting shareholders, not in my own, that I am urging this, and" (here some fumbling in the pocket), "I think if you were to intercalate this in your next money article, it would spare you a pang or two of remorse should our company ever unhappily collapse — which, mind, I am certain it never will." "Yes, but — one moment!" ejaculates M. Tartine. "Yes, as many moments as you like," answers the money man; "and if you like I will explain you all the workings of our company. I have, thoughtfully, brought the prospectuses with me." And he sits down.

It takes half an hour by the clock before M. Tartine can dispose of the money man, who has plied figures with an energy of lung which drives his hearer stark desperate. He is compelled to surrender at discretion, and the money man then makes his affable bow, vowing that conversation with M. Tartine is quite a pleasure and a profit. He is scarcely gone when the office-boy enters to say there are three more gentlemen waiting to see the editor, and two ladies; and at the same moment comes the printer — a French printer, brisk, discursive, and by alternate fits despondent and oversanguine — to say that there is no copy in hand, that half the paper ought to be made up by this time, and that every thing will to a certainty be late. "But what am I to do?" ejaculates M. Tartine in frenzy. "I can't write the whole paper." "But has monsieur read his letters?" inquires the printer. "What letters?" asks M. Tartine; and here his eye lights for the first time on some three scores of unopened envelopes arranged symmetrically before him. "Tell everybody that I am busy!" he roars to the office-boy, "let not a soul come in." "But the gentlemen and the two ladies?" remonstrates the boy. Let them be—! let them come to-morrow when I am not here," yells M. Tartine; and feverishly he breaks open the envelopes in rapid succession: — "To the editor of the *Cigare*. Sir, — One of your contributors asserts that Remus died in the year 753 B. C.; the correct date of that historical event is —." "Sir, — I am surprised to see one of your contributors, in alluding to the death of Remus, appears to put faith in the existence of that personage. Surely he must be aware that—." "Sir, — That the long-exploded fallacy as to the death of Remus should have found a place in your columns strikes me as being in every way deplorable." "I wish to heaven," breaks out M. Tartine, "that Remus — what's the matter now?" This is to the office-boy, who has come back scared, to say that the gentlemen outside refuse to go away, and have sent in their cards. M. Tartine glances at the pasteboards; they are those of officers on the staff, and the words, "affaire d'honneur" are pencilled in the corner of one of them. Needs must when honor drives, and the gentlemen are introduced. "In these delicate matters it is better to speak plainly and at once," begins the bluffest of the military men in a voice that makes the window-panes rattle. "An insult has been offered, and either a full apology or a reparation by arms must be the alternative." "But what insult has been offered?" inquires nonplussed M. Tartine. "Do you call this no insult, sir?" sings out the military man, thrusting a back number of the *Cigare* under M. Tartine's face and flashing lightning from his eyes; and he reads: "There is no disguising that ever since they have been put into their new jackets with fur round the collars, the officers of the staff display an unfortunate likeness to a tropical red-legged and ruffy-bird, called the Soudan goose." "But I didn't write that," protests M. Tartine. "But you're the editor, sir, and at a moment when the army have just saved society by stifling lawlessness and plunder, you deserve to be held responsible for all statements calculated to bring the service into ridicule."

"Well, then, I am responsible," retorts M. Tartine ex-

asperated. "Let it be what you please — swords, pistols, or blunderbusses; my friends are M.M. Plumeau and de Linéa, whom you will find in the next room, but, for patience' sake, let me alone till five o'clock." "We are not bent upon a duel," puts in one of the officers — he is louder of speech than the other; "an apology will serve us." "No," shouts M. Tartine, impatient more at the tone of his interlocution than at the demand, "I will retract nothing; I indorse to the full all my friend's sentiments about the Soudan goose. It was well said, gentlemen, and I make a personal matter of it. I wish you a good morning." After this there remains nothing but to make freezing bows all round, which is done, and M. Tartine is left once more alone. But not for long. Once again the printer appears: "It is one o'clock, sir, and we really must have some copy." M. Tartine, with glaring eyes, makes a dart at a blue envelop. "This is from Jules Sifflot; I know his hand, and it's his turn to write the chronique to-day." He breaks the seal and reads: "My dear Tartine, — I am extremely sorry, but the sudden illness of an aunt (I am her heir, which makes it important) calls me out of town for a day or two. Try and do without me to-day if you possibly can. Emotion prevents me from writing a single line other than these few to acquaint you with my misfortune. Yours," &c. "This is pretty business," moans M. Tartine, and wildly he matches up one after the other all the envelops that are of bulky aspect. In quick succession the parcels of copy in them litter the floor; until at last M. Tartine, whose blood is at two hundred and twelve degrees, Fahrenheit, lights upon the article of a gentleman who evidently wrote his effusion in a vein of coolness nearly similar. "Prætorianism" is the title, and it begins: "Is it conceivable that we should have waded through half a dozen revolutions to find ourselves now more than ever under the spurs of an arrogant soldiery, who" — "Yes, that's it — arrogant soldiery!" exclaims M. Tartine, delighted; "that's the very term. This man's article goes in where Sifflot's chronique should have stood. Here, off with it to the press." And he hands it fluttering to the printer. That functionary examines the last page. "No signature, sir, and I don't know the writing." "Neither do I," says M. Tartine, burrowing among the papers on the floor; "there was a letter with it, which I can't find. But what matters? I'll sign it myself; I honor the man who penned it." And he does sign. The printer shrugging his shoulders, departs, and makes room once again for the office-boy. "If you please, sir," snivels that youth, keeping half his body behind the door, for the editor *pro tem.* is really looking ferocious — "if you please, the ladies outside say they *won't* go, and both of them are coming in!" M. Tartine starts up with an expletive which there is no necessity to recall; but at the same instant he stands silent and admiring, for the foremost of the two ladies has thrown up her veil, and he has recognized one of the fairest actresses in Paris. That lady, however, seems by no means so pleased with him as he with her. "M. Tartine," she gasps, "you have a dramatic critic who is not worth the rope it would cost to hang him. Did one ever see such a passage as this, printed yesterday — yesterday, I say! Do you hear me?" And tearing the paper in her eagerness to unfold it with her tightly gloved little hands, she screams: "He accuses me of having false hair, and farther on he suspects my teeth are sham. False hair and teeth! Nothing less. Ah, now just you look!" And before the dumb-stricken M. Tartine can divine her intention, off goes her bonnet and down streams her hair in brilliant cascades over her shoulders. "Is it false?" she cries in triumph, catching hold of the journalist's hand and thrusting it into the silky masses. "And these, are they false?" adds she, pressing his fingers to her teeth. "Will you answer, sir? are they false?" "No," cries M. Tartine, "I would swear it before all the world." "Well, then, sit down there and write a handsome apology, to be printed this very day," says the actress, as she begins to do up her hair half-laughing, half-angry; and seeing M. Tartine sit down, she adds with coaxing peremptoriness: "And, look here; you can point out what a curmudgeon my manager is in giving me such a small salary, and warn him that the Russians will be bidding for me, or the English, and winning me, too, if he is not more liberal."

The next day the editor returns, and on going down to the office M. Tartine finds him, pale but evidently resigned. A writ has just been brought in from the Governor of Paris interdicting the sale of the *Cigare* in the public streets in consequence of an article headed "Prætorianism." Notice of an action for libel has just been sent in from the manager of a theatre; and the *Cigare* has been accused of venality by three morning papers because of a paragraph on the "Oyster-shell Joint-Stock Utilization Company." "And that is not all," remarks M. Tartine grimly, when this chapter of woes is unfolded to him. "To-morrow I fight Capt. Spadasse, of the staff, with swords. When next you go out of town pray don't ask me to edit the *Cigare*. Once in a way's enough." "I think so, too," answers the editor.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Hibernian attempt to shoot the Queen with an unloaded pistol is amusing at this distance.

ANOTHER "Life of Charles Dickens" is to be published in *All the Year Round.*

ROBERT BROWNING has a new poem in press. He handles the woman question this time.

MR. FECHTER has been engaged to appear at the Adelphi Theatre, London, for twenty-four nights.

A NEW weekly German paper entitled *Die Gegenwart*, on literature, art, and public life, has been established in Berlin, under the editorship of Herr Paul Lindau.

MADAME MOSCHELES, the widow of the eminent composer, is at present engaged in writing the life of her husband. The work is to appear, if possible, simultaneously in English and German.

THE Parisian *savans* are still seriously bent on constructing a machine that will navigate in any direction in the air. A paper on this subject was lately read before the Academy.

MISS JULIA TRELAWNEY LEIGH-HUNT HUNT, whose death took place last month, was the eldest surviving daughter of Leigh Hunt, the youngest daughter being still living.

MADEMOISELLE MARIE MARIMON is said to have received most flattering offers of engagements both from Russia and America. These offers have reached the enormous sum of seven thousand francs ($1400) per night. This is the largest sum, without exception, ever paid to any *prima donna.*

MR. AUGUSTUS HOPPIN'S delightful sketch-book of foreign travel, entitled "Ups and Downs on Land and Water," — the pictorial sensation of the year in this country, — has attracted so much attention in England that Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. have made an arrangement with Mr. Hoppin to issue a London edition of the work.

THE largest and heaviest woman in Paris has just died. Her name was Madame Genoit, and she was a widow; also a pork butcher. Her weight was five hundred and fourteen pounds. It is on record that in 1848 Madame Genoit appeared at a national *fête* in the character of *Liberty*, and was then a thin one. Time rolled on, and she with it.

A LONDON correspondent recently, by accident, instead of his correspondence, sent his tailor's bill (with impressive reminder at the bottom of it) to the telegraph-office to be "wired" to a north country paper. It was done; and the first impression being that it was another Russian mystery,

it was on the point of finding a place in the columns, when the bright idea flashed across the mind of the editorial cabinet council that it might be a mistake.

"WE shall be dead to all patriotic pride when we fail to reproduce from the foreign papers so touching a statement as this: "The well-known American dentist, Dr. Thomas W. Evans, was called in recently to attend on the Prince of Wales, and relieved him of a bad neuralgic affection of the face."

THERE has lately been established in England a "Theological Translation Fund," for the purpose of procuring the translation of foreign "theological literature of a more independent character, and less biassed by dogmatical prepossessions" than the works of Hengstenberg, Hävernick, &c., that have been already translated into English. The works to be now undertaken are those of Hupfeld, F. C. Baur, Zeller, &c., in Germany, Kuenen, Scholten, and others, in Holland, &c.

THE papers announce the death of the widow of John Herapath, the mathematician, and one of the last associates of a circle which, half a century ago, included among its members, Davy, Herschel, Young, Wollaston, Brougham, and Gilbert. Herapath, unmarked by the public, was yet a remarkable man. The two volumes of the unfinished "Mathematical Physics," constitute one of the bases of the new philosophy now being worked out by the present generation of mathematicians. The promised publication of the fragments of the third volume of the miscellaneous works, and of a biography, remains unperformed.

IT has been said of Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, that, in his double capacity of dramatist and moralist, he may be compared to a doctor who first poisons his patients and afterwards tries to cure them. His next poisoning operation will, it is reported, be the production of a dramatic version of "L'affaire Clémencau," under the title of "La femme de Claude." Readers who occasionally take poison may remember that in this unhealthy story a husband kills an unfaithful wife, not on account of her infidelity, but because, knowing her to be unfaithful, he at the same time cannot help loving her, and fears degradation, to which his blind passion for her would soon reduce him. "La Femmé de Claude," in which the faults are all on the wife's side, is intended as a companion picture to "La Princesse Georges," in which they are all on the side of the husband.

IT appears that an interesting work is about to be put up for sale at the Hôtel des Ventes, Paris, and is likely to be knocked down at a high price. The literary treasure is nothing less than the "Constitution of the French Republic of 1794," bound in human skin. The volume is supposed to have issued from the Meudon tannery, which the journalist Galetti denounced to the Convention. That humane body at once directed Fouquier-Tinville, who must have been the means of furnishing a good deal of the raw material, to prosecute the tanners. However, it is nowadays a subject of controversy whether this infamous manufactory, mentioned with indignation by an English historian, ever existed. According to the grave-digger in "Hamlet," a tanner's skin is more durable than that of other people, and if the human tanners ever existed, it is to be hoped they soon found it out and flayed each other.

MR. E. L. BLANCHARD writes of the late Mr. Poole: "When Charles Dickens died, the author of *Paul Pry* lost his one remaining friend. For a considerable period Poole had been residing in Paris, where he would seize every opportunity of gathering information from chance literary excursionists, but at last the rapid progress of the world outran his means of keeping pace with it, and when he returned to England about ten years ago he always kept a series of questions ready numbered, from which he sought replies from the only visitor he had. When Mr. Dickens called, this constantly renewed catalogue of interrogatories would be brought forward, and the various difficulties of explaining what was an Albert chain, the meaning of croquet, the precise significance of all modern phrases, and the exact nature of each recent invention, had all to be successively encountered."

THE *Nürnberger Korrespondenz* gives a short biography of Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, whose touching enthusiasm for a particular theory of Trojan topography takes the practical form of excavations. He was the son of a small shopkeeper, went to sea, was wrecked, and took a clerkship in an Amsterdam house of business. Half his salary (eight hundred francs) was spent in learning languages, which he mastered at the rate of six weeks a piece. In 1846 he went to Russia, and gradually grew rich; and in 1856 allowed himself the pleasure of learning Greek (ancient and modern) in three months: he ead been afraid before, lest the interest of the pursuit should be so absorbing as to interfere with his business engagements, from which he withdrew in 1863 to spend a well-earned fortune in travel and the indulgence of his archæological tastes.

THE *Court Journal* tells the following anecdote. If it is old its neatness will be an excuse for its age. An officer who was more distinguished for gallantry in the field than for the care he lavished upon his person, complaining, on a certain occasion, to an Irish judge, of the sufferings he endured from rheumatism, the judge undertook to prescribe a remedy. "You must desire your servant," he said, "to place every morning by your bedside a tub three-parts filled with warm water. You will then get into the tub, and having previously provided yourself with a pound of yellow soap, you must rub your whole body with it, immersing yourself occasionally in the water, and at the end of a quarter of an hour, the process concludes by wiping yourself dry with towels, and scrubbing your person with a flesh-brush." "Why," said the officer, after reflecting for a minute or two, "this seems to be neither more nor less than washing one's self." "Well, I must confess," rejoined the judge, "*it is open to that objection.*"

THE great geographer, Herr Petermann, in a letter to the *Ostsee Zeitung*, expresses himself satisfied by the latest report of the German explorer, Herr Carl Mauch, that the diamond-fields in east Africa are identical with the Ophir of the Bible, from which King Solomon is said to have conveyed gold and ivory and precious stones to Jerusalem for the construction of the Temple. The whereabouts of the ancient Ophir has long been a disputed point. The Portuguese, on taking possession of Sofala, invested that colony with the Biblical character. Legends were affirmed to be current among the natives that the rich gold-mines and the buildings of which ruins were still visible, owed their origin to the Queen of Sheba, and Lopez even asserted the existence of ancient documents proving the removal in ancient times of gold and precious stones to Jerusalem. These assertions cannot, however, in Herr Petermann's opinion, stand beside the discoveries made by Britton and Mauch, Merensky and Grützner. Zimbabye is the place. Its neighborhood is rich in alluvial gold, precious stones, and diamonds. It possesses ruins of extensive piles of buildings, the structure of which shows them to be of unquestionable and remote antiquity. Ornaments and instruments are still found that could not possibly have been made by the natives, but might well have been left there by Phœnicians. Three days' journey from Zimbabye similar ruins have been found, and the surrounding country is rich in all that favors agriculture. The present inhabitants have been in possession only about forty years, and they regard the ruins and relics with a certain awe, due to tradition, which invests them with a sacred character. The geography of the place tallies admirably with the indications given in the Bible. Phœnician vessels would naturally sail along the eastern African coast for the Red Sea, and proceeding by this route they would be about three years coming and going, as stated in the Bible. Herr Petermann concludes with a cut at the "practical sense" of the English, who "with the most naïve coolness" have annexed the valuable

territory, and winds up with the exclamation, *Vivat sequens!* as a recommendation, probably, to his own Government to follow the example.

THE *Swiss Times* alarmed half the world the other day by threatening us with that particular form of sensational bogy, which, because it has a *quasi* scientific authority, inspires a great deal more alarm than any of the modern feats of prophecy, — namely, a comet, which was to come into collision with the earth somewhere about the 12th of next August. The threat was not, says the *Spectator*, a very well-authenticated one, as it was attributed to a Genevan astronomer, Prof. Plantamour, who does not profess comets,— and in these days of the extreme division of labor, every astronomer has a special department of his own, — and no doubt falsely ascribed to him, as no new comet of any magnitude has been lately discovered at all, and if it had been, the elements of its orbit could not have yet been calculated so as to know the exact period of its crossing the ecliptic. Finally, the public ought to know by this time that a comet is composed of matter so rare that if it did cross our terrestrial path, — as many a comet has done, — it would at most only make the difference which a whiff of steam makes to the course of a cannon-ball. But in spite of all this, the *Swiss Times* felt the utmost confidence that its somewhat imaginary news would be read with a certain gush of horror all over Europe, and so it was. Under the head of "A Pleasant Prospect," it was studied by thousands of newspaper readers with a romantic mixture of excitement and fear; an excitement and fear which would not have been demonstrably groundless if, instead of being founded on a supposed collision between the earth and a comet, they had been aroused by speculations on the extremely disturbed and volcanic state of our own sun. A body that indulges in flaming hydrogen cyclones, some of which appear to mount almost as far from the surface of the sun as the moon is from the earth, must be subject to eruptive forces of fearful magnitude; and these, for any thing we know, might end in such a shattering to fragments of the stay and prop of our system as appears to have happened before now to other suns of probably not less importance and magnitude. A shock of that kind would certainly put an end to the history of man on this globe, while a chance encounter with cometary vapor would not be likely to hurt us at all; and accordingly the former is the most plausible of the various scientific forms of the cry of "wolf" by which we are liable to have our nerves tried in the present day. The order for winding up, if it does come from this side, is much more likely to be due to some unexpected violence of the sun's, than to any of those highly inconstant and mobile travellers of the celestial spaces which there is any chance of our encountering without previous preparation.

THE Vienna correspondent of the *Times* writes as follows touching the Austrian poet Grillparzer: —

In one of the narrow streets of the inner town, the Spiegelgasse, stands one of those four-storied houses of the old type, a sort of human beehive, divided into ever so many separate apartments, each the home of a family. No stranger would notice it, for it looks very much like its neighbors; but no real Viennese would pass it without casting a glance at the windows in the fourth floor, where, if it was early enough in the day, he might catch a glimpse of an old gentleman with bushy gray hair, and strongly-marked and rather heavy features, looking down into the street. But on certain anniversaries — above all, on the 15th of January — the unpretending old house was quite a point of attraction for all that is prominent in any sphere of life in Vienna. Numerous wreaths and flowers were sent up to that fourth floor, and visitors followed each other in rapid succession to bring their yearly tribute to Grillparzer, the first living poet of Austria.

Gay and lighthearted as the people of Vienna are, they are capable of warm and lasting attachment to their favorites, and there were few such general favorites as that rather rough and capricious old man. On those rare opportunities when he appeared in public, as, for instance, in the final debate on the confessional laws in the Upper House, of which he was a member, that gray head attracted more attention than any of the figures in brilliant uniforms covered with stars and crosses. There was something attractive in the very seclusion in which he lived; it was instinctively felt that there was a whole romance hidden in it. There was some very strong link between the three old maids who owned the house and their lodger. For more than fifty years the poet had been engaged to one of them, whom he named his eternal betrothed. When in early life he wished to marry her, there were pecuniary difficulties in the way of an union between the small functionary, the poor, unknown poet, and the maiden, who had a hard struggle to gain her livelihood by giving lessons. But why was the union not celebrated later, when, though not rich, both had gained the modest competency which would have been sufficient for their wants? This was the romance of the poet's life. Love changed into warm friendship which lasted up to the end. In 1848, the friends of the poet, who feared for him, lonely as he was in those troublous and dangerous times, induced him to become a lodger of the three sisters. Their mother had just died, and he took the rooms in that fourth floor which had become vacant by her death, and where he himself breathed his last on the 21st of January, a few days after his eighty-seventh birthday.

Austria has thus again lost one of her celebrities. Every year seems to demand its tribute. Last year it was Tegethoff the sailor, the year before that Hess the soldier, and this year it is Grillparzer the poet. Great as the loss will be felt as far as the German tongue reaches, it is softened by the thought that death has cut the thread of that precious life only when it had long outrun the allotted span of threescore years and ten. It left him time to chase away the clouds which so long obscured his star, and to take up his position as the first living poet in the German tongue, and, perhaps, the greatest poet Austria can boast of. More than any one else, it was he who kept up that spiritual link which connects Austria with Germany, and all his works — dramatic and lyric — breathe enthusiasm and affection for that particular Fatherland. He loved his country with all the fire of youth and the tenacity of old age — this Austria, an outpost, as its name indicates, of Germany, but still living a life of its own. For preference, he chose the episodes of Austrian history as the subjects of his dramatic muse, and even the three posthumous dramas which he left — *Libussa, the Czechish Queen*, and the *Fraternal Strife in the House of Austria* — indicate that up to his last moment he remained true to his earliest aspirations of being the Austrian poet *par excellence*.

All Vienna followed him to his grave, which lies close to that of Beethoven, and between that of Schubert and Wribbhold, in the cemetery of Währing, where rest the remains of most of those who have made Austria illustrious. Those numberless wreaths and flowers which were sent to decorate the coffin of the poet, and those hosts of mourners who came to have one last look at his cold features, only faintly represented the deep interest which was felt all over the town; it found its expression in the thousands who lined the road along which the funeral *cortege* proceeded. It went first to the Church of St. Augustin, where the religious ceremony was performed, and thence by the ring or boulevard out to the churchyard. It was but the author of some poems and dramas that was buried, and yet a hero and king might have envied him this last popular tribute.

At the grave, Dingelstedt, the director of the Court Theatre, the scene of so many triumphs of the author, and Lanbe, his predecessor and an intimate friend of the poet, addressed the assembled crowd; the first to take leave of the Austrian poet, the second to say a last farewell to the man. Yet, eloquent as both these addresses were, the sobs of the poet's old servant were, perhaps, still more impressive. Like Molière, who read his plays to his cook, the poet had been in the habit of sending her to the theatre whenever his dramas were played to report upon them. Sensitive as he was, he never went himself, but, as it were, kept up the connection between himself and the public by this method.

AN OLD COLONEL ON FASHIONABLE POETRY.

Yes, Locksley, fifteen years have fled,
This day, since you were born,
And grandfather will wish you joy
Upon your birthday morn.

And this is Aunt Selina's gift,
Selected from the rest,
To show to grandpapa with pride,
Because you like it best.

Rossetti's Poems," — wonderful
I'm sure that they must be,—
Your aunt raves of them in a state
Of perfect ecstasy.

But old men's joints are stiff, you know,
And somewhat slow to move;
And old men's thoughts of eighty years,
Will hardly quit the groove.

And she, indeed, is very kind,
And lets me ramble on,
With sugar-candied smile of scorn
For one whose day is gone.

She tells me all the poets' names,
And what they sing about,
And how the famous artists bring
Their flashing splendors out.

I find that over those old times
In which my youth was cast, —
For British hearts and British minds, —
Oblivion's brush hath passed.

No poet now would deign to waste
A word on themes so dead;
No painter on his canvas lay
One touch of British red.

To other subjects, other lands,
Their genius soars sublime;
With sympathies cosmopolite
They link the golden rhyme.

They sing of Atalanta's race,
Medea's witchcrafts evil,
How Lilith, Adam's slighted flame,
Proposed to play the devil.

The wild-boar hunt in Calydon,
Bull-gods from Nineveh,
What Helen said at Venus' shrine
In Troy above the sea.

And those old times in which I lived
Are as much out of sight
As history of orbs that fringe
The utmost skirts of Night.

But that they're something still to me
Can scarce a fault be reckoned,
To one who marched for forty years
In the fighting Forty-Second.

Well, well, — we did it not for hire,
Or praises false and rotten;
And yet, — and yet, — I wonder too
To find those days forgotten.

For, Locksley, that was real work:
Be sure of this, my boy,
No braver, tougher work was done
Around their windy Troy.

Ah, yes! — that was a bit of work,
Upon yon gray hill-side,
Through all the burning summer day
Until the even-tide.

We met them first at Quatre Bras, —
Nay, Locksley, bear with me,
Nor at the great Rossetti's book
Cast glances longingly, —

We met them first at Quatre Bras,
And they were three to one,
And never in a fight in Spain
Came they so fiercely on.

For Massena was strong and stern,
And bold and keen was Soult,
But yet we felt their Master's hand
Now launched the thunderbolt.

We struggled in the firwood there,
Disputing tree by tree;
And when the night's black wings were spread,
Our arms hung wearily.

But scarcely had we cast us down
When the gathering bugles blew, —
We started up, fell into rank,
And marched for Waterloo.

That gray hillside, — that gray hillside —
Ah, boy! I see it now,
More clearly than this lifted hand,
Or than thy beaming brow.

'Tis through an old man's rheumy eyes
I see the present all,
But on the eyes that looked on *that*
Time's curtains ne'er will fall.

We marched into the field, that morn,
Eight hundred Highland men,
The pibroch sounding clear and shrill
As in our native glen.

Our tartans waved, our banners flew,
Our bayonets glittered clear;
And as we passed, each company
Gave out a ringing cheer.

And when, on many a purple pool,
The slanting sunbeams came,
And those thin squares were opening out
To a slender line of flame, —

In that proud line we took our place,
To charge to victory then, —
Scarce hundreds three of blood-stained, worn,
Unconquerable men.

I see you're tired, — almost asleep, —
Well, boy, from themes so petty,
Go back to Troy and Calydon,
And Swinburne and Rossetti.

But that they are not dead to me
Can scarce a fault be reckoned, —
For I stormed the heights of Mont St. Jean
With the fighting Forty-Second.

Rose Cold, Hay Fever, are conquered by Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy.

Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, and similar troubles, if suffered to progress, result in serious pulmonary affections, oftentimes incurable. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" reach directly the seat of the disease, and give almost instant relief.

The effect most desirable from use of a sauce, is that it makes the article in which or upon which it is eaten, taste well. The Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce is the very best of relishes.

Read the opinion of Mr. Greene, editor of Boston *Post*, in regard to White's Specialty for Dyspepsia.

Beautify the Skin, by using a harmless toilet preparation known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." It will remove tan, freckles, moth, and all other disfigurements from the skin, leaving it perfectly smooth, clear and beautiful, without showing the slightest trace of its application. For sale by all druggists in the United States. Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1872. [No. 12.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

A WRITER in the *Cigare* has stated that with their new befurred jackets, their vermilion képis, and their red trousers, the officers of the French staff resemble the Soudan goose, a red-legged bird, with a ruff and a crimson bill. Capt. Spadasse, of the staff, has taken offence at this comparison, and M. Tartine, who, loving the army, would at any other moment have tendered an apology, has from the simple fact of filling the editorial chair for a day, and being out of temper during his tenure of office, indorsed his brother journalist's libel, and declared himself personally responsible. Accordingly Capt. Spadasse and M. Tartine are going to try and run each other through with foils at half-past eight o'clock in the morning in the Wood of Vincennes. This is what in civilized countries is termed "an affair of honor."

M. Tartine's two friends are MM. Plumeau and de Linéa, both of the *Cigare;* Capt. Spadasse's, Lieut. de Pierrafeu and Viscount de Caracole, both of the staff. Capt. Spadasse being the insulted party has had the choice of weapons, and has selected foils, because he is a good fencer; M. Tartine, who is also a good fencer, as every Parisian journalist need be, is rejoiced at this selection. The prospect of the duel has caused some excitement at the *Cigare* office, not because the duel is any thing new to that most respected organ, but because a delicate question has arisen which the editor alone was quite competent to solve, and has solved. The question was this: Considering that the paragraph about the Soudan goose was not written by M. Tartine, but by M. Hector Soupeaulait, aged twenty-two, had M. Tartine any right to take the glorious consequences of it on his own shoulders? M. Soupeaulait contends no. He has never yet fought a duel, and this brush with an officer of the staff is just the opportunity he had long been awaiting of getting into public notice. He thinks himself ill-used. M. Tartine, on the other hand, argues that the paragraph having been signed with a *nom de plume*, and not with M. Soupeaulait's real name, the responsibility of it rested with the acting editor; and that, further, the duel having resulted much less from the paragraph itself than from the tone adopted by M. Tartine in answering M. Spadasse's expostulations, it is unquestionably upon him that the honor of the meeting devolves. The editor, viewing the case with an equal eye, has admitted M. Tartine's claims to be sound, and on all counts nonsuited the plaintiff. This has been a great grief to M. Soupeaulait. Preparatory to a duel it is the usual custom of the combatants to spend a few hours with their respective fencing-masters; M. Tartine has not disdained the practice, and, though an old hand in this sort of business, he has listened with his wonted deference to the counsels about keeping one's eye steady, one's wrist firm, and one's body well thrown back. "Now, then, lunge!" roars out the fencing-master, and M. Tartine lunges. "Yes, that's it, but make rather less play with your elbow; the mistake about civilians is that they don't believe enough in the wrist, and the wrist's every thing," says the F. M. "Now, then, lunge again;" and this time M. Tartine makes such a scientific thrust that his foil bends like a half-circle, and looks as if it were going to snap. "Good!" cries the master, "but rather too good; if that thrust were parried you'd be off your balance and not able to cover in time. See!" and quick as a flash M. Tartine's foil is clicked aside, and before he can break he is spotted just where the right lung works. He laughs. "If my antagonist were as prompt as you, I should make my will to-night." "The Staff are always good swordsmen," answers the F. M. "They have nothing else to do. This is how I class the army: Staff, infantry, light cavalry, engineers, heavy cavalry, artillery. Your Capt. Spadasse is a tough man; I know him; but never mind that, keep your eye to the front, and I answer for you." With this blessing M. Tartine takes off his mask, while the fencing-master wraps up in baize a pair of deft-looking weapons, which he kindly loans out to his pupils on occasions like the present, and which, says he, have done a pretty amount of bleeding in their day. M. Tartine knows them for old friends, and consigns them to MM. Plumeau and de Linéa. Then he dresses, strolls home with his friends, lingering just long enough on the way to take a glass of vermouth, and once home is for sitting down and writing his next day's chronique, but that his friends protest with energy and indignation, forcing him to go to bed on the spot, and exacting the most solemn pledge that he will not get up again when they are gone. M. Tartine reluctantly promises, and with eyes fixed on the fireplace, where the embers of a fire of beech logs are dying out, soon after falls into slumber and sleeps the sleep of the just.

The winter morning is breaking grayly over Paris, when the two friends re-appear on the morrow with a roomy cab and a surgeon. The surgeon is the damping feature of these episodes. He scans you, appears to weigh mentally how much blood there is in your veins, and reveals by the bulginess of his coat-tails that he has brought an instrument-case with him. Then in shaking hands nothing can prevent his extending his forefinger so as to touch your pulse, and in a voice that sounds knell-like, though it is meant to be encouraging, he says, "You'll do." There is a controversy among doctors as to the best thing to drink before starting; some say black coffee, others brandy and water, others nothing at all. M. Tartine's surgeon suggests coffee for the patient — that is the combatant — and the other mixture for the rest of the company; also smoke for everybody except M. Tartine, who is best without it. So while M. Tartine dresses, M. Plumeau makes coffee with a spirit-of-wine lamp, M. Linéa mixes one-third of pale cognac, to two-thirds of *aq. pur.*, and the surgeon helps himself to *trabueos.* All this is done quickly though, for the Wood of Vincennes is Fate's own distance away, and there is a very pardonable wish on the part of the whole circle to be first on the ground. M. Tartine is soon dressed, and the surgeon takes this opportunity of drawing M. Plumeau aside and asking whether a little sal-volatile would not be — but the look M. Plumeau casts him is so laden with strong protest on behalf of his friend, that the surgeon mumbles an "I beg pardon," and concludes that decidedly this M. Tartine is not a man to be apprehensive about. In a few more minutes every thing is ready, the coffee is sipped, and the brandy and water gulped; M. Tartine obtains, after a little pleading, permission to light a cigar like the rest, on the ground that it is his invariable custom so to do; and then, walking on tiptoe so as to wake as few as possible of the other lodgers, the whole party stalks, stealthy and cloud-encompassed, down the stairs. Of course the cabman sees at a glance on what sort of errand he is going, and his features break into a smile, for he likes this kind of fare, well

knowing that, whichever way the chance turns, his day's receipts will be the better for it, duellists being generous for good luck. Two nags compose his team, and he whips them into a race trot. The early baker, with basket on his back and yards of bread tapering out like the masts of a ship, turns round on the pavement to look; the milkwoman in her donkey-cart, with bright tin pails around her, gets hastily out of the way, and clamors remonstrances; a pair of night policemen waiting at a street corner to be relieved notice the baize covering of the foils held fishing-rod wise between M. Plumeau's knees, wink to each other, and smile; and a ragman, who has seen more than one trip such as this since he has plied his small-hour avocations in Paris, waves his crook as though to say, "I know what you're about, messieurs; but it's tame sport at the best." Five and twenty minutes after starting the Bastille is reached; in another ten minutes the Faubourg St. Antoine, metropolis of cabinet-makers, is cleared; and, breasting with undiminished vigor the once magnificent but (since the siege) half-denuded Avenue de Vincennes, the two cab-horses make the best of their way toward the donjon keep, which has served as a State prison in former times, and will no doubt do so again, an it please Heaven. During this while the conversation inside the cab has turned on the weather, which is fine, on the springs of the cab, — which are less so, — and on the paragraph, cause of the impending strife. M. Tartine declares that he regrets this paragraph as much as any man, and shall certainly as soon as ever the duel is over say so. "Why not say it before the duel?" asks the surgeon. But to this M. Tartine replies at once with great energy, "Never!" thus proclaiming his adherence to those time-hallowed principles of honor which permit a man to declare himself in the wrong once he has run his adversary through the body, but on no account before that. M. Tartine is still dilating on this subject when the cab begins to slacken speed; then it turns, and finally stops at the place agreed upon — a sequestered nook of wood, which really for cutting a man's throat, or having one's own cut, is as pleasant a locality as need be. The literary party have preceded the military by just four minutes; but the officers are in excellent time so far as the appointment is concerned, so nobody has any reason to blush. Capt. Spadasse is in plain clothes, so is Lieut. de Pierrafeu, but Viscount de Caracole, being on duty that day with his chief, is in uniform, and, forsooth, instead of resembling a Soudan goose, he looks in his frogged jacket and gold aiglets a very smart young gentleman. A military surgeon who accompanies the officers is also in uniform, and wears spectacles. There is some ceremonious bowing all round, and then for form's sake the four seconds advance and confer, with every appearance of gravity, as to whether a reconciliation is not possible; during this colloquy the military surgeon, a man of method, opens his instrument-case and lays it on the grass. Of course a reconciliation is not possible. Capt. Spadasse could overlook the goose allusion, but there has been an article in the *Cigare* headed "Prætorianism," which is most offensive to the whole service, and bloodshed is absolutely necessary. Capt. Spadasse has even stripped himself of his coat and waistcoat while his seconds are conferring; seeing which, M. Tartine immediately follows suit, and also casts off his boots because of the slippery turf. Another minute, and the combatants are face to face; then nothing remains but to feel under their shirts to see that they wear no breast-plates (a humiliating formality, but customary), and to hand them each a foil, which formalities being accomplished, there is a moment's pause, and the two cabmen, who are looking on at the scene from their boxes, appear for the first time to feel uncomfortable. Not so, however, the seconds. Whether it be that artistic murder has less terrors for them, or that they intuitively feel that there is nothing very terrible going to happen, they all maintain a countenance of philosophical placidity — and, to tell the truth, when the word is given and the principals engage, the indifference of these abettors becomes to a certain extent justified. Capt. Spadasse, who has his plans for this winter's amusement, has no wish to be placed under arrest for a month for slaying M. Tartine, and this pre-occupation reveals itself in his studied care to keep on guard instead of attacking. On his side M. Tartine would rather learn a whole page of the *Journal Officiel* by heart — no painless labor — than do serious harm to Capt. Spadasse, and his chief aim is only to give such a thrust as shall rip open two inches of his enemy's shirt-sleeve, with perhaps half an inch of skin beyond it. Animated by these mutually considerate thoughts, the two fighters made a defensive show of it. They feint, recover, clink, break, and in a general way try to look as if they meant business to any extent — without accomplishing it. The only objection to this form of duelling is this: if the feinting lasts too long, and both swordsmen discover each other's strength, they are apt to get excited, and to make a vanity question as to who shall draw first blood; so that many a duel which has begun with most benevolent dispositions on either side has ended abruptly with the thud of a sword-hilt against the fifth rib, and a panic-stricken demand for a hurdle to carry home the dead body upon. Happily, in M. Tartine's case, however, all such gloomy climax is avoided. At the fifth or sixth pass, the captain, growing tired of it, attacks; M. Tartine parries; the captain stamps his foot and tries again: M. Tartine responds; but somehow the swords in the medley become entangled and both thrust together — with this result, that the captain's shirt-sleeve gets ripped open as if with a pair of scissors, and M. Tartine loses a piece of his own shirt-front just near the collar-bone. This is enough for all the exigencies of the case. The four seconds busily interfere to stanch the blood. Each man has a wound the tenth of an inch deep and about three inches long, something like a good pin scratch. The surgeons hurry to the fore with lint and collodion; and it is unanimously declared that the honor of all concerned is satisfied.

An hour later the whole party are breakfasting together like gallant rivals in the chief hotel of Vincennes.

"And now will you tell me," laughs Capt. Spadasse, as he helps M. Tartine to chablis, "why you call us prætorians?"

"Bah!" smiles M. Tartine, "the article wasn't mine, and I don't know whose it was. When I read it in print I thought I was dreaming."

"Dreaming about the Soudan," interposes M. de Caracole, laughing in his turn, and he instantly adds, "We will use our small influence with the governor to get the interdict on the *Cigare* repealed."

"I never doubted the generosity of the army," says M. Tartine, bowing.

"Nor we the loyalty of the press," answers Capt. Spadasse, returning the bow.

"Perhaps it would have been as logical if all these explanations had taken place yesterday instead of to-day," cuts in the civilian surgeon once again, with a shrug.

"Pardon me, dear colleague," rejoins the military one politely, "the laws of honor are not things to be lightly set aside."

THE GAMING-TABLES OF THE CONTINENT.

Homburg was crowded last year. The tables were doing a thriving business. Their proprietors appeared delighted to win, and the players not unhappy to lose. One thing alone marred the general sense of enjoyment. The fiat of the German Parliament had gone forth that in two years gentlemen and ladies were to be deprived of the pleasure of staking their money; and their kind good friends who made this easy for them were no longer to be allowed to pursue their work of benevolence. In vain had Imperial William been appealed to. Imperial William was very sorry, but he had constitutional qualms, and could not venture to interfere with his Parliament. Poor M. Blanc, the principal proprietor of the establishment, was a pitiable sight, as he wandered sadly about the gardens of the Kursaal, and explained to his sympathizing friends how he was to be deprived of his means of subsistence (he is worth, I believe, above one hundred thousand pounds), by an iniquitous attack upon private property. There is an ancient man, M. Duche by name, who, for years unknown, has been the master of the ceremonies at gambling establishments.

He commenced his life at Frascati's during the first French Empire. When public gambling was suppressed in Paris, he fled to the Baths of Lucca, where he set up a modest *roulette* table. The Italians are wondrously clever at any thing connected with gambling, and they literally managed to break M. Duché. Then he flitted to Geneva, and from thence to Homburg. "I had hoped," he said, with tears in his eyes, "to end my days here. I have married; I have a house." He seemed to regard himself as some old feudal baron, and to take it as a personal insult and a mighty grievance that he was not to be allowed to sink quietly into an honored grave, waging to the last a lifelong war against the public. The croupiers and minor employés connected with the establishment are most of them ex-waiters. They are well paid, and as a rule, have wives and families. Habit has enabled them to assume a dignified impassive air, as, like the Fates, they cut short the thread of many a poor devil's resources. They are not very likely to find situations as clerks when the last days of Homburg have passed, and they shudder at the thought of again assuming the napkin. The towns-people, of course, are indignant, and curse German unity. No gambling means no high prices and few pigeons. It means a reasonable charge for a room, and a reasonable charge for a dinner. Every one who is not an hotel or a lodging-house keeper at Homburg is a banker or a dealer in curiosities. The "banker" not only cashes circular notes, but he hangs about the tables and offers accommodation to "every young fool who is known to be rich." The youth's bills are discounted at a rate which would make many an estimable Hebrew in London almost die with envy, and half what is called cash is advanced in lottery tickets which never gain a prize. The dealer in curiosities is a sort of marine-store dealer — he is ready to buy any thing, from a watch to an old pair of trousers; but, unlike the banker, he believes in no rumors of wealth; his money is only forthcoming against a real, tangible security. Besides the towns-people and the recognized employés of the Kursaal, there are a large number of worthy fellows — the tag-rag of France and the bobtail of England — who make Homburg and the gambling establishments in its neighborhood their hunting grounds, and who one way or another have managed to live on the fat of the land for many years. They are supposed to understand the intricacies of the game of *trente et quarante* far better than novices, and they are ready to give their services in playing a "system" for a consideration. Each one of them manages to get a few clients during the year; and with a good system, a few clients, as many a lawyer knows, may be made to go a very long way. What these practitioners would do without public gambling establishments it is difficult to imagine. As a rule, they are cheery, kindly beings, but utterly incapable of an honest day's work.

But it is not only those who in various ways live by the Kursaal to whom its closing will be a bitter blow. Eels get accustomed to being skinned; gamblers literally like it. It is very rarely that the desperate gambler of the old-fashioned novel is to be seen at a public table. The votaries of *trente et quarante* and of *roulette* have an appearance of thoroughly enjoying themselves, whether they win or whether they lose. Few of them, indeed, imagine that in the long run they are likely to increase their incomes. What pleases them is the excitement of risking their money. Occasionally a person hangs himself upon a tree in the garden; but this is rather because he has no more money to risk than because he has no more money to spend. The genuine gambler plays not for gain, but for the pleasure of playing. Gambling is to them not a means, but an end. In the *salon* thousands are lost and won impassively by persons who are playing, not with surplus incomes, but with capital, without a gesture of sorrow or of pleasure. The only people who get excited, and who make a disturbance, are the old women; and principally the old English women. These crones go in the morning to the tables with a dozen florins; they meditate half an hour before risking one of them, and if they lose they utter loud complaints, and endeavor, if possible, to recoup themselves by stealing from their neighbors; and seldom an hour passes withou the imperturbable Duché, who has the manners of an old French nobleman, being called upon to adjudicate between the rival claims of half a dozen hags to a florin. Englishmen who once pass a few weeks at Homburg almost invariably go back. It is melancholy but amusing to watch them gradually, step by step, sinking into confirmed gamblers. On their first arrival they profess a disdain for games of chance. They take walks in the morning, they read the newspapers, and they gossip and flirt in the afternoon and the evening. For the first week they look on at the games for a few minutes every day; then they commence making abstruse calculations in secret corners on bits of card, and they change a circular note. They vow that if they lose it they will risk no more. They do lose it, and then they lose another, and yet another. Their doom is sealed; they form part of the permanent dividend which is paid yearly to the shareholders in the concern. The decorous Britisher, too, a churchwarden at home, perhaps, and the standing chairman at many a public meeting, is a curious study. He approaches the tables by stealth, generally when his wife and his daughters have gone home to dress for dinner. He stands behind some voluminous French damsel. His arm is stretched towards the table, half-hidden by her flounces. When he has staked his money, he looks vacantly at the chandelier, and when he wins, he manœuvres with a rake to get hold of his napoleons in a secret furtive manner. If a friend comes in, he even leaves them rather than compromise his position at home, as a stern and unbending moralist, by taking them up. When he returns to England he descants before his fireplace upon the abominations which he has witnessed, and his wife and his daughters and his friends believe in him, and are proud to be connected with such a pillar of virtue.

The inhabitants and the visitors to Homburg must have heard with delight that the French Government has it under serious consideration whether public gambling houses shall not be established in Paris and in other French towns. Paris is to the nomades on the Continent the Mecca to which their eyes are ever turned. To live there, and to be able to gamble from morning to night, and from night to morning, is a vision of happiness to which in their dreams they have long hopelessly aspired. It appears by no means unlikely that the proposal will seriously be carried out, for France has to pay the Prussians a large amount of money, and France dislikes being taxed. To the Treasury the pecuniary advantages would be undoubted. In 1818 the Paris gaming-tables yielded 9,600,000 francs, whilst the expenses of keeping them up amounted to 1,547,160 francs. For the privilege of farming them 6,000,000 francs was yearly paid to the Government. There is four times as much loose money floating about in the French metropolis now as there was then; the privilege would therefore be worth four times 6,000,000 francs. At Nice, at Bordeaux, and at other large towns and watering places, similar licenses would be put up to public competition. It is therefore no exaggeration to say that about $7,500,000 yearly might be netted by the "scheme." Besides this, wealthy strangers would be attracted to the country, and would spend their money in it. The direct pecuniary gain is therefore clear and palpable, and its opponents in the French Chamber will have some difficulty in combating its adoption by arguments showing its indirect evil. In its favor, it will be said that this is an age of speculation; that every one speculates at the Bourse; that there are clubs in nearly every French town where gambling is carried on almost publicly without the State reaping any advantage from it; that Frenchmen have only to cross the frontier in order to lose their money at *trente et quarante*, and that, therefore, now that travelling is so cheap, they already have gaming-tables at their doors. In England, the reply to all this specious nonsense would be easy. English moral sense would be offended were a Chancellor of the Exchequer to propose a reduction of the income tax, accompanied with a lucrative plan to make up the deficit by keeping a government "hell;" and London commercial men would protest in the names of their sons and their clerks, whom they would not wish to be exposed to such a temptation. In France, however, there is

no moral sense — at least as regards gambling — to appeal to. If a Frenchman plays high, his neighbors think no worse of him; it is a matter which exclusively regards himself. As for the sons and the clerks, it would be said that they could not play without ready money, and that the tills would be made too strong for them to break them open. If *salons* are established in Paris, they will drive a thriving trade for two or three years; strangers will be attracted to the capital, and will spend money among the tradesmen, and Parisians will rejoice. Then there will be a reaction. We shall have dismal tales of how Monseiur has hanged himself, and how Monsieur, instead of minding his shop, is going to the dogs. The French national character will, if possible, become even more flabby than twenty years of Imperial misrule has made it. Pamphlets will be written ascribing this to the public toleration of gambling. Some "George Barnwell" play will be brought out at a theatre, and have an immense success, and then a new and virtuous era will be inaugurated, in which gaming-houses will find no place.

In the meantime, whilst the Parisians are qualifying for their national regeneration by plunging deeper and deeper into the mire, as many strangers will visit Paris, they will do well to bear in mind that, if they play long enough at a game of chance where there is a percentage against them, they must lose, so long as two and two make four and not five. At Homburg the percentage in favor of the bank is about one. Supposing, however, a person takes one hundred napoleons and plays for three hours coups of ten napoleons. There are seventy coups every hour; he will therefore have risked at the end of the three hours not one hundred napoleons, but twenty-one hundred. One per cent on this amounts to twenty-one napoleons. The fifth day, therefore, that he renews his little experiment he will find himself minus his one hundred napoleons. There are many persons who can afford to throw away one hundred napoleons for five days' amusement, but the mischief is, that if a man once begins to gamble, he is never contented to limit his stakes to what his income can afford. When he has lost a small sum slowly, he imagines that the luck must turn; he stakes higher, and if he still loses, he becomes utterly reckless, and only realizes the next morning on awakening what an utter fool he has made of himself. The relative position of France and Germany has indeed changed. A year and a half ago the French could boast of their victories, while the Germans were not ashamed of their hells. Now Germany celebrates her victories over France, and hands over to her neighbor a monopoly of the latter. It is sincerely to be hoped that M. Thiers will remember the arguments which he used in 1836 to prove to the French Chambers how degrading to a country and demoralizing to a nation the existence of public gambling establishments is; how, like a lottery, it attacks the very basis of that economy upon which the progressive wealth of a people is founded; and how it leads men to desert the slow but legitimate ways of accumulating money, and makes them reckless speculators instead of honest traders. Gamblers, it is true, will always find a means to gamble, but the Government of a country ought never to give them facilities to indulge in their passion, or derive a revenue from encouraging it. The petty German Princes who increased their revenues by building up Kursaals used to forbid their own subjects to enter them. The Frankfort merchants, in their own interests, signed an agreement not to employ any one who gambled at Homburg or Wiesbaden. The tradesmen of Nice petitioned against the toleration of the neighboring hell at Monaco, and the Prefect of the Maritime Alps obliged its sovereign to prevent any inhabitant of the Department of the Alps from putting his foot within it. Geneva has been forced to give up its gambling license. In the valley of the Rhone there is a hell, and the Swiss have done their best to force the canton in which it is situated to prohibit it. The gambling establishments in Belgium and Germany are doomed. The Italians are in want of money, and they have been offered large sums to allow gambling in Venice and other towns, but they have had the public spirit to refuse them. France has assuredly sunk low enough in public estimation without deliberately going a step further on the downward course.

SNOBBERY AS A NATIONAL CHARACTERISTIC.

BY T. A. TROLLOPE.

IT is an accepted axiom that snobbery is an English specialty; that a strongly-marked thread of the vice is inextricably interwoven in the woof of the national character; that Britons, in short, though they may never, never be slaves, are, have been, and to all appearances ever, ever will be, snobs.

Sundry other accusations have at different times been brought against us as a nation, in examining which there would be little interest, either because there is nothing specially characteristic in them, or because they are manifestly unjust, and have mostly been urged by those who do not at all understand us. But in this matter of snobbery, the accusation is made by ourselves; and there is undeniably such an amount of truth in it as to make a fair examination of the meaning of the charge and the degree of justice with which it may be considered a national blot, not uninteresting.

What is meant by "snobbery" as a specially English vice? What is the idea in the minds of those who are continually complaining of this trait in English character? Of course, the mind of every reader at once recurs to Thackeray's immortal "Book of Snobs,"— the great manual of the subject, — the anti-snob's *vade-mecum*. You want to know what is meant by snobbery? Read Thackeray; and there you will see and understand to your heart's content. But I think that any one who wishes to estimate the amount of truth there is in the matter considered as a national characteristic, may well object to the theory and pictures of snobbery set forth in the great humorist's work. All the phases of character held up to scorn by the satirist may be legitimate objects of ridicule or aversion, but if they are all to be labelled as specifically snobs, the reader will find the definitive result to be that every man is a snob who is not a perfect Christian and a perfect gentleman. The vigor of his arm has led the author to throw his net over too large a portion of the great subject of human failings. If there is any truth in the existence of snobbery as a British specialty — if there is any interest in examining the matter from the point of view which regards it as a distinctive trait of our national character, we must have a much more accurate and restricted definition of the meaning of the term snobbery.

What is it to be a snob?

Is the man who murders his father for that reason a snob? Surely not! A wretch, but not necessarily a snob.

Is the man who beats his wife a snob? Surely not on that account! He is an unmanly ruffian, but it does not follow that he is a snob.

Is the man who picks a pocket a snob? Surely it is a misuse of language to call him so on that ground. He is a scoundrel, but not necessarily a snob.

Is the man who habitually uses gross, foul language a snob? Not necessarily for that reason. He is a blackguard, but it may be that he is not a snob.

Is the man who is wholly ignorant of and excluded from "good society" a snob? The ploughman at the plough's tail, the blacksmith at his anvil, the shopman behind his counter — are these men all snobs? Unquestionably there is no more reason for supposing that they must needs be such, than for supposing his Grace the Duke to be such.

Was the man who said to a certain concrete duke, when he was left *tête-à-tête* with him in a railway-carriage after a third passenger had left the rail, who was, as he was informed, another nobleman of the same rank, "Lord! to think of his Grace talking all the time so haffably to little snobs like you and me!" Was that man a snob? By no means, as far as the story goes, does it prove him to have been one. He misused the term, and was not upon that occasion a snob *because* he supposed, and supposing admitted, himself to be one.

Is the man who invites his friend to dinner, and gives him a scrag of mutton and a glass of twopenny ale, a snob? Not at all so. He may be an honest, good fellow, or he may be a stingy curmudgeon; but there is in either case nothing snobbish in his proceeding.

But the man who invites his friend to dinner, and gives him a bottle of beastliness at twenty-four shillings the dozen, calling it the claret which Lord Nozoo always drinks; — is *he* a snob? Ay, verily is he! — a prince of snobs!

The man who stays in the town all the year because he can't afford to leave it; the man who stays because he is a miser, and won't afford to leave it; the man who *does* go holiday-making to amuse himself when he ought not to afford it; — are they snobs? Not a man of them is the real, genuine article. But the man who, being detained in town, pulls down his blinds, and lives in the back parlor, that he may be supposed to be away, he is a true and undeniable snob.

The man who does this or that, however objectionable his practice may be, and tells you that he does so because he likes it, and because he chooses to do it, is no snob. But the man who does this or that, and professes to like this or that, because "it is the right thing!" — because "it is all the go!" (horrid phrase!) — that man is a snob to the marrow of his bones.

Horace, who, despite his professional adulation of Augustus and Mecænas, was a man of an essentially anti-snobbish nature, speaks of *imitatores* as *servum pecus* — the servile herd of imitators. Now this servile nature is quintessentially snobbish. Still it is needful to guard against misunderstanding. The man who imitates because it strikes him that what he has seen another do may be useful or pleasant to him, may be void of originality, but is not therefore a snob. The imitator whose imitation stamps him as a snob, is the man who thinks that he will obtain the admiration of a third person by imitating somebody whom he conceives to be admired. He is the man who never dares to be and to appear himself — who distrusts his own qualification so much that he is always anxious to present himself in the garb of some one else. He has at the very bottom of his heart so profound a contempt for himself, his own social position, and his own proper character, that he cannot venture to meet the eyes of his fellow-men, save under the disguise of assumed character, habits, ways, associations.

Jones the drysalter has so lowly an opinon of drysalting, and of himself as a professor of that craft, that he cannot endure that Brown the grocer should imagine that he, Jones, on the occasion of his excursion up the river on Sunday, was in the company only of drysalters and grocers like themselves. He must needs talk loudly of Capt. Schwartzbein and Sir Spavin Hedger as having been members of the company on that festive occasion. And Jones, whom no amount of native vulgarity, nor even any want of probity in his drysaltering transactions, would have justified us in taxing with snobbery proper, stands confessed a proper snob.

It is needless to multiply such cases, as, of course, might be done to infinity. The diagnosis of true snobbery may be considered to have been made sufficiently clear — or at least, in the language of parliamentary draftsmen, of what shall be held to be snobbery for the purposes of this article.

Well, then, is snobbery, thus defined, a British specialty? It will hardly be doubted by those who, like Ulysses, have known the manners and the cities of many nations, that it must be admitted to be so.

And now let us see what this phenomenon means, considered as an outcome and manifestation of national character.

It is a remark as old as preachments about the golden mean, and "medio tutissimus ibis," that every vice is but the excess of a virtue. The failings, the follies, the meannesses of men are but the seamy side of qualities, often lovable, sometimes noble. Now, is not this snobbery so much reviled, so ridiculous always, so hateful sometimes, in truth the seamy side, the excess of a tendency to look up to, to admire, to reverence something or somebody else, as better, greater, grander, or more beautiful than ourselves? The simple, genuine, independent-minded man, estimating himself, his position, his worth, at their true value, neither more nor less, will never be a snob. True! But neither will the man whose self-conceit and vanity are such as to make it impossible for him to admire another more than himself. Ridiculous, odious he may be in twenty different ways, but he will never be a genuine snob.

Now, does this idea of the true quality and genesis of snobbery tally with other easily-recognizable specialties of English character? Surely it does so tally. Surely it is true, that we are specially a people prone to look up to an ideal nobler than that which we consider to be incarnated in our individualities — a people capable of and with a tendency to reverence. That we are specially so, will not be doubted by those who are well acquainted with the idiosyncrasies of other nations — particularly those of the so-called Latin race. The pestilentially false notion that the true dignity of human nature is promoted by the universal acceptance of the doctrine that every man is equal to his fellow, has never found a congenial soil in this island. But it must be remembered that there are two ways in which this idea is apt to present itself to minds incapable of reverence. It is not only a habit of mind to think that, as it has been phrased, every man is as good as every other — and better; but the thought often presents itself in the shape of, every man is as bad as every other — and worse. Phases of national character would not be far to seek in which one of the most strongly marked and prominent characteristics is an incapacity for reverence,— an ever-present tendency, not to exalt, to look up to, and to admire, but to pull down, to deny, and to depreciate,— a tendency, not to such belief in excellence of any kind as would compel the believer in it to feel it to be better than what he sees in himself, but to disbelieve in all such superiority. And among these peoples there are no snobs. English people are often much struck by the absence of snobbery from the social relationships and manifestations of those peoples, and to be very sensible of the charm — for there *is* such a charm arising from the freedom from it. But if they would only consider what the qualities are by the loss of which this absence of snobbery is paid for, they would gladly compound for the disgust occasioned by the ridiculousness, the littleness, the absurdities, the meannesses of British snobbery!

Let us glance for an instant at the attitude of this snobbish British people during the period of trouble and anxiety through which the nation had recently to pass, while the life of the heir to the Crown was in danger. Most assuredly such a national attitude, such a manifestation of national sentiment — if, as is probable, it might be witnessed on a similar occasion among our Teuton kin — would be wholly out of the question among, and is almost inconceivable to, a people of Latin race. And we are often rated for the snobbery and "flunkyism" of our interest in, and regard for, royalty and all that surrounds it. No doubt we have all been showing our snobbery upon the occasion that has so happily passed away! But has it not been the natural outcome of that phase of the national character which has been referred to — a capacity for reverence — a side of the national temperament, for the absence of which no other, or hardly any other, qualities could compensate? Let us be very sure that to look *up*, to be able to feel loyalty, to revere, is not ignoble, but is, on the contrary, so essential to nobleness of character, that no true nobility of national temper can exist where it is not. Happy would it be for some other nations, if it were possible for them to feel and to exhibit such a sentiment as that which has just been making itself manifest over the whole length and breadth of the British family!

May we never cease to be snobs at the cost of ceasing to be a reverential people! If we can hit the golden mean, and learn, all of us, to have the virtue without falling into the vice, so much the better, and the sooner the better! We shall reach that consummation some day. And in the meantime do not let us make too much of this matter of English snobbism, as one of the staves in that great chant of self-depreciation which has of late years been sung to so many tunes in England.

CHEMISTRY IN THE KITCHEN.

OF all the services which industrial chemistry is likely to give us, those which concern the alimentation of the people are perhaps the most valuable, and are accepted as such by the mass. Chemists have perfectly understood this, and have proved it, by the numerous attempts they have made to furnish us with fresh articles of food, or, above all, to enable us to draw the best particles from those we already possess. Of a humble and unattractive appearance, these preparations do not draw the eye of the crowd, and pass unnoticed by many; there is nothing in their exterior quality, color, or form, to excite curiosity. Their merit rests entirely in the principles which have directed their fabrication, and in the applications that may be made of them; they permit us to point out theory growing into practice, and how purely speculative knowledge may assist various trades.

Ever since the war in the Crimea, efforts have been made for the preservation of milk; the want of it during that time of trial was seriously felt, and the problem to be resolved was, how to produce, in the smallest possible size, a nourishing beverage, which might be weakened with water when the time arrived to make use of it. If this were discovered, the sale would be large for ships on long voyages where it was not convenient to take a cow; in fortresses, or for armies in the field. Even in households, there might be times when such a preparation would be advantageous, but it concerns them less directly. The first object the managers had in view was, to procure the best kind of milk, drawn from healthy cows, and fed on fertile pastures in the open air — not, in fact, stall-fed. This is heated in large flat-bottomed vessels, to which is added white sugar in a fixed proportion; whilst it is heating, continual stirring is necessary, to favor evaporation. When the quantity is reduced to one-fifth, this concentrated liquid is poured into cylindrical boxes, which are immediately closed by tin solder, to be wholly impervious to the air. The boxes thus filled are arranged in a steam-boiler heated to about a hundred and four degrees. When this process is finished, the preserved milk is ready; if after a time, the box is opened, it will be found filled with a thick substance of a yellow-white color, and semi-transparent. Mixed with five times its weight of water, a liquid is produced presenting the appearance and offering all the character of ordinary milk. It may cause some surprise to the person mixing it to see that what is translucid as long as it is a paste, becomes opaque when placed in water. This is simply due to a phenomenon in the refraction of light. The globules being endowed with a different angle of refraction from the water, the rays of light which regularly traverse either the globules alone or the pure water, take a very irregular and broken line in the mixture of the two. It is found that this milk after being opened will keep for ten days or more, especially if care is taken always to skim a layer off the top, thus removing the surface in contact with the atmospheric air, and those fermented particles which may have formed upon it.

It is not difficult to explain why the process just described should be attended with a successful result. When liquid matter is heated so as to reduce it to a fifth of its primitive volume, it is nothing less than taking away the greater part of the watery particles it contains. Milk contains about thirteen parts in a hundred of sugary, fat, cheesy, and saline substances; the remaining eighty-seven parts are water; after the concentration, the proportion of water is reduced to thirty-five parts. It is well known that the presence of water has a predominating influence on the development of many kinds of fermentation; the less water, the more the chances of preservation are increased. The sugar which is first added to the milk in a considerable quantity is also an antiseptic; it is upon this quality that the confectioner's art and all the domestic preparation of preserved fruits are based. To give an idea of the efficacy with which sugar overcomes fermentation and consequent decay, it has sometimes been observed that in barrels of molasses, which have come from the colonies, the bodies of small insects have been perfectly preserved. The last process is not the least important — that which keeps the milk for some ti at a high temperature, to destroy the vitality of the ferme ing particles it contains. The atmosphere that we breat is loaded with these, which fall upon all bodies exposed the air, and develop themselves by decomposing when fi orable conditions are to be found. These particles beco completely inactive, are killed, in fact, by heat of about hundred degrees. As care has been taken hermetically close the boxes against the air, no fresh elements can ent to replace those that have been destroyed. There is st one improvement to be desired, the preserved milk retai the flavor of boiled milk; but probably this defect will removed in time by improved processes.

Domestic economy, it may be said, has little to do wi what has just been described; but there is another proce with which chemists have been occupied relating more pa ticularly to it — this is to improve the old way of preservi hams by salting and smoking. Without changing that sy tem, which in its way is excellent, the application of it m be made more regular and complete; and it is found th the results present a real superiority over the former pla Nothing is more simple than the theory of salting mea kitchen salt has a great affinity for water; it dra towards it that which is contained in the muscular fibres meat when it comes in contact with it. It is by the absor tion of water, as well as by the antiseptic qualities which possesses, that it prevents fermentation. But this absorptio in ordinary salting is very irregular; whilst the outer par of a piece of meat are saturated with salt, contracting an hardening it, to the serious disadvantage of the eaters, th centre is almost withdrawn from the antiseptic action of th salt. Much of this may be diminished by adding a propor tion of sugar, which makes the surface desiccation less pow erful; but it is only a palliative, not reaching the origina evil. After this irregular salting, the meat is submitted t the action of smoke; the tar proceeding from the com bustion of wood, especially the creosote, penetrates into th pores and between the fibres, paralyzing or destroying th germs of cryptogamic vegetation and fermentation. The more the action of the smoke is prolonged, penetrating deeply and in an efficacious manner, the more the flavor o the meat is likely to be spoiled by the predominant flavor which these pyrogenous matters have when condensed.

The improvement sought for is produced by giving pre cision to the quantities and regularity of action over th whole mass submitted to salting and smoking. This is th course of operation. As soon as the pieces of pork come the kitchen, the weight of each is written down in chalk a blackboard. The salt is employed in a liquid state, t dissolution being proportioned in the same quantities for meat; so that, by a calculation made beforehand, it known how much saline mixture must be given to t weight of each piece. The reservoir containing this placed on a higher stage, and communicates with the oper tor by a flexible india-rubber pipe, terminating in a slend metallic tube with a tap. Each ham is laid on the scal whilst in the other is the weight, not only of the ham, b of the salt which must be added to it. The workman int duces the tube into the ham at the thin end, and then tur the tap; the saline liquid forced into the cellular tissues the pressure from the reservoir, equal to a column of wa of about sixteen feet high, insinuates itself between t muscles, and swells the mass in a very apparent manner, the same time the weight increases. At the precise m ment when the ham has received the proper amount of sa the weight in the other scale falls, and the workman clo the tap. Thus the salting has penetrated to the interio and to insure the preparation of all the exterior, the ha are steeped for a few days in a tub filled with the sa liquid. From this they are carried to the smoking-chamb a large room, into which open two chimneys communicati with fires in a lower story. The smoke arising from t combustion of wood spreads through the space at the sa time as it warms the air; thus the hams are partially dri as well as smoked. Thermometers are hung in differe places, and are visible from the outside, so that the tempe ature is carefully regulated. The only wood used is ver

dry oak; thus the pyroligneous properties are always identical. The weight of wood to be burned has been made with equal precision, according to the amount of smoke it gives out; for the quantity of air introduced into the stoves is always proportioned to the weight of wood, and consequently the combustion goes on invariably under the same conditions.

Thus constant results are obtained, and nothing is left to chance; the success has justified the hopes of the inventor, M. Martin de Lignac. The meat prepared in his manufactory has been highly appreciated by consumers. Many agriculturists, who formerly used a more or less imperfect mode of salting their pigs, have adopted his method. If there is additional expense, they are sure, on the other hand, of having hams which never fail to be well preserved, and about which they feel no anxiety; and in addition to these proofs of popular favor, the gold medal of the last International Exhibition in Paris was awarded to him.

Let us turn to another very important trade which has arisen within the last few years — that of German yeast. Taking up the idea that chemists had formed, that yeast was a vegetation which grew in the vats of breweries, some persons in Austria and Moravia begun to cultivate this particular kind of leaven, which should be free from the strong odor and bitterness of malt. In this way they have succeeded in developing the qualities, and producing a fermenting substance endowed with remarkable power, which, in a very small compass, gives better results than any other kind that housekeepers have adopted. It is a gray, firm paste, crumbling at the touch, and exhaling a slightly sour odor. As heat changes it quickly, it could not have been available in other countries before the establishment of railways; it spoils much in the same way as animal matters in a state of putrefaction. This is how it is manufactured; and besides the yeast, some accessory productions are obtained, as alcohol, and a residuum of a kind of malt, which is used for the fattening of cows and sheep.

Three kinds of grain, maize, rye, and malted barley, after having been reduced to powder and mixed together, are macerated in water at a temperature of sixty-five or seventy degrees. Under these conditions, the active principle previously developed in the barley reacts on the starch, and transforms it into two other products immediately soluble, called dextrine and glucose, which are analogous to grape-sugar. At the end of a few hours, this saccharifierous process is complete; the liquid is racked off and refined, whilst alcoholic fermentation is produced by introducing a small quantity of leaven, reserved from a previous operation. Under the action of the leaven, the glucose is divided into carbonic acid, alcohol, and other accessories. At the same time, the dextrine, in which the sugary process is no longer retarded by an excess of glucose, gradually transforms itself into glucose; under this new form, it submits to the mysterious action of the leaven, and contributes toward enriching the liquor with an additional quantity of alcohol; whilst the carbonic acid, rendered free, disengages itself in the form of gas. A question naturally presents itself to the mind: How does the leaven act? and why does it decompose the glucose? Unfortunately, among the many different replies which have been made to this question, there is none which is completely satisfactory. The only certain thing is, that the globules of leaven are reproduced by a sort of budding process, giving birth at first to the most minute particles, which grow rapidly, reaching the largest dimensions that these corpuscles ever present; that is to say, about the three-thousandth part of a foot. In this mode of manufacturing yeast, care is taken to furnish these vegetables, by the composition of the malt in which they are developed, with a much richer nourishment than the malt of ordinary breweries. This is the essential principle of this new preparation. On this account, the vital activity of the fermentation is much greater. The carbonic acid disengages itself in such abundance, that the leaven drawn up with it floats on the liquid, forming a thick foam. It is clear that these are the most powerful globules which are thus raised and sustained on the surface by the bubbles of gas. They are skimmed off as they appear, leaving the less active leaven at the bottom of the vat. Before despatching it to every country, there is nothing to be done but to drain it, wash it slightly on a sheet, and, in order to render it less impervious to the action of the air and heat, to submit it to the hydraulic press, which eliminates the greater part of the liquid. In this state it may be preserved for eight or fifteen days, according to the season.

When examined by the help of a microscope, this leaven is composed of ovate granules, transparent, and of regular size; the greater part are of the size mentioned above; whilst a few, which may be called the young ones, do not reach a quarter of that diameter. It is evidently owing to the abundance of nutritive principles which are furnished at the moment when it is formed, and to other favorable arrangements, that the German yeast owes the very rich composition and vigorous vitality with which it is endowed. For example, maize-flour possesses three times as much of fatty substances as barley or wheat flour; and this is one of the causes of the large proportion which is found in the pressed yeast, as it is sometimes called, the glucose also assisting in this respect. It is the same with the azotic or mineral compositions, which make the German yeast so much more valuable than the brewer's yeast; endowed as it is with greater energy, half the quantity produces a more regular and active fermentation. Every housekeeper will allow that bread made with it is lighter than the other; this is owing to the disengagement of the gas being more uniform, the dough is more homogeneous, and, consequently, better raised. Owing to the mode of preparation, it contains neither the bitter flavor nor the strongly-scented essential oil of the hop.

Leaving these home manufactures, the last example of the power of chemistry will be found in the immense prairies of La Plata and Australia. Here wander innumerable flocks of sheep and cattle; a vigorous vegetation, favored by a warm climate and the humid salt emanations from the sea, provides abundance of nourishment; animals prosper and multiply amazingly. The South American hunters are numerous also; and the number of cattle killed every month may be counted by hundreds of thousands, so that the wonder is that they do not wholly disappear. In former days, this rough sport was carried on for the sake of the hides and wool only; the flesh, bones, and sinews were too difficult of transport and preservation for this rudimentary trade, and lay abandoned on the spot. Some persons interested themselves to utilize more fully these waifs and strays of the chase. At first, it was proposed to export the bones to England and France. In civilized countries they have acquired a commercial value which covers the price of the freight; they are largely used by the cutlers; gelatine is extracted from them; by burning them, the substance is obtained which clarifies sugar; phosphorous is made from them, and lastly, they furnish the most valuable manure for the agriculturist.

As for the skins, the country not offering the necessary resources for the establishment of tan-yards, they were exported in a fresh state. A new agent, phenic acid, preserved them from any alteration during the voyage. It is the best antiseptic known; there is no animal fermentation which can resist it, no putrefaction that it does not arrest. After this, there only remained the flesh to perish for want of suitable means of preservation. The employment of phenic acid could not be thought of; excellent as it is for the purification of stables, houses, and hospitals, it does not answer for articles of food. Though it has been purified so as to obtain colorless crystals, it always has an odor of the coal-tar from which it is extracted, which gives a flavor to the meat. In default of a modern antiseptic, another was tried, less efficacious, and as old as civilization — common salt; but no decisive result was obtained: it did not give complete security, and it did not yet appear possible economically to preserve the meat which was left to perish.

The well-known chemist, Dr. Liebig, directed his researches in another way; instead of exporting the flesh, he wished to concentrate on the spot, and in a small compass,

the principal nutritive elements; to obtain an extract of meat, which might be weakened by thirty times its weight of water, and give a liquid having all the essential qualities of ordinary beef-tea. This new commercial production has been largely consumed in England and Germany; it is used in the navy, and in distant colonies where food is difficult to obtain; but in France, where refinement of taste is greater, the success has not been so general. This is the manner in which it is prepared; the process is very simple, and suited to the primitive state of the country. After the animal is killed, the meat is cut very small, and steeped in an equal quantity of water; this is boiled for a quarter of an hour, when the whole is thrown into a linen cloth, and the liquid which passes through is the beef-tea in its normal state. There is, however, too large a proportion of water, and some fat, which would interfere with its keeping. The hydraulic press is applied to the mass of meat which is left after straining; and thus pressed it forms a sort of cake, which is considered to be exhausted of all eatable particles; a residue which at some future time will probably be turned to a useful purpose. The liquid is again heated, and the fat being carefully skimmed off the top, it is boiled down to one-sixth of its original volume, and brought to the consistency of extract, keeping it from all contact with the air in a vessel where a vacuum has been made by means of a pneumatic pump. Nothing more is wanting but to pour it into jars hermetically closed, and sealed with a leaden seal, to preserve them from adulteration.

The first commercial inferiority of the extract of meat arises from the fact, that for the same quantity of nutritive elements, it costs more than ordinary broth. Besides this objection, the extract during its preparation loses a part of its aroma, and contracts a slightly acid flavor, which becomes more apparent the stronger the infusion is made; and finally, there is a deep color, which is always avoided in the domestic preparation. The greater part of these disadvantages will probably disappear when the company has perfected its apparatus. Instead of the flesh being chopped by men, the machines used here for that purpose would do it much more quickly, and with less waste. The alteration of the liquid during concentration, both in color and flavor, might be prevented by the use of the system employed by the sugar-refiners — vessels heated by steam.

The cakes of pressed meat too, containing, as they do, fibrine, albumen, phosphate of magnesia, and chalk, ought to be put to some use; if nothing better can be found, at least it would not be difficult to make them into a manure of unexceptionable richness. The bones also, which are now used to heat the chaldrons, might find a more remunerative destination. It ought to be possible to lower the price to a quarter of its present value; and we need not doubt that the chemists who have already done so much for us, will make every effort to improve and cheapen such a valuable addition to our diet.

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON M. RENAN.

BURKE says, speaking of himself: —

"He has never professed himself a friend or an enemy to republics or to monarchies in the abstract. He thought that the circumstances and habits of every country, which it is always perilous and productive of the greatest calamities to force, are to decide upon the form of its government. There is nothing in his nature, his temper, or his faculties, which should make him an enemy to any republic, modern or ancient. Far from it. He has studied the form and spirit of republics very early in life; he has studied them with great attention; and with a mind undisturbed by affection or prejudice. But the result in his mind from that investigation has been and is, that neither England nor France, without infinite detriment to them, as well in the event as in the experiment, could be brought into a republican form, but that every thing republican which can be introduced with safety into either of them must be built upon a monarchy."

The name of Burke is not mentioned in M. Renan's book,* but it is difficult to believe that Burke's publications of eighty years ago on the French revolution, from which we have quoted the foregoing passage, were not in M. Renan's hands when he wrote his recent work. If it was so, it detracts nothing from M. Renan's originality; a man of his powers cannot but be original in the treatment of his subject, and to have read and agreed with Burke will not make him less so. But the similarity of the point of view strikes the reader in almost every page; and certainly it will be no bad effect of M. Renan's book if it sends us back to those masterpieces of thinking and eloquence, the "Reflections on the Revolution in France," the "Letter to a Member of the National Assembly," and the "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs. They are far too little read. They need to be received with discrimination and judgment, and to common liberalism they can never be acceptable; yet so rich is their instructiveness that a serious politician could hardly make a better resolve than to read them through once every year.

"You have industriously destroyed all the opinions and prejudices, and, as far as in you lay, all the instincts which support government." "You might, if you pleased, have profited by our example. You had the elements of a constitution very nearly as good as could be wished. You possessed in some parts the walls, and in all the foundations, of a noble and venerable castle. You might have repaired those walls, you might have built on those old foundations. You had all these advantages in your ancient States; but you chose to act as if you had never been moulded into civil society, and had every thing to begin anew." "Rousseau was your canon of holy writ."

These sentences are Burke's, and never surely could he have desired a better testimony to his wisdom than for a man like M. Renan to say eighty years afterwards, with the France of the present moment before his eyes: —

"If no more had been done at the Revolution than to call together the States-General, to regularize them, to make them annual, all would have been right. But the false policy of Rousseau won the day. It was resolved to make a constitution *à priori*. People failed to remark that England, the most constitutional of countries, has never had a written constitution, drawn out in black and white." (P. 7.)

That the rights of its history do more for a society than the rights of man, that the mere will of the majority is an insufficient basis for government, that France was made by the Capets, that she ought never to have broken with them entirely, that she would even now do well to restore them, the younger branch of them, if the elder is impracticable, that with the monarchy she ought to form again aristocratic institutions, a second chamber, and, to some extent, a hereditary nobility — this is the main thesis of the new part of M. Renan's volume. If this is not done, France, he thinks, cannot hope to vie with Prussia, which owes its victory to its aristocratic organization and to the virtues of endurance and discipline which this organization fosters. France's only hope of revenge must then be in the International. The superficial jacobinism, the vulgar republicanism, the materialism (for by all these names and more does M. Renan call it), which the French Revolution introduced, and which has brought France to her present ruin, has fatal attractions for the crowd everywhere; it has eaten far into the heart and life of England; it has overrun all the continent except Prussia and Russia. Prussia too is very probably doomed to enter into this "way of all flesh," to be forced into "the whirl of the witches' sabbath of democracy;" and then Prussia's day, too, is over, and France is revenged. At the same time M. Renan suggests certain reforms in French education. These reforms may at any rate, he thinks, go forward, whatever else the future may have in store for us: whether a Capet at Rheims or the International at Potsdam.

All this makes the new part of M. Renan's volume. He has reprinted here, besides, his two letters to Dr. Strauss, and several other publications occasioned by the late war;

* *La Réforme intellectuelle et morale de la France. Par* ERNEST RENAN. *Paris*: 1871.

while the volume ends with an essay on Constitutional Monarchy in France, and another on the respective share of the family and the State in the work of education, which appeared before the war began. These two essays may rank with the best things M. Renan has written, and to read them again heightens our admiration of them. The new part of the book abounds with ingenious and striking thoughts, eloquently expressed; yet this part will not entirely satisfy the friends of M. Renan, nor does it quite answer, to say the truth, to the impression left on us by the summary of its contents which we read in the *Times* before the book appeared. It has not the usual consummate roundness of M. Renan's composition, the appearance of having been long and thoroughly prepared in the mind, and of now coming forth in perfect ripeness; there are, or we seem to see, marks here and there of haste, excitement, and chagrin. This was perhaps inevitable.

Our business is not with politics, foreign or domestic; yet on one or two of the political points where M. Renan does not quite satisfy us, we must touch. We will not ask whether France in general has not let the idea of dynastic attachment, as M. Renan calls it, and the remembrance of its historic self before 1789, so completely die out that it is vain to seek now to restore them, although, when Burke wrote, this might still have been possible. But we will observe that this restoration has, in any case, an enemy more serious and more respectable than that vulgar jacobinism, with no higher aim than to content the envy and the materialistic cravings of the masses, which M. Renan assails with such scorn; it has against it the republicanism of men, for instance, like M. Quinet. This republicanism is a reasoned and serious faith, and it grows not of a stupid insensibility to the historic life and institutions of a nation, nor out of a failure to perceive that in the world's progress, as M. Renan eloquently and profoundly urges, all cannot shine, all cannot be prosperous, some sacrificed lives there must be; but it grows out of the conviction that in what we call our civilization this sacrifice is excessive. Our civilization in the old and famous countries of Europe has truly been, as M. Renan says, in its origin an aristocratic work, the work of a few: its maintenance is the work of a few; "country, honor, duty, are things created and upheld by a small number of men amidst a multitude which, left to itself, lets them fall." Yes, because this multitude are in vice and misery outside them; and surely that they are so is in itself some condemnation of the "aristocratic work." We do not say that the historic life and continuity of a nation are therefore to be violently broken, or its traditional institutions abandoned; but we say that a case has been made out against our mere actual civilization, and a new work given it to do, which were not so visible when Burke wrote, which would certainly have fixed the regards of Burke now, and which M. Renan too much leaves out of sight.

A mere looker-on may smile to read at p. 153, written before Alsace and Lorraine were ceded and when there was still hope of saving them, that France could not survive their loss, that she is like a building so compact that to pull out one or two large stones makes it tumble down, or like a living being with an organization so highly centralized that to have an important limb cut off is death; and then to read at p. 58 and other passages, written since peace was made, that the immense resources of France are hardly at all altered or impaired, that she is *à peine entamée*. But of this kind of inconsistency a man of heart and imagination may well be guilty when his country is in question; Burke, assuredly, might have been guilty of it.

Our one serious point of difference with M. Renan, and where we confess he somewhat disappoints us, is in his discussion of the faults of France. The capital fault, the cherished defect of France, is — what does the reader think? — want of faith in science, "le manque de foi à la science." In the same strain speaks Mme. Sand, in the charming "Letters" she has lately published: "Nous voulons penser et agir à la fois," she says; and therefore we are beaten. Nay, our amiability itself puts us at a disadvantage, she adds, in this bad actual world: "Nous ne sommes pas capables de nous préparer à la guerre pendant vingt ans; nous sommes si incapables de haïr!" It is the head, *la tête*, which is so greatly in fault; the heart, the sentiments are right, "le Français," says M. Renan, "est bon, étourdi;" yes, *étourdi* he may be, harum-scarum; but he is *bon*. Burke, whom we have so much quoted, says of Charles II.:—

> "The person given to us by Monk was a man without any sense of his duty as a prince, without any regard to the dignity of his crown, without any love to his people; dissolute, false, venal, and destitute of any positive good quality whatsoever, except a pleasant temper and the manners of a gentleman."

So far he, too, was *bon:* but his goodness had gaps which, though certainly he was also without the scientific temper, would make us hesitate to say that his chief fault was want of faith in science. Of France we may say the same. It seems to us much more true of England than of France that the national defect is want of faith in science. In France the great defect lies, surely, in a much simpler thing — want of faith in *conduct*. M. Renan's chief concern at the failure of the Reformation in France is for what *the head* lost; for the better schools, the reading, the instruction, which the Reformation would have brought with it. But M. Michelet put his finger on the real cause for concern, when he said that the Reformation failed in France because a *moral* reformation France would not have. That sense of personal responsibility which is the foundation of all true religion, which possessed Luther, which possessed also the great saints of Catholicism, but which Luther alone managed to convey to the popular mind, earning thereby — little as we owe him for the theological doctrines he imagined to be his great boon to us — a most true title to our regard; *that* was what the Huguenots had, what the mass of the French nation had not and did not care to have, and what they suffer to this day for not having. One of the gifts and graces which M. Renan finds in France is her enmity to pedantry and over-strictness in these matters: and in his letter to Dr. Strauss he says that, although he himself has been sufficiently near holy orders to think himself bound to a regular life, he should be sorry not to see around him a brilliant and dissipated society. No one feels more than we do the harm which the exaggeration of Hebraism has done in England; but this is Hellenism with a vengeance! Considering what the natural propensities of men are, such language appears to us out of place anywhere, and in France simply fatal. Moral conscience, self-control, seriousness, steadfastness, are not the whole of human life certainly, but they are by far the greatest part of it; without them — and this is the very burden of the Hebrew prophets and a fact of experience as old as the world — nations cannot stand. France does not enough see their importance; and the worst of it is that no man can make another see their importance unless he sees it naturally. For these things, just as for the more brilliant things of art and science, there is a bent, a turn. "He showed his ways unto Moses, his works unto the children of Israel," — to them, and to the heavy Germanic nations whom they have moulded; not, apparently, to the children of Gomer and to Vercingetorix. But this opens a troubled prospect for the children of Gomer.

But perhaps we English, too, shall be as the children of Gomer; for M. Renan has a theory that according to "that great law by which the primitive race of an invaded country always ends by getting the upper hand, England is becoming every day more Celtic and less Germanic;" in the public opinion and policy of England for the last thirty years he sees the "esprit celtique, plus doux, plus sympathetique, plus humain." We imagine our Irish neighbors by no means share his opinion. A more truly Germanic, or, at least, Anglo-Saxon performance than the abolition of the Irish Church through the power of the Dissenters' antipathy to church establishments, then telling ourselves in our newspapers we had done it out of a pure love of reason and justice, and then calling solemnly upon the quick-witted Irish, who knew that the Dissenters would have let the Irish Church stand forever sooner than give a shilling of its funds to the Catholics entitled to them, to believe our claptrap and be properly grateful to us at last, was never wit-

nessed. What we call our Philistinism, to which M. Renan might perhaps apply his favorite epithets of "dur et rogue," may well bring us into trouble; but hardly, we think, our "doux esprit celtique."

It seems, indeed, as if, in all that relates to character and conduct strictly so called, M. Renan, whom at other times we follow with so much sympathy, saw things with other eyes than ours. In a parallel between the English Revolution of 1688 and the French Revolution of 1830, he asks himself why the first succeeded and the second failed; and he answers that it cannot have been owing to the difference between William of Orange and Louis Philippe, because the second had no faults as a ruler which the first did not show in fully as great a degree. When we read this, we are fairly lost in amazement. Surely the most important point in a ruler is *character;* and William III., whatever were his faults, had a character great and commanding; while Louis Philippe had, or gave the world the impression of having, a character somewhat (to speak quite frankly) ignoble.

We would fain stop here in our enumeration of matters of difference; for to differ with M. Renan is far less natural to us than to agree with him. But it is impossible not to notice one or two assumptions respecting the French Revolution and the intellectual value of France to the world, because to these assumptions M. Renan, like almost all Frenchmen, seems to challenge the assent of mankind, at least of all mankind except France's *rogue et jaloux* enemy, Prussia. Greece and Judea, he says, have had to pay with the loss of their national existence the honor of having given lessons to all mankind; in like manner,—

"France at this moment expiates her Revolution; she will perhaps one day reap its fruits in the grateful memory of emancipated nations."

Just in the same strain writes Mme. Sand, in the "Letters" we have already quoted: —

"Even though Germany should appear to conquer us, we shall remain the *peuple initiateur*, which receives a lesson and does not take one."

In prosperity the French are incorrigible, so that a time like the present offers the only opportunity for disabusing them of notions of this kind, so obstructive to improvement; and M. Renan, one would have hoped, was the very man to do it. Greece has given us art and science, Judea has given us the Bible; these are positive achievements. Whoever gives us a just and rational constitution of human society will also confer a great boon on us and effect a great work; but what has the French Revolution accomplished towards this? Nothing. It was an insurrection against the old routine, it furiously destroyed the mediæval form of society; this it did, and this was well if any thing had come of it; but into what that is new and fruitful has France proceeded to initiate us? A colorless, humdrum, and ill-poised life is a baneful thing, and men would fain change it; but our benefactor and initiator is the poet who brings us a new one, not the drunkard who gets rid of it by breaking the windows and bringing the house about his ears.

There seems to us a like exaggeration in the French estimate of their country's intellectual rank in the world. France is the *plat de sel*, the dish containing the salt without which all the other dishes of the world would be savorless; she is (we will use M. Renan's own words, for a translation might easily do injustice to them) —

"la grande maîtresse de l'investigation savante, l'ingénieuse, vive et prompte initiatrice du monde à toute fine et délicate pensée;"

she alone has —

"une société exquise, charmante et sérieuse à la fois, fine, tolérante, aimable, *sachant tout sans avoir rien appris, devinant d'instinct le dernier résultat de toute philosophie.*"

We wonder if it ever occurs to these masters *du goût et du tact* that in an Englishman, an Italian, a German, this language provokes a smile. No one feels more than we do, and few Englishmen feel enough, the good of that amiability, even if it does not go very deep, of that sympathetic side in the French nature, which makes German and Protestant Alsace cling to defeated France, while, mainly for the want of it, prosperous England cannot attach Ireland. No one feels more than we do, few Englishmen feel enough, the good of that desire for lucidity, even apparent, in thought and expression, which has made the French language. But, after all, a nation's intellectual place depends upon its having reached the very highest rank in the very highest lines of spiritual endeavor; this is what in the end makes its ideal; this is what fixes its scale of intellectual judgment, and what it counts by in the world. More than twenty years ago we said, lovers of France as we are, and abundant and brilliant as is her work of a lower order than the very highest: —

"France, famed in all great arts, *in none supreme;*"—

and this still seems to us to be the true criticism on her. M. Renan opposes living names, for or against which we will say nothing, to the best living names of Germany; but what is one generation? and what, directly we leave our own generation, are any names but the greatest? And where, throughout all her generations, has France a name like Goethe? where, still more, has she names like Sophocles and Plato, Dante and Raphael, Shakspeare and Newton? That is the real question for her, when she is esteeming herself the salt of the earth. Probably the incapacity for seriousness in the highest sense, for what the Greeks called τὸ σπουδαῖον, and Virgil calls *virtus verusque labor*, is here too what keeps France back from perfection. For the Greeks and Romans, and a truly Latin race like the Italians, have this seriousness intellectually, as the Hebrews and the Germanic races have it morally; and it may be remarked in passing that this distinction makes the conditions of the future for Latin Italy quite different from those for Celtic France. Only seriousness is constructive; Latin Gaul was a Roman construction; old France was, as M. Renan himself says, a Germanic construction; France has been since 1789 getting rid of all the plan, cramps, and stays of her original builders, and their edifice is in ruins; but is the Celt, by himself, constructive enough to rebuild?

We sincerely believe that France would do well, instead of proclaiming herself the salt of the earth, to ponder these things; and sometimes it is hard to refrain from saying so. M. Renan tempted us; yet we see with regret our space nearly gone. Why could we not have kept to our own generation? and then we might have given ourselves the pleasure of saying how high is M. Renan's place in it. Certainly, we find something of a bathos in his challenge to Germany to produce a living poet to surpass M. Hugo; but in sober seriousness we might challenge Germany, or any other country, to produce a living critic to surpass M. Renan. We have just been reading an American essayist, Mr. Higginson, who says that the United States are to evolve a type of literary talent superior to any thing yet seen in the mother country; and this, perhaps, when it is ready, will be something to surprise us. But taking things as they now are, where shall we find a living writer who so habitually as M. Renan moves among questions of the deepest interest, presents them so attractively, discusses them with so much feeling, insight, and felicity? Even as to the all-importance of *conduct*, which in his irritation against the "chaste Vandals" who have been overrunning France we have seen him a little disposed just now to underrate, he is far too wise a man not to be perfectly sound at bottom. "Le monde," we find him saying in 1869, "ne tient debout que par un peu de vertu." The faults and dangers both of vulgar democracy and of vulgar liberalism there is no one who has seen more clearly or described so well. The vulgar democrat's "happiness of the greatest number" he analyzes into what it practically is — a principle *réduisant tout à contenter*

les volontés matérialistes des foules, of that "popular mass, growing every day larger, which is destitute of any sort of religious ideal, and can recognize no social principle beyond and above the desire of satisfying these materialistic cravings." The *esprit démocratique* of this sort of democracy, *avec sa voilence, son ton absolu, sa simplicité décevante d'idées, ses soupçons méticuleux, son ingratitude*, is admirably touched; but touched not less admirably is another very different social type, the cherished ideal of vulgar liberalism, the American type: —

"fondé essentiellement sur la liberté et la propriété, sans privilèges de classes, sans institutions anciennes, sans histoire, sans société aristocratique, sans cour, sans pouvoir brillant, sans universités sérieuses ni fortes institutions scientifiques. Ces sociétés manquent de distinction, de noblesse; elles ne font guère d'œuvres originales en fait d'art et de science; —"

but they can come to be very strong and to produce very good things, and that is enough for our Philistines. What can be better, and in the end more fruitful, than criticism of this force; but what constituency can accept a man guilty of making it? Let M. Renan continue to make it, and let him not fear but that in making it, in bringing thought into the world to oust claptrap, he fulfils a higher duty than by sketching paper constitutions, or by prosecuting electoral campaigns in the Seine-et-Marne. "The fashion of this world passeth away," wrote Goethe from Rome in 1787, "and I would fain occupy myself only with the eternal."

WARBURTON.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

In the course of the once celebrated controversy between Warburton and Lowth, Lowth made one hit which must have told forcibly upon his opponent. He quoted the following passage from Clarendon's History: "Col. Harrison was the son of a butcher near Nantwich, in Cheshire, and had been bred up in the place of a clerk, under a lawyer of good account in those parts; which kind of education introduces men into the language and practice of business, and if it be not resisted by the great ingenuity of the person, inclines young men to more pride than any other kind of breeding, and disposes them to be pragmatical and insolent." "Now, my Lord," says Lowth, "as you have in your whole behavior, and in all your writings, remarkably distinguished yourself by your humility, lenity, meekness, forbearance, candor, humanity, civility, decency, good manners, good temper, moderation with regard to the opinions of others, and a modest diffidence of your own, this unpromising circumstance of your early education" (that, namely, of being educated in the same way as Harrison) "is so far from being a disgrace to you, that it highly redounds to your praise." Which piece of irony, being translated, expresses the most conspicuous fact in Warburton's character — namely, that he was as "proud, pragmatical, and insolent" as might be expected from a man who brought to theological controversies the habits of mind acquired in an attorney's office. Warburton, in fact, is the most perfect specimen of a type not infrequent amongst clergymen. We may still, though less often than formerly, observe a man in the pulpit who obviously ought to be at the bar; and though the legal habit of mind may be a very useful corrective to certain theological tendencies, the more common result of thus putting the square man in the round hole is to produce that kind of incongruity which in another profession gives rise to the opprobrious term of sea-lawyer. Warburton was, as we shall presently see, a lawyer to the backbone in more senses than one; but the most prominent and least amiable characteristic, which suggested Lowth's sarcasm, was his amazing litigiousness.

For many years together he led the life of a terrier in a rat-pit, worrying all theological vermin. His life, as he himself observed in more dignified language, was "a warfare upon earth, that is to say, with bigots and libertines, against whom I have denounced eternal war, like Hannibal against Rome, at the altar." Among bigots and libertines we must reckon everybody, Christian or infidel, whose form of belief differed from Warburton's, and add that Warburton's form of belief was almost peculiar to himself. To entertain a different opinion, or to maintain the same opinion on different grounds, was an equal title to his hostility. He regrets in one place the necessity of assailing his friends. "Why," he asks pathetically, "did I not rather choose the highroad of literary honors, and pick out some poor critic or small philosopher of this (the Deist) school to offer up at the shrine of violated sense and virtue?" "Then," he thinks, "he might have flourished in the favor of his superiors, and the good-will of all his brethren." Alas! it could not be. His creed had that unique merit which he ascribes to the Jewish religion, namely, that it "condemned every other religion as an imposture." To disagree with him was to be not merely a fool, but a rogue. So universal, indeed, was his intolerance of any difference of opinion, that bigot and libertine, wide as is the sweep of those damnatory epithets, can by no means include all the objects of his aversion. He makes frequent incursions into regions where abuse is not sanctified by theology. The argument of the Divine Legation wanders through all knowledge, sacred and profane, and every step brings him into collision with some fresh antagonist. Glancing at the index, we find a series of such summaries as these: "Sir Isaac Newton's chronology of the Egyptian empire confuted, and shown to contradict all sacred and profane antiquity, and even the nature of things;" "Herman Witsius' arguments examined and confuted;" a prophecy "vindicated against the absurd interpretation of the rabbins and Dr. Shuckford;" the Jews "vindicated from the calumnious falsehoods of the poet Voltaire;" "An objection of Mr. Collins examined and confuted;" "Lord Bolingbroke's accusation examined and exposed;" "The Bishop of London's discourse examined and confuted;" and, in short, his course is marked, if we will take his word for it, like that of an ancient hero, by the corpses of his opponents. Deists, atheists, and pantheists, are, of course, his natural prey. Hobbes, "the infamous Spinoza," and Bayle, Shaftesbury, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Chubb, Morgan, and Mandeville, but above all his detested enemy, Bolingbroke, are "examined and confuted" till we are weary of the slaughter. But believers do not escape much better. If, as he elegantly expresses it, "he dusts Hume's jacket" for not believing in miracles, he belabors Wesley still more vigorously for believing that miracles are not extinct. From Conyers Middleton, the essayist and reviewer of that day, who, indeed, long escaped as a private friend, up to Lowth, Sherlock, and Jortin, he spared neither dignity nor orthodoxy. The rank and file of the controversial clergy, Sykes, and Stebbing, and Webster, fell before his "desperate hook" like corn before the sickle. And when the boundless field of theological controversy was insufficient for his energies, he would fall foul of the poet Akenside for differing from him as to the proper use of ridicule, or of Crousaz for misinterpreting the Essay on Man, or of Bolingbroke for his assault upon the memory of Pope, or of a whole list of adversaries who gathered to defend Shakspeare from his audacious mangling. The innumerable hostilities which did not find expression in any of these multitudinous conflicts, struggled to light in the notes on the Dunciad. Probably no man who has lived in recent times has ever told so many of his fellow-creatures that he held them to be unmitigated fools and liars. He stalks through the literary history of the eighteenth century, ostentatiously displaying the most outrageous paradoxes, and bringing down his controversial shillalah on the head of any luckless mortal who ventures to hint a modest dissent. There is, to me at least, a certain charm about this overflowing and illimitable pugnacity. We have learned to be so civil to each other, that one sometimes fancies (and I suspect with some reason) that the creeds which excite so languid a defence are not very firmly held. At any rate, it is refreshing, in this milder epoch, to meet with a gentleman who proposes to cudgel his opponents into Chris-

tianity, and thrust the gospel down their throats at the end of the bludgeon.

Even Warburton, many-sided and complicated as were his hostilities, was not above the necessity of finding allies. No man, though gifted with the most perverse ingenuity, can stand quite alone; and Warburton formed two remarkable connections. As is usual with boisterous persons, both these friends were men of a temperament very different from his own: as, indeed, two Warburtons would have formed a combination more explosive and unstable than any hitherto known to chemists. Both Pope and Hurd were suited to him by force of contrast. Warburton was well fitted to be Pope's bully, and Hurd to serve as the more decorous assistant of Warburton's vengeance. Pope seems to have been really touched by Warburton's blustering championship. It is a very pleasant thing to discover that you have been talking deep religious philosophy, when, in the innocence of your heart, you fancy that you have been versifying second-hand infidelity. The thin-skinned poet welcomed with almost infantile joy the aid of his pachydermatous defender, and naturally supposed that the man who had discovered him to be an orthodox philosopher, must be himself a profound divine. Warburton took a natural pride in having cut out so rich a prize from under the guns of the infidel Bolingbroke, and raised himself in general esteem by acquiring a right of spiritual proprietorship in the foremost writer of the time. The friendship with Hurd is more curious and characteristic. Hurd is a man for whom, though he has attracted a recent biographer, animated by the ordinary biographical spirit, it is difficult to find a good word. He was a typical specimen of the offensive variety of university don; narrow-minded, formal, peevish, cold-blooded, and intolerably conceited. In short, as Johnson said of Harris, "he was a prig, and a bad prig." Even Warburton, we are told, could never talk to him freely. In his country vicarage he saw nobody, snubbed his curate, and never gave an entertainment except on one occasion, when Warburton, who was staying with him, was forced to rebel against the intolerable solitude. When a bishop, he never drove a quarter of a mile without his episcopal coach and his servants in full liveries. He rose to that eminent position chiefly on the reputation of writing in Addisonian style and being a good critic of Horace. The virtue which he particularly affected was filial affection. and, after three years' acquaintance, his Christian humility led him to confide to Warburton, who was the son of an attorney, that his own father had been a farmer. He was sufficiently amiable to mention his mother in endearing terms; and in a letter to Warburton, after touching upon certain presentation copies of his own book, and on Sir John Dalrymple's newly-published memoirs, he observes quite pathetically that the good old woman "fell asleep almost literally" about a fortnight before. Warburton, though not a very noble creature, had at least a little more human nature about him. The relations between the pair of theologians naturally recalls in some degree those between Johnson and Boswell. Warburton, however, is but a feeble-jointed and knock-kneed giant compared with the lexicographer, and Hurd a very dry representative of Boswell. The flattery, too, was in this case reciprocal; and perhaps the great man pours out more mouthfilling compliments than his satellite. If Hurd thinks that Warburton's memory will be endeared to the wise and good forever, Warburton regards Hurd as one of the first men of the day, and holds him to be Addison's equal in elegance, while far his superior in all solid merits. The two together looked out with condescension upon Warburton's humbler followers, and with infinite contempt on all the world beside. The general principle of their common creed is neatly expressed by Hurd, who says that "one hardly meets with any thing else" in this world but coxcombs; to which Warburton adds an admiring comment that no coxcomb has a grain of gratitude or generosity. The particular application of this maxim shows that Walpole is an insufferable coxcomb; Hume a cold, conceited, treacherous rogue; Johnson full of malignity, folly and insolence; Garrick a writer below Cibber, whose "sense, whenever he deviates into it, is more like nonsense;" Young "the finest writer of nonsense of any of this age;" Smollett a "vagabond Scot;" Priestley "a wretched fellow;" and Voltaire "a scoundrel." Hurd carefully preserved the letters containing these beautiful specimens of Billingsgate, and left them for publication after his death. The mode in which these congenial spirits co-operated during their lives is sufficiently illustrated by their quarrel with Jortin. Jortin, who had been on excellent terms with Warburton, mildly observed, in a Dissertation on the State of the Dead as described by Homer and Virgil, that Warburton's "elegant conjecture" as to the meaning of the sixth book of the Æneid (a conjecture which, I believe, no one has ever accepted) was not satisfactorily established. Hereupon Hurd published a pamphlet, bitterly assailing Jortin for his audacity. Hurd's elaborate irony, as translated by a contemporary writer, amounted to presenting the following rules by which the conduct of all men should be regulated when in presence of the great master: —

"You must not write on the same subject as he does. You must not write against him. You must not glance at his arguments even, without naming him. You must not oppose his principles, though you let his arguments alone. You must not pretend to help forward any of his arguments that may seem to fall lame. When you design him a compliment, you must not refuse it in full form, without impertinently qualifying your civilities by assigning a reason why you think he deserves them. You must never call any of his arguments by the name of conjectures, for you ought to know that this capital genius never proposed any thing to the judgment of the public with diffidence in all his life."

The infringement of such rules as these was, in fact, all that Hurd could lay to Jortin's charge. Warburton welcomed this assistance of his jackal with a perfect shout of delight. He knew of but one man from whose heart or whose pen so fine a piece of irony could come. Next to his pleasure in seeing himself "so freely praised," was the pleasure he took "in seeing Jortin mortified." And in another letter he remarks that "they must be dirty fellows indeed who can think I have no reason to complain of Jortin's mean, low, and ungrateful conduct towards me;" the whole crime of whom, be it observed, consisted in Jortin's differing from him as to the value of a critical conjecture. Jortin some time afterwards revenged himself on Hurd's master by pointing out certain blunders of which he had been guilty in a classical translation. Warburton, unable to deny the error, made a kind of surly overture to Jortin, which was coldly accepted, but no real reconciliation took place. The two conspirators abused Jortin in private, but did not again attack him for the abominable audacity of holding an opinion of his own.

The almost incredible arrogance, of which this is a pleasing specimen, breathes through most of Warburton's writings. Mr. Pattison says, rather broadly, that "Warburton's stock argument is a threat to cudgel any one who disputes his opinion." Though he does not often appeal thus explicitly to the *argumentum baculinum*, the cudgel is, in fact, never far from his hand. His style is too cumbrous and diffuse to produce many of the terse epithets which Swift discharged at his enemies; but as we plod through his pages we come across some flowers of the eloquence supposed to be so characteristic of Billingsgate, of which a specimen or two may be formed into a malodorous bouquet. I gather a few at random from different parts of his writings. In the course of his assault upon mystics, he informs us that the Moravian hymn-book is "a heap of blasphemous and beastly nonsense." Of William Law, a man, as he admits, of great abilities, he says, the "poor man is here fallen into a trap which his folly laid for his malice." Coming to less offensive writers, we may quote his character of Dr. Richard Grey, whom he had once called the "truly learned and worthy writer on the Book of Job." Grey offended him, and he spoke of his commentaries on Hudibras as the "most execrable heap of nonsense" that almost ever appeared in any learned language. In one of his controversial writings he falls foul of

him again. "Though I had the *caduceus* of peace in my hands," he observes, "yet it was only in cases of necessity I made use of it. And, therefore, I chose to let pass, without any chastisement, such impotent railers as Richard Grey and one Bate, zany to a mountebank." Bate was a respectable Hebrew scholar. We will turn to what Warburton calls the "pestilent herd of libertine scribblers, with which the island is overrun, whom I would hunt down, as good King Edgar did his wolves, from the mighty author of 'Christianity as Old as the Creation,' to the drunken blaspheming cobbler, who wrote against 'Jesus and the Resurrection;'" or, as he elsewhere calls them, "the agents of public mischief, which not only accelerate our ruin, but accumulate our disgraces, wretches the most contemptible for their parts, the most infernal for their manners." Two great names will be enough. Of Hume he says in a tract, which is perhaps the weakest he ever wrote, as it took him furthest out of his depth, that he merely runs "his usual philosophic course from knavery to nonsense," and adds that Hume's "great philosophic assertion of one of the prime master-wheels of superstition labors with immovable nonsense." Of a statement of Voltaire about the Jews, he remarks, "I believe it will not be easy to find, even in the dirtiest sink of free thinking, somuch falsehood, absurdity, and malice heaped together in a few words." It is almost pathetic to find Warburton throwing dirt at such men, in the placid conviction of his immeasurable superiority.

Nothing could exceed Warburton's confidence in the result of the warfare carried on by such weapons. Every now and then he announces that he pledges himself that some argument shall never again be regarded in "the learned world" as any thing but an ignorant prejudice; whilst a similar boast from one of his antagonists is declared to be worthy only of some "wild conventicle of Methodists or Hutchinsonians." Warburton, indeed, trusts so implicitly in the efficacy of his arguments, that he ventures to take the dangerous line of insisting on the strength of the case against him. Nobody had thoroughly confuted Collins, until Warburton searched the matter to the bottom. Nay, it might be doubted whether the weight of the argument was not, on the whole, against Christianity until he turned the scale. For want of the master-key by which he unlocked all difficulties, "the Mosaic dispensation had lain for ages involved in absurdities, and the Christian had become subject to insuperable difficulties." It is time to consider what was this marvellous expedient which had been concealed from the eyes of all theologians till the middle of the eighteenth century, and was now for the first time to base the evidences of revealed religion on an immovable foundation. The general principles on which he reasoned, and the special arguments which justified these amazing pretensions, well deserve a little examination.

By way of preface to a more detailed statement, I may venture a word or two upon Warburton's special intellectual characteristic — his ardent passion for a paradox. He admits it himself with a quaint complacency. After stating that "if the Scriptures have," as Middleton had said, "every fault which can possibly deform a language, this is so far from proving such language was not divinely inspired, that it is one certain mark of its original;" he winds up his demonstration by asserting that the Koran is "as real and substantial a pattern of eloquence as any whatsoever;" and adds that this is a paradox "which like many others that I have had the odd fortune to advance, will presently be seen to be only another name for truth." He is never so proud as when he has hit upon some proposition so ingeniously offensive to all parties, that, as he puts it, "believers and unbelievers have combined, by some blind chance or other," to pronounce his arguments absurd. The Warburtonian paradox is one of a peculiar class. He is not paradoxical, like some eminent thinkers — Hobbes, for example, or Berkeley — from a certain excess of acuteness. To such men, intellectual progress owes much, because their error consists chiefly in attaching too much importance to some half-truth, and serves, at any rate, to impress it upon us by force of exaggeration. Warburton's most audacious speculations seldom strike new light out of his subject; and, to say the truth, few men of equal vigor have ever shown less real acuteness. He was paradoxical as a deaf man writing upon music, or a blind man writing upon painting might be paradoxical. He blunders into the strangest criticisms upon Shakspeare from sheer want of even a rudimentary poetical faculty; and in the same way, he plays the queerest tricks with the Bible, from his deficiency in spiritual insight. Or we may say — and the analogy is perhaps closer — that his paradoxes are like those of a pettifogging lawyer, who strains the language of statutes into the most unexpected conclusions, in complete disregard of their spirit. He reads the Bible precisely like an act of Parliament; and to him one argument is pretty much as good as another, so long as it can be wholly deduced from any clause of the inspired text, in due syllogistic form. It matters nothing that the whole meaning should have evaporated in the strange contortions to which the words of his documents have been subjected. He is fond of quoting Hobbes's inimitable maxim, that words are the counters of wise men and the money of fools. It exactly expresses his own practice. Give him a text which can be fitted into his argument, and he uses it with the most audacious confidence, caring nothing for the context or for the sense in which it must have been used by the original author. Although an argument constructed on such principles is devoid of any intrinsic value — and, indeed, it may be doubted whether Warburton ever made a single genuine convert — there is yet one interest in the result. He brings into the most startling relief the current opinions of his day. A man of genius, even when using very dangerous arguments, is guarded by a certain unconscious instinct from pressing them into the most offensive conclusions. Warburton, from his utter want of tact, blurts out the absurdities which a more acute writer judiciously throws into the background. Without attributing the slightest conscious dishonesty to many eminent reasoners, we may say that they know how to glide safely over the weaker parts of their systems. An obtuse thinker of the Warburton order splashes indiscriminately through thick and thin, and unintentionally reveals to us the errors which perhaps exist, though in a latent form, in the theories of more judicious writers. From this point of view, he may be studied as illustrating the uglier tendencies of eighteenth-century theology. It may be added that we find in uncouth forms and in their native absurdity some arguments which still pass muster by the help of a little philosophical varnish. The "Divine Legation of Moses Demonstrated," is an attempt to support one gigantic paradox by a whole system of affiliated paradoxes. Warburton was a man of multifarious reading, but inaccurate scholarship, or, as Bentley more forcibly expressed it, of "monstrous appetite and bad digestion." He has tumbled out his intellectual spoils into his ponderous pages with endless prodigality. Starting with the professed intention of proving the divine authority of Moses, he diverges into all manner of subsidiary inquiries. He discourses at length on the origin and nature of morality; he gives the true theory of the alliance of Church and State; he devotes many pages to elucidating the sixth book of the Æneid, and the nature of the ancient mysteries; he discusses the origin of writing and the meaning of hieroglyphics; he investigates the chronology of Egypt; he runs up an elaborate argument to determine the date of the Book of Job; he assails all manner of freethinkers, orthodox divines, Jews, Turks, Socinians, classical scholars, antiquarians, and historians, who happen to differ with him on some subsidiary question. At every stage in the argument some new vista of controversy opens before us; but every phenomenon in the universe, so it is said, is more or less connected with every other; and Warburton easily finds an excuse for rambling from one end of the whole field of human knowledge to the other, whenever there is an adversary to be encountered, or an instance of his reading to be illustrated, or, in short, any kind of caprice to be gratified. It is no wonder that a man pursuing so vast a plan, and stirring up so many hostile prejudices at every step, wearied of his task before its conclusion, and dropped

into calm episcopal repose long before the edifice had received its crowning ornaments.

The whole method involves an assumption, which is accepted, though seldom so ostentatiously put forward by the so-called evidential school. Warburton maintains, in a curious passage, that it is as possible to make discoveries in religion as in science; but as usual, his discoveries savor more of a legal than a scientific investigation. The truth of a religious doctrine is to be decided by a judicial inquiry. The Devil's advócates are to be upset by the sudden turning up of some new bit of evidence or a novel interpretation of an old statute. Or we may consider the contest between the two parties as resembling a game of chess. Warburton is the discoverer of a new gambit (I apologize if my terms are wrong), which is to give the adversary a most unexpected checkmate. It had always been assumed that if one side were deprived of a leading piece, victory would incline to the other. Warburton shows how the apparent disadvantage may be converted, by skilful manipulation, into a means of assured triumph. The infidel pressing on in the highest security, suddenly finds himself, as it were, stalemated, and the game is, in vulgar language, pulled out of the fire. The position, in fact, was this. Deists had made a great point of the supposed absence from the Old Testament of any distinct reference to a future life. Apologists of Christianity had been put to rather awkward shifts, and had endeavored by forced interpretations, to relieve the Bible from this imputation. Warburton's discovery consisted in a new argument, by which the absence of the promise of immortality was to be admitted, but to be converted into what his title characteristically describes as a "demonstration" of the truth of the Mosaic religion. For this purpose he erects his demonstration — one, as he informs us, which falls "very little short of mathematical certainty, and to which nothing but a mere physical possibility of the contrary can be opposed" — on three very clear and simple propositions. The first is, that the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments is necessary to the well-being of society; the second, that the utility of this doctrine has been acknowledged by all mankind, and pre-eminently by the wisest and most learned nations of antiquity; the third, that this doctrine was not to be found in the Mosaic dispensation. Hence, he says, one would think that "we might proceed directly to our conclusion that therefore the law of Moses is of divine original." Yet as some persons may be stupid enough to miss the logic of this argument, he draws it out more fully in elaborate syllogisms. Substantially they come to this. Moses would not have omitted a sanction which he knew to be essential, unless he had the certainty of a miraculous interference. The statement that he ventured into the desert without any adequate provision of food, might, perhaps, be urged as a proof that he reckoned upon a supply of quails and manna; and in the same way, the fact that he started his legislation without so essential a spiritual provision as a belief in hell, is taken by Warburton to show that he knew that a supernatural substitute for hell would be provided. What that was will be seen directly. Meanwhile, grotesque as the argument sounds when thus bluntly expressed, it may yet be said that, after all, it is scarcely more than a caricature of a highly respectable and still surviving line of argument. Some modern apologists are fond of arguing that Christianity was revolting to the ordinary mind, in order to prove that its success was miraculous. They are afraid to admit that it was adapted to the wants of the time, lest its growth should be regarded as spontaneous. And, therefore, they do their best to prove that human nature is naturally revolted by purity and humility, just as Warburton declared it to be so corrupt that nothing but the fear of hell could preserve it from utter decay.

The argument of the Divine Legation is drawn into so elaborate a system, that any complete account of it would be impossible within moderate limits. Probably, however, it will be enough to notice two or three of its critical and characteristic points. Thus the whole edifice obviously rests on the assumption that nothing but a belief in a future world can make men moral. The very fact which Warburton seeks to explain would apparently confute the theory at once. The Jews, he says, knew nothing of a future world; yet the Jewish economy prospered. Therefore, is the natural inference, the belief is unnecessary. No, says Warburton in substance. The facts contradict my theory; therefore, the facts are miraculous. His reliance upon the infallibility of an *à priori* argument, or rather upon a round assertion, gives at once the key to the whole character of the book. Warburton's attempt to prove the necessity of the doctrine in question is in fact as feeble as most of his speculative flights. It amounts simply to asserting in a great many words, that human beings will not be virtuous unless they are paid for it in another world. Neither a moral sense, nor a perception of the eternal fitness of things, will be sufficient motives without the obligation of a superior will. Nothing else, indeed, can "make actions moral, i.e., such as deserve reward and punishment." In this view of morality, Warburton is of course merely anticipating Paley, and expressing the most current opinion of his time. No one, however, will dispute the originality of his application of the doctrine. That Moses, being well acquainted with the vital importance of the belief, — for Warburton always speaks as if Moses was a highly intelligent politician of the eighteenth century, and fully acquainted with all its heresies, — should have omitted to preachit, is sufficiently strange. But the paradox, pretty enough as it stands, is heightened by a further argument. The ancient philosophers, as he informs us, generally disbelieved the doctrine, and yet systematically preached it for its utility. And thus we have the strange phenomenon that the one inspired teacher of the world neglected to preach, and all the false teachers elaborately preached, the doctrine on which morality essentially depends, and in both cases acted in opposition to their real belief.

In endeavoring to account for the singular fact, that a man of great intellectual vigor should have cheated himself into a state of mind so far resembling a genuine belief in this grotesque paradox as to stake his reputation on maintaining it, — it is better not to decide how close a resemblance to belief that fact implies, — we come to the best illustration of the stage of opinion at which he had arrived. Sir John Lubbock has lately observed that the best test of civilization is the conception which a race is able to form of the Deity. This remark may be extended far beyond savages. In one of his fierce assaults upon Bolingbroke, Warburton says, "I should choose to have the clergy's God, though made of no better stuff than artificial theology (because this gives him both justice and goodness), rather than his Lordship's God, who has neither, although composed of the most refined materials of the first philosophy. In the meantime, I will not deny . . . that his Lordship's God and the clergy's God are equally faithful copies of themselves." Warburton's view of the Mosaic dispensation will enable us to form a tolerably adequate portrait of this deity, formed of artificial theology, who was a "faithful copy" of the Bishop of Gloucester. If any word, unintentionally savoring of irreverence, should escape me in such an attempt, I must beg for pardon on the ground that I am only endeavoring to tread in episcopal footsteps.

We have already seen that the Warburtonian deity served in the first place as an omnipotent and supernatural Chief Justice. His duty was to sentence to condign punishment the Bolingbrokes, Spinozas, Tindals, and all other offenders against morality. But there is, at first sight, a capriciousness in his behavior towards the Jews, for which, as the author of the hypothesis is silent, it is difficult to account. Warburton promised to clear the matter up to the meanest comprehension in the final book of the "Divine Legation." Unluckily, he became too weary of his work ever to finish up the argument satisfactorily. Even Archdeacon Towne, one of Warburton's humble friends, who was pronounced by the bishop to understand his works better than their author, is grieved at this omission. He can only make the rather lame remark, "It is certain that a system may be true and well-founded, notwithstanding objections to it never have been and never can be answered." He admits that adversaries will triumph, and will

even urge that the bishop could not answer the difficulties he had raised. Nothing is more probable; but, declining the task of accounting for that which the faithful Towne admits to be unaccountable, we may observe and wonder at the fact. For some reason, then, the Deity resolved to manage the Jews on a peculiar system; or, as Warburton calls it, by an extraordinary providence. The meaning of which words appears to be as follows: The ordinary human being is punished or rewarded in a future world according to his merits in this. In the case of the Jews, however, a system of cash payments was adopted. Every man had his accounts finally settled before death; and therefore the necessity of any belief in a future world, or indeed, as it would seem, of a future world at all, was entirely obviated. The proof that so marvellous a state of things actually existed, is touched with characteristic lightness. "It would be absurd," he says, "to quote particular texts, when the whole Bible is one continued proof of it." But his knockdown argument is as usual of the *à priori* kind; it must have been so, "for a people in society, without both a future state and an equal Providence" (that is, a Providence equally working in this world) "could have no belief in the moral government of God," and would have relapsed into a savage state. Thus, as the Jews had no future state, they must have had an equal Providence. Q. E. D. Perhaps this heresy is the supreme expression of the popular creed, that the Bible generally refers to a state of things altogether beside and apart from any thing that comes within our ordinary experience. As Warburton naively says in attacking Plutarch, "we know (though he did not) that all things" (in the Jewish history) "were extraordinary, and nothing to be brought to example, any more than to imitation." Warburton has an unequalled talent for caricaturing the most absurd opinions.

There are, however, some difficulties in realizing so strange a condition. One or two corollaries from his doctrine require elaborate defence. Thus, for example, the Deity found it necessary to adopt certain regulations which savor of hardships. Though he punished evil-doers in this world, there are some "men of stronger complexions superior to all the fear of personal temporal evil." The knowledge that an Almighty power would punish them, a knowledge which, as he assures us, rested on the immediate evidence of their senses, would not keep them out of mischief. And, therefore, these hardened persons were to be reached through their "instinctive fondness to their offspring." That a man who would not be restrained by the fear of tortures inflicted by an Almighty ruler, should be restrained out of love for his children, is strange; but the morality of the proceeding is still more questionable than its efficiency. Warburton's explanation on this head is characteristic. God, he says, was here acting, not as the Almighty governor of the universe, but as the "civil governor" of the Jews. In a theocracy sins were treasonable. "Now we know it to be the practice of all States to punish the crime of leze-majesty in this manner. And, to render it just, no more is required than that it was in the compact (as it certainly was here) on men's free entrance into society." He proceeds to defend the system more fully by appealing to the English laws of forfeiture for high treason. In short, God Almighty would have been perfectly justified for his conduct under the British constitution, and what more could the deist require?

Other difficulties, of course, abound when it is attempted to work out the details of this remarkable system. What, for example, was to become of the Jews in another world, after receiving their full recompense in this? How could future punishments or rewards be fair? Bolingbroke made a great point of this objection; and Warburton blusters more than usual in seeking to evade it. In the case of future punishments, he escapes, according to the ordinary theological device, by admitting that it is a mystery, and boasting of his admission as a complete solution of the difficulty. As to rewards, he says that he does not grudge the Jews the advantage of being paid twice over. To a similar difficulty as to the fate of men in the ages before Moses, he calmly invents "a secret reprieve" (kept "hid, indeed, from the early world," and, it may be added, from everybody till the days of Warburton) "passed along with the sentence of condemnation. So that they who never received their due in this world would still be kept in existence till they had received it in the next; such being in no other sense sufferers by the administration of an unequal Providence than in being ignorant of the reparation which attended them." God is thus supposed to have acted like some of the kings a few centuries ago, who, whilst agreeing to a treaty in public, made a private reservation for breaking it at their own convenience.

The God of Warburton, in fact, may be regarded as occupying a position towards the universe something like that of George III. towards the British people. Speaking generally, he was a constitutional ruler with a scrupulous regard for the exigences of his position; he resorted to miracles as little as possible, just as a king would seldom bring his personal influence to bear; but in certain cases, which, so far as human knowledge can reveal, were capriciously selected, he chose to govern, as well as to reign, and his action in those cases brought about a variety of complicated relations which it taxes all Warburton's legal skill to unravel. Once, after a long argument destined to vindicate the "wisdom, purity, and justice" of the Almighty, he asks pathetically: "How can I hope to be heard in defence of the God of Israel, when even the believing part of those whom I oppose seem to pay so little attention to the reasoning of Jesus himself?" And, truly, it is rather a sad case for his clients when Warburton has to appear as the only counsel for the defence. The extraordinary perplexity of his system is due in part to that metaphysical conception of the law of nature which assumes great prominence in Warburton. This was, in fact, the common law of the universe, and, like that of England, was supposed to be a concrete embodiment of the perfection of wisdom. Its details, moreover, were capable of being marked out with mathematical accuracy, and Warburton has ascertained its precise provisions with a minuteness which is not a little astonishing. It is, for example, rather odd at the present day to find a man declaring, and that in capital letters — a favorite device with Warburton — that "an *established religion*, with *a test law*, is the universal voice of nature." The original compact between the Church and State is drawn out in all its provisions with the accuracy of a conveyancer; and it is probable that no other human being ever discovered that a test law was an immediate consequence of the eternal fitness of things. The law of nature, however, has more bearing upon Warburton's main purpose in another direction. The essence of all religion, as he frequently states, is a belief in a divine system of rewards and punishments; a proposition which he generally illustrates by St. Paul's words, containing, as he thinks, the most concise statement of natural religion, that God is a "rewarder of them who diligently seek him." But it does not follow on principles of natural religion, that punishments or rewards should be more than temporary. With characteristic audacity he goes so far as to assert that the notion of eternal penalties, instead of being discoverable by the unassisted reason, is absolutely revolting to it; and that "fancy even when full plumed by vanity" could scarcely rise to the idea of infinite rewards. Some kind of future state might, he thinks, be inferred by the light of nature; but we could know nothing as to its conditions; and the doctrine of immortality, which is the most essential spirit of the Christian revelation, was rather repulsive than probable. When, therefore, the Almighty interferes by his direct action with the constitutional laws of the universe, a distinction has to be drawn, like that between the king as a person and the crown as a mere official figment. The results are complicated in the extreme. Mankind, for example, occupied a different legal position in regard to their Maker before the fall, and in the interval between the fall and the appearance of Moses; and the divine prerogatives differed as they affected Jews and Gentiles. The great change took place when the Almighty "took upon himself the office of supreme magistrate of the Jewish people." We have seen, he resolved for some inscrutable

reason to govern them by temporal, instead of eternal punishments, and it is a delicate problem to say how this would affect their position in the world to come. He "proceeded," says Warburton, "on the most equitable grounds of civil government;" he became King (of the Jews) "by free choice;" and he thus acquired certain privileges, as, for example, that of prosecuting idolators or traitors. As, however, direct punishments, even when inflicted upon posterity, proved to be inadequate, he enacted a cumbrous ceremonial destined to distract popular attention from the claims of pretenders, that is to say, of false gods. A certain Herman Witsius had the audacity to say that this theory implied that God stood in need of the "tricks of crafty politicians;" and Warburton admits that the wisdom thus displayed was identical in kind, though different in degree, from "what we call human policy." He excuses it on the ground that God used his miraculous power as little as possible (a very convenient theological principle), though he is arguing at the same time that all Jewish history is one stupendous miracle. The difficulties, however, increase. After a time God appointed an "under-agent or instrument;" the Jewish kings became his viceroys; and Warburton has to prove at length that the change did not alter the essence of the form of government. David, he says, was called the man after God's own heart, because he "seconded God's views in support of the theocracy." He was, in fact, like Lord Bute, a thorough-going king's friend. Although the Jews persisted in behaving badly, they could not withdraw from the covenant, which occupied the place of the original contract in the theocracy; for it is against all principles of equity that one party to a bargain should be allowed to repudiate it at pleasure. God, therefore, retained his rights; but, in consequence of the misbehavior of his subjects, he declined to exercise them. Thus we have the curious result that, although the theocracy was still existing *de jure*, it ceased to operate *de facto*. Penalties and rewards were no longer exacted in this world, and though no revelation had hitherto been made of a future life, the prophets began to discover its existence. From this fact we may discover, amongst other things, the precise date of the Book of Job. The great purpose of that book is to discuss the difficult problem raised by the prosperity of the wicked and the misfortunes of the virtuous; and, as Warburton says, no satisfactory conclusion is reached. It must therefore have been written just at the point of time when rewards and punishments ceased to be administered in this world, and when the existence of another world had failed to obtain recognition. Gradually, however, the new doctrine became clear; till the theocracy was finally broken up, and the Almighty ceased to be, as Warburton calls it, the "family God of the race of Abraham," or, as he elsewhere puts it, the "tutelary deity, gentilitial and local," and became simply the constitutional ruler of the universe, governing only through second causes and interfering directly only upon critical occasions. The new set of obligations introduced by the Christian dispensation need not be noticed; but the general nature of the theory is, perhaps, sufficiently clear. Man, it is plain, stands in all kinds of varying relations to his Maker. Some of his claims are dependent upon law, and others on equity; sometimes he must stick to the terms of a particular bargain, and occasionally he may go upon the general principles of the law of nature; immortality is a free gift (sometimes, it must be said, of very questionable benefit), and may therefore be granted, subject to any regulations which the Giver may please to impose; some kind of future reward is a strict legal right, and must necessarily be granted on condition of repentance; persecution is lawful under a theocracy, and becomes intolerable in all other circumstances where the voice of Nature unfortunately demands a test-law, but forbids any more stringent discouragement of dissent; eternal punishment is detestably cruel if we depend upon ordinary reasoning, but quite justifiable if it has been the subject of a revelation; and the Jews were governed by God Almighty on principles of (as human intelligence would say) a most eccentric kind, varying naturally at different stages of their history, and totally different from any thing that has prevailed before or since. Warburton's modest, though not very orthodox, conclusion that they could not be adduced as a warning or an example, is amply justified. Mr. Matthew Arnold says that Calvinists and Arminians think of God as of a man in the next street. Warburton seems to have improved upon the definition, and regarded him as a very shrewd, but rather capricious lawyer, dwelling at about the same distance. Certainly, the attorney's clerk did not lose the marks of his early training.

One other peculiarity of Warburton's theories must be considered, to give any thing like a complete picture of the singular logical edifice in which he trusted. Among his innumerable controversies one of the most vehement was his assault upon Wesley. In the course of it he remarks that "the power of working miracles, and not the conformity of Scripture doctrines to the truth, is the great criterion of a divine mission." Accordingly we find throughout that he has an intense affection for a miracle, tempered by a strong desire to show that all other people take erroneous views of any particular miracle alleged. In his defence, for example, of the supposed miracle wrought to prevent Julian's reconstruction of the temple at Jerusalem, he argues valiantly for the truth of the main incident. He is almost equally anxious to prove that certain subsidiary phenomena were not miraculous. For example, it is stated that crosses appeared in the sky and on the garments of the spectators. He produces some curious instances, which I commend to the consideration of natural philosophers, where such crosses are said to have actually appeared in consequence of a thunderstorm and an eruption of Vesuvius. But the main facts he stoutly maintains must have been miraculous. "The Fathers," he says, "are so impatient to be at their favorite miracles, the crosses in the sky and on the garments, that they slip negligently over what ought principally to have been insisted on, the fiery eruption; and leave what was truly miraculous, to run after an imaginary prodigy." The poor Fathers who believe too much and the poor infidels who believe too little are equally censured; though it seems rather hard to expect the Fathers to have known of events which happened in the seventeenth century. The same eccentricity appears in his other writings. He seems actually to have believed in an absurd prophecy said to have been uttered by one Arise Evans, under the Commonwealth, though he admits the said Evans to have been a notorious rogue; and he published a preface to one of Jortin's works containing an interpretation of its meaning. But when poor Wesley was rash enough to publish those accounts of miracles with which his journals are so curiously stuffed, the episcopal wrath knew no bounds. That a man living in the eighteenth century, and that man a rebel against the Church of England, should produce a few wretched miracles to confirm his foolish fancies was indeed intolerable. To pass over his ridicule, some of which is not unfairly bestowed, or at least would not be unfair in the mouth of a man who had not exaggerated the sphere of the miraculous beyond all other writers, his ending arguments are exquisitely characteristic. Perhaps the true secret slips out in a very *naïve* remark. Miracles, he says, are no longer required. Something was wanted to support the martyrs in the early ages; "but now the profession of the Christian faith *is attended with ease and honor;* and the conviction which the weight of human testimony and the conclusions of human reason afford us, of its truth, is abundantly sufficient to support us in our religious perseverance." It is, in fact, easy enough to persevere when the defence of Christianity is the direct road to a bishopric; but Wesley must have smiled at the quiet assumption that Warburton, rather than the poor Methodists, presented the closest analogy to the early Christian martyrs. His great argument, however, is even more to the purpose. His treatise on "The Doctrine of Grace" is, like most others, ambidextrous. He cannot be satisfied unless he is hitting the freethinker with one hand and the enthusiast with the other. Accordingly, he begins by assailing Middleton at great length for having maintained that the gift of tongues was temporary. He argues that, far from disappearing after the first occasion of its manifes-

tation, it persisted through the whole apostolic age. But, having overthrown this antagonist, he is not less vigorous against the other antagonist who goes upon diametrically opposite sentiments. His method is simple. He quotes a single text of Scripture; he interprets it precisely as if he were interpreting an act of Parliament; and, as Wesley had no difficulty in showing in his very calm reply, he violates the sense in the most palpable manner. The decisive passage, he says, is this: "Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." This passage, after being put through the Warburtonian mill, comes out as follows: "The virtue of charity is to accompany the Christian Church through all its stages here on earth, whereas the gifts of prophecy, of strange tongues, of supernatural knowledge, are only transitory graces, bestowed upon the Church during its infirm and infant state, to manifest its divine birth and to support it against the delusions of the powers of darkness." He explains the statement that "when that which is perfect shall come, then that which is in part shall be done away" in the same spirit; perfection, it appears, being attained when the apostolic age had ceased; and he thus has the pleasure of administering a smart blow at passing at one additional enemy, the unlucky Church of Rome, in whose pretences, he observes, "the blunder seems to be as glaring as the imposture." On such grounds the man who held that the whole Jewish history was one continued miracle for many centuries, and who was willing to believe in the absurdities of Arise Evans, denounces Wesley for his folly and impiety in believing that God doubtless interfered in the eighteenth century as he had done in the first. It would be difficult to find a better explanation of the influence of Wesley than in the contrast thus exhibited between the man who really believed that his creed represented an active and living power, and the man who thought that the same power had left the world to itself for many hundred years, inasmuch as good kings now supplied by patronage the zeal which was formerly produced by miracles.

It is scarcely necessary, in conclusion, to touch upon Warburton's merits as a reasoner. Of speculative power he had absolutely none, though as a mere verbal logician he shows unusual symptoms of genuine vigor. His method of argument is precisely that of the pettifogging lawyer, who holds it to be his duty to contradict every statement and every inference put forward by his opponent on the chance that he may be somewhere successful. He takes the argument, cuts it up into sections, and undertakes to refute every particular section, and to show that even if true they would lead to a different conclusion. Yet, with all this apparatus of demonstration, we generally feel that even where he wins an apparent victory it is merely verbal, and fails to touch the real point at issue. It was, for example, a favorite argument of the deists that the Christian commentators evaded the difficulty of fitting prophecies to events by the device of a double sense or by some allegorical mode of interpretation. Warburton elaborately proves that allegory is at times permissible, and that signs are a legitimate mode of speech, and then boasts of having upset the fundamental assumption of his antagonists. Of course, he has not really come in sight of the question. Not unfrequently he misrepresents his opponents in the most outrageous manner. It is constantly evident, for example, on the very face of his own statements, that he is perverting Wesley's meaning, and Wesley has no difficulty in triumphing over the misstatements. A single instance, taken from another part of his writings, will be sufficient. Hume, he says, confesses "that there are popular religions in which it is expressly declared that nothing but morality can gain the divine favor." Hume's words are: "If we should suppose, *what never happens*, that a popular religion were found in which it was confessedly declared that nothing but morality could gain divine favor." After such a specimen of what it is moderate to call misrepresentations, one's faith in Warburton's candor vanishes with considerable rapidity. Probably he had glanced at the passage too hastily to observe the qualifying clause.

Yet, in spite of all his unfairness, his coarseness, his paradoxes, and the perverse audacity of his whole writings, I feel a sneaking affection for some of Warburton's productions. He lays about him with such vigor; he tumbles out his miscellaneous reading with such apparent fulness of mind; he ventures so gallantly into the breach to meet any and every assailant; that, though one knows him to be as empty of sound judgment as he is blustering in claiming infallibility, he excites a kind of queer attraction. The Divine Legation is often intolerably pompous, and often lengthened beyond the endurance of human patience; even his biographer, Mr. Watson, admits that nobody, except Hurd, ever got through his examination of Bolingbroke's philosophy; and, though stimulated by this challenge, I have done my best to be the second explorer of that unknown desert, I must confess to having stopped midway. Yet, by judicious skipping, this big book is more endurable than most works of theological controversy; not for its genuine merits, for probably it advances no new proposition which is at once new and true; but from the variety of its contents and the courage of its ingenious blundering. It may be studied with some profit by the lovers of eccentric productions of the human intellect, by those who would see an unintentional caricature of the tendencies of the age. And in this last respect, a few concluding remarks may be permitted, in the briefest possible compass.

The great end of the English writers who took part in the deistical controversy, was to form a body of religious doctrine independent of those disputes between Catholics and Protestant sects which had wearied the world in the preceding century. It was thought possible to extract a kind of essence of Christianity, something like that which appears to be floating before the minds of people who argue about denominational education, and the modern gospel which seems to be revealed in the Pickwick Papers. The deists proposed to construct such a scheme without the help of revelation. The divines maintained that revelation was essential. The difficulty was to show in what respect the religion of nature, whose existence was assumed, and whose tenets were supposed to be discovered by some simple *à priori* reasonings, was to be distinguished from revealed religion. Was the belief in a future life, for example, demonstrable by unassisted reason, or was the aid of revelation necessary? and were the sanctions of natural religion sufficient without the belief in heaven and hell supported by the authority of the Bible? Warburton attempted to prove that the existence of a revelation was necessary to afford a solid support to morality; that it differed essentially from natural religion, not as inculcating different doctrines, but as providing new sanctions and involving a system of divine legislation; and that the evidence of a supernatural superintendence of the world was sufficient to convince a reasonable man that religion was thoroughly natural in its teachings, and that the interference of an Almighty Sovereign was proved by the miracles which he had wrought. But then he was quite convinced that the Deity was not in the habit of interfering actively at present. The rational spirit was too strong to admit of any modern miracles being seriously adduced, except by ignorant Methodists. He could, however, detect such an interference at a sufficient distance of time not to come into awkward collision with the prejudices of the day. His total absence of any true historical spirit made it easy for him to accept the belief that the people described in the Bible lived under totally different conditions from any which prevail at present. It is only in this generation that we are beginning to hear without offence that Abraham was an Arab sheikh, or, in fact, that the Jews were really human beings and not mere characters in a book. A distance of eighteen centuries was enough to soften any contrast with the ordinary laws of nature. And his unlucky disposition to paradox prepared him to set up the grotesque scheme, which we have been engaged in considering, however artificial and preposterous it might appear to be. In so unreal a world as that which existed in the pre-Christian period, he found ample scope for any quantity of miracles, and for a Deity who carried out the principles of paternal government into the minutest details.

And such a plan allowed him to reconcile a complete disbelief in any modern exhibitions of divine agency with the wildest conception of its former intensity. As the old geologists believed in the most violent catastrophes at a sufficient distance of time, Warburton would believe in a God who had formerly been an active personal despot, and had now subsided into a great, orderly, constitutional King, who had once influenced men by miracles, and now by Church preferment. The particular scheme which he adopted was more preposterous and unreal than that of any of his contemporaries; but the whole evidential school were ready to accept a compromise between the rationalist and the orthodox principles, conceived in the same spirit. They took the Biblical narrative for the scene of all the wondrous facts of their belief, and left the modern world to the sanctuary of the critical faculty. Now that the domain of historical criticism has extended further, the plan is impossible, and professors of the progressive kind endeavor to accommodate Christianity to the demand of critics after a different fashion. They admit the authority of history, and do not even hold that all other religions than their own were necessarily impostures. How far they will be successful remains to be seen. Meanwhile Warburton marks the extreme point reached by his school; and perhaps the thought which seems most probable to his readers is that it is hard to decide whether the advocates or the opponents of Christianity in that age did most injury to the orthodox faith. Was the enmity of Voltaire, or the friendship of Warburton, the most damaging?

WON AND LOST.

"Those that will not when they may,
When they will they shall have nay."

A GARDEN-PARTY on the banks of the Thames: croquet and strawberries the excuse; flirtation and matrimony the object. But in all the glory of a June sunlight, the bright river glittering as it runs on to the sea, roses flinging their rich perfume on the air, soft music blending with the song of birds, the excuse and the object are sometimes forgotten, and a delicious sense of purposeless idleness and inexplicable enjoyment alone remains. At least such was the case with Philip Kerr, captain in the Royal Rifles, as, leaning against a tree, he looked at the scene around him.

What to him was the remembrance that two brothers stood between him and a title? What the apparently certain fact that his father's broad woodlands and the halls where he was born were not for him? That his only home was the headquarters of his regiment in a garrison-town, or the dining-room of the Rag and Famish? It was nothing to him at that instant that his pockets were empty, and his banking account overdrawn. Had he not irreproachable lavender kids on his hands, and, as far as he was concerned, priceless boots on his aristocratically small feet? Above all, was there not smiling on him, between her turns at croquet the only unmarried daughter of the great city firm of Richley, Alpaca, & Co.? Not very young, and not very handsome, to be sure, but then there was a dowry of thirty thousand down, and seventy thousand to come when the senior partner should take his flight to a better world, and that surely would balance thirty years of age and a remarkably plain face.

Besides, she was well inclined to regild with her wealth some wornout coronet; or, failing that, to attach herself as a branch grafted on to some long-descended family-tree, and so enter "society" in her own right, as fourteenth cousin by marriage to a peer of the realm, rather than be admitted by sufferance of dowagers on the lookout for heiresses.

Whilst awaiting this desirable event, she kept her hand in by a series of unlimited and sentimental flirtations with every agreeable and intellectual man she met with; for Theodosia Richley went in for intellect, — high art, Broad-Church notions, and women's rights, — and Philip being particularly agreeable and passably intellectual, and above all, the third son of a Scotch baron, Theodosia had selected him as her present *aide-de-camp* and *attaché*. She had always the alternative, in all cases when intellect asserted its superiority and became too troublesome, of referring it to the senior partner, without whose consent, as she plaintively remarked, "I should but inflict on you a penniless wife, my dearest Henry," or Robert, or whatever might be the Christian name of the present aspirant; and this reference generally terminated in the dismissal of the agreeable and intellectual being, no particular reason being given, and the fair Theodosia gently hoping, "That though things were not propitious, still friendship need not be broken." Then by way of consolation would arrive anonymous presents, and a sentimental correspondence would be kept up with the family; but to this stage Philip had not yet arrived.

He was content to be smiled upon, to disregard the warnings of wiser men than himself, and drift down the stream, careless whether it stranded him on the sunny shore of a home paid for by his heiress-love, or dashed him on the barren rocks of foreign service.

There were just two or three things that Philip could not do. With all his many fascinations, his perfect mustache, his talent for soothing irate tailors, his seat on horseback, and his step in the valse, he could not be angry or stern with a woman, or indeed with any one. He could not take anything deeply to heart, he could not fret or fume as to what might or might not be his destiny; and he leaned lazily against the tree and thought of nothing.

The game was ended at last, and Miss Richley came towards him.

"I am very tired, Capt. Kerr," she remarked; "and the seats here are all in the sun."

It was a fair challenge, and Philip accepted it. He was an *habitué* of the house, and he knew of a shady walk; he could do no less than offer his arm to the heiress, and take her to it. And there they sat, the sunlight just playing through the branches, and the river rippling by. There was a certain luxury and ease in all this which struck Philip.

A vision came across him of the dull garrison-town, and the troop-ship, and the foreign station; and then the contrast: a home in England, hunting and shooting, London in the season, and the moors in August; and the thought shot across him, "One word, and this may be mine." Then came a flitting thought of a fair young face, with its rosebud blushes and its trusting look. He put it away as too costly a bargain, and turned to the woman at his side.

Now, he had certainly paid great attention to Miss Richley. They had been much thrown together, and prudent relatives had implored him not to neglect so golden an opportunity, and here it was at once. He had but to speak, and dare his fate. As well finish the matter now. Poor little Louie! well, no doubt she would find a better fellow than he was; and so his resolution was taken.

Truth to tell, Theodosia was expecting an offer from him every moment. It was no new position to her, and her heart was too well arranged under her tightly-laced silk bodice to indulge in fluttering. She has gone through the same thing some fifty-one times before; yet to-day she is puzzled; "Philip dear" is the handsomest fellow she has ever seen, except those Italian loves, the *guardia nobile*, and *they* are useless; and then his father is a baron, who married a Lady Alice Somebody, and his second brother is a clergyman, who married the widow of a dean, who was the daughter of an archbishop. Yes, dear Philip is on all sides so well connected; yet Theodosia *was* puzzled. A friend had only that day spoken to her of a Scotch baronet who desired an introduction, and then she would be a lady, if not in her own right, at least in right of her husband.

Yet the friend had said Sir M'Gregor M'Gregor had red hair, splay feet, and an irritable temper; and dear Philip was so good-looking, and with such a sweet disposition; so what between Philip's charms and her own indecision, she listened when he spoke of his "devoted love" with a pleased smile, and he felt that the day was won, and that they were engaged.

No, not engaged.

She was too good a daughter for that — not engaged till she had spoken to her dear papa, and smoothed the way for Philip to appeal to him for his paternal blessing. Phil would have dispensed with the blessing if the settlements had been all right without it, but he had no choice; he tried to throw a lover-like ardor into his voice as he said, "Do not keep me too long in the agonies of suspense, dearest!" but he felt a certain sense of relief in the fact that, not being formally accepted, he could not be expected to imprint a kiss on his fair one's cheek. There was not much of a rosebud blush, and a good deal of *poudre de riz* there, and it looked dusty, to say the least.

Miss Richley had a strict sense of propriety, or rather a desire to avoid its being known to the world at large how far matters had gone in any little affair of this kind, therefore Phil was not called upon for any display of devotion; and when he put his heiress in the carriage which was to convey her back to the mansion in Marquis Square, where the family resided during the season, the farewell on either side was so studiously courteous and commonplace, that the acutest of *chaperones* could not have detected any thing particular.

Phil chartered a hansom, lighted a cigar, and drove back to London, pondering on his present position, and wondering lazily how it would all turn out; but as he dismissed his vehicle at the club door, a woman offered him roses for sale. He stopped, and a shade came over his handsome *insouciant* face as he gave her a sixpence and took a pale tea-rose from her stock.

"I wish I was a rich man for your sake, darling," was the thought that flashed across his mind; but the Rosebud to whom that thought was dedicated was far away across the seas; and Phil dismissed the passing cloud, and went up the steps humming a gay air.

Next morning, however, his courage slightly failed him, when he went to his necessary interview with the senior partner. If he did not succeed, he would probably have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the Commissioners in Bankruptcy, and if he did — but the life that such success entailed offered a prospect not too agreeable to the well-born, thoroughbred Philip Kerr.

Apparently, the visions of the night had not presented the Scotch baronet, red hair, splay feet and all, in too delightful a view to Miss Theodosia Richley; "Besides," as she mentally observed, "after all, dearest Philip was an Honorable." So, dressed in a most elaborate morning costume, all white furbelows and blue ribbon, she welcomed the handsome rifleman with one of her most fascinating smiles.

Mr. Richley, though only a shop-keeper, was at heart a true gentleman; his daughter's welfare and happiness were his first consideration.

"Let her future husband," he often said, "be a gentleman, and, above all, a good man, and I'll find the money for a house and home, such as she has always been accustomed to."

Under these circumstances, Phil's honest acknowledgement that he had nothing to offer in the way of settlement was no bar to his prospects. His handsome face, his kindly, genial manner, won Mr. Richley's heart, and the acute old tradesman read his character truly. If he had no very strong points about it, at least he had no very weak ones. His virtues and vices were all of the negative order, except that he possessed a splendid temper.

The paternal consent and blessing were soon given; and then appeared on the scene Mrs. Richley, who, duly prompted by her daughter, added her blessing and congratulations, till Phil felt he could do no less than kiss his bride-elect, in a most calm and decorous way, in full view (as was proper) of her loving parents.

Moreover, he was invited to take up his abode there for the remaining fortnight of his leave; and in a good or evil hour, as it may seem to each individual reader, he accepted. The luxurious establishment in Marquis Square suited not only Phil's notions of comfort better than his three-floor bedroom and his club dinner, but also the state of his pockets. Rooms, and dinner were gratis in Marquis Square; that was a great point. All went well for a few days, till the arrival of some country cousins, who, being newly married, expected to see every couple of lovers as demonstrative as they were themselves. Phil did not do enough kissing to please them; he did not squeeze his fair one's hand in corners; and he made himself generally agreeable without seeking perpetual *tête-à-têtes* with his *fiancée*.

"My dear Theodosia," observed Mrs. Russell one evening, on their return from the opera, whither Phil had escorted them, "I suppose it is not the fashion; but really, now, if my William in our courting days had not put his arm round my waist as we drove in a carriage, and in the dark, too, I should have been seriously uneasy."

Another time it was, "Dearest, how very odd that Capt. Kerr never seems to care to be alone with you. My William could not bear a third person in the room!"

Theodosia might have disregarded this, but her own sense told her that Phil was not a devoted lover; and though the congratulations of the Kerr family had been most enthusiastic, though they had mentally adopted Theodosia and her thirty thousand as a daughter and sister, dear to their aristocratic hearts, yet there were sundry outlying members who preserved the right to opinions of their own, and would have preferred Phil's bride being considerably younger and very much prettier, even if her pockets were not so well lined.

Now this heresy against the right divine of gold Theodosia secretly resented, and again she had visions of the baronet, and thought that "Lady M'Gregor" sounded quite as well as, or better than, the "Hon. Mrs. Kerr." In short, having landed her fish, Theodosia was getting weary of it.

The pleasure to her was in the catching, not the keeping, and Phil was far too secure and careless to please her.

Courteous and gentlemanly he could not fail to be, but he was no actor. He could not assume a virtue he had not; and he could not look impassioned, and he could not speak poetically, when he was feeling peculiarly cool and indifferent.

So the time went on, till, on the morning that he was to leave, it was Mrs., not Miss Richley, who greeted him on his entrance to the library.

"It is a very painful task, Capt. Kerr, that is imposed upon me, but I have no resource," were her opening words. "I cannot control my daughter's feelings; indeed in this instance I quite coincide in them; so does her father. We all feel that there does not exist between you the love which alone can render marriage a state of blessing, and it is better at once to end this hastily-formed engagement."

Phil stared, but said nothing.

Mrs. Richley, having applied a filmy pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, went on, —

"Do not answer me, Capt. Kerr" (Phil, by the way, had not attempted it); "this decision is final; yet, as an interview with my daughter would be very painful to her, and useless to yourself, I must beg you will at once leave the house without urging it."

What could Phil say? A certain sense of relief, too, flashed over his mind. He simply bowed, expressed his thanks for the hospitality and kindness he had received, his regret at the sudden and, he must observe, unexplained termination of his engagement, and requested that a cab might be called to transport himself and his portmanteau to the club.

So ended Phil's dream of an heiress. Yet that heartless young man was actually heard to whistle "A te o cara!" as he drove away from Marquis Square; and Mrs. Richley would have felt herself more than ever justified had she read his thoughts: "Free, even if a beggar. Rosebud, I may think of you lovingly now."

Phil did not lament when he found next morning that sudden orders had come for the regiment to sail for Canada.

One week later and he was on board the troop-ship as it steamed down the Mersey, and the band struck up "The Girl I left Behind Me." A dear sweet face seemed to hover before him with bright soft eyes, not cast up and down and sideways like Theodosia's pale gray orbs, but yet which spoke of a bashful affection as pure and true as ever throbbed in the heart of a gently-born English maiden.

Yes, the hackneyed old tune carried his thoughts away to a bygone time and a southern land, and Phil Kerr came to the conclusion that he was, as he himself would have expressed it, "a brute," and that he had been "a big fool."

Phil was the only patient passenger on board; for, strange to say, he had begun to think, and seriously, too. Perhaps the bracing sea air affected his very easy-going ideas on many subjects; perhaps it was that he had nothing to do but to smoke, play whist, and think; but certain it is, that the gallant, self-satisfied, and careless Phil began to think his honorable self but doubtfully worthy of that true love.

It might be, too, that the last month had shown him more of his better nature than he ever knew before; that love was as necessary to his happiness as gold; and that a future yet lay before him, far holier and truer than a wealthy marriage could give. Phil Kerr was a changed and better man.

A year has passed before we see him again, and now it is in the capital of the world — Rome; a *salon* in the Hôtel Costanzi, a scent of orange-blossoms, and a lady and gentleman breaking the seals of their English letters — Philip and his bride the Rosebud.

A sad and fatal boat-accident had ended the lives of his two elder brothers, his father had died of a broken heart for the loss of "his bonny boys," and Philip Lord Kerr had resigned his commission and hastened to Florence, where Rosie Amherst lived with her brave old soldier-father and her gentle mother.

He wooed and won the Rosebud of his dreams, and there was no complaint this time of a want of lover-like ardor; and now they sat side by side, in an attitude good Mrs. Russell would have highly approved of, reading their letters.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Phil, "Rosie, look here. You know I told you that I was always getting anonymous presents after that foolish affair was broken off — you know what affair, don't you, dear?"

Phil here twisted his mustache, after the fashion of embarrassed Englishmen in general who possess such an appendage.

"I know all about it. You were a very naughty boy to think of selling yourself for gold. I only wonder you did not go behind the counter to qualify yourself for a junior partner — Richley, Alpaca, Kerr, & Co.! How very distinguished it would have sounded!"

Rosie met her justly-merited punishment for this bit of sarcasm, and a reconciliation having been established, which included sundry pulls of Phil's chestnut locks, that much-tried individual continued: —

"Well, then, Rosebud, after that sad accident, I had a letter from old Mrs. Richley, asking me to stay there when I returned to England. I came off so hurriedly that I never answered; and then you see I started for Florence."

"I know all about *that*," replied Rosie, nodding her head *à la* Burleigh.

"Now, you see, pet," Phil went on, "the paragraph in the *Times* and *Morning Post* cannot be published in England till to-day; but it is more than a fortnight since I wrote to my agent, giving him my address here, and he has forwarded the letter. Read it, Rosie, will you?"

Rosie took the letter. The perfume of patchouli clung about it yet, and the monogram was gorgeous in green and mauve and gold. An irresistible smile broke over her bright young face as she read it.

"MY DEAR PHILIP, — or rather, I suppose I must forget the past and call you Lord Kerr, — I do indeed congratulate you on your new honors, and they could fall to no one more worthily. Your extended views of life, your liberal ideas on every point, render you peculiarly fitted to hold a high place in this age of progress.

"My father too has met with unexampled success since we parted, and nearly doubled his fortune. But what is wealth to me? It is intellect I look for, and that I found in you.

"After you left, I refused Sir M'Gregor M'Gregor. He ad persevered for some months, but in vain. Could I bury myself in that Highland castle, with his dreadful sisters (three confirmed spinsters), and his dogs and horses? No. Though he offered magnificent settlements, what were they to me? Nothing to what my father could have given me, less than nothing compared with *one* memory of the past! You know me. I could not live without intellectual society — intellectual and devoid of bigotry; a society in which you would shine. It was my parents that parted us; I yielded to their will. Forgive me, and at least let us be friends, even if we are never to be more than friends to each other. Write to me that you are well and happy. Ah, would that your happiness still depended upon me! It would be the hourly study of your devoted

"THEODOSIA."

Rosie fairly laughed aloud.

"Poor old thing!" she said; "what a queer jumble of strongmindedness and sentimentality! But, Phil, you never loved her?"

"Never, darling, never; and I should have given the same answer —"Much obliged, but otherwise disposed of" — even if this precious epistle had not come too late. She would have bought me with gold; little sorceress *you* bought me with smiles and blushes and priceless love. Heaven be praised for that Scotch baronet, for I really believe he came to the rescue just in time; and thanks to him, I have lost an heiress and won a rosebud."

THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

"Cypress and ivy, wild and wall-flower grown,
Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped
On what were chambers, arch-crushed columns strewn
In fragments, choked-up vaults, and frescoes steeped
In subterranean damps, where the owl peeped,
Deeming it midnight: temples, baths, or halls?
Pronounce who can, for all that Learning reaped
From her research hath been, that these are walls."

"Far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:
Chaos of ruins, who shall trace the void
O'er the dim fragment, cast a lunar light,
And say, 'Here was or is,' where all is doubly night?"

THESE beautiful lines truly and forcibly describe the problem which has baffled the antiquarian at Rome; but they describe almost the opposite of what has been the difficulty in Jerusalem. In Rome the abundance, in Jerusalem the absence of ruins, might be taken as a brief stating of what exercised the explorer in each city. In the one he was asked, "Of what buildings are these ruins the only visible remains? Which of the ancient historic structures stood here?" In the other, nothing remains, stone, or column, or arch. Can you tell where any thing was?

In Jerusalem the very contour of the ground has vanished. Valleys that had been, are no more, and the hills have lost their shape. In literal fact, if the "Holy City" is to put on her "beautiful garments," and be as she was when "the joy of the whole earth," she must arise and "shake herself from the dust." It is only in the dust we can find her now. What meets the eye from "the hills that stand round about" is not Jerusalem: she lies buried beneath; and those "white walls," which from far catch the traveller's eye, are her sepulchre.

The present city occupies the original site, elevated between 2420 and 2650 feet above the Mediterranean, on the southern extremity of a plateau enclosed by two ravines — Kedron on the east and Hinnon on the west. Both ravines at the first are mere depressions in the ground; but as they reach their point of junction at Bir Eynb, a deep well on the north side of the city, they sink very rapidly, until they are 670 feet below their original starting-point.

Another ravine, the Tyropæan, divides the plateau into two parts, the western forming Mount Zion, and the eastern, 120 feet lower, forming Mount Moriah. On the latter is the sacred enclosure called by the Moslems, Haram-es-Sherif, "the noble sanctuary." It is nearly rectangular, and is formed by massive walls of greater or lesser altitude, built from the surrounding valleys to within about thirty

feet of the height of the top of the mountain, and then, the intervening space being filled up by arches and *debris*, a level surface is obtained in length north and south 1500 feet, and 900 feet east and west in breadth. It is ornamented with cypress and olive, and at its southern end is the Mosque El-Aksa and another pile of buildings, while its central portion is occupied by a raised platform, from which rises the beautiful edifice commonly known as the Mosque of Omar. This place is considered by the Moslems second only to Mecca as regards sanctity, and the Mosque second only to Cordova as regards beauty of architecture.

Somewhere, undoubtedly, in this Haram area was the ancient temple of Jehovah, which Solomon built, which Zerubbabel rebuilt, and which, magnificently renewed and adorned by Herod, "the Desire of all nations" had filled with glory; but not a stone remains to tell us *where;* and the controversy as to its exact position has been one of the most hopeless.

Without entering at all into the vexed question as to whether the Temple courts were conterminous with the Haram-es-Sherif, as some maintain, or were the northern portion or the southern portion of it; or were in the centre, or at the north-west angle, or at the south-west angle, all which situations have their advocates, determined in hot fight to maintain the honorable distinction of their client, we purpose, with such lucid brevity as we may attain, to simply state what fresh information has been elicited from "the dust" and "the stones" of Jerusalem.

On 15th February, 1867, Capt. Warren, with a few assistants, and a store of necessary tools and instruments, arrived at Jaffa. Safely got to land, the boxes containing the theodolites, sextants, &c., were on the point of being confiscated by the custom-house authorities as *warlike stores;* but their peaceful nature being vouched for by the vice-consul, the party got under weigh, and though their mules were on several occasions blown over by a hurricane which prevailed, they reached Jerusalem without loss, except of time.

A vizierial letter had been sought from Constantinople authorizing the work, and pending its arrival permission was given to dig outside the sanctuary. Obstructions were, however, soon put in their way, the military Pacha asserting that the Haram wall, alongside which they sank their first shaft, would be shaken by their operations. On Capt. Warren visiting him, to assure him of the groundlessness of his fears, he vouchsafed full information as to every part of the noble sanctuary, his knowledge being apparently more exact, as it certainly was more wonderful, when it touched upon subterranean matters. The sacred rock, the Sakhra, he stated, lay on the top leaves of a palm-tree, from the roots of which sprang all the rivers of the earth. How needless, when all information was thus freely and accurately supplied, to go digging and poking to seek it so laboriously! and what but injury to the country, if not to mankind at large, could result from an inquisitive Frank meddling with such ingenious waterwork arrangements?

The vizierial letter at length arrived, and ordered all possible facilities to be given for digging and inspecting places, after satisfying the owners; but, unfortunately, added, "with the exception of the Noble Sanctuary, and the various Moslem and Christian shrines." This exception, so worded, was more than sufficient to afford Turkish officials means to carry out the obstructive traditions of their brethren, and practise their fondly-cherished rights of demanding backsheesh.

Capt. Warren had recoursed to the following plan to overcome the persistent attempt at hindrance: The Pacha had forbidden any mining within forty feet of the sanctuary wall, thinking, in his innocence, that he thereby effectually secured it against desecrating curiosity. A shaft was sunk manifestly outside of the prescribed bounds. No one could object; the undertaking was strictly legal, even in the eyes of the *effendi*. But this shaft, in its doings above-ground and underground, was not consistent, as is too much the way with men and things in general. When well out of sight, it strayed by a long gallery beneath the surface, until at last it reached the massive stones of the Haram wall. Capt. Warren's purpose was, after examining, to send the account of his investigation home, and have it published and forwarded to Constantinople; and if further obstructed, to plead that his having been already at the wall with the knowledge of the Porte, had established the custom; and custom rules every thing in Turkland. However, sooner than he expected, circumstances afforded him an opportunity, of which he skilfully availed himself, of gaining a respite from his troubles.

In consequence of the over-officiousness of subordinates, the Pacha was forced into a corner, and compelled to withdraw from active opposition.

The workmen had been ordered off by some soldiers; and while Capt. Warren was engaged laying a complaint before his Excellency, Serg. Birtles, his right-hand in every thing, was imprisoned. When a *cavass* came to remove the men, he refused to have them interfered with, and was then arrested himself; and, in spite of his protest, led in triumph to the town-major, who, seeing what an error had been committed, endeavored to persuade him to depart immediately. This he refused to do, though the Pacha himself sent for him, and entreated him to resume his liberty.

Meantime, there was going on a spirited conflict between his Excellency and Capt. Warren, who demanded a written declaration that the arrest had been made without his authority. The Pacha tried to shake off his antagonist first by a cold reception, then by browbeating the witnesses brought forward, and again by the extreme of hospitality; but all to no purpose: he had to yield and promise the letter. Serg. Birtles, by refusing to go until Capt. Warren's arrival, enabled him to win the victory, and by the discomfiture of his highness, to secure non-interruption, for a season at least, from that quarter. Still, however, attempts were made to extract backsheesh, by tampering with the workmen, by complaints that the mining operation interfered with Mahometan tombs, and that the shafts were dangerous to wayfarers. Damages were laid for injury to a house, though it was clearly demonstrated, by an eminent French architect, that the rents were not caused by the excavations; and Capt. Warren had much annoyance and difficulty in trying to settle the matter, as even the Pacha threw in his influence in favor of the unjust claim. Extortion and obstruction seem to be the motto of Turkish officials, in the highest as well as the lowest stations. However, firmness and tact won the day for the exploring party, except where restrictions were made by the royal firman.

The work of excavation was one of no ordinary difficulty and danger, as it had to be carried on through the *débris* accumulated by the many desolations of the ancient city, which had been poured into the surrounding valleys. In some places the soil, impregnated with poisonous matter, made every scratch on the hands turn into a festering sore. Stone clippings, cubical or nearly hemispherical, were found sometimes in layers of twenty feet depth, without a single particle of earth; and this shingle, when touched, would dash like a cataract through the opening, and fill up the galleries so as to render it impossible to proceed. Large blocks, too, from ruined or crumbling walls, were liable, at every stroke of the hammer, to descend and crush the sheeting planks of the shaft. Gunpowder could only be used when away from all buildings, and then for breaking up masses too heavy for the sledge. The Moslems circulated a strange rumor, to the effect that the exploring party were depositing little balls of gunpowder around the walls of the sanctuary, and that these in process of time would arrive at the dignity of barrels of the same material, and then, by means of some infernal machine, would be used by the perfidious Frank to blow up the building.

Of course such a work as the "Exploration" party carried on attracted the attention of visitors to Jerusalem, and Capt. Warren gallantly testifies that the ladies were undaunted by his deepest shafts, by vaults where rope-ladders were needed, or by holes, through which pushing was the only method of advancement. Visitors there were who saw every thing, and yet saw nothing in any thing;

who, after descending a hundred-feet shaft, and while gazing at foundations buried for long ages, and with a history such as none others have, would murmur contemptuously at being dragged so far to see "only an old wall."

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him —
And it was nothing more."

The giant stone that has borne the weight of mountain structures, and the heavier weight of centuries, is equalled in some fates with the frail bud of an April morning! Visitors, too, came who would enforce a gratuity on the employés, but refuse a subscription to the fund. Others, however, repaid the trouble of showing the results of the labor by becoming thoroughly interested in it, and afterwards aiding it by zealous advocacy at home.

We will now mention some particulars of the work. At the western wall of the sanctuary, Capt. Wilson, who, in the year 1864, had gone out to make an ordnance survey of Jerusalem, discovered a large arch, the span of which was forty-two feet, and its width forty-three feet. He considered it to be one of the most perfect and magnificent remains at Jerusalem, and probably of the same age as the wall at the Wailing Place; but from want of the necessary mining apparatus, he was unable to make a thorough investigation. Capt. Warren being better provided, accomplished what was impossible for his predecessor, and discovered a series of arches, forming a viaduct across the Tyropœan valley.

Here it is that we first come upon the great defect of Capt. Warren's otherwise most interesting account, viz., entering into detailed descriptions, which can only weary and bewilder when maps and plans are not supplied. There are through the book constant references to places as shown on the Ordnance Survey, to pencillings sent home, to plans at the Society's rooms, which are only so much aggravation to the perplexed reader. In the account of the vaults at Wilson's Arch, we follow on until "we don't know where we are," and grope about as much confused as the explorer would have been had his lights been extinguished, and he left to make his survey in Cimmerian darkness. Vaults, and arches, and doorways, and viaducts, and causeways, are so massed together, that daylight is quite excluded from the narrative; left hand and right hand are so magically handled that we know not one from the other; passages leading to east and west, north and south, twirl you round until the giddy brain cannot tell the points of the compass. We have tried again and again to follow the description, but all to no purpose, until getting into a secret passage we emerge thus with effect: "Having traced it (the secret passage) to a distance of two hundred and twenty feet from the sanctuary wall, we found a thin wall blocking up the passage; we broke through it, and dropped down about six feet into a continuation of it, stopped up by a wall to west, but opening by a door to south; through this we crept, and then saw light, and getting through into another chamber to south, we found ourselves in a donkey stable, the owner of which happened to be there, and he, on seeing us grimed with dirt, rushed out, swearing he was followed by gins!"

While the work was going on at Wilson's Arch, it was found advisable to construct a pit, sunk some six feet in one of the dark vaults, to act as a mouse-trap to catch certain meddling *effendis*, if they persisted in visiting the workmen engaged in clearing out the passages. However, the report of what was prepared for them had such deterring power that the capabilities of the trap were not put to the proof.

Capt. Warren does not assign this arch to so early a date as its discoverer, as he only places it in the fifth or sixth century. But the Haram wall, wherever exposed in this excavation, was found evidently to be *in situ*. There are in it here twenty courses of drafted stones, averaging three feet eight inches to four feet in height, and making in all seventy-five feet six inches above the rock. It is probably one of the oldest portions of the sanctuary now existing, and may have formed part of the original enclosure-wall of the Temple, in accordance with Jewish tradition.

Robinson's Arch, which is the name given to what seemed to be the remains of an ancient arch projecting from the west wall, not far from the south-west angle of the sanctuary, has been a subject of controversy as to whether there ever was a further prosecution of the work than now appears. Capt. Warren determined to set the matter at rest by excavating in search of the other pier. Beginning some distance from and opposite to the arch, he sank shafts at intervals across the valley, until at fifty-four feet from the wall he found the object of his search in fine drafted stone resting *in situ* on the rock, and forming part of the western pier of Robinson's Arch. The pier was found to be fifty-one feet six inches long and twelve feet two inches thick; two of its courses on the western side, and three on the eastern, remained *in situ*, the stones being precisely similar to those in the wall at the south-west angle of the sanctuary. The span of the arch was forty-one feet six inches.

Stretching from the base of the pier to the sanctuary wall is a pavement, and working along it they found the fallen voussoirs of the viaduct, which crossed the valley by this arch.

A few feet above the pavement, a low passage was found leading direct to the wall. It was full of mud, and could only be cleared out by the men crawling on their knees, and at times the air was so bad that candles would not burn, and they had to work in the dark at the head of the gallery. They were eventually stopped by shingle pouring in without ceasing; but they were repaid for their trouble by having discovered that the Haram wall extends unbroken from the south-west angle up to the Prophet's Gate, a distance of about three hundred feet. To the height of the pavement it is built of rough-faced stones; the faces of those above it are smooth.

Sinking through this pavement, on which lay the fallen voussoirs of Robinson's Arch, they reached, through twenty-three feet of *débris* and old masonry, the rock, and on it found two voussoirs of a more ancient arch, which in their fall had broken in the roof of a rock-cut canal. This canal runs some distance to the south, but following it to the north, they made the very material discovery that it leads to a circular pool hewn in the rock, of which only half can be seen, as it is cut through by the foundations of the sanctuary wall. Evidence was thus obtained of there having been structures more ancient than the present wall and the viaduct, of which Robinson's Arch is the only remnant visible above-ground.

We turn now to the southern wall of the sanctuary. It is nine hundred and twenty-two feet in length, and is divided into three nearly equal portions, by the Double or Huldah Gate to the west, and the Triple Gate to the east. After examination in nine separate places, Capt. Warren considers the whole to be *in situ*, but the western third to be less ancient than the rest. His reasons for assigning a later date to it are the following. We have mentioned the evidence of more ancient structures at Robinson's Arch, and also the character of the wall, the stones composing it being rough-faced beneath and smooth-faced above the pavement. This pavement and similar building in the wall, is found to extend round the south-west corner and all along to the Double Gate; while at the south-east angle the wall springs from the rock and has its stones nicely worked from the foundations. There is, also, a very remarkable course of stones, the height of which averages from five feet ten inches to six feet one inch, extending more or less continuously from the south-east angle (where the corner-stone, the largest yet known, weighs one hundred tons) to the Double Gate, but is not found to west of that point. The largest stone at present known is found at the south-west corner, but its bed is four feet above the great course.

Further, the walls of the south-west angle from the Prophet's Gate on the west, and the Double Gate on the south — that is, for nearly three hundred feet on either side — are different in construction from the portions of wall they adjoin, being less carefully built, as well as being formed of stones roughly faced up to a certain height, as if they had been sunk underground in *débris* accumulated over the ruins of more ancient buildings. And lastly, at a

point ninety feet on the south side of this angle, the Haram wall, which is here eighty-five feet below the surface, and built of stones so marvellously fitted together that the joints are scarcely discernible, cuts through (as the west wall the rock-cut pool mentioned above) the remains of an aqueduct running along the lowest part of the Tyropœan Valley.

In the excavations of the east wall of the sanctuary, letters in red paint, some five inches long, were discovered, apparently quarry marks, and if so, proving that the stones had been dressed before being brought to the ground. Then "marks of King Solomon," excited great interest among the inhabitants and visitors to Jerusalem. The Pacha could not be persuaded to see them himself, but ordered a party of *effendis* to report upon them.

Capt. Warren, hearing of the matter, and knowing it would be dangerous to leave such gentlemen to their own will, took care to be at the spot on their arrival, and drew from them an admission that they had come by his Excellency's order. A judicious administration of descents, gradually increasing in length, diminished the number of inspectors to one, a renegade Greek, who persevered through shame of failing under the ordeal. The last and longest shaft was at the south-east angle, where the basement courses were shown to him as belonging to the Haram wall. He thought it was a jest, and reported that a wall of Solomon had been found in front of, and quite distinct from, the Haram. The paint-marks were also shown him, but being too ordinary-looking characters to have attained such notoriety, he took this as a jest also, and quietly with his thumb deprived a Q of its tail, and transfigured it into a commonplace O. Capt. Warren, horrified at such Vandalism, tumbled him over, and he, satisfied with his experiences, begged to return to the surface.

The inspection was over, but *effendis* could not be trusted to report truthfully, so that a dragoman had to be despatched to confront them in the Pacha's presence, and thus the matter was brought to a favorable issue, and the explorations were allowed to proceed.

Further researches along the east wall were rendered difficult, in consequence of the western tombs which lie close to it. "The same people who see no harm in the destruction of them while quarrying, in using them as stables, and in building the tombstones into their houses, think it desecration for a Frank in any way to examine these interesting relics."

The nearest point available was 143 feet distant from the wall, and at that distance a shaft was sunk opposite the Golden Gate, and a gallery run towards the south side; but it had to be discontinued, as the shingle came rushing in so suddenly as to bury some of the tools and filled it up, rendering further work impossible. It was found that the miners could not be kept in such dangerous places except at intervals, since their nerves became so unstrung as to render necessary a resort to safer labor for a few days.

Of the explorations at the north-east angle the material results appear to be that the wall is discovered of a different construction from that at the other angles of the sanctuary. At the angle it rises upward unbroken, and forms part of the so-called Tower of Antonia, and beyond the angle it continues without any break as the city wall. A valley was found to run under this corner and to emerge from beneath the east wall at 58 feet from the north-east angle, the *débris* at this point being 125 feet deep. The bottom of the valley is 165 feet below the Sakhra; the wall of the sanctuary is 150 feet in height at this point.

An important discovery seems to have been made in the Haram area. Heavy rains did for the explorers what the royal firman had prevented them doing for themselves, by causing the ground to give way and thereby making an opening at the northern edge of the platform. The opening had been filled up, but Capt. Warren's experienced eye detected a deficiency in the work, and coming early next morning he was not disappointed in his expectation of finding the cavity again in existence. By it he got admittance to a souterrain running east and west. It consists of an arched passage 18 feet in span, with bays to the south, 12 feet by 17 feet. The southern side of these bays is scarped rock, and on it the wall supporting the northern edge of the mosque platform is built. The arches appear to be Saracenic. On the northern side of the vault the rock could not be discovered. The souterrain was explored for about 70 feet, and it seems to limit the space which was occupied by the sacred courts. "It is suggested that the northern edge of the platform is the northern front of King Herod's Temple."

Having thus finished our brief detail of the excavations, it is expedient to see what conclusion is deduced from the results obtained, — what is the net increase in materials for determining the ancient temple site.

It has been observed that two points were especially under investigation, — the present walls, and the lie of the rock about it. The walls being covered to such a height with accumulations of *débris*, their age could only be ascertained by mining. Capt. Warren has come to the conclusion that a portion of the western wall — that between Wilson's Arch and the Prophet's Gate — was the work of Solomon, or of the kings of Judah. The south-west angle, for about 300 feet on either side, he assigns to Herod; the remaining portion of the south wall, and the greater part of the east, he considers to be Solomon's, and the rest of the east wall up to the north-east angle, he sets down as the old wall of the kings of Judah.

What made it appear of such consequence to discover the lie of the rock in and around the Haram area was, that the sanctuary being an artificial plateau constructed on the ridge of the mountain, it was hoped that the knowledge of the natural conformation of the ground would afford some guidance to the true site of the temple.

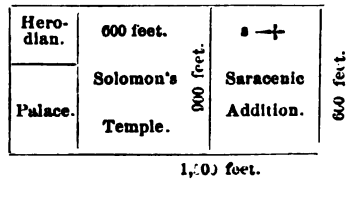
The ridge of the mountain was found to run nearly in a straight line from the north-west angle to a point in the south wall 300 feet from the south-east angle, the sides sloping down so steeply that the rock near the north-east angle is 162 feet, at the south-east angle 163 feet, and at the south-west angle 150 feet below the sacred rock.

Now Capt. Warren argues that it is incredible that the Temple should have been placed "in a hole, or even along the sides of the hill, or anywhere except on the ridge." And this argument would no doubt be conclusive if there were no artificial plateau, or if it had been an after construction — in that case there would have been an evident propriety, if not necessity, for building the sacred edifice on the ridge of the mountain. But if by massive walls raised from the valleys on either side a level space were obtained, it would surely then be optional, in a great measure, on what portion of it the building should be situated.

The most important aid in the solution of the great problem seems to be derivable from the discovery of the valley under the northern part of the Haram. In Josephus's account of Pompey's attack, a valley is spoken of as being on the north side of the temple courts, and the same is alluded to in his account of the attack of Titus when describing Antonia. The discovery of this valley accordingly proves that the present Haram area extends northwards considerably further than the ancient courts.

The sanctuary, as we have stated, is 1500 feet from north to south, and 900 from east to west. According to the view now propounded, 600 feet of length on the northern side is cut off as being of later addition, leaving a square of 900 feet, of which, again, 300 feet in length of the south end is cut off as having formed Solomon's Palace on the east, and an addition by Herod on the west. The central remaining part of the Haram, 600 feet in length, and stretching across 900 feet from wall to wall, is given as the courts of Solomon's Temple.

Haram Area.



We may add, as a confirmation of the view that Solomon's courts did not extend beyond the northern edge of the platform, the fact that none of the ancient rock-roofed tanks are found beyond it either.

It is hardly possible that any real advance in obtaining knowledge to decide the question at issue will be made until liberty be given to carry on the excavations in the Haram area, and the obtaining such liberty seems but a remote prospect.

In conclusion, we cannot withhold our admiration of the courage which nerved the explorer to encounter dangers truly "i' the deadly imminent breach," the tact which gained its point successfully, and the cheerful ardor that never murmured at work in places from which the veriest mudlark might have turned away disgusted. While thinking the present volume too heavy for general reading, we are of opinion that nothing could better extend an interest in the labors, and increase the means at the disposal of the "Palestine Exploration Fund," than a smaller one, presenting the genial, dauntless explorer, and the main results of his work, to the public.

We cannot look upon this as mere antiquarian research. As it catches the attention of the world, it must draw out sympathy for the people who still hold the title-deeds to the land and the city, so that there may be restored to them the better heritage, to which also they have an indefeasible right — "The adoption and the glory and the covenants . . . and the promises."

OUT AT INTEREST.

WHEN hard-headed Roger North, the prudent merchant, brother of the brilliant Lord Keeper Guilford, came home from his self-imposed exile at the Grand Turk's capital, nothing annoyed or surprised him more than did the importunity of the London goldsmiths. These auriferous persons followed the new-comer about, cap in hand, bobbing their smug wigs in token of civic courtesy, and begged pertinaciously to know where his worship, brother to Mr. Attorney-General, kept his money. The sturdy Turkey merchant was quite disgusted at their inquisitiveness. "Confound you!" he answered, in his testy way, "where on earth should I keep it, except in my own house?"

The truth was, that during the score of years or so that Roger had spent at Constantinople, a great change, social as well as financial, had begun to dawn upon the horizon of English life. People, as commerce expanded, were beginning to realize the truth that there is not enough of hard money in the world to accommodate the needs of the buyers and sellers, whose name is legion. We cannot, all of us, carry our penny in our hand when we go to buy a pennyworth. Sometimes, no doubt, it is convenient or necessary to provide one's self with the actual coin, real ringing gold, clinking silver, or resonant copper; but in general it is both pleasanter and more easy to give an order on the till of some one else; to convey the right to a thing, rather than the thing itself. The old established practice which Master North remembered was at least entitled to the praise of simplicity. Every well-to-do merchant had his stout oaken coffer or his heavy iron safe, and to the security of this primitive savings-bank he committed the earnings of a lifetime. There is something almost Arcadian in this mode of investment. To lock up one's gold broad pieces and silver ingots, one's double joes, and Spanish pistoles, and French crowns, and to keep this mass of idle specie until the chance of a good bargain turned up, is precisely what would suggest itself to the mind of an unimaginative man, in love with the wary proverb, "Safe bind, safe find."

There were inconveniences in the old hoarding system. It was not only that thieves might break in and steal. There was comparatively little risk of that in a solid mercantile mansion, barred, bolted, and watched, nor were the burglars of the period by any means equal to the accomplished artists of our own time, with their plough-diamonds, and gunpowder, and drills of hardened steel. But kings, until a comparatively late epoch, had an ugly knack of asking for benevolences, and loans, and subsidies — the mild names of which did but gild the bitter pill of a requisition peremptory as that of a modern army in war-time — and how could the owner of a well-lined money-chest hope to escape the pressure of these royal borrowings and beggings? And then, a long delay might occur before a fresh chance of snapping up a wainload of wool, or a dozen butts of canary, or a freight of Holland napery, came in the trader's way. The heap of inert treasure must often have been as provoking a sight to a bustling alderman as is to a livery-stable keeper that of a row of unemployed horses, "eating their heads off" in the stable. It was troublesome, too, to pay or to receive payment when the parties to the transaction had to be attended by brawny porters with sacks wherein to carry bullion, when scales and weights were in constant request, and there was wrangling over light coin, and squabbling over clipped coin, and two stout apprentices were in waiting, cudgel in hand, to escort their master and his money-bags through the cut-purses and brawling bullies who beset the dangerous streets.

One solid reason for hoarding money during the long continuance of the elastic period which we call the Middle Ages, consisted in the great difficulty of finding a convenient investment. The very idea of investing capital, familiar enough to the richer citizens of both republican and imperial Rome, had been forgotten. Capital itself was not recognized as the financial Proteus which we now know it to be capable of assuming all shapes, and of spurring on every kind of industry. Indeed, the mediæval spirit was hostile to its very existence. People were supposed to live upon their incomes, not to save them. Whatever surplus remained, it was thought that a good man would give to the poor, or to a convent in want of repairs, or to a church that needed a fresh chancel or a peal of bells. A very thrifty person might bury a crock of coin here and there, but the practice was not commendable. As for the money-market, it was anathema. There were usury laws, the principle of which was founded on the Mosaic prohibition to exact interest for a loan, and strong discredit attached to those who availed themselves of the legislators' reluctant toleration. The first lenders of money in mediæval Christendom were, of course, Jews, and they were mainly a sort of pawnbrokers, taking in pledge the crown jewels of the monarch, the ruby carcanet of the countess, or the silver hanaps and gilt apostle spoons of his worship the knight. The adventurous capitalist who embarked his means in this traffic was hooted by the street boys, envied by the poor, and despised by the rich. Life for him was full of perils. On any hot August evening, or when the cold and hunger of a mediæval winter had made the half-starved mob wolfish and irritable, a sudden cry might be set up to "rabble the Jews," and then came sack and plunder, a burning house and a scramble for booty, and well for the trembling owner if he and his family escaped with whole bones out of the turmoil. Nor was poor Reuben quite secure from his noblest customers. If a king like John chose to take out his teeth, one by one, until he ransomed his wretched jaw by revealing a secret hoard, or if a baron roasted him into giving a receipt for a debt unpaid, nobody seemed to be very sympathetic with the sufferer. It was thought a sharp way of doing business, a practical joke carried rather far, but that was all.

Presently in western Europe there appeared rivals for the profits which, in spite of riots and confiscation, the Jews had previously monopolized. The substantial burghers of Ypres and Bruges, the rich traders of Venice and Genoa, began not merely to put out their hard cash at interest, but to lend it with the confidence of men who were not ashamed of the transaction. Indeed, the citizens of the mighty commercial republics of middle-aged Italy, to whom banking was a familiar science, when in London and Paris it was unknown, were strictly following in the steps of their remote forefathers. From a very early date in Roman history the patrician houses of the city had discovered that money might be dealt in as easily, and with perhaps more lucrative results, than any other commodity. The yeoman

whose farm could not be tilled without a yoke of oxen to replace those dead of the cattle pest, or driven off by the Samnite raiders, went to Fabius or Claudius for a loan. The petty stall-keeper waited, cap in hand, in the vestibule, while some friendly freedman or humble hanger-on of the great family went in to arrange for an advance from my lord the senator's money-chest. It was a matter of course that yeoman and stall-keeper should pay in person as well as in coin for the accommodation. Henceforth they would be numbered among the clients of their illustrious creditor "boys of the belt," henchmen and retainers, to shout and fight on the Fabian or the Claudian side; to be a body-guard to their patron at stormy election times, and to be ready to back his cause with tongue and cudgel against all Rome. If they were unpunctual with their interest, there were ready means of foreclosure, and a debtor who was hopelessly in arrear went shuddering down, he and his, into the damp dungeons below my lord's mansion, there to suffer from cold and low diet, and perhaps the rack, since the creditor enforced his own jail discipline, and laid down his own rules for the treatment of defaulters. It is not wonderful that under the pressure of such a system as this, combined with the unequal distribution of conquered lands, the Roman nobility became so strong and wealthy, as almost to defy the combination against them of people and emperor.

It is obvious that, in mediæval times, the wheels of the triumphal chariot of progress were sorely clogged and hampered by the awkward traditions of the time. It was possible to be very rich in kind, and to be at the same moment ludicrously ill provided with coin. The healthy and quick flow of the circulating medium in these latter years is apt to make us oblivious or impatient of the troubles of our ancestors. Silver and gold did not then, as now, go like life-blood through the land, answering every beat of the financial pulse. A "yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent," has a wealthy sound as we hear his station trolled out in the song; but though fifty hams swung in the wood-smoke of his capacious chimney, though the sheep on his leas were to be reckoned by hundreds, and fat red oxen lowed in the wet meadows where the brook ran prattling down, even the enviable Kentish yeoman had very little money stowed away in the blue worsted stocking fast locked in the oaken box. He could feed, and did feed, fifty men and women, and could store up grain and wood and oak timber, but his dealings partook more of the nature of barter, than of genuine buying and selling.

It is remarkable that the Jewish laws, and those of Mahomet's Koran, have forbidden usury, and yet that the principal money-lenders and money-dealers of five centuries ago were Moors and Jews, the faithful of the synagogue and the believers who left their slippers in the porch of the mosque. Spanish Moslems and scattered Israelites furnished funds for the wars and pageants of South Europe, as Milan and Florence replenished the purse of the magnificent and expensive Edward the Third.

Borrowed money was a costly luxury in the Middle Ages. True, there were statutes which limited the interest, but then when one man wants money, and another has got it, it is surely easy to elude the letter of the law. To be nailed to the pillory, to have one's ears clipped, and be branded by the hangman, were disagreeable consequences of an advantageous bargain, but then how seldom could these formidable penalties have been enforced? It was for everybody's benefit that things should go on smoothly. High profits were made, in the days of old, by lending money in pledge, but to the present hour the trade has continued to be coldly regarded by the outside world. Pawnbrokers are not popular. A money-lender of the true stamp comes into courts of justice with somewhat of Shylock's ill repute, and when, as sometimes occurs, a young scamp proves too clever even for the trained cunning of the man of cent-per-cent, the world laughs indulgently, as when some astute wizard of the dark ages cheated the foul fiend. The man who borrows is sure of more sympathy than he who lends. To foreclose is harsh. Distraint is a process disagreeable to the lookers-on. Still more was this the case a few centuries back. The "great 'oneyers," the gold-compelling exchangers in whose respectable company Sir John Falstaff vowed in future to quaff his decorous flagons of sack, were thought to earn their gains after a fashion that was intrinsically wicked, and men shook their heads as the usurer's sumptuous funeral went by, let the gray friars chant their loudest, and the tapers flare in endless line.

In the reign of Elizabeth a good deal of cash was borrowed on the security of land, and a good many estates changed hands. Many gentlemen of moderate property were dazzled by the reports as to El Dorado, and either joined companies of adventurers eager to colonize some portion of the New World, or fitted out ships to prey upon Spanish commerce. These semi-piratical enterprises demanded ready money, and many broad acres held in fee-simple, with many a gray manor-house nestling among its elms, were melted down in the crucible whence Hope promised to extract the ingots of the wonderful Western Indies. The heavy fines and crushing assessments imposed by Cromwell's major-generals on malignants, compelled numbers of royalists to mortgage estates that they never had the means to redeem, and a large portion of the soil of England passed at that time from the hands of its former proprietors. Almost simultaneously, Britannia herself appeared in the market as a borrower. The first public creditors had very little idea of their own position with respect to the many-headed debtor to whom they lent a few hundred pounds at a time. They trusted the worshipful the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or they obliged his honor the Teller, or they dropped their mite into the ever-ready hand of the Lord High Treasurer, exactly as they would have offered the same accommodation to a great merchant, whose wool has not yet been paid for by his Genoese customers.

The theory of the national debt, as of the nation's income and its outlay, was formerly a very simple one. The king, out of his own revenues, was supposed to keep up in time of peace the whole machinery of government. It was for him to pay the judges, and such other functionaries, few, indeed, as were directly dependent on the crown, to provide for the civil needs of the country, and to maintain such institutions as were not self-supporting. As these costs and charges gradually increased, Parliament had to vote grants in aid of the royal purse, and as the ministers of state, like other persons, often outran the constable, a little friendly help from London citizens was frequently required.

Gradually, as the nation grew richer and more restless, it became customary to lend spare cash and superfluous savings to his Majesty Charles II. The lenders must have well understood the personal character of this unprincipled recipient of their hard-earned coin. King Charles, as Macaulay tells us, broke faith with the public creditor, but he was one of those princes whose worst deeds are gently done. The king, as king, borrowed, and he could not pay the principal, nor was the interest always forthcoming. There was the French Duchess of Portsmouth, there was Nell Gywnn, there were other daughters of the horseleech, hustling and struggling with importunate courtiers for a share of the royal plunder. Whitehall was as bare of ready money as might be expected from a palace where Barbara Palmer and Maria Mancini were in authority over a weak and lavish monarch, and whence the king could draw upon the exchequer as a country gentleman draws upon his banker. But there was corn in Egypt. There was cash in England, and the newly-established post-office was a paying concern, and the chimney money brought in its solid half-million with a certainty equal to that of the curses with which cottagers pursued those who gathered it, and already the income of England began to show the strange elasticity which has since kept her head above water through long wars and fierce domestic discontent.

Washington Irving, in his "Little Britain," speaks of an English optimist who never failed to prove that the public debt with which his country was burdened was, in effect, a great national bulwark and blessing. More natural, perhaps, to an ill-regulated mind was the surprise expressed by the Persian ambassador that the debt should endure when the unexampled park of artillery at Woolwich was competent, if wisely employed, to blow liabilities and creditors

into infinite space. But really, when we consider the convenience which consols afford to the large and timid rentier class, to nervous old gentlewomen, quiet widows, wary trustees, and the like, it almost seems as if supposing no national debt to exist for the comfort of these deserving persons, it would be necessary to create one.

It is very nice and pleasant to have within one's grasp a certainty. The humblest fund-holder, who puts his little all into the Three-per-cents, has his annual pittance better assured to him than had the longest-headed capitalist of the Whittington times. Dividend-day will bring to him, with machine-like regularity, the moderate fruits of his loan to sea-encompassed Albion. In the meantime, he has the importance that beseems the possessor of a stake in the country, and is the fractional proprietor of a first mortgage on Great Britain and Ireland. But then this unimpeachable security is attended by its usual shadow, whose name is Low Interest. Three per cent, with the funds at over ninety, is but poor consideration for the giving up of all one's substance.

Capital is, indeed, a magic wand, that can do nearly every thing, but which it needs a skilled hand to manipulate. High interest, in dazzling raiment, like a spangled harlequin, walks the money-market hand in hand with bad security. Many are found, not unnaturally, to run after the glittering impostor, and to take his tinsel and paste jewels for genuine gold and gems. There are several South American republics, certain gold-mining and railway companies, land companies, water companies, the Great Laputa Joint Stock, and the Golconda Extension, which are always flashing their ten or fifteen per cent before the eyes of clergymen with some pounds and more olive branches, of the relicts of Indian colonels, and of the general public. The temptation is cruelly alluring. Never did silvery bait twirl more bewitchingly before a basking pike than does the bribe of two or three extra hundreds a year sparkle before a lady of contracted income, with three or four ambitious daughters, and a brace of sons whom she would like to see transformed into a bishop and a major-general. She must, she really must, as she declares (with the full consent of the chorus of daughters, growing old at Dullington, and eager to exhibit their charms on a wider stage), sell out of those stupid Consols, and give notice to leave the melancholy red-brick house, and "brighten up" with increased means. So she closes her account with Britannia, and becomes the creditor of his highness the Nawab of Needleput, or helps the republic of Santa Impecuniosa to make war on its enemies, domestic and foreign. For a time she gets thumping dividends. But when the insolvent rajah takes his last dram of opium, or the rebels succeed in bringing to drum-head court-martial all the legitimate authorities of the South American commonwealth, then comes a crash, with unpaid coupons, closed shutters, and the ruin of simple investors.

It is not so easy now as it was a hundred years back to find a sure investment to bring in, say, five per cent on small terms of money. Formerly it was a common practice to buy, on easy terms, a rent-charge on the estate of some nobleman of great landed possessions, just as five hundred years ago it was fashionable to purchase a "corrody" in some abbey, and thenceforth to have beef, and beer, and white bread, a cell, and two yearly suits of clothes, for the residue of one's life. But peers manage matters otherwise now than was the rule when Hogarth etched his grim portraitures of manners. There are still some coroneted spendthrifts, but their nets no longer enclose the exceedingly small fish welcome to their great-great-grandfathers, and who paid their thousand or two of hard guineas for an annual slice of my lord's rents. And though a mortgage on minor properties is often obtainable, small estates are often so wrapped up in sheepskin, and prior claims, and ambiguous settlements, so bemuddled as to their title deeds, and so hazy as to their practical value, that a lender who has nothing to throw away in the law courts does not invariably find it facile to exercise the stringent powers which Themis presumably gives him.

Great gains are often made in a quiet way. Indeed, the people who have the knack of absorbing, not dishonestly, the lion's share in every bargain, are precisely those who would blush to find their doings noised abroad by the blatant trumpet of fame. There are steady, church-going men in England, who turn all that they touch into gold for their private pockets. They wrong no one, but their clear brains, their strong will, and their command of cash, give them the whip-hand of those with whom they deal. In France this is still more the case. If there be one personage whom our lively neighbors regard as the incarnation of respectability, that personage is the notary. And, if there be a choice, the provincial notary is a shade more respectable than even his jauntier brother of Paris. He is a government officer to begin with, and, therefore, his sleek head is surrounded by the nimbus that belonged, till lately, in Gaul, to every bureaucratic functionary. Then his charge is worth money. He might forfeit it if he misbehaved. Were he in debt he must sell it. He keeps it, and is therefore solvent and well-conducted. He is forbidden by law to speculate with his private funds. He sits on the marguilliers' bench at the parish church; he wears spotless black, and a crumpled white cravat of unstarched cambric; he wears gold-rimmed spectacles, with perhaps a green shade as well, and in the button-hole of his brown greatcoat there is an inch of that precious red ribbon that a Frenchman loves to look upon. Nothing is more fitting than that those who have savings to invest, and they are very many in thrifty Gaul, should repose boundless confidence in the notary's advice.

Notaries grow rich, as woodcocks were once supposed to grow fat, by suction. The laborer, whether he works in an office or a field, is worthy of his hire, and it is fair that the scrivener should live by Mammon's altar. But what enriches the notary above ordinary men is the engrossing passion of poor Frenchmen for land. A peasant, who hears of fields in the market, will give as much as a hundred pounds an acre for the freehold of sterile soil out of which it takes the toil of Hercules to make a living. He will work persistently, stubbornly, almost savagely, to wring every sack of potatoes and barrel of coarse wine out of his sandy fields and stony vineyard. To get more out of the land he sacrifices others besides himself. His willing wife slaves and drudges like a London cab-horse, and changes with hideous rapidity from a young to an old woman, over the daily task in all weathers. His children toil more than is good for the straightening of young backs and the shapeliness of tender limbs, in the service of that Moloch of a farm. Up at earliest dawn, busy till dark night, scraping and haggling, pinching and saving, the whole family struggle on, spending as little as they can, making the most possible to them. But, "sic vos non vobis," might be the motto of the French peasantry. These poor folks practise the severest self-denial, and display an almost heroic courage as workers, for the emolument, less of themselves, than of the notary. Of the notary or of "his friend in the city," who found the exorbitant purchase money for the meadows beside the brook, who lent wherewith to buy the cows, and the horse to replace old Quatreblanes when he fell lame, and who advanced the portion of the married daughter established in the nearest town as a petty shopkeeper. The interest is high, but then Monsieur Deslunettes gently deplores that his invisible client exacts a large return for the cash lent, and money, as the peasant very well knows, is scarce. So Jacques goes home; and works furiously, and lives as hard as he works, under the spur of his fierce land-hunger, and loves the barren soil which he could sell, and well, to-morrow, only that he prefers to toil on, and so much the better for canny, comfortable Monsieur Deslunettes. A very scrupulous person, with a lively imagination, might follow with much curiosity and with occasional consternation, the fortunes of the money he had invested. It would be found now and then to have assumed odd forms. Even loans to governments may do much evil, as well as good. The cash of some benevolent man, whose utmost wrath against the flies would only lead him, like the butcher's daughter described by Corporal Trim, to drive them away, not to kill them, assists somebody to set themselves up in *mitrailleuses* and sword-bayonets. Harmless Mrs. Grun-

dy's savings go to purchase grapeshot and Greek fire. But fortunately for their own peace of mind investors rarely distract themselves by inquisitive speculations as to what becomes of their money when they have once put it out at interest.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Mr. Disraeli is reported to be once more about to try his fate as a dramatic writer.

Mr. Aptommas, the English harpist, has had such success in Berlin that he has been engaged by Herr Ullman for a tour in Germany.

Mr. Edmund Yates has resolved to visit this country at the close of next summer, and deliver a series of lectures on his recollections of Thackeray, Dickens, and Jerrold.

The veteran basso, Signor Tamburini, at the age of seventy-three years, has been singing the *aria d'entrata* of the Count from Bellini's "Somnambula;" and as well, it is affirmed, as he first sang it in 1827, when the air was composed expressly for him by Bellini. So the Nice journals affirm.

A student in the Edinburgh University, who was fined a guinea for disturbing his class, last week, paid the greater part of it in half-pence, about a quarter of an hour being occupied in counting over the amount. This singular mode of "serving out" the professor who inflicted the fine was carried out amidst the laughter of the class, by whom the amount had been subscribed.

Mr. Sala in an autobiographical preface to a collection of his magazine papers, informs the world that his "original sin was committed in the columns of the *Family Herald*, in 1845;" but that he was first led to "the adoption of the profession of letters as a serious and responsible vocation," by the success of an article published in *Household Words* in 1851.

The Carnival in Paris was a failure this year. There were no marks of rejoicing. Many workmen devoted a day's wages to the national subscription. The aspect of the city was by some declared to be an indication in France of the death of this original pagan feast. There were no masks in the streets. The police appear to have discouraged the *fête*.

It is stated, on good authority, that five or six poems of Heine, equal to his very best, are kept under lock and key in the *secrétaire* of the friend to whom they were addressed, and who refuses to publish them on account of their personal and intimate tone. Surely, it is a mistake to risk the destruction of these poems by keeping them in MS. They should be made public, though the name of the friend they were written to may well remain a secret.

Another Paris celebrity has gone on. The death is announced of the telescope man on the Pont Neuf, who used to allow you to have a penny look at the rings of Saturn, &c., at the pedestal of Henri IV. on the Pont Neuf. He has held the occupation since 1815, and made a very good thing of it. In former years wedding parties coming from church used to stop on the Pont Neuf, and the popular astronomer always managed to show the happy couple their honeymoon in broad daylight.

The Poet Laureate, says the *Athenæum*, has presented to the Prime Minister a memorial, in which are set forth the claims of Mr. R. H. Horne to be allowed to participate in the pensions awarded from the Civil List in recognition of literary, scientific, and other public services. Among Mr. Tennyson's co-signatories are Mr. Browning, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Morris, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Carlyle, Lord Lytton, Sir Henry Taylor, Mr. Ruskin, Prof. Owen, and Miss Harriet Martineau.

The latest London swindle discovered is a curiously clever and heartless one. Some one has got up a story that the 1864 pennies are too good, gold having entered into them by mistake, and that the post-office will give sixpence each for them. The story being swallowed, the confederates offer their victims — generally newsboys and children — to sell them the pennies for fivepence, leaving them a penny profit. The poor lads, who have evidently not profited, like Sam Weller, by the early education of the streets, hurry to the post-office, to find that all pennies are alike. After all, though, scores of educated people believe in the value of a million effaced postage-stamps.

A tragedian writes as follows to a London paper: "In view of the popularity attending the late Mr. Robertson's system of monosyllabic titles, I propose that some of our other plays be renamed in accordance with modern tastes. I do not claim this as a novelty, as it has long been a practice for old plots to appear with new titles. I append a few specimens: —

Old Name.	*New Name.*
The Tempest	Storm.
The Merchant of Venice	Trade.
Much Ado about Nothing	Fuss.
Notre Dame	Church.
The House on the Bridge	Toll.
Uncle's Will	Beer.
Autumn Manœuvres	Muddle.
The Irish Lion	Bull.
King John	Bright.
Good for Nothing	Gladstone.

I could mention many more, only I can't think of them."

Among other strange visitors to Paris, the *Liberté* notices the presence of the Prince Scanderbeg, accused by some, says that paper, of being a mere adventurer named George Castriot. The *Liberté* is, of course, ignorant that Castriot, or Castriota, is the name of the Scanderbegs, and that the great Albanian chief of the fifteenth century, Scanderbeg, or the Bey Alexander, was George Castriota. The present Prince appears to have taken up his residence in the Rue du Bel Respiro, at the top of the Champs Elysées, and the following description is given of his household. His *concierge* is a commander of the Order of the Star of Epirus, wears a fez and a leather apron, and when off duty follows the profession of a cobbler. Two staff officers accompany his Highness, their principal occupation being to keep the forty guns with which the Prince usually travels in good order. There is a captain of the guards, who cleans his master's boots, introduces visitors, and sings Albanian songs — songs which, like the "Tambourgi! Tambourgi!" which Byron heard screamed by "the wild Albanians kirtled to the knee," appear to have left no agreeable impression on the editor of the *Liberté*. The captain is dressed in a tight-fitting blue frock-coat, wears high boots, a fez, numerous decorations, and carries an ornamented gun *en bandoulière*.

A foreign journal says it is a sign of a perhaps exceptional return of confidence in the stability of affairs in the French capital that the sparrows are beginning to go back to their old haunts and habits in the garden of the Tuileries. It was one of the pleasantest sights of Paris in former times to watch the hosts of birds in the public gardens gathering around the visitors, and fearlessly picking up the crumbs of bread which every true Parisian carried with him in his afternoon stroll for the delectation of "les petits oiseaux." But with the war the birds, like their protectors, fell upon evil times. When the garden of the Tuileries was transformed into a military camp, the majority of the birds, finding their tranquillity strangely disturbed, flew away in search of quieter quarters. Those that remained during the siege were killed and eaten, and at the signing of the armistice there was not a bird in any of the gardens of the city. In the months of March and April the sparrows, blackbirds, and wood-pigeons again took possession of the Tuileries garden, and chirped as merrily as if the Imperial flag still floated over the clock-tower. Then came the burning of the palace, and on the morning after the disaster the trees were once more tenantless, save for a few scorched fledglings found in the ruined nests. From that day, it is

said, neither blackbirds, wood-pigeons, nor ring-doves have been seen in the garden. An attempt was made during the past summer to reintroduce them, but the couples brought flew away as soon as they were released from the cage. The sparrows, more hopeful of the future, have, however, returned with the early spring, and with them has reappeared the familiar form of the *apprivoiseur*, with his penny roll of bread and his changing circle of unceremonious guests.

MILLAUD, the banker and newspaper speculator, who died recently in Paris, and who founded the Paris *Petit Journal*, which at one time had a daily circulation of nearly half a million copies, was an enthusiastic believer in the advantages of liberal advertising. One day he had at his table nearly all the proprietors of the leading Paris dailies. They conversed about advertising. Millaud asserted that the most worthless articles could be sold in vast quantities, if liberally advertised. Emile de Girardin, of *La Presse*, who was present, took issue with him on the subject. "What will you bet," exclaimed Millaud, "that I cannot sell in one week one hundred thousand francs' worth of the most common cabbage-seed under the pretext that it will produce mammoth cabbage heads? All I have to do is to advertise it at once in a whole-page insertion of the daily papers of this city." Girardin replied that he would give him a page in his paper for nothing if he should win his wager. The other newspaper publishers agreed to do the same thing. At the expiration of the week they inquired of Millaud how the cabbage-seed had flourished. He showed them his books triumphantly, and satisfied them that he had sold nearly twice as much as he promised, while orders were still pouring in; but he said the joke must stop there, and no further orders would be filled.

OF all the discoveries for which the world is indebted to German professors, one just published by Prof. Schmidt may claim to rank among the most singular. Hearing Herr Rubinstein play at a concert, he took it into his head to count the notes which that famous *pianiste* had played by heart, and found them to amount to 62,990, fully justifying therefore an assertion previously made by the physiologist Häring, that a *pianiste's* calling lays about the heaviest tax of any upon the memory. Herr Schmidt was, however, not satisfied with this enumeration. Applying Austrian neukreutzers as a dynamometer, he tested the pressure requisite to strike a key on Herr Rubinstein's piano, and found it to be equivalent to 24 neukreutzers, which is 2½ ounce. The force exerted by the *pianiste* in playing the 62,900-note piece he therefrom calculated to amount to nearly 94½ cwt. Herr Schmidt then intruded into Herr von Bülow's room and tried his piano, which has a harder touch, but which no doubt Herr Rubinstein could have played on perfectly well. Here the pressure would have amounted to 118$\frac{1}{16}$ cwt. The discovery may be of interest to pianists who are unaware how great an effort of muscle they go through in playing a piece, but surely it requires a German professor to draw such a lesson from a concert.

THE *Geological Magazine* has an unexpected review of Mr. Leland's "Gaudeamus." "It may astound some of our readers," says the *Geological Magazine*, "to see in the pages of this journal a notice of a book with such a title as the above; we must, therefore, at once explain that Scheffel's poems, as translated by Leland, are intended to form a part of every geologist's library, and the English edition being small, it can conveniently be put into every geologist's pocket or knapsack. Then, when the way proves long, and the load of rocks or fossils wearisome, he will find it is good to sit down on the first convenient seat by the wayside, and having taken out his pipe and his 'Gaudeamus,' he will follow Mr. Leland's directions, and say to his companion if he have one, — or to himself if he have none, — 'Let us be jolly.'

"Mr. Leland writes: 'Joseph Victor Scheffel is at present the most popular poet in Germany, and "without being presented as such, these ballads, though complete in themselves, form in their connexion a droll history of the world and of humanity; advancing from the early outburst of granite and basalt, through the bowlder of Gneiss to the Ichthyosaurus and Megatherium. Man then appears as a dweller in the pre-historic Swiss lake dwelling on poles, where he bitterly bewails the misfortune of being a pioneer of civilization, and as one born before the invention of modern comforts."'

"There appear to be songs to suit all tastes; but two have especially delighted us, both by their originality and the excellence of their rhythm.

"We cannot close this notice without thanking Mr. Leland for making us acquainted with this most amusing collection of ballads, and wishing it may be as well received as his former publications, 'Hans Breitmann,' and other ballads. It may interest our readers to learn that 'the geological songs owe their origin to a course of lectures on geology which Pastor Schmezer delivered at the time. Scheffel regularly attended these lectures of his friend, and the latter was certain to find as regularly on the following morning of his lecture a poetical *resumé* of it on his desk, in the form of a humorous poem.'"

THE CARPENTER.

I.

O LORD, at Joseph's humble bench,
Thy hands did handle saw and plane;
Thy hammer nails did drive and clench, —
Avoiding knot and humoring grain.

II.

That thou didst seem, thou wast indeed;
In sport thy tools thou didst not use;
Nor, helping hind's or fisher's need,
The laborer's hire, too nice, refuse.

III.

Lord, might I be but as a saw,
A plane, a chisel, in thy hand! —
No, Lord! I take it back in awe —
Such prayer for me is far too grand.

IV.

I pray, O Master, let me lie,
As on thy bench the favored wood;
Thy saw, thy plane, thy chisel ply,
And work me into something good.

V.

No, no: ambition, holy-high,
Urges for more than both to pray:
Come in, O gracious Force, I cry —
O workman, share my shed of clay.

VI.

Then I, at bench, or desk, or oar,
With last or needle, net or pen,
As thou in Nazareth of yore,
Shall do the Father's will again.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE gives new life to the hair.

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS. — All suffering from *Irritation of the Throat and Hoarseness* will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

THE standard relish universally adopted by the best judges, is the HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE. You can obtain this fine article of any first-class grocer for only fifty cents per pint bottle.

READ the opinion of Mr. Greene, editor of Boston *Post*, in regard to WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1872. [No. 13.

NAFOOSA:

A STORY OF GRAND CAIRO.

IT had been a glowing, scorching day. The desert was a vast, glistening expanse of pitiless, staring light, and the sky above it — intensely blue, and without the tiniest cloud to diversify its infinite monotony — had contemplated us, fried, shrivelled, dust-blinded mortals, as we had toiled painfully, yet with heroic endurance, through our duties of sight-seeing.

We had spent the afternoon visiting the dilapidated but still beautiful "Tombs of the Caliphs," standing apart now in solemn isolation a mile or two from the city, and surrounded on every side by yellow sand — fitting resting-places, in their deep repose, for the great dead who lie there.

Their calm sleep is seldom disturbed now. Tourists, to be sure, like ourselves, come now and then from the bleak North to stare and giddily chatter within the sacred precincts. But tourists have not as yet become the plague of these regions, and their visits are comparatively few and far between. They come and go quickly, for there is not much to tempt them to loiter, and their voices grow fainter and fainter, and their footprints are swiftly effaced from the ever-shifting sand, and all is silent as before. The swarthy Bedouin stalks majestically past next, with his dark, fierce face turned towards the West. He is returning from a hurried visit to the hated city, to his roofless home in the desert; but he will not loiter within reach of even the faintest sounds of civilized life, and his grand, swift, yet never hurried step, quickly passes by, and he is soon lost in the burning expanse. Then, perhaps, comes a dark string of heavily-laden camels, or a veiled woman, with a pitcher on her head, and a dusky, naked imp on her shoulder, or a troop of laborers, or a file of donkeys. But they all, like ourselves, have come merely to go again, and, gliding by noiselessly, the dead are once more left to themselves.

The sun has set now in a tremulous, golden glory, and the short southern twilight has already deepened into night. The yellow sands and silent tombs are behind us — pale, ghostly shadows; and before us is the strange, fantastic city, through whose narrow streets our donkeys, and we upon them, are threading our way, under the guidance of our donkey-boy, Ali Achmet. Everybody who has ever been in Cairo is intimately acquainted with the tribe donkey-boy, the irrepressible, impudent, yet fascinating youth, who, chattering a dozen languages in a breath, bewilders the inexperienced traveller into the belief that he is a genius, and knows them all. Foolish supposition, indeed. Six words of each is, on an average, the extent of his knowledge. But with these six words, his bright laughing eyes, his gleaming teeth, his never tired legs, and his inexhaustible stock of good-will, fun, and impudence, he is the donkey-boy *par excellence* of all the world, and has won your heart in five minutes.

This, however, is a digression, for Ali, our friend, was not, strictly speaking, a donkey-boy, though he called himself one, but rather a master donkey-boy, owner of several beasts and several boys. Ali was, in short, a man of substance, who was doing well in the world. His age, according to his own account, was about twenty; but he looked, as all Easterns do, at least ten years older. His figure was tall and slender, yet strongly made, and his dark camel-hair cloak hung upon it in fine artistic folds. His small, well-shaped feet were shod in bright yellow slippers, and a spotlessly white turban was wound in soft thick coils round his head. His face — it was a face such as one never forgets, and which, even in this land of dark-eyed, passionate-visaged men, had a character and distinction of its own. A deep olive skin, a long, flat nose, a thin, broad mouth, which smiled now and then rather sweetly and sadly, and slow, lazy, oval eyes, lighting up occasionally with a sort of fierce eagerness, almost, I might say, cruelty, which took one's breath away, and somehow seemed to make one's blood creep in one's veins.

Ali and I were fast friends. From the first, he had taken my donkey and myself under his special protection, and his place was invariably by my side. From the first, too, he had been communicative, confidential even, and had readily enough let me into the mysteries of his domestic interior. One day I had chanced to ask him if he had a wife, or two, or, perhaps, even three, I had added, with an involuntary lowering of my voice, and with a wholesale gulping-down of the repugnance I felt at making the odious suggestion. His answer relieved me immensely. Ali had but one wife, and Nafoosa was her name.

"And do you love her very much?" I inquired eagerly, and with a keen sense of delight at the promising condition of Ali's morals and manners.

"Love her? Yes!" And the oval eyes flamed up suddenly. "I give her diamants and pearls, and beautiful dresses — the best in the bazaar. My wife pretty — very pretty. Love her? Yes, I do!" he concluded emphatically.

This was delightful. But the very next instant my feelings received a cruel shock.

"And how long have you been married? Have you any children?" I asked imprudently.

"Children? Yes. One boy, dead — of other wife, you know; not this one," he replied, carelessly, and urging my donkey on to a quicker pace.

"Other wife!" I replied aghast. "But, Ali, you told me" —

"She bad, — very bad. Put her away — sent her home to her father. She ugly, very ugly, — hate her!" my friend proceeded in an off-hand way.

This was unpleasant, and it took me a few minutes to recover myself. Presently, however, I had, with a facility which astonished myself, faced the position, and I was curiously inquiring into all the particulars. Not very many could I gather. The subject seemed to be of very slight interest to Ali. As far as the difficulties of language would allow me to discover, he had first married a wife of eleven, he being himself fourteen years old. She had had a temper, and probably a tongue. It was the old story of mother-in-law *versus* daughter-in-law, except that in this land of lightly-considered matrimonial engagements, the mother-in-law had carried the day in the end, instead of the wife. The refractory Fatimeh had, probably by mutual consent, returned to her father's house, after the death of her child, and in due time Nafoosa had become her successor. Nafoosa! It was a sweet sounding name, and somehow took my fancy strangely. I caught myself repeating it over and over again with a lingering tenderness, observing which, Ali suddenly looked up at me with flashing eyes. Would I come to his house to see her? he inquired. Nafoosa

would be glad; his mother would be glad; everybody would be glad; the coffee would be ready, — "real, Arab coffee — not the stuff they give at hotel," with an expressive grimace: but good coffee, such as Arab drinks. Would I come?

Of course I said that I would come, some day, soon, but — And I looked back with a smile at the gentlemen of our party. Might they come too? Were they to be allowed to see the lovely Nafoosa?

Ali smiled too, but rather darkly. I had only made the proposal for a little jest, but my friend seemed to consider it a serious sort of jest, and without ceremony gave it a flat refusal. No man but himself might look on his wife's face. Her father? Yes, that did not count. And her brother, of course. Yes. But a stranger, a Frank, a Christian! By the soul of the Prophet's mother, a thousand times, No!

And so it came to pass that to-day, on our way back from the Caliphs' Tombs, Ali reminded me of my promise. Its fulfilment had been, from one cause or another, from day to day delayed, but now my friend seemed resolved to take no excuse, and though I was tired and hungry, and anxious to be at home, I did not know how to refuse his eager invitation, and after a short hesitation, said "yes" to it at last. The next minute I half regretted my complacency. Daylight had almost gone now, and the Mouski — the Regent Street of Cairo — was brilliantly lit, and filled with a screaming, motley throng. But Ali and I had left the Mouski, and my companions (who were returning to the hotel), and had turned sharply into a narrow passage, which led us, after a minute or two, into a dark, quiet quarter. The change was sudden and startling. I was alone with an Arab, whom a week ago I had never seen, and I was in the midst of a large Eastern city, and it was late, almost night. In short, to be perfectly candid, I suddenly felt a little frightened, and rather suspicious and distrustful of my friend Ali, in whose complete power I had rashly placed myself. We had both become very silent. My silly alarms paralyzed my tongue, and while Ali was probably indulging in a pleasant dream of the home to which he was bringing me, I am ashamed to say that my brain was busy conjuring up all sorts of imaginary horrors.

It was very foolish of me, no doubt. Yet, for my self-defence, the circumstances were, to say the least of them, slightly peculiar. On he went, through narrow lanes and winding passages, in which my feet came into continual contact with the walls. So narrow were they, that the sky above was often but a slender streak of dark, liquid blue, in which a stray star was calmly shining; so narrow, that often too, the delicately-carved, latticed, Arabian night balconies, jutting out on either side, hid the sky and the stars altogether, and made the passage beneath completely dark. Once, I remember, we came to a sort of little "Place," crossing which I breathed more freely. Here, too, were the tall, dark houses, and the mysterious balconies, and strange, dusky shadows were lying about. A white-veiled woman was gliding across it in a ghostly fashion. But above, in the deep, distant sky, there was a moon, and such a moon! So serenely, beautifully bright, and shining down upon the little Place with such a glorious tranquil light, that it quieted my nerves all at once, and made me feel myself again. Our wanderings were moreover nearly concluded now, and presently Ali and I the donkey came to a standstill.

"This is my home," he announced laconically, taking me in his arms, the Eastern fashion of dismounting one, and placing me upon my feet in front of a very low archway, behind which pitch darkness, and nothing else, was visible. But something was audible — sounds which frightened me more reasonably than the imaginary terrors of a few minutes ago — the loud barking of a crew of the inevitable hateful, ugly curs, which are the veritable plague of all Eastern cities, and my especial aversion and terror.

It required all Ali's persuasive powers to reassure me, and to induce me to follow him into the sombre regions whence the barks, or rather yells, proceeded; but at last, to make a long story short, I plucked up my courage, and, keeping close at his heels, I soon found that I had safely crossed a sort of court-yard, and that I was climbing up the very steep and rickety staircase which led to his "home." What a strange, dark place it was! How mysterious and still seemed the dim, lofty rooms, across which the lantern, which Ali had lit a few moments ago, threw all sorts of odd, shimmering glances. In the half light, it seemed to be quite a palatial abode. We passed through at least two lofty, good-sized apartments before reaching the one in which Ali, with the gesture of a king, and with a courteous dignity which made me blush for my recent ridiculous fit of suspicion and distrust, pointed to the divan and requested me to be seated. It was easy to see that my friend was lord and master of his kingdom, and his coming seemed all at once to rouse it out of the sort of magic slumber in which it had been plunged. Doors opened and shut again. The shuffling of pattens made itself heard. There was a general waking up, and presently his womankind began to appear — slaves, servants, relations, children — what not? In these Eastern households it is as well not to inquire too closely into particulars, nor to attempt to fathom the mysterious depths of a Moslem's harem. Soon a faint ray of light began to dawn upon me. At all events, whatever or whoever they were, they were not all Ali's. My friend was one of several brothers, who kept house together, and the consequence was this numerous female congregation, over which his mother reigned as queen. A hideous, disagreeable old queen she was too. I disliked her from the very first, and looking at her wrinkled, malignant, hard face, I fancied that I could fully sympathize with the wrongs and woes of the luckless Fatimeh.

"But Nafoosa?" I inquired presently, when I had done my best to acknowledge the numerous salaams and greetings which I received from all sides, and I had become somewhat accustomed to the eager gaping and staring to which I was of course subjected. "Surely Nafoosa is not one of these?" There were one or two tolerably pretty faces among them. But not even the *kohl* which darkened their eyes, nor the paint which colored their cheeks, nor the gleaming whiteness of their teeth — which I believe was genuine — gave them the remotest claims to beauty. As to the rest, they were unmitigatedly ugly and awkward in their tasteless, clumsy clothes, and with their grinning, vacant smiles. "Surely Nafoosa could not be one of these?" Ali, seated by my side on the divan, — all the women, not even excepting his mother, standing in various ungraceful attitudes before us, — smiled a quiet, superior sort of smile at my question. "No, certainly. Nafoosa was not one of these. She had been sleeping probably, and was now dressing herself. She would come in a minute."

She was coming even then; had indeed come — noiselessly, like an apparition — and was standing, white and still, in the midst of that chattering, grinning, untaking group of women. It was as if a pure white lily had suddenly sprung up in the midst of a gaudy, vulgar flower-bed. Perhaps Nafoosa, roused abruptly from her slumbers (Eastern women sleep, from want of any thing else to do, at all times and hours), had not had time to deck herself, and had therefore, at the summons of her lord, hastily concealed deficiencies by wrapping herself up in the white linen garment, called *eezar*, which is the female out-of-door *toilette* in the East. At all events, from whatever cause, she wore it now. The effect of the contrast was delightful. The *eezar* was not put on after the usual hideous and ungainly fashion, which converts its wearer into a shapeless, waddling bundle, but was carelessly thrown over the shoulders, leaving the head and neck uncovered, and if the girl had studied her appearance for a week, she could not in the end have selected a more becoming or striking costume. How beautiful she was! with those lustrous, wistful eyes, and that soft, entirely colorless skin, and that profusion of rich, dark hair; and when she smiled, as she was now smiling at me, a shy, surprised smile, so unlike the bold, gaping smiles of the other women, I felt my heart jump into my mouth, and thought that in all my life I had never seen any thing half so pretty.

And so I enthusiastically informed her husband, who received my compliments with true Eastern phlegm: yet I

could see well enough that he was proud and delighted, for, with an air of condescension, he rose from the divan and went over to his young wife, and pulled her hair, and, I suppose, repeated my words; for the girl blushed a little, and laughed a little, and presently, at my urgent request, Ali induced her to seat herself beside me, and to make friends — no very easy undertaking, considering my limited stock of Arabic.

However, we got along famously. Nafoosa seemed to like me, and she was quick and intelligent, and she managed to understand most of what I tried to say to her. Before long I remembered Ali's boast of the diamonds and pearls, and, for the sake of conversation, I alluded to it. The other women were bedizened with trinkets, but Nafoosa was unadorned, save for a little bunch of sweet-smelling violets which peeped slyly ou from the folds of her white drapery. I regretted my inquiry the moment it was made, for Ali's face suddenly darkened, and he spoke to her roughly. "Why was she not properly dressed?" he asked; "and where were her ear-rings, and her brooches, and her rings?" And then he appealed to his mother; and so far as I could gather, Nafoosa got a good scolding from both of them, for the untimely simplicity of her costume. It was in vain that I did my best to repair my mistake, and declared that I liked Nafoosa best as she was, without ornament; and that jewels could add nothing to her beauty. All in vain. The poor girl was carried off like a child in disgrace by her mother-in-law, who chattered vehemently all the while, and Ali, resuming his seat, and calmly sipping a cup of the delicious coffee with which I had already been regaled, informed me that he had sent her to dress herself.

"She has got lazy of late," he said; "and she does not care about dressing and making herself beautiful. But she must, I tell her; and she must do it," he concluded with one of his emphatic looks.

Silently, because I felt a sudden aversion to the tyrant, and did not care to pursue the conversation, I awaited her return. Not for long. Presently she came back, tricked out with the famous ear-rings — tolerably good diamonds — and with a brooch awkwardly stuck in her hair, and another fastening her dress, and with a chain around her neck, and a few cheap rings on her fingers. All the other women burst into loud mockery and gayety, and clapped their hands, as the old hag, with a triumphant air, led the girl back to us adorned, shrinking and captive. But I did not laugh; nor would I give more than a passing glance at the jewels, to which Ali proudly called my attention, exhibiting his wife as he might have exhibited a favorite horse or dog. For my part I could only look at Nafoosa's face and into her deep pathetic eyes, and marvel and puzzle over the great wild sadness which I suddenly saw there.

And so Ali Achmet introduced me to his young wife, and initiated me into the mysteries of his harem; and then, all at once, dropping the grand courtesy of a host, and relapsing into the obliging obsequious Ali of my acquaintance, brought me safely home, in good time for dinner. Heaven knows that I was glad enough to get back to the pleasant, well-lit, gay hotel, away from Nafoosa's dim, quiet home, and Nafoosa's piteous haunting eyes. They haunted me all that night and the next day, and the next night too — haunted me so vividly, and to such a purpose, that before many days had passed, I awoke one morning with an irresistible longing at my heart to see the girl once more. No reason why I should not. Ali, when I told him of my wish, looked the least possible shade surprised, it is true, but professed himself delighted and honored: and so I paid another visit to his "home," and not one only, but several. I grew fond of Nafoosa, and she liked me. She interested me strangely, winding herself in some mysterious fashion round and round my heart — drawing me to her as to a magnet — and when one day she suddenly told me, what indeed I had guessed from the very first, that she was miserably, wretchedly unhappy, so unhappy that she longed to die, I took her in my arms and kissed her, as though she were my sister. Perhaps it was this that won her heart. Poor girl! I would have done any thing I could for her. But what could I do, save listen, and make frantic efforts to progress in Arabic, so as to be able to listen to some purpose, and to speak to the unfortunate girl a few words of the warning and advice which she so badly needed?

"But, Nafoosa, it is wrong, dreadfully wrong, for a married woman to love any man but her husband," I said to her, when she had told me all about Hassan's dark, sweet eyes, and his gentleness, and his bravery, and his goodness, and how they had loved one another from childhood, and how they would continue to love one another so long as life lasted. But the girl only shook her head and smiled drearily at my meek little sermon.

"Of course it was wrong," she said, "she knew that, and she was a lost, wicked woman, and," here she shuddered and grew pale, "Ali would kill her if he knew it." And I very soon discovered that a slavish terror of her husband's jealousy and vengeance was poor Nafoosa's standard of right and wrong.

"But how did you come to marry Ali," I inquired, "if you loved Hassan all the time?"

She laughed at my simplicity and ignorance. After the barbarous fashion of these countries, she, a girl of fifteen, had been made a wife without being asked or consulted, or even having ever seen her husband's face.

"But Ali is fond of you and good to you, is he not?" I inquired softly, when I had thought a little over her sad story.

Her face darkened, and there came another piteous outburst. Her husband's love was that of a tyrant for his slave. He was proud of her beauty, because it belonged to him. It was his pleasure, as it is the pleasure and custom of all Arabs, to invest his money as quickly as it was gained, in jewels and trinkets, with which to deck her. He caressed and petted her, much as a tiger might caress and pet a trembling white rabbit, which happened to be his plaything for the moment, and she — she loathed and shrank from this hated affection, and lived in abject, slavish submission to his authority.

It was a terrible business. Soon she had told me all, the little all there was to tell. It was but a slender, pitiful little romance, and its incidents were tiny ones, such as would seem very flat and insignificant to the free-born, strong-minded heroines of romance at home. But insignificant as they were, they were every thing to Nafoosa — all-important, all-engrossing. A furtive glance, a hasty pressure of the hand, a loving word whispered into her ear, the gift of a flower now and then, — this was the weak food upon which her guilty love so passionately lived; these were the great, stirring events of her life. Once a week Nafoosa went to the bath; now and then on a shopping expedition to the bazaars, and always with her face closely veiled, and under the watchful protection of her mother-in-law. These, and these only, were the lovers' opportunities.

"Then Hassan never comes here?" I inquired.

"Here!" Nafoosa laughed at my ignorance, or rather, incredulity in what I had often heard, of the rigor with which a Moslem guards his harem. "No man ever does," she said. "It would cost him his life." And with blanched lips close to my ear, for the other women were constantly passing to and fro, and privacy was totally unattainable in this crowded establishment, she related to me how, a month or two ago, some trifle had aroused her mother-in-law's suspicion, which had been at once imparted to her son, and how Ali had come to her, and had sworn a terrible oath that if ever he discovered her to be guilty of a fault, the vengeance he would take would be sure and terrible. "For myself I would not care much," she said, recklessly. "The pain would be short and quickly over. But for Hassan, my Hassan!" and she shuddered and clasped her hands with a despairing gesture.

"Your Hassan!" I repeated, reproachfully. And then I asked her what had been the beginning of this unfortunate love, and how it had come to pass that, strictly guarded as Moslem women are, she had yet managed to know and to love a man.

With eyes softly lit with happy memories, Nafoosa told me of her childhood, when her mother and Hassan's had

been close friends, and their children had played together. If the old people had but lived, all would have been well, she said, for, even in those days, she and Hassan had been called husband and wife, and plans had been made that in due season they should marry. But, after a while, both Nafoosa's parents died, and Ali's father, who was a distant relation, had become her guardian.

The law gave him a right to marry her, but he, being an old man, had transferred this right to his son, who, inflamed by the accounts he heard of her wonderful beauty, had refused to relinquish his claims. "If Hassan had been rich, and had been able to offer a good price for me," Nafoosa concluded, a little scornfully, "Ali would probably have given me to him, for he loves money; but Hassan is poor, and could give little but his love."

That was all. Poor, poor child! I had not it in me to chide her — hardly even to think her sinful and guilty, now that I knew all.

And had she no confidante, no consoler? I inquired, with wondering pity. No safe friend with whom to share her dreadful secret?

Then, for the first time, Nafoosa burst into tears. Before, all had been excitement and smouldering passion, and resentment and rebellion; but now, I had unwittingly touched another and a softer chord, and had awakened the memory of a gentler and more heart-piercing grief. She had had a sister, a twin-sister, who had known all. While she lived, life was endurable, for they loved one another passionately. But, three months ago, she and her baby had died, and Nafoosa was alone.

"And can none of these other women help you?" I asked presently, when her piteous sobs had somewhat subsided, and her tears were flowing more gently.

The girl shook her head wearily and sadly. Yet some of them looked good-natured and kindly, and the sight of Nafoosa's tears seemed to distress and concern them.

"They would talk," she whispered, with a frightened glance. And, observing their vacant, silly faces, and the ceaseless, giddy chatter which they kept up, I could not feel surprised at her reserve and caution.

Just then Ali's mother appeared, and I rose to depart. The old dame liked neither me nor my visits, and I could very well see that she looked with distrust upon my friendship for her daughter-in-law. But I did not care a rush for her disfavor, feeling perfectly sure that, so long as Ali found it profitable to remain in our service, not one of his household would venture to show the English *Sitt* the smallest sign of discourtesy. And so, though upon that occasion the old lady's coming was the signal for my departure, I often returned again, generally seizing the opportunities when I knew that Ali's engagements with one or another of our party secured his absence from home.

One day, a little while after this, I chanced to meet Nafoosa in the bazaar. My companions and myself were spending an idle hour in poking about and making purchases, and I, wearied of one of the inevitable and interminable bargaining-wranglings, which are an indispensable part of the business of buying and selling in these countries, had wandered a little apart, into a quiet, dim place, where a few cross-legged, gray-bearded merchants held stately watch over their stalls.

At the further end two women were engaged in a loud altercation over a pair of slippers with a picturesque and venerable gentleman, whose superb appearance would have led one to suppose him quite superior to the weakness of wishing to drive a good bargain. At least, one of the women was fighting valiantly for the slippers; the other was standing by listlessly, apparently a mere spectator of the dispute. To my amazement, she all at once rushed to meet me, and seized my hand. It was Nafoosa, but Nafoosa enveloped from head to foot in her white *eezar;* and with such a thick, impenetrable *yashmah*, that she was quite unrecognizable. Her mother-in-law, who was her companion, was as closely veiled as herself. The charms of sixteen and sixty required, it seemed, the same protection. While the old lady was wrangling over her slippers, Nafoosa and I enjoyed a quiet little chat. Only for a few minutes, however. Suddenly I felt the girl's hand, which I held in mine, tremble, and she plucked it away bruskly. "It is he — Hassan!" she whispered, in a choked voice, and with a quick, sudden movement she changed her position, so as to place my figure between her own and that of her mother-in-law, whose attention was still, luckily, absorbed by the obstinacy of the slipper merchant. I looked round. A fine, handsome young man, in chocolate-colored petticoat-trousers, and an embroidered jacket, was slowly, and with an air of studied unconcern, approaching us. When he was quite close to Nafoosa, after a cautious glance towards her mother-in-law, he paused. I saw their hands meet in a convulsive clasp. I saw more — that which, if the eyes of any of the cross-legged, solemn sons of the Prophet had seen from their stalls, would probably have then and there exposed Nafoosa to the direst consequences. I saw her, quick as lightning, raise her hand, and draw aside her veil for an instant, showing him her white, beautiful face, and smiling upon him the saddest and sweetest smile that ever made a man's heart beat.

Lucky Hassan! It was all very wrong and dreadful, and I, a mere spectator, felt, somehow, horribly guilty myself; but all the same, I could not, for the life of me, help liking the young man on the spot. He looked so much in earnest, and so grateful, and — rare sign of emotion in an Eastern — he actually colored violently; and he really was extremely handsome, and his refined, thoughtful face betrayed no symptom of conceit or vanity, but only deep, passionate, eager affection. It was all over in a minute; indeed, so quickly over, that none but a close observer could have detected the lovers' little pantomime; and then the young man, having given me a courteous salutation, passed on his way, and had in another instant disappeared.

"Hassan knows you. I have told him about you," Nafoosa explained to me, after a minute or two of breathless silence. And I knew by the altered tone of her voice, that a ray of sunshine which would gladden her life for some time to come had stolen into the girl's heart, and was making sweet melody there.

It chanced that soon after this little adventure I caught a cold which kept me prisoner at home, and thus a longer time than usual elapsed without my having seen Nafoosa. When I did next see her a change seemed to have taken place in her which frightened me. She was looking ill — wretchedly ill — and there was a recklessness in her manner and a despair in her eye, which told me clearer than words could tell, that the yoke was becoming too galling and difficult to bear. Her husband, too, had altered. Ali had grown silent and morose. Now he never jested nor smiled, and his glistening, snake-like eyes were generally moodily bent upon the ground. Now and then, however, I caught them fixed upon me with a dark look of suspicion, which, whenever I perceived it, used to make my heart jump into my mouth, and my thoughts fly with cruel anxiety to his wife. Once, as indifferently and innocently as I could, I ventured to ask him what the cause of his unwonted gravity was — whether he was ill, or in trouble, or unhappy. But I was repulsed with such a short answer that I understood at once that no further confidences were to be made me about his domestic concerns, and that the dark grief over which he was brooding was too sacred and terrible to be approached.

The end of my story is coming now; and the end is such a sad one that I must hurry over it as quickly as possible. It was about six weeks since the evening that I had paid my first and memorable visit to Ali's house. We were soon to leave Cairo, and we had, during the last days of our stay, made a little expedition to see the Pyramids of Sakkara. Ali accompanied us as usual, for though, by this time, I had grown both to dislike and fear him, for the sake of keeping up my intercourse with his wife to the last, I was careful to conceal my sentiments, and to retain him in our service. We were to have been two nights absent, but on the second day one of our party got ill, which obliged us to alter our plans and to return at once to Cairo. It was late when we reached the hotel, and I well remember the pale smile with which Ali listened to me, as, when

I bade him good-night, I promised to go to see Nafoosa on the following day — resolved in my heart to make the girl a final entreaty to submit to her fate, hard as it was, and to implore of her, if from no other motive than the dread of her husband's vengeance, to be faithful to him to the last. Ali heard my promise with cold politeness. A little while ago he would have expressed himself delighted, and would have bidden me a glad welcome. But times had changed now, and I could see that jealousy had awakened distrust even of me, and that he now repented of the foolish indiscretion he had been guilty of, in allowing a "dog of a Christian" to penetrate into the privacy of his harem. That night I could not sleep. The slow hours went wearily by, and I counted them all. At last, when it was broad daylight, I fell into a disturbed slumber, which was worse than wakefulness, for it was haunted by a wretched dream. What it was I could not at once recall, but I awoke screaming, and frightened out of my life. To sleep again was, of course, impossible, and I was soon up and dressed. It was early still, but I longed for a breath of fresh air, and I resolved to go out and get it. It was not till I found myself out of the house, inhaling the delicious morning air, and looking with delight at the beautiful sky, still tinged with countless delicate dawn colors, that I all at once remembered that I had dreamed of Nafoosa. It was one of those rare moments in one's life when the perfect loveliness of heaven and earth brings home to one's heart a sudden, swift conviction that existence is a blessed thing. Yet in the midst of it, like a dark, chill shadow, the memory of my dream crept across the brightness and extinguished it. I hurried on my way. Instinctively, and half unconsciously, I had taken the now very familiar direction of Ali's house. It was a tolerably long walk, but I had soon accomplished it, and was in the dusky court-yard from which, on the first evening of my coming, the dogs had barked such an unceremonious welcome. Now they were quiet enough. Every thing was still, strangely still — for, early as it was, there were a few people about — dark Moslems, with grave, stern faces, and here and there a woman rocking herself to and fro, beneath her white *eezar*, and uttering harsh, wailing sounds. At once I knew that something had happened. What it was I could not summon courage to inquire. My appearance was well known in the place by this time, and I was allowed, without question or comment, to climb the dark, steep staircase. The door at the top of it was half open — an unusual circumstance in a Moslem house. I entered. In the first room there was a small group of turbaned heads and petticoated figures, speaking in subdued tones. One of them approached me as I went by. I believe that it was Ali's brother; but I hardly saw him or heard the words which he addressed to me. The next door was closed. It was that of the women's apartment, and, after a little pause, it was opened for me, and when I passed through quickly closed behind me. I made one step forward, calling Nafoosa. Then I paused, motionless. Nafoosa was there, close to me, on the low divan at my feet. But she never stirred when I called her. O God! she was dead — dead! her white face whiter than I had ever seen it before, her wistful smile smiling up at me more wistfully than it had ever done, and — but I turned away, and could look no more. I had seen a spot of dark crimson blood upon her dress.

Not then, but afterwards, I heard the particulars. As he had threatened, Ali's vengeance had been swift and sure. Nafoosa's young life had been cut off quickly, too quickly, please God, for much pain. It appeared that of late his wife's rebelliousness and open unhappiness had increased the suspicion that he had for a long time secretly harbored. Hassan, counting upon his absence with us, had chosen the previous evening to make an attempt to carry off Nafoosa. But for Ali's unexpected return, he might possibly have succeeded; but, as it was, Ali was behind him, dogging his footsteps, when, at the appointed hour, eight o'clock, he was waiting for Nafoosa's coming. She came — poor girl, she came. But if her lover was waiting for her, so also was her husband, armed with the sharp weapon with which he had sworn to revenge himself. Nafoosa had fallen at his feet without a struggle; but Hassan and he had had a terrible one. Fortunately, interference had come in time to prevent a second death, and both the combatants were secured. Ali's punishment was slight — almost, indeed, nominal. In the East, a wife's infidelity is the justification of any crime; and I believe that he very soon consoled himself with another one. As to Hassan, I heard afterwards that he had disappeared from Cairo, and that even his friends knew nothing of him. Some said that he had committed suicide; others that, to expiate his sin, he had undertaken a pilgrimage to Mecca; others that he had lost his reason, and had wandered away purposelessly to distant countries. I could never discover the truth. Time has passed — all the actors in the little tragedy have faded in the dim past; but Nafoosa's memory ever remains vivid and clear, and her sad, beautiful eyes haunt me still.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

On the 25th of September, in the year 1827, in a dismal French château, the gloom of which was increased by the presence of death — forlorn and haggard, listless and desponding, a young man of seventeen sat writing to a friend.

This young man, whose letter was the expression of piercing and bitter thought, had just achieved the highest honors attainable at the Collége d'Henri Quatre, and was supposed to have a brilliant future opening before him. It was the poet Alfred de Musset. His intellect was prematurely developed. It was easy to him to take the front place; he was already acknowledged as a genius, and his published poetry had made a sensation. He was miserable — not with the sharp affliction of one who has lost what is dear to him, but with an oppressed sense of the narrow limits of humanity, of the painful details attending the end of life, of the pitiful conventions of mourning, and of the want of a real passionate emotion.

He had been summoned from his college in the hour of success, with a festive holiday in view, to the old château, where his grandmother had died suddenly. A fortnight before he had left her in health, and chatting in her easy-chair, with her French vivacity. Now a heap of earth covered her remains, and the contrast struck him with dismay. With the instinct of the poet, which assimilates all the phases of human experience, he saw himself dead and shrouded. His spirit rose against the assumed grief, the tragic mask which he saw put on before him. "Voilà," he wrote, "le sort qui m'attend, qui nous attend tous! Je ne veux point de ces regrets de commande, de cette douleur que l'on quitte avec les habits de deuil. J'aime mieux que mes os soient jetés au vent; toutes ces larmes feintes ou trop promptement taries ne sont qu'une affreuse dérision." He was disgusted and weary; he thought life was worth nothing, and that he would gladly get out of it if there were not the process of dying to go through, and the idea of the subsequent ceremonials of ostensible affliction among his relations to confront. The companion of his gloom was an uncle, who was remarkable for his good common-sense, for his erudition, and for his general respectability. He could not be expected to form the faintest idea of his nephew's mental attributes; he wondered at his tastes, while he was gratified by his success. He was continually extinguishing his fires with wet blankets. When the young Alfred talked with enthusiasm of a drama which struck his imagination, or of a verse which rang in his ear, he would reply, "Est-ce que tu n'aimes pas mieux lire tout cela dans quelque bon historien? C'est toujours plus vrai et plus exact." The poet felt himself another Hamlet with another Polonius, and longed for sympathetic intercourse with Hamlet's creator.

"Je donnerais vingt-cinq francs pour avoir une pièce de Shakspeare ici en anglais."

It was not to be had. The desire for the unattainable was the poet's habit of mind. If he could have called up Shakspeare from the dead, he would probably have turned away from him after the first greeting; or if his favorite tragedy in English had suddenly tumbled down from a book-

shelf close at hand, he would most likely have flung it from him after the first hasty rush through its leaves. He had nothing that he cared to read; he thought he should like to write, but the thought soon wearied him.

"Je me sens par moments une envie de prendre la plume et de salir une ou deux feuilles de papier, mais la première difficulté me rebute et un souverain dégoût me fait étendre les bras et fermer les yeux."

Other fancies came across him.

"J'ai besoin de voir une femme, j'ai besoin d'aimer; j'aimerais ma cousine, qui est vieille et laide, si elle n'était pas économe et pédante."

The misery of Alfred de Musset's life was not wholly due to its outward circumstances, but to the peculiarities of his temperament and to his wayward disposition. He was not a hard, evil-minded man like Lord Byron, nor a wild theorist like Shelley; he knew how to love virtue and to hate iniquity, but he did not know how to conquer an impulse or to subdue a passion. He gave way to himself. After the wrong, came the repentance. He was unable to bear the suffering of that state, and flew to absinthe and dissipation to get rid of it.

He alternated between sublime aspiration and disappointment, disgust and debauch; and, starting in life with every material advantage — good family, good prospects, and brilliant genius — he died a premature old man, broken down and miserable, at the age of forty-seven. The indications of such a development are strongly marked in the letter from which we have quoted. At the early age of seventeen the characteristics of the poet show themselves as he writes to his intimate friend: the unsatisfied desire and the fine perception, the despondency, the satire, the weakness, the despair.

"Tu es la seule chose," he says to his friend, "qui me réveille de mon néant et qui me reporte vers un idéal que j'ai oublié par impuissance. Je n'ai plus le courage de rien penser. Si je me trouvais dans ce moment-ci à Paris, j'éteindrais ce qui me reste d'un peu noble dans le punch et la bière, et je me sentirais soulagé. On endort bien un malade avec de l'opium; quoiqu'on sache que le sommeil lui doive être mortel. J'en agirais de même avec mon âme."

The regret which is felt in the contemplation of a bright genius degraded, leads us sometimes to wonder sadly whether a mother, strong enough to understand, and tender enough to persuade such a nature, would have averted his fate, or whether, if he had met with a true friend capable of exercising a maternal influence, of appreciating the impulses of his genius and forgiving its eccentricities, he might not have relinquished much evil, and have assimilated much good, calmed and sustained by such a sympathy; but there is an obvious reply to the suggestion. The poet was not prompted to seek an affection of this nature, and the fatal passion which dominated his life was taken to his heart with a distinct foreshadowing of what its consequences might be; he was very young, only twenty-three, but he went to the banquet with the warning of poison in its fruits. Rapture and agony, convulsion and swoon, seemed the necessity of his life; and if the Cleopatra who enslaved him had not existed, some other shining and evil star would still have risen to shape his destiny. His intellectual force was not equal to his creative genius. His compositions were sudden impulses which forced themselves upon him, and he wrote some of his most beautiful poems in fits of anguish; his work was followed by long periods of prostration. He was incapable of a sustained effort; but he was not easily satisfied with what he did, and reconsidered and finished his pieces with so much care that they are justly esteemed as models of workmanship. The dialogue of his comedies is brilliant, and so delicate and subtle in its play, so piercing in its satire, that it is a matter of high ambition to the artists of the Comédie Française to deliver it with perfect precision, and to give full value to every syllable. None of De Musset's comedies are long, but all contain a great deal of matter; his wit is less obvious and more keen than Molière's; he has less fun and sharper satire; he does not hit so hard, but he wounds more deeply. His types of character are original; his perceptions of the ridiculous are exquisite, and the sense of beauty is never absent from his style, even in his lightest touches. In all his prose there is poetry. To the student he is known as a poet; to the world at large, through the medium of the stage, as a dramatist.

Among his *Œuvres Posthumes*, which make a small volume, there is a dramatic fragment, called "Faustine," of great force and interest. The scene is laid at Venice, and the Venetian atmosphere surrounds the reader. The passion is worked up to a high pitch, when the drama suddenly stops. The same volume contains a complete comedy, called "L'Ane et le Ruisseau," which is clever and graceful, and some poems and letters, from the earliest of which we have already quoted. The letters are distinguished by grace and ease of language; they are sometimes epigrammatic, and sometimes playful; they are never artificial; they are generally sad. The most humorous among them describes a singular supper at the house of the famous Mlle. Rachel, a description which the poet valued, and which he requested his correspondent to keep, in order that the record of so strange an evening should some day be made known. The entertainment took place after a representation of "Tancrède," in the fifth act of which Rachel had obtained showers of tears from her audience, and had herself wept with such strong emotion as to make her doubt whether she could continue her performance. Afterwards, as she walked down the arcades of the Palais Royal, with a company of artists, actresses, and singers, she fell in with the young poet, and invited him to join them. They all adjourned to her house, where her mother and sister were established; and they looked forward to a festive supper. But Rachel discovered that she had left her bracelets and rings at the theatre; she sent her maid-servant, whom she called her *bonne*, to fetch them. This *bonne* being absent, there was no servant left to prepare the supper. But presently Rachel left the room to change her dress, and in the space of a quarter of an hour she reappeared in a dressing-gown and night-cap, with a handkerchief over her ears, looking, according to Alfred de Musset, as beautiful as an angel (but the angels are not handsome if Rachel was a type of them), and carrying a dish which contained three beefsteaks, the cooking of which she had personally superintended. She set down this dish in the middle of the table, said, "Régalez-vous!" and returned to the kitchen, whence she again emerged with a soup-tureen full of hot soup, and a saucepan full of spinach. This constituted the supper. There were no plates and no spoons; the *bonne* having taken away the keys. Rachel opened the sideboard, and there finding a salad-bowl with a salad in it ready dressed, she took the wooden spoon that stood in the midst, and began to eat apart from the rest. "Oh, dear!" said her mother, who was hungry, "I know, my child, that there are some pewter plates in the kitchen!" Upon which Rachel again disappeared, and returned with the pewter plates, which she distributed to her guests.

"My dear," said her mother, "these beefsteaks are overdone."

"They are," replied Rachel. "In the days when I kept house for you I used to cook better; so you see I have lost one talent to gain another. But, Sarah," she continued, addressing her sister, "what is the matter — you are not eating?"

Sarah replied, "I don't choose to eat off pewter plates."

"That, I presume," replied Rachel, "is because I have bought out of my savings a dozen silver plates. Soon you will require one servant in front of your chair and another behind it." Then, addressing Alfred de Musset, she said, "Just fancy — when I was acting at the Théâtre Molière, I possessed only two pair of stockings, and every morning" —

Now Sarah interrupted her, and began to chatter German to put an end to her sister's confessions; but Rachel went on resolutely. "No German here! I am not ashamed of what I say. I had only two pair of stockings, and I was obliged to wash one pair every morning that I might have clean ones to act in every night. I also managed every thing in the house. I got up at six daily, and at eight o'clock all the beds were made; afterwards I went

to La Halle to buy our dinner, and I was an honest cook, was I not, mamma?"

"That you were," replied the mother, with her mouth full.

"Only once," said Rachel, "I was guilty of thieving: what I bought at fourpence I set down as fivepence, and going on steadily in this way, at the end of a month I made a profit of three francs."

"And what did you do with those three francs?" asked the poet, with mock severity.

"Oh!" exclaimed the mother, "she bought a Molière with them."

"Yes," said Rachel; "I had got a Racine and a Corneille, and I wanted a Molière. I bought it with my three francs, and then I confessed my crime."

Some of the guests now went away, and the *bonne* returned. Sarah continued to abstain from eating, and to chatter German. Rachel reproved her, persevered with stories of her youth, and presently made some punch and set it alight, putting the candles under the table in order the better to see the pretty blue flame as it was burning; when this pastime was over she played with Alfred de Musset's sword-stick, and drawing the blade out of its sheath she picked her teeth with it. But one sentence sufficed to put an end to all this vulgarity and folly, and to bring poetry and the instinct of art upon the scene.

The poet said, "How beautifully you read the letter in the fifth act to-night! You were greatly moved."

"Yes," replied Rachel, "I felt as if I were shattered — breaking into bits — and yet I don't care for the tragedy of 'Tancrède.' It is false."

"You prefer the tragedies of Corneille and Racine," said the poet.

"I like Corneille," Rachel replied, "though he is sometimes trivial and sometimes turgid — he is not true to nature. The line in the Horace, —

'On peut changer d'amant mais non changer de poux,'

appears to me coarse and common."

"Not the less true for that," said De Musset.

"Unworthy of the poet, at any rate," said Rachel. "But speak to me of Racine, the noble, the beautiful, — I adore him! And do you know I am resolved to act Phèdre" (she struck the table with her fist as she spoke). "They say I am too young and too thin, and more such nonsense; but I reply, it is the greatest part in all Racine, and I am determined to play it."

"You may be wrong there," said Sarah.

"Let me alone," said Rachel; "I mean to do it; if people tell me I am too thin, I say they are absurd. A woman possessed by an infamous passion, yet prepared rather to die than yield to it — a woman withering away in scorching fires and bitter tears — such a woman cannot be expected to look as plump as Mme. Paradol. It would be a contradiction in nature. I have read the part ten times within the last eight days. I don't know how I should act it, but I tell you that I feel it in me. The newspapers may write what they please, but they will not disgust me with it. They are at a loss what to invent in order to injure me, instead of giving me encouragement and help; but I will act it, though only four persons should be present to see it." She then made a grand tirade against the journalists.

Her mother interrupted her. "My dear," said she, "you have been talking too much. This morning you were up at six. I don't know what possesses you. You have gabbled all day, and you have been acting this evening. You will be ill."

"Leave me alone," said Rachel; "it makes me feel that I am alive." She turned to De Musset and said, "Shall I fetch the book, and shall we read the tragedy both together?"

"What could be more delightful?" said the poet.

But Sarah observed that it was half-past eleven.

"Well," said Rachel, "who prevents you from going to bed?"

Accordingly Sarah went to bed, and Rachel left the room, but speedily returned with a volume of Racine in her hands. Her demeanor had undergone a total change: it had become solemn and religious; she seemed as one administering sacred rites. She took her seat next the poet and snuffed the candle. Her mother dozed off comfortably, with a smile on her face. Rachel bowed her head over the volume as she opened it, and said, "How I love this Racine! When I once get the book in my hand, I could go on reading for two days without stopping to eat or drink." The two now began their reading with the volume placed between them.

"D'abord," writes De Musset, "elle récite d'un ton monotone comme une litanie. Peu à peu elle s'anime. Nous échangeons nos remarques, nos idées sur chaque passage. Elle arrive enfin à la déclaration. Elle étend son bras droit sur la table; le front posé sur la main gauche, appuyée sur son coude, elle s'abandonne entièrement. Cependant elle ne parle encore qu'à demi-voix. Tout à coup ses yeux étincellent; le génie de Racine éclaire son visage; elle pâlit, elle rougit. Jamais je ne vis rien de si beau, de si intéressant; jamais, au théâtre, elle n'a produit sur moi tant d'effet. La fatigue, un peu d'enrouement, le punch, l'heure avancée, une animation presque fièvreuse sur ces petites joues entourées d'un bonnet de nuit, je ne sais quel charme inouï répandu dans tout son être, ces yeux brillants qui me consultent, un sourire enfantin qui trouve moyen de se glisser au milieu de tout cela; enfin, jusqu'à cette table en désordre, cette chandelle dont la flamme tremblote, cette mère assoupie près de nous, tout cela compose à la fois un tableau digne de Rembrandt, un chapitre de roman digne de *Wilhelm Meister*, et un souvenir de la vie d'artiste qui ne s'effacera jamais de ma mémoire."

It was now past midnight, and Rachel's father came home from the opera. He was hardly seated before he addressed some brutal words to his daughter, and ordered her to leave off reading. Rachel shut up the book, saying, "It is intolerable: I will buy a match-box, and I will read alone in my bed." Tears rolled down her cheeks.

It was intolerable to the poet to see such a creature so treated; he rose and took his leave, full of emotion and admiration, and before he went to bed he wrote down an account of the scene, which he addressed to a lady well known in Paris for her wit and beauty, and who had a high appreciation of his genius. She still lives, and is still witty and still pretty; he used to call her playfully his "Marraine," for she was a great many years older than himself: but he seems to have anticipated the fact of her surviving him. We owe to her the preservation of one of the most curious fragments of biography ever published. To all lovers of art this picture of the poet and the actress side by side, drawing inspiration from each other as the pages of Racine glowed under their touch, must be full of interest. To those who remember Rachel's grand interpretations of the classical French dramatists, who remember the beauty of her declamation, her fire, her sublime passion, her statuesque dignity, which made her small frame seem at times colossal, the scene here set down is a golden treasure received from the hands of the poet. The contrast between her actual life and her ideal representation woven so curiously into unity is strange, exciting, painful, and yet beautiful; for no sooner did the player and the poet concentrate their thoughts upon their art than it conquered all the rest: and the sordid facts and mean surroundings disappeared under the enchantment of exalted imagination.

The Théâtre Français was the favorite temple of worship of De Musset, and there he studied objectively the emotions which, when he suffered them within himself, were too passionate for his frame, and sometimes destroyed his sense.

The most beautiful of his lyrics, however, grew out of his own affliction; they are the harmonious moanings of an irretrievable sorrow, of a lost faith, of a great, ruined passion. They were written at the age of twenty-five, and are known as *Les Nuits*. They include "La Nuit de Mai," "de Décembre," "d'Octobre," and "d'Aout." "La Nuit d'Octobre" is well known through the passionate recitation of Delaunay and Favart: "La Nuit de Décembre" is not less poetical; the oppressive gloom of the winter season invests it: it describes that strange impression which haunted the

poet in all his misery, of a figure by his side whose aspect was the counterpart of his own: the figure was dressed in black, and its expression was that of mournful regret. It came too late to be a warning: it was too sad to be a consolation; in every disorder of his mind his strained imagination projected this image before him, and the sight of it was accompanied by anguish. He was a child when it first appeared to him. He saw it for the second time at the age of fifteen.

"Comme j'allais avoir quinze ans,
Je marchais un jour à pas lents,
Dans un bois, sur une bruyère.
Au pied d'un arbre vint s'asseoir
Un jeune homme vêtu de noir,
Qui me ressemblait comme un frère.

"Je lui demandai mon chemin;
Il tenait un luth d'une main,
De l'autre un bouquet d'eglantine.
Il me fit un salut d'ami,
Et, se détournant à demi,
Me montra du doigt la colline."

In the poet's first love-sorrow the figure appeared again, sad and anxious. With one hand it pointed to heaven; in the other it held a sword; it breathed only one sigh, and disappeared like a dream.

In the midst of unholy, wild festivity the shape next showed itself: —

"A l'âge où l'on est libertin,
Pour boire un toast en un festin,
Un jour je soulevai mon verre.
En face de moi vint s'asseoir
Un convive vêtu de noir,
Qui me ressemblait comme un frère.

"Il secouait sous son manteau
Un haillon de pourpre en lambeau,
Sur sa tête un myrte stérile.
Son bras maigre cherchait le mein,
Et mon vérre en touchant le sien,
Se brisa dans ma main débile."

The sterile myrtle and the emaciated arm were the fatal anticipations of the poet's conscience, working among scenes of riot and clamor in some momentary isolation of thought. A year passed before the image was seen again; it was then at the death-bed of his father. Its eyes were deluged with tears; it was like "les anges de douleur."

"Je m'en suis si bien souvenu
Que je l'ai toujours reconnu
A tous les instants de ma vie.
C'est une étrange vision
Et cependant, ange ou démon,
J'ai vu partout cette ombre amie."

It followed him to Italy; he saw it in the stormy days of his travel; it sometimes rose to perplex a sunny hour: —

"A Florence au fond des palais,
A Brigues dans les vieux châlets,
Au sein des Alpes désolées;
* * * * *
A Vénise à l'affreux Lido
Où vient sur l'herbe d'un tombeau
Mourir la pale Adriatique."

Wherever he went the vision pursued him: —

"Partout où j'ai voulu dormir,
Partout où j'ai voulu mourir,
Partout où j'ai touché la terre,
Sur ma route est venu s'asseoir
Un malheureux vêtu de noir,
Qui me ressemblait comme un frère."

An episode of great beauty, but too long and too continuous in its flow to furnish extracts, follows this stanza. It describes the fluctuations of that unhappy passion for the woman who subdued his soul, which ended in despair; the fraternal shape of sorrow glides in at the hours of sharpest affliction. At last the poet questions the vision, and his passionate appeal is answered —

"Ami, je suis la Solitude."

This was not a dream conjured up in the hour of poetical composition. The poem is a true record, and it is difficult to conceive any thing more pathetic. These lyrical pieces were written at the early age of twenty-five, and nothing of the poet's at a later day surpassed them, either in passion or in perfection of verse.

Heine, always cruel in his satire, said of De Musset when he was thirty years old, "C'est un jeune homme d'un beau passé." But there was truth in those bitter words. At the age of thirty-seven, De Musset ceased to write; at forty-seven, the burthen of his sorrows and faults was lifted from him, and he died suddenly in the night, of heart disease, on the 1st of May, 1857, at Paris.

It was after his death that the "Nuit d'Octobre" was produced upon the stage of the Théâtre Français at the celebration of his birthday, while his marble bust, crowned with laurel, looked on still and calm, as he never could be at any instant of his troubled life.

The performance of a long dialogue in verse, with no change of scene, and little action, depending wholly on the beauty of poetry and the movement of passion, was felt to be hazardous even by French artists for a French audience, but the success was complete, and the theatre is crowded at every representation of this piece. It was bravely risked during the last season, when dramatic art showed its full perfections at the Opéra Comique, in London; and it warmed the cold blood of English audiences, and established the fame of the French poet with many who had never even heard his name before. His birthday is annually celebrated at the Comédie Française, by a performance of pieces exclusively of his writing. It is an occasion when the theatre is always filled with spectators of literary distinction, and with renowned artists. There is a certain sense of exaltation in these honors duly paid to the dramatist and poet; but it is accompanied by a profound melancholy as the memorial of great gifts misused, of the promise of youth ending in the blight of manhood, and of a fine imagination overthrown.

A FIGHT FOR A LOCOMOTIVE.

I.

I SAT at breakfast one autumn morning, lazily sipping my coffee, and trying to solve a problem that completely eclipsed the *pons asinorum*. Certainly that proposition never caused me half the perplexity the one I was now cogitating did. The morning paper lay uncut across my knee; the rolls had gone cold; the sunshine came in through the open window, bringing with it the scent of the late roses; and across the roads and adjacent meadows came the shouts of the harvestmen gathering in the last loads of wheat from the distant corn-fields. Yet I was blind to the fair prospect that was visible from the window of my pretty suburban lodging, and opened out in the clear, fresh air of the morning, and stretched for miles on miles; green meadows, yellow stubbles, red farmhouses, and woods already touched with the marvellous colors laid on so lavishly and yet harmoniously by the master-hand of autumn; bounded by the distant line of hills over which hung the rounded outline of the Wrekin, only distinguishable from a cloud by its immovability. Many and oft were the hours I had spent in watching and drinking in all the beauty of earth and tree and sky; and why not on this particular morning? The immediate cause lay in two letters that lay on the table. One had a narrow pink envelop of that elongated form so much affected by the fair sex. The other was an unmistakable business letter,

addressed in a clerkly hand to William Herbert, Esq., Paradise Place, Metaltown.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

"MY DEAREST WILLIE, — . . . And I really don't see that we need be in any hurry to be married. We have only been engaged a year. You are only twenty-two, and I am but nineteen; so we are quite young enough to wait some time longer yet. Although grandma *is* a little queer, yet I can bear with her easily when I think of the great happiness that is in store for us *sometime*. Certainly, dear, we might manage it, as you are so impatient, if, when your uncle's will is opened, you have the £30 annuity you expect; but if you don't get it, your salary of £120 is rather small to manage with. I think, darling, we had better wait a bit. Am I not a terribly worldly-wise little thing?" &c., &c.

This letter was signed "Mary."

Of course I had read her letter first, and had inwardly resolved upon overcoming her fears and getting married off hand. But the second letter put a damper on my hopes. It was from my uncle's solicitor, and ran thus: —

"DEAR SIR, — The six months your deceased relative directed his will to be kept sealed were up yesterday, and the will was read by me before several of his relatives. I am desired to make you acquainted with the contents, and enclose you copy of will. You will see that, contrary to our expectations, the will, which your uncle himself made, and kept sealed even from me, does not leave you a penny. I am astonished at this unaccountable conduct, and am grieved at your disappointment.

"I am, sir, yours faithfully,

"J. H. PROCTOR."

My bright hopes were banished, and it was with a sorrowful heart that I came to the conclusion that there was nothing to do but to wait as patiently as possible. Suddenly awakening to the fact that I was half an hour late for the office, I hastened townwards, inwardly praying that my principal, a large contractor, had not arrived. As soon as I entered, however, the chief clerk said to me, "Mr. Herbert, you are wanted in Mr. Heywood's room." I hurried in, feeling defiantly careless of the expected reprimand.

"Good-morning, Mr. Herbert. You are late."

"I have had unwelcome news, sir, and forgot how the time was passing." And I told him as much as I thought proper. After some discursive talk, he said, —

"I have been well pleased with your business tact and energy, Mr. Herbert, and have sent for you now to undertake a rather ticklish matter. Oblige me by listening while I put you in possession of the facts."

"You know we have discontinued working the Lleydem brick-fields; and it appears that our late manager has allowed the royalty to Earl —— to fall into arrear for two years. Last week a distraint was made on the premises, and the engine that used to run on our branch line, and was lying in the shed, has been seized and sold for about a quarter of its value. The purchaser has run it a little up the line off our land, and taken up the rails behind it to prevent its being taken back. Now, I consider that such a distress is illegal, and am determined to seek the remedy known in the law as "recaption." I do not care for the bother of a replevin action. Now, I want you to go to Lleydem and see how the land lies, and then take as many men as you want from the Mynedd lead-mines, together with horses, and pull the engine on to the main line after the night mail has passed, and take her with all haste to Nantygolyn Station in time to meet the up luggage-train at half-past two in the morning. You will then attach the engine to the train and bring her here. Here is the necessary permit to authorize you to stop the train, and a letter to the captain of the mine. If, as is quite possible, you meet with resistance, refrain from using any more force than is necessary. I wish to avoid any fighting. If you conduct this matter successfully it is quite probable I may raise your salary, for I have been well satisfied with your conduct in the office. Are you sure that you perfectly comprehend my instructions?"

I withdrew to make the necessary preparations and cogitate about my anticipated good fortune, and the strange service I was engaged upon. It had all the charm of adventure, for I was not so sanguine as to hope that such a proceeding could be taken entirely without resistance. I determined to say nothing about it to Mary, lest she should be alarmed. I wrote her a short note, saying that I should be away on important business for the next two or three days, and urging her to keep a good heart, as I might have some good news to tell her when we next met.

II.

I alighted at Nantygolyn Station, and engaged a room at the sole inn the village boasts of. It was still early in the evening, and I started after dinner to walk as far as Lleydem, a distance of about two miles, to reconnoitre. The road ran along the hill-side nearly all the way. A shower had laid the dust, and the wet foliage of the trees that clung to the rock on my right hand, and overhung the path, gleamed brightly in the dying light. Far down on my left ran the brawling river, just colored with the rain, and from all about arose the soft steam from the moistened earth, speaking eloquently in its grave-like odor of the sad end of the year that was coming so quickly. Autumn is pleasant enough amid the gardens of Kent, but very sad is it among the hills. The trees are stunted, and the leaves soon flutter slowly downward from their baring branches; and those who have only heard the musical sighing of the wind through the trees of a lowland landscape, can have no conception of the weird-like feeling that steals over one as we listen to the soughing of the gale among the swaying and creaking boughs of the mountain pines and birches, and its fiercer shriek as it sweeps up the ravines and over the desolate moor. The wind was rising, laden with occasional showers, as I reached the brick-field. The state of affairs was worse than I had imagined. The engine had been left on an exposed part of the line, and where there was a sharp curve, causing the outside rail to be much higher than the other. Inclining at such a sharp angle, it had been exposed to the full fury of a recent gale, which, catching it at so great a disadvantage, had tilted it completely over, and it now lay on its side on the embankment, with the hindermost wheels, however, resting on, or only partly off the rails. It was a small and very light engine, and had been originally intended for the Crimea.

It was a wild and lonely place where the brick-yard was situated. It was just where the moorland commenced, and where there was nothing to interrupt the eye as it roamed over the purple flat, strangely lit up in places by crimsoning gleams and patches of golden brown, as the light of the stormy sunset was reflected from the surface of a pool, or shone on a lighter ground of dead rushes and ling. Beyond all was a long gray line, which could not be mistaken for any thing but what it was — the bonny, open sea. If you listened intently you could even catch, borne on the wind, the faint roar of the surf on the flat sandy shore.

Nothing could be done that night, and on the morrow I mounted a sorry animal which mine host called a saddle-horse, and rode off to the mines to bespeak the services of a dozen men and three horses — all they had to spare — for eight o'clock that night, and then back to the station to put all right with the station-master. To disarm suspicion I took a rod and made my way down to the now swollen stream. Few fish were there in it, for the deadly water from the mines had played sad havoc with the finny tribe. More time was passed in reverie than in fishing, and tender memories of the past mingled strangely with dreams of the future. How happy Mary and I could be in a little cottage *ornée* I had had my eye upon, and which I knew was to be had at a low rent. How pleasant to hurry home from business, and find a bright face to welcome me with a kiss and a bonny smile, instead of my lonely bachelor rooms.

Ah, me! would it ever come to pass, I wondered. Surely it must some day; and yet, somehow, I could *not* look hopefully forward. Perhaps it was the lowering weather and the dull, spiritless air that everybody wore that depressed me; and it was absurd, yet I felt as if I were going to be hung, or meet with some serious accident in this midnight abduction I was engaged in. Vainly trying to shake off the feeling, I retraced my steps to the inn.

At eight o'clock it was already quite dark. When I reached the bank over the line I saw that the men, by the light of lanterns, had rigged up a temporary crane, and were tugging away at the ropes, trying to raise the fallen engine, and prying away with levers and screw-jacks, working quietly and well. Most of them were brawny Englishmen, imported by Mr. Heywood; the rest were Welshmen, smaller made, but wiry and strong. Steadily the work went on under my directions, and all the while a soft, unpleasant drizzle gradually soaked us through and through. The wind was fitful, and many and mysterious were the sounds that it brought out of the glens. It moaned dismally through the pine woods, showing that the spirit of the storm was abroad, and ere long would be upon us in all its savageness. Suddenly a form flitted by, then another, and another, and three strange men passed by the engine and vanished in the gloom. Other eyes were as quick as mine, and saw them. We instinctively knew that they were the vanguard of the enemy, and that soon we might expect opposition. As we afterwards learned, one of the men at the mine had not been able to keep the secret from his Delilah.

"Look sharp, lads, and get her on the line before they come," I cried, and lent a hand to the ropes myself. At last, with a thud, she was righted, and then the screw-jacks were again applied to lift her properly on the rails. This was done without interruption. The horses were harnessed to, and she began to move merrily enough, though a rattling noise inside made it evident that some of her machinery was broken. I was beginning to hope we might soon gain the main line, about half a mile away, when over the bank there came some twenty or thirty men and lads. The wheels were scotched before we could prevent it. They harnessed a couple of horses and half a dozen donkeys to the other end of the engine. Two tar-barrels they had brought with them were set alight, and blazed furiously, affording plenty of light. I warned my men not to have recourse to violence, and in this I was seconded by the leader of the opposite side, who was, in fact, the purchaser of the engine.

"It shall be a fair fight," he said. "Let us see which can pull the hardest now, and you take your chance in the law afterwards."

By mutual consent we unscotched the wheels, and the tournament began. First one party gained a few yards, then the other. The animals lugged their very hardest, aided by the men. The Englishmen were the strongest, although the fewest in number, but the incline was in favor of the Welshmen, and at first it seemed as if they would triumph and drag the engine back to where the rails were broken up. No blows passed between us, and the good humor shown by every one surprised me very much. I felt that I was losing patience, and must have some hand in it, so took up a lever, and, inserting it behind a wheel, strove to urge it onward. My friend the commander-in-chief of the enemy did the same, but in an opposite direction. What was to be done? Things must rapidly end in a free fight. Nobody's patience could stand it much longer. The sons of Cambria in particular were becoming excited, and one or two stones had already struck the engine, thrown by some outsider in the darkness. The mail had passed some time ago, and the luggage-train was nearly due. If the struggle continued much longer the neighborhood would be aroused, and we should stand no chance. At all risks the engine must be carried away before daylight. As soon as one side gained an advantage the wheels were scotched by the other, and a dead-lock seemed inevitable. A bright idea struck me, and, abandoning my lever, I went up to the overseer of the mine, who was working as hard as any of them, and asked him who was the best runner among the men.

"There will be none as good as you, sir; and they be all tired with this pulley-hauley work."

"Well, then, I'm off to Nantygolyn-Station; and I'll come back with the engine of the luggage train. Do you see? Look to the points at the junction."

"Capital, sir!" exclaimed he, as I turned and dashed over the bank and into the narrow road. I had scarcely got out of the glare of the fire when I was roughly collared by somebody. As he was evidently not a friend, and there was no time for explanation, even if I wished to give any, I placed my hand over his shoulder and my arm under his chin, and with a sudden wrench, taught me by a Welsh collier, forced his head back, and left him half insensible on the ground.

That was a run! — along a rutty, stony road, and the night, or rather morning, pitch dark. It was tolerably good running that covered the two miles in a quarter of an hour, and I was thoroughly puffed as I got into the station. The train had been waiting a few minutes, and, although it was exceeding my power, I took the responsibility on myself of detaching the engine and going forward along the line. The junction was soon reached, a lantern held up showed us that all was clear, and we steamed slowly up to the engine. Both parties had drawn off their forces, and were sitting and standing in groups a little apart, while rude chaff was freely interchanged. The firelight cast long and wavering shadows around, and made the outer darkness look blacker and more impenetrable than ever. The rain still came steadily down and hissed on the blazing fires, while the wet ground was trodden ankle deep in mud.

Such a yell arose, after the first astonished silence, from our opponents, answered back by a ringing cheer from my men. The cattle were quickly unloosened and ridden off out of the way by three men. The ropes were quickly transferred to the big engine; and in the midst of a general *mêlée* the two locomotives moved slowly off, dragging their horses and donkeys backwards. Seeing the uselessness of employing brute force against steam, they cut their ropes, and we moved triumphantly off, followed by a volley of oaths and stones. One of the latter struck me on the cheek, laying it open and knocking me back on the coals in the tender. It was as much as I could do to restrain my men from jumping off and charging them.

Well, that is how I fought for and won the locomotive. I do not know, good reader, if you will want to know any more. In case you do, I may say that my salary was raised considerably. Mary decided to take the risks of a married life on a still small income; and, so far, we have had no reason to repent taking such an important step. She and I, *and* the baby, wish you adieu.

CASTILIAN DAYS.*

THERE could be little doubt that the author of the volume of poems that contains, amongst others, the *Pike County Ballads*, would describe with spirit and originality his impressions of any country or people that fell under his observation. And accordingly we have a most attractive volume, in which Col. Hay writes easily and picturesquely of the cities, streets, and buildings, and of the history, politics, and domestic life and character of the inhabitants of that unique, old-fashioned country, the Peninsula, *par excellence*, of the European continent. He has been a thoughtful student of its history, and has, we gather, an intimate knowledge of its language, and he brings these special and great general powers to bear on the consideration, in the concluding chapters, of its disturbed political life. He argues that the revolution failed to establish a monarchy, but he wrote two years ago, and was a little premature; and it is even yet too soon to say that the promises of the constitution may not yet be fulfilled, clearly as Col. Hay points out the future

* *Castilian Days*. By John Hay. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

of many of them at the date of his Spanish papers. He bears strong testimony, personal as well as from history, to the honesty of the Spaniard as distinguished from his truthfulness, but to the utter absence of this latter quality — which he attributes to (so-called) religious training, and of which he gives some startling instances — he traces the failure of constitutional government. Till the people can believe their representatives, and the representatives their ministers, the stability and order of good government are impossible. Enlightenment is the first step to independence and truthfulness, and this, Col. Hay argues, will spread more quickly, however perfect the constitution, under a republican, than under a monarchical form of government. The historical parts of his book are a *résumé* of the history of united "Crown-and-Gown" power, and its crushing effects on the intellectual and moral life of the people. On the whole, however, we value the book before us more for its descriptions than for its political views, for though the author's conclusions are full of sagacity, he writes wholly from the republican point of view, and the somewhat boastful complacency of the American is often apparent, though tempered by the cosmopolitanism of the traveller and the refinement of the gentleman. Another characteristic which somewhat mars the beauty of the book is the too frequent ridicule of the Roman Catholic. We do not complain, of course, when our author argues seriously that many of the troubles of harassed Spain are distinctly traceable to the power of the priests and the credulity of the people. What we object to is the holding this credulity up to ridicule, and speaking with a lightness which is unnecessary and unchristian of beliefs and prejudices held sacred by a whole people. The tone of this ridicule is, too, a trifle vulgar; witness Col. Hay's description of the visit of the Virgin to the Bishop Ildefonso, with which he interrupts his account of the magnificent cathedral at Toledo, and which ends by telling us that to this day the aged verger of the cathedral never passes the chapel where it took place "without sticking in his thumb and pulling out a blessing." And here again, a page or two further on, — and this time also in speaking of the Catholics, — "I looked out, and saw a group of brown and ragged women, each with an armful of baby, discussing the news from Madrid. The Protestants, they said, had begun to steal Catholic children." This same tendency to see, and temptation to present, the rather coarsely humorous in the circumstances that come under his notice, not unfrequently destroys the beauty and power of his descriptions, disturbing the train of thought he has suggested by the jarring of an incongruous element. Thus he leaves the descriptions of a field-night in the Cortes to remark on the "polished skulls" of the members; and in another place he spoils a grave passage thus: "Yet the monarchy is no more consolidated than it was when the triumvirs laid their bald heads together at Alcolea." In speaking of "the cradle of Cervantes," he says of the church in which he was baptized, "It is a pretty church, not large or imposing, just the thing to baptize a nice baby in." And in explaining the absence of Judas from the miracle-play, he breaks in upon our sympathy with the warm-hearted and hot-blooded Spaniard who cannot endure even a representative of the betrayer of our Lord, by the offensive quotation from Artemus Ward of what happened to his wax Judas.

The book is of such varied interest that it seems unreasonable to wish for more, and perhaps Col. Hay thought that travellers had already worn threadbare the subject of Spanish scenery, or holds that such descriptions are idle and unsatisfactory. But we are disappointed, nevertheless, by their absence, for both his poems and his city interiors betray his delicate touch, and his power not merely of conjuring up for us the scene present to his own eye, but of rousing the sentiment that it would naturally excite. Here, for instance, are the few last words about Segovia, and we feel both the brightness and the desolation: —

"But though enriched by all these legacies of an immemorial past, there seems no hope, no future for Segovia. It is as dead as the cities of the Plain. Its spindles have rusted into silence. Its gay company is gone. Its streets are too large for the population, and yet they swarm with beggars. I had often heard it compared in outline to a ship, — the sunrise astern and the prow pointing westward, — and as we drove away that day and I looked back to the receding town, it seemed to me like a grand hulk of some richly-laden galleon, aground on the rock that holds it, alone, abandoned to its fate among the barren billows of the tumbling ridges, its crew tired out with struggling and apathetic in despair, mocked by the finest air and the clearest sunshine that ever shone, and gazing always forward to the new world and new times hidden in the rosy sunset, which they shall never see."

And here is an extract from the interesting chapter on Cervantes: —

"I went to Alcalá one summer day, when the bare fields were brown and dry in their after-harvest nudity, and the hills that bordered the winding Henares were drab in the light and purple in the shadow. From a distance the town is one of the most imposing in Castile. It lies in the midst of a vast plain by the green water-side, and the land approach is fortified by a most impressive wall, emphasized by sturdy square towers and flanking bastions But as you come nearer you see this wall is a tradition. It is almost in ruins. The crenellated towers are good for nothing but to sketch. A short walk from the station brings you to the gate, which is well defended by a gang of picturesque beggars, who are old enough to have sat for Murillo, and revoltingly pitiable enough to be millionnaires by this time, if Castilians had the cowardly habit of sponging out disagreeable impressions with pennies. At the first charge we rushed in panic into a tobacco-shop and filled our pockets with maravedis, and thereafter faced the ragged battalion with calm. It is a fine, handsome, and terribly lonesome town. Its streets are wide, well built, and silent as avennes in a graveyard. On every hand there are tall and stately churches, a few palaces, and some two dozen great monasteries turning their long walls, pierced with jealous grated windows, to the grass-grown streets. In many quarters there is no sign of life, no human habitations among these morose and now empty barracks of a monkish army. . . . The town has not changed in the least. It has only shrunk a little. You think sometimes it must be a vacation, and that you will come again when people return. The little you see of the people is very attractive. Passing along the desolate streets, you glance in at an open door and see a most delightful cabinet picture of domestic life. All the doors in the house are open You can see through the entry, the front room, into the cool court beyond, gay with oleanders and vines, where a group of women half dressed are sewing and spinning and cheering their souls with gossip. If you enter under pretence of asking a question, you will be received with great courtesy, your doubts solved, and they will bid you go with God, with the quaint frankness of patriarchal times. They do not seem to have been spoiled by over-much travel. Such impressive and Oriental courtesy could not have survived the trampling feet of the great army of tourists On our pilgrim-way to the cradle of Cervantes we came suddenly upon the superb façade of the University.

Here and there, indeed, is a touch of the guide-book, in passages like these: "A flight of veined marble steps leads to the beautiful retable of the high altar. The screen, over ninety feet high, cost the Milanese Trezzo seven years of labor. The pictures illustrative of the life of our Lord are by Tibaldi and Zuccaro. The gilt bronze tabernacle of Trezzo and Herrera, which has been likened with the doors of the Baptistery of Florence as worthy to figure in the architecture of heaven, no longer exists," and so on. But this is sometimes difficult to avoid, and can easily be forgiven, as can also the possibly too minute, though enticing account of the pictures in the museum of Madrid. The history of their collection is curious and interesting, and the details ought to send many a lover of art to Madrid who never thought to go there. Only think of two thousand pictures all worthy of their place! — of forty-six Murillos, sixty-five Velazquez, forty-three Titians, ten Raphaels, &c. "There is," says Col. Hay, "in this glorious temple enough to fill the least enthusiastic lover of art with delight and adoration for weeks and months together. If one knew that he was to be blind in a year, like the young musician in Auerbach's exquisite romance, I know of no place in the world where he could garner up so precious a store of memories for the days of dark-

ness, memories that would haunt the soul with so divine a light of consolation, as in that graceful Palace of the Prado."

In the chapter called "A Field-night in the Cortes" we have very vivid pictures not only of the *tout ensemble* and of the customs of the House, and behavior and bearing of the members, but of the more prominent celebrities; and especially of Marshal Prim, Admiral Topete, and Don Rivero; and still more especially of the idol of our author, Emilio Castelar, the young radical republican, the leading and marvellous orator of the Spanish Left. But for all these and for all else we must refer our readers to the book. The opening chapters, which treat of the sentiment of home — so marked a characteristic of the Spaniard — and of the influence of tradition, at once forcibly claim our attention; and Col. Hay carries us from Madrid to Segovia, Toledo, and Alcalá de Henares, increasing our interest by admiration for the venerable, silent, almost deserted cities of bright sunshine and deep cool shade, and illustrating all from the stores of his historical research. Finally, he takes us to the cradle and grave of Cervantes, and tells us some things that are new, and nothing that is not interesting, about that greatest of Spaniards, before he turns to the Cortes and launches into politics. His chapter on the miracle-play, though it begins in a spirit of derision, ends in enthusiasm, like the visits to Ammergau of many a sceptic of its power. And that on Spanish proverbs is curious. The only chapter we could well spare — though that too illustrates the credulity of this child-like people — is the one on spirit-rapping. We must conclude with a wish that we could have read this book a year or so before it was commenced, that we might have realized, far better than we do, the story of Spain's difficulties and successes.

LA BELLE TURQUE.

THE STORY OF THE PRINCESS CÉCILE.

OF all the wandering claimants to royalty, scions of kings "retired from business," *soi-disant* regal pretenders, false or real — whether like Perkin Warbeck, or the six Demetriuses of Russia, some more recent *pseudo* heirs of the house of Stuart who figured in Austria after the *Quarterly* drove them out of Scotland, "the Duke of Normandy" in London, and so forth, who have appeared from time to time, none have had so marvellous a story to tell as the Princess Cécile, "La belle Turque," as she was named, who, announcing herself, in two volumes octavo, to be a daughter of the deposed sultan Achmet III., took the heedless world of Paris by surprise, about a hundred years ago, and whose narrative has frequently been classed with romances, though it came forth as a veritable history.

The editor, who guaranteed its truth, was a man of veracity and credit in his day; and he urged upon the public, that however extraordinary and romantic her adventures might appear, they were, nevertheless, strictly fact; and in a letter addressed to the editors of the *Journal de Paris*, in 1787, he added, that in that year, the lady was still alive in the French capital, "and, notwithstanding her advanced age, in the enjoyment of good health."

It is singular that her narrative, whether false or true, as given by herself and "M. Buisson, Littéraire, Hôtel de Mesgrigny, Rue des Poitevins," — as it would furnish ample materials for the largest three-volume novel, — escaped the eyes of Alexandre Dumas, or Viscount d'Arlincourt, as it is full of adventures of the most stirring kind, and, told briefly, runs thus: —

The introductory part of her story, in which the names of persons of rank are concealed, contains, necessarily, the adventures of her governess, or nurse, by whom she was first abducted from her home, and brought to France.

It would appear that about the year 1700, a Mademoiselle Emilia (*sic*), daughter of a surgeon in the French seaport town of Gênes, was, with her lover, a young Genoese, named Salmoni, in a pleasure-boat upon the Mediterranean, a little way from the coast, when, notwithstanding "la terreur du nom de Louis XIV.," they were pounced upon by some Turkish corsairs — a common enough event in those days, and one not unfrequent, even after Lord Exmouth demolished Algiers.

This occurred in the dusk; and the voice of Salmoni, who had been singing, is supposed to have first attracted them. Being armed, the Italian defended his love and his life with courage, but fell severely wounded, and was left for dead in the bottom of his boat, which floated away, the sport of the waves, while Emilia was carried off, and, in consequence of her great beauty, was ultimately sold, at Constantinople, under the name of Fatima, for the service and amusement of Achmet III., who, in consequence of her accomplishments, made her a species of governess to his children, instead of retaining her among the odalisques in the seraglio. This must have been subsequent to 1703, when Achmet began his troublesome reign.

She was in this situation of trust, when Salmoni, who had never forgotten her, after a long and unsuccessful search through many seaport towns in the Levant — a veritable pilgrim of love — accidentally discovered, by a casual conversation with a Turkish seaman, where she was, and how occupied; for this man had been one of the corsair's crew.

Disguised as a Turk, and giving out that "he was the father of Fatima, the trusted slave," Salmoni found means to communicate with her through an *ùchcoglan*, one of the slaves or pages attached to the seraglio, and they were thus enabled to see each other and converse, their hasty meetings being but stolen moments of tenderness and joy.

Emilia was now in attendance upon a little daughter of Achmet III., born in 1710, and then six months old. Her mother was the Sultana Aski, formerly a Georgian slave, and then one of the kadines or wives of the sultan, ladies whose number rarely exceeds seven. Emilia was high in favor with both Achmet and this sultana, as she had been particularly serviceable to the latter at the birth of the child, through some little skill she had acquired from her father, the surgeon; thus the confidence they reposed in her, and the authority she possessed over all the people in and about the seraglio, facilitated the execution of those plans for an escape, suggested and urged by Salmoni.

With a view to this end, she desired the *bastonghi*, or head-gardener, to make a see-saw, which was in the gardens, so high that she — and her pupils, probably — might see the whole city from the lofty wall that girds this place, where still the trees planted are always green, that the inhabitants of Galata and other places may not see the ladies at their lonely promenades. Aided by this see-saw, she dropped over the wall a billet to Salmoni, desiring him to procure a ladder, "a steel-yard" to fix it to the masonry, to make arrangements with a ship captain, and, when all was prepared, to wait her beneath the wall of that terrible Serai Bournous, which no slave-woman had ever yet left alive.

Salmoni promptly obeyed her instructions; he discovered a ship for the Levant, and, by a note tossed over the wall, informed her of the night, and the very hour of their departure.

She was in the act of reading this note — probably not for the first time — when the Sultan Achmet suddenly entered her apartment; and she had barely time to toss it, unseen, into a porphyry vase; for this billet, if discovered, might have consigned her to the bowstring of the *capidgi-bashi*, or the sack of the black *channatoraga*, and its concealment forms an important feature in the story of the fugitives.

The hour — almost the moment — for flight had arrived, and Salmoni, she knew, awaited her below the garden wall; yet, amid all the terror and anxiety of the time, so strong was Emilia's love for the little baby-girl of whom she had the chief care, that she resolved to convey the child away with her, and hoped eventually to rear it as a Christian. Collecting all her jewels, and those which Achmet had already lavished on the infant, she took with them the

silken *fetfa*, or record of its birth; and, to be brief, escaped unseen by means of the steel-yard and ladder.

As she descended, the latter was held for her by a person in a gray cloak, whom she believed to be Salmoni, and into whose arms she was, consequently, about to throw herself, when another man started forward, and plunged a sword into his breast. He fled, and a cry escaped Emilia, who fell to the ground; but at that moment the captain of the vessel, by which Salmoni had arranged they should escape, rushed up, and, tearing off the mufflings of the fallen man, merely exclaimed, "It is *not* he!" and bore her off to the seashore.

An alarm had been given. There was no time to wait for the absent Salmoni; she was placed at once on board the vessel, which immediately sailed and made all speed to leave the Golden Horn behind. She proved to be a small craft belonging to Bayonne, commanded by a young captain from Dieppe; who ultimately landed Emilia and her charge at Génes, where her first care was to have the little *Turque* baptized according to the rites of the Catholic Church.

This, it is recorded, was done by the *curé* of St. Eulalie de Génes, who named her Marie Cécile; and, in honor of an event so remarkable, a salute was fired by the cannon of the château and those of the ramparts of the fort; and three *réligeuses*, named respectively, La Mère St. Agnes, La Mère St. Modesté, and La Mère de l'Humilité, are mentioned as having taken a deep interest in the escaped fugitive and her charge, who was kept in ignorance of her origin till her fifteenth year.

We know not how many daughters Achmet III. is said to have had; but in a letter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, dated from Adrianople, she writes of his eldest being betrothed in marriage to Behram Bassa, then the reigning court favorite, and translates a copy of verses he had addressed to her.

Cécile was now taken to several European courts, "at which" — according to the narrative — "she was received with all the honors due to her illustrious rank." In Russia she was presented to the Czar, Peter I. (who died in that year); but in England she would seem to have contented herself with a short residence at a coffee-house (*café*), in Covent Garden. Among other sovereigns, she was presented to Pope Clement XI., at Rome, where her beauty, which she inherited from her Georgian mother, especially the profusion of her exquisite hair, began to surround her with snares and perils.

In Rome, her guardian, Emilia, had the joy of once more meeting Salmoni. The man who had been stabbed beneath the seraglio wall had not been he, but the Turkish corsair, through whom he had first traced her there, and who had hoped to make profit out of the intended escape by treacherously revealing it to the sultan; and for this purpose he had plotted with a female slave attached to the palace. This woman, through whose hands the important billet passed, had artfully erased the hour of twelve, fixed by Salmoni, and substituted *eleven*. Hence, though the sailor had full time to make the attempt, he failed in the execution of his purpose; so now, after all their perils, Salmoni and Emilia were married in the Eternal City, where the love affairs of "La belle Turque" speedily began to attract notice.

First, we are told that a duke fell in love with her; but she made him her friend, assuring him that he could never be more to her, as she had already become inspired by a passion for a handsome young Knight of Malta, who hoped soon to be absolved from his vow of celibacy. While waiting for this, the knight's father, old Prince ——, as mischance would have it, became enamoured of her, reckless that he was rival of his son; and, to avoid his importunities, she and the Salmonis set out suddenly for Paris, where, by the knavery of a banker, she lost much of the proceeds of the jewels brought from Constantinople; so that her fortune was reduced from sixty thousand livres yearly, to about ten thousand.

In a coffee-house at Paris, Cécile chanced to see in the *Gazette de France* an account of the misfortunes that had overtaken her father, Achmet III. This was in 1730, when that weak and imbecile voluptuary, who had viewed with indifference the Hungarian troubles and the wars of the north, after being involved in a contest with Russia, by which he lost in succession the cities of Asoph and Belgrade, and the provinces of Temesvar, Servia, and Wallachia, on the discomfiture of his arms by Persia, had an insurrection among his own subjects, and was compelled by the Janizaries to abdicate in favor of his nephew, Mustapha III., who threw him into a prison, where he passed a life of mortification and shame, "after he had," as Voltaire has it, "sacrificed his vizier and his principal officers in vain, to the resentment of the nation."

On reading of all these things, Cécile registered a vow that she would visit Turkey, seek out her father, and endeavor to console him in his misfortunes; and the death of her guardian, Emilia, about this time, together with the annoyance she experienced from the old prince, who, presuming on her friendless, dubious, and false position, daily "became more urgent and less respectful," hastened her departure.

Alone she set out for Fontainebleau to solicit a passport as a French subject, and to return thanks for the protection afforded her by the court of Louis XIV.; but in returning to Paris, her carriage was stopped at night in the forest, which then covered thirty thousand acres of hill and valley, and there ensued an episode, which, by its *coincidences*, seems too evidently romance, though truth at times is stranger than fiction.

A handsomely-attired chevalier — who proved to be the Prince — requested her to alight and enter a *voiture*, which stood there with six horses, pleading that she would do so "without compelling him to use violence."

On this, she uttered a cry for help; and ere long another *voiture* dashed up, and there leaped out a gentleman, sword in hand. He proved to be young Duke de ——, her Roman admirer, and he had barely time to recognize Cécile, when her betrothed, the Knight of Malta, also appeared in the scene, which thus becomes so melo-dramatic as to throw ridicule on the story.

"The Duke is about to deprive you of your mistress," said the cunning old Prince to his son; "let us jointly use our swords against him in defence of your dearest interests."

So thereupon the cavalier of Malta ran the poor duke through the body in the most approved fashion; bore off the fainting Cécile to Paris, and placed her in the hotel of his father. There the renewed but secret addresses of the latter so greatly alarmed her, that on one occasion she had to protect herself by an exhibition of pistols, after which she escaped with Salmoni and the Knight, who urged that she should, in fulfilment of her vow, visit her captive father, while he once more strove, at the feet of Pope Clement's successor, to get his oath of celibacy absolved.

In Turkey, some unruly Janizaries slew Salmoni, and were about to offer some violence to Cécile, despite her French passport, when she displayed before them the *fetfa*. This, we are told, was a piece of yellow silk on which were embroidered, in golden letters, the names of the Sultan, of her mother Aski, and herself, with the day and hour of her birth, together with certain passages from the Koran: "The children of the sultans are bound with the *fetfa* immediately after birth; and this document is deemed a sacred proof of their royal descent; and at the sight of it, every Mohammedan must bow himself to the ground, and defend with his life the wearer of it."

By this time her cousin Mustapha III. was dead, and his successor, her kinsman, Mohammed V., on hearing of her story, and, more than all, of her beauty, conceived a passion for her, and sent his chief friend and confidante, the Beglerbeg of Natolia, to inform her of the honor that awaited her. Being informed that it was the fame of her wonderful hair that had at first excited the curiosity and admiration of the Sultan, she cut it entirely off, and, tossing it to the messenger, —

"Go," said she, "and give your master this, — the object of his love, — and tell him that a woman capable of such a sacrifice, knows no master but Heaven and her own heart!"

Had chignons been then in fashion, much trouble might have been saved the fair Cécile; who, finding that a hasty departure from Turkey alone could save her, demanded, but in vain, a passport from the Pacha of Smyrna or Izmir. Urged by her father Achmet, she quitted secretly by sea, and was landed by a French frigate at Toulon, where she learned from the lieutenant of a Maltese galley that her lover had perished in a duel.

Her journey to Turkey had greatly impoverished her, and now she found herself in France almost without a friend, with only five hundred ducats and a diamond, the gift of her father Achmet III. Choosing to conceal her fallen fortune from every eye, she selected a humble dwelling in an obscure part of the city, where, long years after, her editor first discovered her, and where, at a distance from royal thrones, from human wealth and grandeur, she had sought to pass the evening of her days in peace and obscurity. "God has blessed my fortitude," she concludes. "Born in 1710, I have lived to see the 1st of January, 1786, and must now serenely and tranquilly await that peace by which death must make amends for all the surprising and afflicting changes of fortune which I have experienced in my passage through life."

Cécile — if ever she existed at all — must have been then in her seventy-sixth year. Her narrative is certainly mentioned in the *Journal de Paris;* but in the tide of events that so rapidly followed the year, in which the financial troubles of France began, the meeting of the States-General, and the crash of the first Revolution following, we hear no more of "La belle Turque," the *soi-disant* daughter of the dethroned Achmet III.

MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THE Irish gentleman who remarked that the best way to "make both ends meet" was to "burn the candle at both ends," took a very cheerful view of a lugubrious subject. Problems there are in science, in morals, and in theology, which will puzzle philosophers to the end of time; but the grand *arcanum* how to make both ends meet, troubles a thousand brains for every one which disturbs itself about the origin of species, freedom, and necessity, or "fixed fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute." He who has discovered it may very well dispense with many other items of useful knowledge, certain that he may evermore sit under his own vine and fig-tree while no bailiffs shall make him afraid; while he who fails to find it out may grow old, like Solon, learning something else every day, and yet be a miserable fool at the end of the chapter. True there is theoretically something chivalrous and "fast" in being a spendthrift. Nothing is more unromantic than to pay one's butcher's bills every week; and, on the other hand, it is almost heroic to talk like Rochester of trees as "an excrescence of the earth provided by Nature for the payment of debts;" or to say like the Frenchman, "My debts! Why on earth should *I* think of my debts? — *Ça regarde mes créanciers.*" But practically, somehow, when it comes to the actual result of succeeding or failing in making both ends meet, it must be admitted the preference lies in favor of the man who succeeds, and consequently can look the world in the face; and against the man who fails, and as the inevitable result is driven either to a dozen mean shifts, or to accept obligations of that particular kind which it takes no special virtue to feel it is "more blessed to give than to receive." Some years ago a literary personage, anxious to procure authentic memorials of certain self-made men of the manufacturing districts, sent round blank forms to their *quondam* fellow-workmen, requesting that they might be filled up with reminiscences. A space was left on each form for the most salient characteristics of the person whose biography was to be written; and on this space in one case was inscribed the solemn remark, "His greatest peculiarity was the intense sense he manifested at all periods of his life of the inestimable value of ready money." The "peculiarity" has perhaps been shared by a few other persons; but we have no doubt it contributed very essentially to the eventual edification of Mr. A——'s colossal fortune. To possess this delightful "ready money," and to "make both ends meet," are very nearly the same problem, and to solve them there are obviously two methods, and two only: first, to live within one's income, which for all of us, except millionnaires, may be described as the method of saving; second, to add to one's income enough to cover all current expenses, which may be described as the method of earning. Let us say a few words of each of these plans.

Nothing would be more amusing, were it not also a little melancholy, than to assist at a family council of ways and means, when it has been recognized that retrenchments must be made somewhere, and the question is to be debated, "What shall we do to save?" If the case be not very serious, and some moderate reductions will bring both ends of the family income satisfactorily together, no urgent necessity checks the lively feelings of the members of the household committee, and as each one hears his or her particular luxury proffered for sacrifice, the effect is electric. "What!" cries Paterfamilias, "give up our little dinner-parties, the one kind of society I care for, and which all our friends seem to enjoy so much!" "Don't say a word," screams Materfamilias, "about the dear girls' dresses. Surely you would not have them go out as dowdies and frights?" "Bosh!" growls Brother John, "my cigars and the two poor hacks I keep cost nothing, literally nothing. Look at that new piano just bought for Jane!" "Pianos don't run up stable bills," puts in Jane in dolorous quaver, and so the argument goes on. And in households of narrower means the cabs, the wine, the servant's wages, the coals, the candles, and the weekly bills all come under solemn scrutiny, and nearly always with the same results. There are invariably the best of reasons why, though economy in the abstract is good and even indispensable, economy in the particular item suggested is specially undesirable, even impracticable. At the end of the longest and most arduous discussion, the matter generally rests where it did at the beginning. Only one case have we known where a retrenchment was agreed on unanimously by all the persons concerned. Neither food, nor fuel, nor light, nor servants, nor expenses of locomotion could be curtailed, though each of these departments was managed on rather lax principles in the house in question. But one great thing could be done. The *Times* should be taken in future — not to keep — only to read! Whether so radical a reform enabled that frugal family to make both ends meet ever afterwards we are unable to say.

Seriously the real thing to be done is not to pare and pinch at little details — a process extremely aggravating to the temper, and which the ever growing prices of all articles of consumption must continually render seemingly nugatory. The axe should be laid lower, and where retrenchment is necessary at all it should be done in the shape of a reduction in the framework, not in the minor pieces of which the household puzzle is composed. Carriages and horses, a man-servant, a woman-servant, the practice of giving dinners or evening parties, in extreme cases the habitation of a house larger or in a more expensive locality than is necessary, — these are the reductions which alone really tell on an income, and effect the purpose for which they are made. People shrink from them because their neighbors notice them, while they think they will not notice the pinching and paring on the old model; but the man who dislikes that his acquaintance should know that he is resolved to live within his income, deserves to be in difficulties, and as to the inconvenience and privation entailed by such wholesale reductions of style of living, they are infinitely smaller than the eternal worry of looking after every trifling detail, a course which never fails in the long run to prove a penny wise and pound foolish plan of life. Well within the income, whatever that income may happen to be, and a liberal margin for

freedom in detail or to meet chance emergencies, this is the real philosophy of economy.

But there is a method far more pleasant than that of retrenchment for "making both ends meet." It is the method of earning money instead of saving it. In the classes of society in which such earning, or at least the attempt at earning, is a matter of course for both men and women, there is a tenfold more cheerful spirit than in that hapless class just a grade higher, wherein the ladies are too "genteel" to think of adding to the family means (except by a marriage more or less mercenary), and wherein therefore it depends on the chance of there being a male bread-winner, industrious, healthy, fortunate, and generous enough to bear up single-handed the seven women who, in such cases, always cling in apocalyptic fashion to his skirts. Of course, where there is a large fixed income from lands or other investments, things may all go straight for many years; but even here, unless the lands or other investments produce an income increasing at the same rapid ratio as the general increase in the cost of living, there must always come a day when the dread problem of how to make both ends meet will stare the proprietors in the face, and force them to have recourse either to the method of saving or the method of earning, as they best may choose. But when in a family it is the wish of everybody to earn, how pathetic are the debates (worse than those about retrenchment) which take place to determine how that most desirable process of earning is to be commenced!

Of course the first idea of every human creature who can hold a pen, is that grand refuge of the destitute — literature. Everybody knows somebody who "writes for the magazines," and is reported to obtain from that abounding source a perfect Pactolus of wealth, which of course can easily be partially diverted so far as to irrigate the small domain of the ambitious Ernest or Anna, who is saluted by the rest of the family as the future glory of the house. Then comes all the dreary story of tormenting friends for an introduction — "only an introduction, because a new author's works, they are told, are sadly neglected if not properly introduced" — and then the good-natured editor's civil refusal of the manuscript with "many thanks," or (more fatal far) his indulgent acceptance of a mediocre performance, and the consequent firm persuasion of the unhappy writer, and all his or her relations, that by bringing sufficient force of interest to bear, the way to fame and wealth is clear. Or there are, perhaps, other hopes, from paintings by Maria, which the great Mr. Dauber, R.A., once observed were "very pretty;" or songs composed by brother Robert, "which used to be so admired by the young ladies when he sang them in Lackmansville." It is all pretty much the same. Amateur literature, amateur art, at first without training, and at last brought forward, not because there is any thing true or wise to be said, or any beauty to be created, but simply because money is wanted, can never be of real and permanent avail. Literature and art are noble professions, not flowery paths into which any one can turn who chooses. The wise course for those who seriously desire to make money, and who have not hitherto done any thing of the kind, or received the training qualifying them to do so, is to forbear from looking always along the plane of their own social level, or a little above it, but rather to turn their eyes somewhat below, and see whether *there*, where their gentler breeding will place them at an advantage over competitors, they cannot do something to better their state.

One thing is certain: making money is a more pleasant process on the whole than saving it; but there is no making money without some sacrifice of leisure, of pride, of enjoyments of various kinds, and all habits of idleness and self-indulgence. One kind of money-getting calls for greater sacrifice of one sort, and another of another, but there is always something to be sacrificed. Let these things be carefully considered at the outset, and the choice made where the self-denial shall be, either in saving or in earning, and then there will be more chance for success in rand experiment — how to make both ends meet.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

As a poet, as a critic, and as a professor, the eldest son of the late noble-hearted head-master of Rugby is about equally entitled to consideration. Matthew Arnold has already, in each of those three capacities, shown himself to be worthy of his beloved and honored progenitor. He has long since justified in many ways his splendid antecedents — meaning by these the rare and enviable advantages of his exceptionally well-planned education. He is not only conspicuous among his contemporaries as a representative man — he stands prominently forth in the arena as a true specimen of the intellectual athlete. If he has not his hand, like Ishmael's, against every man's, he certainly gives one the notion, as we had almost expressed it, by the mere *pose* of his head and the very out-look of his manly features, by his general bearing, so to speak, and carriage, of being ready for all comers. He is the archfoe of the Philistines. He is the redoubtable champion of culture, and in himself a shining example of its advantages.

Matthew Arnold was born on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1822, at Laleham, near Staines, in Middlesex. He was the eldest son among the nine children of the eminent man already referred to as the head-master of Rugby, the Rev. Thomas Arnold, D.D., distinguished among scholars as the editor of "Thucydides," and historian of Rome, but especially illustrious and worthy of eternal remembrance in his character as one of the greatest of modern schoolmasters. Dr. Arnold had married, on the 11th of August, 1820, Mary, the youngest daughter of the Rev. John Penrose, Rector of Fledborough, in Nottinghamshire. During the previous year he had settled down in the tranquillity of Laleham, where he had collected together around him, besides his own home-group of his mother, his aunt, and his sister, a cluster of young men, whom he regarded it at once as his especial privilege and delight to prepare for the honors of the university.

The family of the Arnolds originally came from Lowestoft, in Suffolk. But the grandfather of the subject of this biographical sketch was a collector of customs at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. It was remembered long afterwards of the future head-master of Rugby, that while he was yet a boy at Winchester, he obtained the *sobriquet* among his schoolfellows of "Poet Arnold." The title thus gayly applied to him by his playmates in honor of some chivalric verses he had written, after the manner of Sir Walter Scott, was prophetic, as it happened, of the honorable distinction won for himself years afterwards by his son Matthew, as a new master of heroic narrative and lyric composition in our national literature. When the latter was yet a child of only six years of age, Dr. Arnold, in 1828, was promoted to his now historical position at the head of the great school in Warwickshire. The post was to him a pedestal that brought more fully and more vividly to view than ever the outlines of his nature in all their grand proportions. It was only three years after the date of this appointment that, upon a memorable occasion in Paris, the dignity of the office devolving upon those intrusted with the tuition of youth was very nobly and signally vindicated. For the high crime and misdemeanor of maintaining the right of freedom of education, two young men, both of them illustrious by their genius, one notable for the ancient race from which he had sprung, the other no less notable for his sacred character, were arraigned before the Court of Peers. One of these, the Abbé Lacordaire, on being asked by the Chancellor what was his profession, answered simply, "A schoolmaster." The other, his soul's friend, the Comte de Montalembert, years afterwards Lacordaire's biographer, on being asked the self-same question, replied with no less dignity, and, if possible, even yet more characteristically, "A schoolmaster and a peer of France." The grandeur of the office, in the discharge of the duties of which each of them exulted, was realized no less profoundly by Thomas Arnold at Rugby, than it was afterwards at Paris, and again at Sorèze, by Henri Lacordaire and by Charles de Montalembert. The intense earnestness of Dr.

Arnold was directed with a loving and conscientious care to the guidance aright of every one of those who were, most happily for themselves, intrusted to his authority. Among those his own sons, among these his eldest son, be sure of that, was not overlooked. Matthew Arnold, after pursuing his studies successively at Winchester and at Rugby, went to the University of Oxford, where, in 1840, he was entered as a scholar of Ba'iol. Three years later, in 1843, he won the Newdegate Prize for English verse with his poem on "Cromwell." It was to have been delivered by him in the rostrum of the Sheldonian theatre on the 28th of June in that year, but the opportunity was lost by reason of one of those unseemly tumults on the part of the undergraduates by which repeatedly since then Commemoration Day at Oxford has been disgraced. As prize poems go, "Cromwell" was above the average. If here or there its fastidious author might nowadays wince over a faulty phrase or metaphor, as where he spoke of Milton standing like a statue, —

"—— while his eye
That knew not earth soared upwards to the sky;"

or, as where, again, he referred to the Lord Protector's

"—— daring hand that shrank not to fulfil
The thought that spurred it;"

the stripling poet, with exquisite significance, sang in those same heroic verses (as if his own were an echo of them) of those

"—— voices that beguile
Age of its tears, and childhood of its smile."

It was in the year after his winning the Newdegate, namely, in 1844, that Matthew Arnold, taking the first step to make his own initials doubly his own, graduated with honors. In 1845 he was elected a Fellow of Oriel College, and in 1847 was nominated by the late venerable Marquis of Lansdowne his private secretary. His selection for that post by a statesman so revered and experienced, afforded him a start in life fully equivalent to two or three advances at once, say, in the highest of all the social professions, that of diplomacy. During four years, or thereabouts, he continued to act as private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, namely, until the date of his marriage, in 1851, to the daughter of the late Mr. Justice Wightman. Almost simultaneously with the date of his nuptials, he then received, through the interest of his patron or chief, Lord Lansdowne, precisely the very appointment under Government for which he was especially well qualified, that of one of the Lay Inspectors of Schools under the Committee of Council on Education.

Already, by that time, he had made his first venture as an aspirant in the highest of all the departments of literature. Resolved, however, upon winning his way there, if at all, entirely upon his own merits, and in no factitious manner helped into notice by the interest that would naturally have been awakened in regard to a maiden work by one bearing the honored name of Arnold, he caused his first volume of poetry to be issued from the press quite anonymously. It appeared in 1849, and was entitled "The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems, by A." In the principal poem, which was, nevertheless, brief, rhymeless, and of an irregular measure, a Youth, Circe, and Ulysses, the bronzed voyager, were the interlocutors. The volume extended to no more than 128 pages altogether, and was published by no more pretentious house than that of a bookseller in Ludgate Street, named B. Fellowes.

Another work, of a similar character, was, in the year after Mr. Arnold's marriage and appointment, produced by him in 1852, appearing, like its predecessor, quite anonymously. It also was announced simply as "by A.," and was entitled, "Empedocles on Etna, with other Poems." A twelvemonth after its publication, that is, in 1853, the identity of "A." was acknowledged. A volume of "Poems, by Matthew Arnold," was then issued from the press by the Messrs. Longmans. Its contents were in part entirely new, and in part re-printed from the two volumes already mentioned. A second edition was called for in 1854, and a third in 1857. In acknowledging to the authorship of the poems "by A.," in the first instance, that is in 1853, Mr. Arnold, so to speak, formally set forth his profession of faith in regard to what he esteemed as poetry in the highest and truest sense of the phrase, in the form of an elaborate Preface, after the manner of Dryden. It was certainly not the least valuable or the least attractive portion of the work, as a contribution to literature. Almost in the preamble, or at the outset of his argument, after echoing that thought of Aristotle, that we all of us naturally take pleasure in any imitation or representation whatsoever (hence our love of poetry — he might even have said of fiction generally), the author went on to say clearly and precisely enough, "What is *not* interesting is — that which is vaguely conceived and loosely drawn; a representation which is general, indeterminate, and faint, instead of being particular, precise, and firm." Further than this, he maintained the eternal objects of poetry to be human actions. It was with him in regard to poetry as it was in another sense with Demosthenes in regard to oratory; all was capable of being summed up in three words, "Action! Action! Action!" These prefatory remarks of his were dated Oct. 1, 1853, and were penned by him in a sufficiently poetic atmosphere, namely, at Fox How, Ambleside.

In his narrative poems, at least, he was afterwards consistently and persistently true to his own "high argument." His art there was akin rather to sculpture than to painting. It had exquisite grace and clearness of outline, rather than any thing of either the glow or the splendor of coloring. Prefixed to the acknowledged volume, precisely as had been prefixed to the anonymous volume of "The Strayed Reveller," was given, unflawed by a single alteration, but with the added emphasis of being italicized throughout, the noble sonnet, opening thus: —

"One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson, that in every wind is blown;
One lesson of two duties served in one,
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity —
Of Toil unsevered from Tranquillity,
Of Labor that in still advance outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in Repose,
Too great for haste, too high for Rivalry."

"Empedocles," which was in some measure a sort of radiant paraphrase of the doctrines of Pantheism, and which, in the philosophic ideas it expressed, might almost have been regarded as a reminiscence of Shelley, was, for a sufficient reason, not included in this first collection, though it was, happily, restored to its place among the author's poems afterwards.

According to Matthew Arnold's view, especially at that time, there was nothing really great in any way attainable or even desirable apart from the Greeks. Thoroughly convinced of this himself, he aspired to be nothing more than a scrupulous imitator or rather emulator of the ancients in his two principal effusions, which were poetic expansions of the legends relating, on the one hand, to "Sohrab and Rustrum," and on the other to "Tristram and Iseult." Each was recounted soberly, severely, and in a style remarkable for its grandeur and dignity. Instance, in regard to the former of those two fine poems, the supreme moment when Sohrab, who is slain in ignorance by his father Rustrum, is dying, and when Ruksh, the war-horse of the anguish-stricken Rustrum, turns mournfully from sire to son in equine sympathy, while —

"—— from his dark, compassionate eyes,
The big warm tears rolled down and caked the sand."

The whole scene is depicted under an aspect of profound and awful pathos, the closing words of the poem long afterwards haunting the reader's imagination: —

"So on the bloody sand Sohrab lay dead.
And the great Rustrum drew his horseman's cloak
Down on his face, and sate by his dead son."

"Tristram and Iseult," equally affecting in its way, and recounting the well-remembered story of the love-philtre, was conceived in a kindred strain, and couched in the same severe simplicity of language. A second series of "Poems" was given to the world in 1855, by Matthew Arnold, comprising among them, as an episode in three parts, "Balder Dead," the fragment of an "Antigone," four parts of "The Harp Player on Etna," five of "Faded Leaves," and another of the poet's sculpturesque heroic narratives, as we may term them, entitled, "The Sick King in Bokhara." Three years later, in 1858, he published in one act, and in verse, "Merope, a Tragedy," in the preface to which the principles of Greek tragedy were luminously discussed. During the previous twelvemonth he had been elected to the chair of Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. That eminent position he held from 1857 to 1867, both years inclusive. It was in the last year of his holding his professorship at Oxford that he published another volume containing "New Poems," a second edition of which was called for immediately afterwards, in 1868. The following year, 1869, saw the publication of a carefully revised and admirably arranged collective edition of all his "Poems," in two beautiful volumes, issued from the press by the Messrs. Macmillan. They were there subdivided into narrative and elegiac, and into dramatic and lyric. The last poem of all, an allegory of the River of Time, akin in the leading idea of it to Lord Lytton's charming poem of "The Boatman," ends mystically, as on the border-line of the two existences: —

"As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea."

Whatever theme he selects, whatever he touches, he selects and touches as a true artist. It is thus with him, whether he throws off a lyric lament like that of "The Neckan," —

"In summer by the headlands,
The Baltic sea along,
Sits Neckan, with his harp of gold,
And sings his plaintive song;"

whether he rings out the chiming cadence of "The Church of Brou:" —

"Slow they entered with their master;
In the hall they laid him down:
On his coat were leaves and bloodstains;
On his brow an angry frown:"

or whether in "Rugby Chapel," half in anguish, half in exultation, he cries out suddenly in the midst of his filial meditations, —

"Somewhere, surely, afar
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!"

Whenever he lists, in spite of his generally dominant predilection for Greek simplicity and antique severity of style, his verse can reflect nature in all its luminous bloom and loveliness. Instance this his exquisite poem of "Thyrsis," in which are caught and eternized with subtle dexterity the breeze and the dew, the daintiest colors and the most delicate perfumes of the flower-garden. He there reveals a thorough mastery of the lesser arts of poetry, which otherwise, as a rule, he would seem to have disdained almost as though they were (as they certainly are not) meretricious, the *curiosa felicitas verborum* through which we catch glimpses of the "wet fields," and "the blond meadow-sweet," of "the whitening hedges," and "the gold-dusted snapdragon." The affluent word-painting here, however, it must be confessed, is exceptional. Ordinarily it is with the muse of Matthew Arnold as it is with the Amazonian Queen in the Æneid. Watching her every moment, one sees her daintiest trinket and her most ponderous weapon are alike borne with graceful ease: —

"—— ut regius ostro
Velet honos leves humeros; ut fibula crinem
Auro internectat; Lyciam ut gerat ipsa pharetram,
Et pastoralem præfixâ cuspide myrtum."

In his capacity as Professor of Poetry, Matthew Arnold, in 1861, delivered three "Lectures on Translating Homer," in the course of which he advocated, what Lockhart had long previously essayed in fragments, the adoption of the English hexameter as, every thing considered, perhaps, the best equivalent to the Homeric rhythm. His argument excited controversy far beyond the limits of the university. That it was a sufficiently startling proposition may be allowed if only in remembrance of the fact that Schiller, who had himself freely employed in his own poems both the hexameter and the pentameter, wrote in his correspondence with Körner, "I have bought Voss's translation of the Odyssey, and it is truly admirable, with the exception of the hexameters, which I cannot endure!" Matthew Arnold himself had often been urged to undertake the translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey. For this Herculean labor, however, as he himself modestly, yet manfully put it, he had neither the leisure nor the courage. For two years together, nevertheless, Homer was almost constantly in his hands. He was conning the golden text perpetually. Hence, indeed, his lectures on Homer, and his well-considered views as to the best method to be adopted for his translation. An incidental reference, in the course of his argument, to Prof. F. W. Newman, elicited from the latter a pamphlet in reference to what he entitled sarcastically, "Homeric Translation in Theory and Practice." This in return drew from Prof. Arnold, in 1862, a fourth lecture avowedly in reply to his antagonist, a lecture which closed his reasoning in favor of echoing the Greek rhythm in English hexameters.

The scholarly inquiries in which Matthew Arnold was thus engaged, both professionally and by predilection, did not preclude him from regarding with profound interest events of importance occurring in the outer world of politics, such events, for example, as those connected with the war of liberation undertaken by the Emperor Napoleon III., in the northern part of the Roman peninsula. In illustration of this we may refer, in passing, to his pamphlet of forty-five pages, published by the Messrs. Longmans, in 1849, and entitled "England and the Italian Question." The motto prefixed to it was from St. Matthew, xxiv. 6, "Sed nondum est finis." It would be hard to say, even now, that this motto is wholly obsolete. Meanwhile, in his official capacity as Inspector of Schools, Mr. Arnold was about this period especially industrious. Tabulated Reports were published in 1858–59, and afterwards in 1859–60, shewing the fact of his having visited in the former circuit as many as thirty-two schools, and in the latter as many actually as sixty-seven — three in Oxford, in Bucks, and in Essex, four in Herts, six in Berks, eight in Kent, and forty in Middlesex.

A Royal Commission having been appointed to report upon the endowments, studies, and management of the nine principal schools of this country (the Charterhouse, Eton and Harrow, Rugby and Shrewsbury, St. Paul's and Merchant Taylor's, Winchester and Westminster), Matthew Arnold's active co-operation was judiciously called for by his nomination to the post of Foreign Assistant Commissioner. In this capacity he went abroad, and, while traversing various parts of the continent, entered there upon a series of laborious investigations. As the result of these, on his return homewards, in 1861, he published an important work on "The Popular Education of France, with Notices of that of Holland and Switzerland." Immediately at the close of this interesting volume, he took occasion to refer impressively — as to what really, in its way, throws

a vivid side-light upon the whole question of educational reforms — to a memorable remark addressed to his Council of State by the Great Napoleon, when commenting upon the opposition which had been awakened by one of his boldest innovations. "We have gone a little too far, that must be allowed. But we had reason on our side," added the emperor; "and when one has reason on one's side, one should have the courage to run some risks." Having quoted which, Mr. Arnold exclaims, emphatically, "Noble words of a profound and truly creative genius, which employed in administration something solider than makeshifts!" Prior to the formal publication of this work, the gist of it had been submitted, in the shape of a report, to her Majesty's Government. In 1864, as the record of a visit paid by him five years previously to Sorèze, then presided over by the great Dominican preacher, Lacordaire, the last of the grand pulpit orators of France, and who, as such, is second only to Bossuet, Matthew Arnold brought out a work significantly entitled, "A French Eton, or Middle-class Education and the State." A twelvemonth afterwards, that is, in 1865, he collected together a number of hitherto scattered papers contributed by him in the few preceding years to one or other of the periodicals. The volume was simply entitled, "Essays in Criticism." In it he descanted successively upon Maurice de Guérin, and upon Eugénie de Guérin, upon Joubert, and upon Marcus Aurelius. In one of the ablest of these Essays, after treating of Baruch Spinoza, he summed up admirably his whole character in one antithetical sentence: "His foot is in the *vera vita*, his eye on the beatific vision." It was in the course of his Essay on the genius of Heinrich Heine that he made such effective use of the now famous phrase of Philistinism, observing, as quietly as cynically, "Perhaps we have not the word, because we have so much of the thing;" this said Philistinism, by the way, being something baser even than what Mr. Carlyle whimsically typified long ago as "gig respectability."

During the year which saw the publication of this attractive as well as discursive volume, Mr. Arnold again visited the continent, having been despatched thither on this occasion for the express purpose of procuring for the Royal Commission, in regard to middle-class education, as much additional information as might be found procurable in respect to foreign educational systems among the upper and middle classes. The fruits of his widely scattered and searching investigations occupied his attention for some considerable time in the mere process of their accumulation. They were afterwards thoroughly digested by him, as one who to the full realized the responsibility of the important duty devolved upon him in his office as foreign assistant commissioner. The result appeared three years afterwards, that is, in 1868, in the form of a valuable, we had almost said an invaluable, report in respect to "Schools and Universities on the Continent." In it he discussed, in no one instance superficially, the whole complex scheme, or rather schemes, of secondary instruction, as well as of superior, or university instruction, throughout Europe, German, French, Swiss, Italian, Prussian. The probable issue of the conflict so long maintained between what may be called real, as contradistinguished from purely classical studies, the contest in other terms still fiercely waged between the *Gymnasium* and the *Realschule*, he unhesitatingly indicated. The circle of knowledge, he argued with irresistible force and cogency of logic, embraces within it both the humanities and the study of nature, a truth hitherto certainly not sufficiently appreciated. He deprecated with dispassionate fervor alike the tyranny of the Realists, and the tyranny of those who were sticklers for the Humanities. The excessive preponderance of grammatical studies, as well as of Greek and Latin composition, he scouted as little less than ridiculous, certainly as most mistaken. What he urged was this — that the ancient languages, and, for that matter, the modern likewise, should be studied henceforth less, so to express it, philologically, and more as literature. Not in any way, be it understood, that he depreciated the true worth of the science of antiquity, that is especially of Greek and Roman antiquity — what is signified by the expressive German word of *Alterthumswissenschaft*. It is no doubt with the aspiring student of every age and of every country, at the outset, as it is, in Schiller's weird imagining, with the youth who stands before the veiled statue at Sais:—

"'Was hab' ich,
Wenn ich nicht Alles habe,' sprach der Jüngling;
'Gibt's etwa hier ein Weniger und Mehr?'"

If any thing, all. If a part, why not the whole of the vast cycle of knowledge? As if, in the wild ambition of inexperience, human capacity were in itself illimitable! Wisely, most sagaciously, as it seems to us, the author of the masterly digest we are here referring to, this comprehensive work of Matthew Arnold's, in relation to the schools and universities of the European continent, hesitates not to lay down resolutely this really courageous opinion, that a Latin grammar of thirty pages for philology, with a purely elementary outline of arithmetic and geometry, would be all-sufficient in the way of an universally imposed preparatory discipline.

While he yet filled the chair of his professorship at the university, Matthew Arnold, in 1865–6, delivered four lectures on the study of Celtic literature. These were first of all published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, from which they were, later on, in 1867, reprinted as a separate publication. The subject was originally suggested to the author by his reflections while upon a holiday excursion on the Welsh coast at Llandudno. In 1869 he produced a work of larger importance in the shape of an essay at once in political and social criticism. It was entitled suggestively "Culture and Anarchy." There was something eminently characteristic in the very opening of the elaborate preface to this volume, written, as the author intimated, because of his having been dismayed at the frank acknowledgment to him by a brilliant and distinguished votary of the natural sciences that he had never so much as even heard of Bishop Wilson. Whereupon, Matthew Arnold acknowledges in his turn to his heart burning within him to further in some sort the cause of the society for promoting Christian knowledge. The "Maxims of Piety," of good Bishop Wilson, he enthusiastically estimates as only upon a little lower range, but, at the same time, as actually more practical than the peerless "De Imitatione." The whole scope of this eminently original essay of Mr. Arnold's is to recommend culture as the surest help out of all our present difficulties; what is here meant by culture having within it nothing whatever that is either bookish or pedantic. The work contains in one part of it in a few plain words what may be regarded as its author's profession of faith, socially and politically. "I am a Liberal," he says, "yet I am a Liberal tempered by experience, reflection, and renouncement, and I am above all, a believer in culture." Almost as, in some measure, a corollary to the work upon which we have been just now commenting, avowedly as a reply or corrective to M. Rénan's hollow and audacious book on the great Apostle of the Gentiles, Matthew Arnold, as recently as in 1870, published his last able and vigorous work, the introduction to which relates directly to puritanism and the Church of England, the title of the volume as a whole being "St. Paul and Protestantism." As to the author's religious profession of faith, it is here also in its turn pretty clearly discernible. As Mr. Arnold boldly puts it — Protestantism with its three notable tenets of predestination, original sin, and justification, has, during as many centuries, been "pounding away at St. Paul's wrong words and missing his essential doctrine." Referring to what Dr. Newman says of the impression once made on his mind by the sentence "securus judicat orbis terrarum," he declares that for his own part, he should be rather inclined to lay down the very contrary affirmation, "securus delirat orbis terrarum." In the jangle and dissonance of opinion among believers he clings none the less tenaciously to the hope of an ulterior general union of Christendom.

In his threefold capacity as critic, as scholiast, and as dialectician, Matthew Arnold is strong, as it seems to us, almost more by right of the clearness and the calmness of

his own earnest convictions than by the wide and vigorous range of his powers, or by his full and ample grasp of knowledge. Happily for himself and for others, he is, both as scholar and as poet, one of those he has himself depicted with a luminous pencil —

> "—— whom a thirst
> Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
> Not with the crowd to be spent,
> Not without aim to go round
> In an eddy of purposeless dust,
> Effort unmeaning and vain."

LONDON DINNERS.

MANKIND has been divided into "those who live to eat," and those "who eat to live." In a very clever Dutch novel called the "Burgomaster's Family," which has just been charmingly translated by Sir John Shaw Lefevre, the Burgomaster is described as belonging to the first category: "He had one idol which he worshipped with all his heart and soul, and on whose altar he would in case of necessity have sacrificed every thing belonging to him." "What a good dinner was to Burgomaster Welters no words can tell; it was the realization of all his dreams and wishes." No doubt such people exist, but there is surely a third and a very numerous class who, though preferring good cooking to bad, yet consider eating as a mere adjunct to the real pleasure of society, and look upon the actual dinner as very secondary in importance to the enjoyment of the agreeable qualities of those assembled to eat it.

Much has been written about cookery, much about gastronomy in general, and much about the various domestic arrangements connected with eating and drinking, and especially with the important meal of the day. But I do not recollect meeting with any thing in print which fully enters into the question of London dinners, considered in their bearing upon social intercourse in its most agreeable form, as well as with reference to their gastronomic excellence; and yet few of those who have been in the habit of dining out in London, during the last twenty-five or thirty years, can fail to remember with extreme pleasure those dinner-parties in London where they have met Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Milman, Quin, Charles Villiers, Strzelecki, B. Osborn, A. Hayward, and a host of others who have kept up a lively conversation with a degree of wit and spirit which has resulted in the greatest intellectual enjoyment, and with an amount of gayety which is the most wholesome relaxation after the fatigues of the day, whilst at the same time the gastronomic part of the entertainment has been perfectly well maintained.

I think it was in the year 1835 that a Mr. Walker, a well-known London police magistrate, published a series of periodical papers called "The Original," devoted to "The Arts of Dining and giving Dinners," "The Art of Travelling, and the Art of attaining High Health." They were amusing, but Mr. Walker appeared to be a sort of social cynic, —he liked society mainly so far as it contributed to his own personal enjoyment; for, though he says that he considers eight as the number for a dinner-party, I believe he would have been quite satisfied with a party of two, or even to have dined by himself, provided he was at that time in the enjoyment of perfect health, and provided the dinner was served up according to his own somewhat peculiar notions.

Mr. Hayward's book on dining is open to no such criticism, but those who have read his article on this subject as it appeared in the *Quarterly Review* many years since, or in its subsequent republication by Murray, will not find fault with me, I think, for inviting a little further consideration as to the best mode of arranging private dinner-parties in London.

In so doing, I entirely exclude public dinners, which are for specific purposes, and which require to be conducted on different principles from ordinary entertainments; these remarks apply entirely to dinners at private houses, especially during the scrambling months succeeding Easter. Previous to Easter, London society is almost perfect; for the same materials, intellectual and gastronomic, are attainable, while they are brought together in a less formal way than is possible later in the year. After Easter the state of affairs is quite altered. A three-weeks' invitation is not considered too long to secure a pleasant party, or, what by many is considered a synonymous term, a large party. A room thirty feet by twenty is supposed to be large enough to hold twenty or twenty-four guests in comfort. Dinner begins about half-past eight, and does not end till half-past ten, the party being too numerous for any thing like general conversation during dinner; carriages are announced, and the guests hurry away, without having had the opportunity of exchanging a dozen words with any but the couple right and left of them at the table. The great fault of these so-called entertainments is that the party is too large (and consequently the room too hot) and the dinner too long. Can these assertions be contradicted? and if not, may it not be worth while to consider whether some reform might not be advantageously introduced? It is not in the power of every one to command wit or great social qualifications, but it must certainly be for the general advantage of society to give facilities to all for displaying whatever powers they possess, and it may be as well to begin by pointing out the disadvantages of the present arrangements.

It is not necessary to discuss the art of cookery, or to enter into details respecting the arrangements of the *cuisine*. As good cooks may be found in England as in any part of Europe, and the cost of a dinner must of course be regulated by the taste and the purse of the host, though there is no greater mistake than to suppose that the most expensive dinner is necessarily the best. Good wine is indispensable, but the quantity consumed is in general too small to make it a formidable item of expense, and, with the exception of a few sorts of fruit, all articles of consumption are best where they are the most plentiful, and consequently cheapest. There are certain large houses and establishments which seem to require large parties or banquets; but as a rule in London houses, fourteen, or at the utmost sixteen, are as many as can be well accommodated, and it is not easy to enjoy general conversation with a larger number. If invitations are given for a quarter before eight, it is generally understood that eight is the hour intended; after that time ten minutes or a quarter of an hour is enough law to give for accidental delays. To keep a whole party waiting, because one or two ladies or gentlemen will not take the trouble to dress in time, is a very questionable act of politeness. It used to be said of two distinguished brothers who were habitually unpunctual, that if one was asked to dine at seven on Tuesday, the other came at eight on Wednesday; but such eccentricities can only be pardoned in men whose minds are so absorbed by public business as to make them forgetful of the courtesies of society.

In England, where people do not converse freely with each other without an introduction, any foreigner should be specially introduced by host or hostess; and the only good reason which can be given for not doing the same to every guest, is that in our vast London society, those may be inadvertently asked together who have been trying to avoid each other all their lives, and then an introduction becomes awkward. A little arrangement is of course necessary as to sending down the right ladies and gentlemen together, and also as to seating them properly at table, so that husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, &c., are not placed next to each other; and for want of this previous forethought the best-assorted parties are sometimes quite spoiled. Having begun with the assumption that parties of fourteen or sixteen are best suited for the size of ordinary London dining-rooms, as well as for conversation, the number of attendants upon such a party must of course be regulated by the fortune of the entertainer; but to insure perfect attendance, one servant to every three guests is about the necessary number. Much of general comfort, and more of mental activity than is generally supposed, depends upon the temperature and ventilation of a room. With the thermometer at 62°, conversation may flow easily,

and wits may be at their brightest and sharpest; but raise the temperature to 75° or 80°, and the most elastic spirits become subdued, the most brilliant genius subsides into mediocrity. I am always tempted to ask, when I hear that some wit "was not himself last night," what was the state of the thermometer? No dinner should last more than an hour and a quarter, or at longest an hour and a half; if it does, a pleasure becomes a pain. There is no country in Europe, I believe, where so much time is spent at the dinner-table as in England, and this is owing to the greater number of dishes which we think necessary. I have on this point consulted a lady friend in Russia, whose table there is considered as well and plentifully supplied as that of any one at the Court, and her answer is as follows:—

ST. PETERSBURG, June 17, 1871.

"I send you *menus* of our own three last dinners, which are very good specimens. The one for twenty-two was got up in a hurry for Marshall Comte Berg and other Government generals, only here for a few days; otherwise two soups, one clear and one *purée*, would have been better: it is the very largest dinner as to dishes ever given here. The dinners in Berlin, at the King's and Crown Princes's, I remember, were even smaller. Sometimes at very State dinners a *Punch à la Romaine* is put in between the cold *entrée* and the *rôits; that is all*. Of course beyond twelve or fourteen there are doubles and trebles of each dish handed round at the same time, and each dish comes in separately and is quite done with before another comes. The dessert and flowers are on the table. It is thought a very badly served dinner if it takes more than an hour or an hour and a quarter. The dessert is then handed round, each dish, and the plates changed for each dish; then the finger-glasses and water put down on a plate each, which is the signal for the end. The serving of the dessert is included in the time I have named. It would be a most happy revolution in London if you could bring it about. Here they wait very dexterously, and no one is ever forgotten in handing a dish, as each goes regularly round."

FOR 14 PERSONS.

Diner du 16 *Mai*, 1871.

Consommé de gibier aux quenelles.
Petits pâtés.
Truites de gatchina, sauce hollandaise.
Selle de mouton à l'Anglaise.
Filets de perdreaux à la Périgueux.
Poulets nouveaux gélinottes et grins rôtis.
Salade.
Asperges en branche.
Pain de groseilles à l'allemande.
Mousse au café.

FOR 22 PERSONS.

Diner du 8 *Mai*, 1871.

Consommé de volaille à la D'Orléans.
Petits pâtés.
Truites saumonée, sauce hollandaise.
Filets de bœuf à la Jardinière.
Suprêmes de volaille à l'écarlate.
Côtelettes de foies gras en bellevue.
Poulets nouveaux, perdreaux et cailles rôtis.
Salade.
Haricot verts à l'Anglaise.
Plum puddings, sauce John Bull.
Glaces à l'écossaise.

FOR 12 PERSONS.

Diner du 5 *Juin*, 1871.

Consommé de volaille aux quenelles.
Petits pâtés.
Saumon, sauce hollandaise.
Filet de bœuf à la Jardinière.
Suprême de perdreaux aux truffes.
Poularde et gibier rôtis.
Salade.
Asperges en branche.
Gâteau Moka.
Glace aux framboises.

A letter, dated 5th May, 1871, from a friend in Copenhagen, an excellent authority on even more important affairs than dinners, is much to the same effect: "I enclose a couple of *menus* such as you ask for. One is of a dinner at our Minister's for Foreign Affairs, and the other at Count Moltke's. I do not myself approve of putting down the wines on a bill of fare, as it savors too much of the restaurant. I never do, and my dinners, I think I may say, are considered the best given here, or certainly amongst the best. I had a very formidable rival in the Russian Minister, who had positively a genius for house decoration, but he is no longer here." I insert the Copenhagen *menus*:—

JEUDI LE 12 JANVIER, 1871.

St. Péray.	Huîtres fraiches.
Chât. Léoville.	Consommé aux cuenelles de volaille.
Sherry impérial.	Diablotins à la parisienne. Filet de bœuf truffé à la Périgueux.
Chât. d'Yquem	Poisson, sauce hollandaise.
Chât. Latour.	Côtelettes de chevreuil sautées. Galantine de chapon en bellevue.
Chât. Grillet.	Fonds d'artichauts à la princesse.
Cabinet Crêmant.	Faisans rôtis — Salade. Croustade de pêches et d'abricots.
Vieux Madère.	Gelée champagne. Corbeille garni de glaces.
Cap Constance.	Gâteau à la Turque.

JEUDI LE 30 MARS, 1871.

St. Péray.	Huitres.
Chât. Rauzan.	Potage à l'Anglaise.
Oporto. Sherry.	Dindes farcis aux truffes.
Vieux Johannisberger Cabinet.	Saumon, sauce hollandaise.
Chât. Margaux.	Côtelettes de coqs de bruyère au riz
Vieux Oporto blanc.	Pâtés de foies gras.
Veuve Clicquot.	Faisans rôtis. Compote. Salade. Asperges en branches. Gelée de champagne à l'ananas.
Vieux Madère.	Fromage et beurre.
Vieux Tokayer.	Glace. Dessert.

I also add some *menus* of dinners given by our Ambassador in Paris, whose table is as well arranged and served, and whose dinners are as good as can possibly be desired, and never last more than an hour and a half.

DINER DU 23 MAI, 1868.

Potage tortue à l'Anglaise.
Jardinière à l'impériale au consommé.

Petites bouchées à la reine.

Filets de saumon à la Chambord.
Filet de bœuf Madère à l'Espagnole.

Poulardes à la Montmorency, sauce Périgueux.
Côtelettes d'agneau aux concombres.
Cailles farcies à la Bohémienne.
Aspics de crevettes en bellevue sur socle.

Punch à l'Impératrice.

Canetons et gélinottes rôtis.
Buisson de truffes au vin de Champagne.
Asperges, sauce hollandaise.
Croustades d'abricots nouveaux à la Condé.
Macédoine de fruits Marasquin.
Bombes cardinal.

DINER DU 7 FÉVRIER, 1867.

Printanier à la royale.
Purée à la Jussienne.

Feuillantines grillées.
Crêtes de coq à la Villeroy.

Bars, sauces cardinale et aux huitres.
Dindes à l'impériale.

Escaloppés de filets de chevreuil aux olives.
Suprême de poulets à l'écarlate.
Homards en bellevue, sauce Mayonnaise.

Punch à la Romaine.

Faisans rôtis, sauce Périgueux.
Pâtés de foies gras de Strasbourg.

Cardons à la Moëlle.
Haricots verts sautés au beurre.

Pains d'ananas aux pistaches.
Coupes garnies de soufflés glacés.
Glaces.

From Spain, I have the authority of our Minister, expressed in the most unqualified terms, that an hour and a half is ample time for any dinner. To some of the Ministerial *menus* I have added one purely Spanish, as a specimen of the different customs in eating of different countries.

MADRID PALACE.

May 31, 1871.

Potages: —
Consommé de volaille aux quenelles.
Bisque d'écrevisses à la Joinville.

Hors d'œuvre: —
Pâtés de foies gras, chaud, froid.

Relevés: —
Saumon à la hollandaise.
Roast beef à la Provençale.

Entrées: —
Côtelettes de poulets aux pois.
Cailles à la financière.
Mayonnaise.

Punch à la Romaine.

Légumes: —
Asperges en branches.

Rôti: —
Dindonneaux nouveaux.

Entremets: —
Gâteau Napolitain historié.
L'abricotine glacé.

DINER DU 7 JUIN, 1871.

Consommé de volaille à la Célestine.
Petits pâtés à la cardinale.

Saumon.

Selle de mouton à l'Anglaise.
Côtelettes de cailles aux truffes.
Foies gras — bordure de gelée.
Ponche à l'Impériale.
Outarde rôti.
Petits pois au beurre.

Savarin à la Montmorency.
Petits soufflés glacés au Marasquin.

COMIDA DE S. A. PARA EL JUEVES 3 DE MARZO.

Ostras.

Sopas: —
De Menudillos de arroz à la Valenciana.

Melon.

COCIDO.

Fritos: —
Sesos, manos y criadillas.

Pescado: —
Bacalao à la Vizcaina — Calamares en tinta.

Estradas: —
Perlices estofadas — Pepitoria de Pavo.
Ponche Helado.

Legumbres: —
Mencstra — Alcachofas fritas con aceite.

Asados: —
Cochifritos — Toston.
Ensalada.

Platos de Dulce: —
Huevos moles con bizcochos — Huevos hilados.
Postres.
Helados.

Vinos: —
Jerez, Valdepeñas tinto y blanco, Manzanilla, Arganda, Rioja, Málaga, Malvasia, Champagne.

I am told that at Buckingham Palace, her Majesty's dinners are entirely concluded within the hour; but it must be remembered that the Queen's habits in this particular appear to have been formed without much reference to social requirements. Her Majesty partakes of a good luncheon and tea, and makes her dinner a short meal.

To return, however, to my subject of considering dinners as a means of promoting social intercourse in its most agreeable form. No one can deny the importance which is attached to this subject in London society, when it is remembered the infinite trouble taken by many in the arrangement of the company to be asked, as well as in the decoration of the table, and other matters connected with the entertainment. Much pains are bestowed, and much money spent, in endeavoring to give agreeable dinners, and both are often thrown away by an attempt to do too much. Nothing is more true than the old saw of "enough is as good as a feast." More food than any one can enjoy, more wit than any one can listen to, are alike to be avoided. People are often so much exhausted by the heated atmosphere of a dining-room, and by long sitting during and after a protracted dinner, that conversation languishes when the adjournment to the drawing-room takes place, and the only anxiety is to get away either to some fresh scene of overcrowded amusement, or to bed, worn out instead of refreshed by the so-called evening's entertainment. It is to be hoped that hereafter the custom may be adopted, which obtains everywhere but amongst the Anglo-Saxon race, of ladies and gentlemen leaving the table together; so that conversation may go on without a break, and the grouping of gentlemen in one part of the room and ladies in another be avoided. It also enables those who wish to go elsewhere, to leave at an earlier hour — which is of more consequence, however, with foreign habits than with our own. Abroad people visit in the evening when they wish to find their friends at home, and thus avoid a great amount of card-leaving and loss of time. I heard the present American Minister, Gen. Schenck, observe that London visiting might be arranged more effectually and economically (as to time) by a system of visiting-clearing-houses, one for each district; boxes, like post-office letter-boxes, bearing the names of all one's acquaintance, being arranged round a room, with a key belonging to the respective families, into which cards or invitations could be dropped, the boxes to be emptied each day by some one sent from each family. Our Transatlantic brethren are certainly far ahead of us in practical suggestions, and might perhaps give us valuable hints upon the subject of the present article, as well as upon the art of visiting, or rather card-leaving. In this country it is difficult to prevent politics from forming too large a portion of conversation; the addition of music or cards in the evening tends to prevent this, and to give a fair chance of amusement for all tastes.

A few words, before I conclude, about the arrangements of the dinner-table. Although a dining-room should be

well lighted throughout, the brightest spot, the high light of the picture, should be the table itself. Wax candles are the most perfectly unobjectionable mode of lighting, the most pleasing to the eyes, and without the distress to the organs of smell which may arise from lamps. Small shades upon the candles throw the light upon the cloth and table, and prevent any glare upon the eyes. Gas-light is to many quite intolerable, at least, as managed in England, for it frequently produces a feeling of weight on the head, and general discomfort, even if discomfort to the olfactory organs can be avoided. The present fashion of flower decoration is extremely pretty, and can be carried out without any great expense, if bright colors and general effect are more considered than mere cost. All table ornaments should be kept low, so as not to intercept the view of any one by all the other guests. For the number of dishes for a party of twelve or sixteen, I recommend the Russian *menu*, No. 3.

Having now gone through what seem to me the defects of the present system of London dinners, and pointed out some of the remedies, thinking that most people admit that some reform is desirable, I must leave the matter in the hands of those able and willing to head the great reform movement. A clever author who has written upon the art of "putting things," says that if you want to commend a subject to a Tory leader, you talk of it as a sovereign remedy; if to a Whig, you call it a radical improvement; so that in my wishing to please all parties I have been, perhaps, injudicious in calling a diminution of the hours and the quantity of food at dinners, a reform movement. A moderate constitutional change would best express what I want.

The question now is, Who is to bell the cat? Who is bold enough to reform the present system by shortening the hours and decreasing the quantity of food at our London dinners? Will the movement originate on the Liberal side? I remember hearing a remark made by a gentleman in the House of Commons, whose eyes were directed from the front bench on the Conservative to the Liberal side, "Is it possible that a ministry formed by those men can stand? I do not believe they have a cook amongst them who can dress a good dinner." If this be so, we must look elsewhere. Is there no lady of high rank, no Baring or no Rothschild, who, with cooks about whose merits there can be no difference of opinion, will set an example of constitutional reform in this matter by, —

1. Limiting the number of guests to twelve or fourteen;
2. Keeping the dining-room cool and well-ventilated;
3. Sitting down to dinner at quarter-past eight without waiting for guests who may be absent;
4. Returning to the drawing-room by half-past nine to quarter before ten;
5. Reducing the present number of dishes?

If this were done, London dinners might be, what they ought to be, from the materials to be collected in London society, the most agreeable reunions in the world; and much useless expense would be avoided, so that these entertainments might be within reach of even very moderate fortunes, and our nation be rescued from the reproach so often cast upon us by foreigners, of preferring quantity to quality, and a large party to a sociable and lively dinner. A French gentleman once said to me, "En Angleterre on se nourrit bien, mais on ne dîne pas."

THOMSON HANKEY.

THE TROIS FRÈRES PROVENCAUX.

THE latest obituary announcement from Paris is the demise of the Trois Frères Provençaux. The famous brothers will be sadly missed by foreigners whose acquaintance with them was of the slightest, while they will leave many a Parisian habitué inconsolable. These are the events that speak to us eloquently of the uncertainty of life and the instability of prosperity. We know that occasionally a great Parisian restaurant collapses in the effulgence of seeming success, with a crash that must shake the crystal in the *salons* of its compeers. We remember the melancholy fate of the great Café de Paris, although it boasted the brightest dining windows on the Boulevards, and rumor had never trifled with the credit of its cellars and cuisine. Yet had the impression of its sudden end been more recent and more vivid, it would scarcely have prepared us for this latest shock. The Trois Frères had grown from small beginnings into an international institution. Since the days when the Brothers Maneilh entertained the happy thought of starting it in a suite of modest *salons au premier*, it had thriven alike through domestic revolution and foreign occupation. It had overrun its old home, and burrowed away in depths far beneath the pavements of the Palais Royal. It had blazed out in more than the usual magnificence of plate-glass and gilding, frescoes and spotless marble. It garnished the golden balustrades of its staircases and its little *salons* with the rarest exotics. Yet there was a winning decency about its luxurious coquetry of decoration. It made itself attractive to all, and it scared no one. There are rivals of the Brothers we could name, but will not, whose fame is rather the notoriety of the small hours. Their specialité is the suppers, regardless of expense, where it is the supremest chic to throw the dessert to the coachmen in the street, and pelt the rakish attendants with napoleons. Accidents may happen in the best-regulated establishments, but as a rule nothing of that sort was tolerated at the Trois Frères. It was partly its luck that it was far removed from the opera. But even on a Saturday night in the season you could lead your wife or sister down stairs from a late dinner, without finding the place swarming with screeching *pierrots* and columbines offensively *décolletées*. Consequently its relatively ostentatious respectability made it the family house of call: while at the same the quiet *bon vivant* knew he might rely upon dinner more carefully served and attendance more respectful than he was likely to find elsewhere. The cooks had not been kept up all night; the waiters had not been demoralized by ridiculous "tips," or besotted with mixing wine from bottle ends. Its connection was consequently promiscuous and extensive as might be. Enter it early, passing the trio of graces behind the counter to the right, and already the earlier native birds had begun to dally with their deliberate meal; men for the most part of the middle age or more, with carefully elaborated exteriors and bits of ribbon glowing in their button-holes. This grave gentleman had secured his *fauteuil* at the neighboring Français, that other with more of the *roué* is chuckling in anticipation of the farce at the easy-principled house in the corner. There are some French family groups, too, who cannot contribute much to the *caisse*, for they wash down the simplest fare with *ordi aire*. We do not say they are wrong. A simple dinner admirably cooked gives pleasure sufficient in the present, while it carries no thought of care for the morrow. But very different family parties came dropping in. Mamma and the girls and a shy English father caught in the country, and floundering hopelessly in the mysteries of the multifarious *carte*. Taking shots at random, and ordering wildly whole portions for each, they play freely into the hands of the establishment. Yet they scarcely pay so well as that sallow New Yorker used to the prices of Delmonico's, who is entertaining half a dozen dames of shoddy who have learned to identify cost and quality. Then there are all the single men who come solitarily in pairs and quartettes from all nations and countries, from the English plunger heavily in debt at home to the olive-colored creole who owns a Mexican mine or two, besides Heaven knows how many *haciendas* in the *tierra caliente*. We need not diverge into the grand apartments with the rosy cupids disporting themselves in flights among the looking-glasses, on the occasion of a *bourgeois festin de noces*. But such was the connection of the Trois Frères, and in happier times such was the aspect of its *salons* pretty much all the year round. When fashionable Paris was at the waters the wandering stranger came to the rescue.

Why then should the venerable establishment have succumbed in the seeming bloom of its perennial youth? We

fear it is only another significant sign of these most portentous times. The protracted sieges must have tried its constitution sorely, and there has been no sufficient reaction to restore its flagging animation. The cost of one of these great restaurants is enormous, nor can it reduce expenses materially without compromising its character. Immense rent; heavy taxes; chefs whose names are supposed to bear their price; the chef principal, the chef entremettier, the rôtisseur, &c.; wine butlers who must be capable and responsible; majors domo and waiters who might carry clients with them were they suffered to go away discontented; ladies of looks and financial ability for the counter; a troop of subordinates, in sight and out of it a profusion of fine linen continually renewed; plate, crystal, and cutlery, ditto; waste to be covered in the more delicate provisions that will not keep for to-morrow; and last, and very far from least, the cellars. A restaurant of renown must be literally based upon a quantity of sunken capital. If you drink your old wines without replacing them, you are draining your establishment's life-blood. We can fancy the feelings of the masters of the Trois Frères when it became a question of retrenching on the magnificent style of their world-famed house, and tampering with the spotless name transmitted by a line of noble ancestors. It had stooped to purvey catsmeat and ratflesh; it had been constrained to cater for messieurs of the Commune, who had a way of settling the *addition* with a look or a threat. The sacrifices and compromises had gone for nothing, and the day had come when it must die, if it were to die with decency. It has fallen draped decorously in its mantle, and we fear its fall is ominous of the general struggle for existence in luxurious Paris.

TOM PROVIS.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE'S NOTORIOUS CLIENT.

"There was a well-known case in which I was engaged — that of Tom Provis, who called himself Sir Richard Symthe. Upon the brief nothing could be more complete than that claim." — *Lord Chief Justice Bovill, during the hearing of the Tichborne case, Jan. 25, 1872.*

The Lord Chief Justice must have often thought of that well-known case since his acquaintance with the claimant to the Tichborne property. It is a curious coincidence that the leading counsel for the notorious Tom Provis should be the judge in the next most celebrated case of the century. When his Lordship's memory went back to the famous trial there was another person in court who played a leading part in the Gloucestershire drama. The solicitors who opposed the claim of Tom Provis to the extensive estates of the Smythes of Ashton Court, estimated at £20,000 to £30,000 a year, were Messrs. Palmer & Wansey, of Bristol. Mr. Palmer, the head of the firm, has long since retired from practice, but has been a constant attendant in court during the Tichborne trial. The Judge on the occasion of the trial at the Gloucestershire assizes was Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, the attorney-general's father. Time plays curious freaks at the bar.

People who remember the case of the assumed Sir Richard Smythe pretend to trace a parallel between that case and the Tichborne trial, but the only association between the two is their remarkable character. Whether the claimant in the Tichborne case is an impostor or the true Sir Roger, he is altogether a different person to the notorious Tom Provis. The only excuse we can have for reviewing the strange story of the Gloucestershire baronetcy at this time is on the ground of the Lord Chief Justice's reference to it, and the public appetite for any thing and every thing which can be said to have the slightest association with the Tichborne romance. The case is reported at length in the *Times* of 1853 and 1854, for Tom Provis, after the failure of his claim in the civil side, was arrested and taken to the criminal court to stand his trial for perjury and forgery. Sir Bernard Burke, in his "Vicissitudes of Families," has also given a well-written summary of the case, from which and the *Times's* reports and other sources we venture to narrate this twice-told tale.

The Smythes of Ashton Court (a beautiful residence on the river at Clifton) are a good old English family. They first settled upon their present estate in the fifteenth century. Hugh Smythe, son of Thomas Smythe, M.P. for the county of Somerset, 1634, was created a baronet for his loyal services by Charles I. The family papers are said to include many very interesting documents of that period, and the muniment-room at Ashton Court gives every evidence of the careful preservation of the family records in each successive generation. At the commencement of this century, Sir John Hugh Smythe, baronet, was in possession of the estates. In 1802 he died without issue, and was succeeded by his nephew, Sir Hugh Smythe, eldest son of Thomas Smythe, of Stapleton, Gloucestershire. Although he was twice married, Sir Hugh was known to have no issue by either wife. In 1824 he was succeeded by his only brother, the late Sir John Smythe, baronet, who, dying without issue in 1849, left his eldest sister Clarence, the wife of John Upton, Esq., of Westmoreland, in full possession of the family estates. Her son, Thomas Upton, died during her lifetime, and in 1852 the property come to her grandson, John Hey Greville Upton, a minor, who, dropping the name of Upton, assumed the name and arms of Smythe, by royal license, and he was afterwards, when he came to age, restored to the family title and dignity of baronet. At the death of Mrs. Clarence Smythe in 1852, Mrs. Upton made her son a ward of the Court of Chancery, and placed the estates in the hands of her brother, Mr. Arthur Way (afterwards member for Bath), who was appointed receiver of the Ashton-Court estates by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Way had hardly entered upon his duties when he received a letter, dated Bristol, Sept. 8, 1852, from Thomas Rodman, Esq., of Wellington, "the deputy steward of Sir Richard Smythe, baronet, Somerset," claiming the estates, forbidding the destruction of deer in the park, requesting Mr. Way to consider himself a trespasser, and informing him that Sir Richard Smythe had that day taken possession in person of Heath house, at Stapleton, and that he would in future consider Mr. Way's visits at that house or lands a trespass. Mr. Way was speedily treated to the next chapter of the extraordinary story thus inaugurated. Joseph Turvey, an old servant of the family, presented himself from Heath house, the family mansion in Gloucestershire, with the following information. Two suspicious-looking men had called at Heath house on the previous afternoon and requested to see the establishment. Turvey, not unaccustomed to visits of this character, had commenced to show them over the house. When the old servitor pointed out the picture of Sir Hugh Smythe, one of the visitors, suddenly exclaiming, "O my beloved father!" prostrated himself before the painting, and informed the astonished Joseph that he was the owner of the estates. Unable to restrain himself, Joseph exclaimed, "Now I tell ye what it is; I've known the family, man and boy, this fifty year, and I've never seen the likes of you among 'em, and if you don't just clear out, I'll kick ye out, and that's all about it;" whereon the visitors thought discretion the better part of valor and disappeared. On this very day the pretended Sir Richard Smythe and his solicitor, Mr. Rodham, presented themselves at Ashton Court. Mr. Way received them, and after sarcastically complimenting "Sir Richard" on his baronetcy, desired the fullest information. The solicitor made a long rambling explanation, after which "Sir Richard" requested that the household should be discharged to enable him to bring in his own servants. He asked for the keys, and said he would allow Mr. Way two hours to take his departure. Mr. Way, having been a patient listener, now remarked, "I must now request your attention to what I say. You have come here in the face of day to perpetrate a robbery of no ordinary kind. In a case so monstrous I can make no distinction between solici-

tor and client. You must both leave the house within the minute, or be prepared to take the consequences." They remonstrated. Mr. Way remained unmoved. The minute had hardly expired when he rang the bell. The servants entered, carried off "Sir Richard" and his client, "legs and arms," and deposited them outside the house.

Little further was heard of the new baronet until the following spring, when a well-known solicitor, Mr. Cattlin, began to act for "Sir Richard." The new solicitor served the tenantry with notices to account to no one but himself, "the agent of Sir Richard," but only one of the tenants was led into following his course. Rumor soon gave out that Sir Richard had come into possession of important documents establishing his claim, and he grew in favor. Whereas a short time previously he was a pauper, he was now in possession of St. Vincent's Priory, Clifton, with a person who styled herself Lady Smythe presiding at his table. Tradesmen crowded round him, foreseeing great custom, and were not only willing but eager to advance him money. Sir Richard and Lady Symthe went on Sundays to the church followed by a lackey carrying the family Bible. Mr. Way was served with a writ of ejectment by Mr. Cattlin to regain possession of Heath House, Stapleton and Elmington Farm, both in the county of Gloucester. The family solicitors, Messrs. Palmer & Wansey, were informed that Mr. Cattlin was in possession of a will that rendered the title of Sir Richard Smythe beyond doubt. Mr. Way and Mr. Palmer sought inspection of this will, and convinced themselves that it was a barefaced forgery, and were satisfied that it was the work of "Sir Richard" himself, seeing that the misspelling corresponded with the misspelling in letters of the plaintiff's. Mr. Way and his solicitors began to prepare for the trial. A detective was set to watch Mr. Cattlin's offices. Mr. Field acting for the defence, commenced his labors of tracing the pedigree of the plaintiff. Mr. Way (who was well qualified for his task, having acted as a justice of the peace in New South Wales) went to Ireland to make inquiries in the neighborhood of Court MacSherry, where, according to the plaintiff's case, Sir Hugh Symthe had married his (plaintiff's) mother, Hesther Gookin, in 1796. "Sir Richard" had been there before him, and at the Earl of Bandon's had reported that "an illegitimate heir had got possession of his vast estates." The alleged marriage with Hesther Gookin proved to be a fabrication, that lady never having existed. Mr. Field was equally successful in his researches. He not only discovered that the plaintiff was not Sir Richard Symthe, but found out *who* he was.

When the trial came on for hearing at the Gloucester Summer Assizes, Aug. 8, 1853, there was great excitement throughout the shire, and in fact throughout the country. Mr. Justice Coleridge presided as Judge; Mr. Bovill, Q.C., Mr. Dowdeswell and Mr. Phipson appeared for the plaintiff; and Sir Frederick Thesiger, Q.C., Mr. Crowder, Q.C., Mr. Alexander, Q.C., Mr. Tufnell, and Mr. Gray, for the defence. Mr. Bovill, in opening the case, explained that at the death of Sir Hugh Smythe the estates passed to his brother, Sir John Smythe, and that plaintiff came to a knowledge of his rights by going to Sir John in 1849, and informing him of his relationship to the deceased, Sir Hugh Smythe. The news so affected the Baronet that he died the next morning. The learned counsel said that for want of funds plaintiff had been prevented from asserting his right to the property, but that now it would be established beyond doubt that he was the son of Sir Hugh Smythe, by Jane, the daughter of Count Vandenbergh, to whom he was married in 1796 in Ireland. The entry of the marriage in a family Bible would be proved. A brooch would be produced with the name of Jane Gookin upon it, together with her portrait. She had died in childbirth, and Sir Hugh Smythe being anxious to marry the daughter of the Bishop of Bristol, Miss Wilson, the plaintiff's birth was kept a secret, and he was brought up in the house of a carpenter named Provis, at Westminster. It was this that had given rise to the report that plaintiff was an impostor. Mr. Bovill further argued that a man named Grace, Sir Hugh's butler, had informed Sir Hugh that his son had gone abroad and was dead. A letter was produced as having been written by Sir Hugh to his wife on the eve of her confinement, wishing her a safe delivery. The case went on to prove that in 1819 Sir Hugh was married again to a Miss Howell, and at this time Sir Hugh, believing his son to be alive, executed a document declaring the plaintiff to be his son, and that the document was discovered in the possession of Lydia Reed, the plaintiff's nurse, and that it was signed by Sir Hugh Smythe and Sir John Smythe, his brother. It was purported to have been discovered in the possession of an attorney's clerk in London. In the narrative of the personal career of plaintiff it was alleged that he had gone abroad and given himself up to study until his return in 1826, when he became a lecturer on mnemonics. He suspected he was the rightful heir, but circumstances prevented him taking the necessary steps until 1849. The learned counsel intimated that the main fact in the case would be that Sir Hugh Smythe was married in Ireland, and that the plaintiff was the issue of that marriage. The learned counsel narrated the plaintiff's story with remarkable force and eloquence, making a telling appeal to the jury, on account of the difficulties his client had to encounter in prosecuting his case against an opponent so formidable as the defendant. He complained that the defendant's agents had intimidated his witnesses, but he nevertheless had confidence in their coming forward and attesting the truth. Nothing could appear more honest and just than the plaintiff's claim, as Mr. Bovill set it forth from his clear and admirably-drawn instructions. It was a case, too, which might well excite the sympathy of a high-minded gentleman like the present Chief Justice; but he and his brethren in the case were destined to be cruelly sold by this ill-used heir, who had been brought up by a carpenter when he should have been enjoying the comforts and luxuries of his high position. The plaintiff being called into the box related his extraordinary story, swearing that the will of the late Sir Hugh Smythe had reached him in a brown paper parcel from London from one "Frederick Crane," whom he had never seen. The will was sealed with a seal containing the arms of the Smythe family, with the motto "Qui Capit capitor." The case went on for some time most prosperously. The result looked like a certainty for the claimant. There was great excitement in court when Sir Frederick Thesiger rose to cross-examine him. The learned counsel shook some of the strong points that had been laid down, but nothing of a startling nature transpired until plaintiff's further cross-examination on Aug. 10, when he denied that he ever went by the name of Provis, or that he had ever said John Provis, of Warminster, lately of Frome, was his father, or had ever claimed kindred with Mr. Provis, the manager of the Yeovil bank. He said he had only been married once, and that the name of his wife was Ashton. Sir F. Thesiger then handed him a letter which he had written to Miss Clarence Smythe, in which the plaintiff stated, "I have a second wife." Plaintiff explained that he might have meant a young wife, but he was soon after obliged to admit his second marriage by the name of "Mr. Thomas Provis." He admitted that he had applied to Mr. Moring, a seal engraver in Holborn, and ordered some seals to be engraved; but did not on that occasion order a steel seal to be made according to pattern, which he brought with the crest, garter, and motto of the Smythes of Long Ashton to be engraved thereon, but that he ordered it afterwards.

A startling and dramatic incident occurred at this stage of the trial. A person in Oxford Street, after reading in the *Times* the account of the case as far as it had gone, telegraphed to Sir F. Thesiger that he could give important information. Counsel on both sides had not been pestered with letters and telegrams as they have been in the Tichborne case. Telegrams were fewer and more startling things, too, a few years ago than they are now. This one was promptly answered, and the reply came as quickly, requesting Sir F. Thesiger to ask plaintiff whether, in January last, he had not gone to a person at 161 Oxford Street, and desired him to engrave the Bandon crest upon the rings produced, and also to engrave the name "Gookin"

on the brooch. Sir F. Thesiger read the despatch, and put the question to plaintiff, who, having already been a good deal worn by the cross-examination, fairly broke down under this last attack. Amid the breathless excitement of the court, and turning sickly pale, complainant said, "I did." A few more questions were put, after which Mr. Bovill rose, and addressing the court said he could scarcely express the emotion which he felt at the turn the case had taken. After such an exposure, which was unparalleled in courts of justice, he and his learned brethren felt it would be inconsistent with their duty as gentlemen of the Bar to continue the contest any longer.

A verdict was at once given for the defendant, and "Sir Richard" was afterwards taken in custody and placed in the dock as "Tom Provis," to take his trial for perjury and forgery. At the criminal investigation curious revelations came to light as to the way in which the clever impostor had got up his case. The seal engraver, Mr. Moring, proved that the brown paper was the same in which he had sent a seal made by the prisoner's order, on the 17th March, 1853. He engraved the arms and the motto of the Smythe family on this seal. The "u" in "Qui Capit Capitur" had become blotted and was made to resemble an "o." The engraver had not noticed the error. The seal which was produced in court by the prisoner had on it the fatal word "Capitor," with which the deed had been sealed.

The will of 1823, it was shown, had been written on parchment chemically prepared, and by a process unknown until within fourteen years of the trial. The forged letter from Sir Hugh to his "wife Jane," mentioned "Lydia Reed" as a fitting nurse for her, and the claimant had stated that this was the woman who had brought him up, and from whom he had obtained a picture of the late Sir Hugh and the other relics of his family, which were exhibited in court. Unfortunately for him, however, his own sister, Mrs. Heath, and other witnesses proved that they had known the picture for thirty or forty years as "the portrait of John Provis, the eldest son of the carpenter." Mrs. Heath declared that she had never known him as any other than her own brother, until he had become a public lecturer on "Mnemonics," and travelled about the country under the title of "Dr. Smith." A Bible was put in evidence showing his marriage to Mary Anne Whittick, and several witnesses proved his marriage, although he had denied that interesting event on oath during the trial. The ancient rings and some other relics were found to have been purchased at the shop of Mr. Cocks, jeweller, Oxford Street, in 1853. On one of these rings the prisoner had engraved "Jane, wife of Hugh Smythe, Esq., *m.* 1796 — *d.* 1797." This particular ring bought as ancient turned out to be of comparatively modern manufacture. On another ring he had had engraved "Jane Gookin," and it was in connection with this particular ring that he broke down when cross-examined upon the engraver's telegram. Mr. Cocks's book was produced. It contained entries of directions for engraving made by the prisoner himself.

Tom Provis from the dock cross-examined the witnesses against him at great length, interspersing his questions with speeches and statements, the point of most of them being that he was the son of Sir Hugh Smythe, baronet; that in prosecuting his claim he had done things which could only be justified by the circumstances. At the close of his last speech he considerably astonished everybody. Putting his hand behind his neck he drew forth an enormous pigtail. Ostentatiously exhibiting it to the jury, he appealed to it as conclusive evidence of his aristocratic birth, adding solemnly, "Gentlemen, I was born with it, and my son was born with one six inches long!" Despite this last touching appeal, the prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to twenty years' transportation.

Should the curious reader ever find himself in the picturesque neighborhood of Ashton Court, he will have little or no difficulty in obtaining a sight of the pigtail and other relics which remain as memorials of "the well-known case" referred to by Lord Chief Justice Bovill during another famous trial, Jan. 25, 1872.

REMINISCENCES OF THE QUEEN'S THANKSGIVING.

BY A POLICEMAN.

I'm particler full of thanksgiving, sir, that I am, by reason that it's all over. I'm as sore all over as if I had run under a millwheel. If the mark o' that wenemous old woman with the pecooliarly sharp funny bone ain't in black and blue just above my fifth rib, my number ain't ten hundred and twenty. Feet — my feet are like two lumps of red-hot jelly, for they've been trodden on, jumped on, danced on, and made props on for two days almost straight ahead. I'm agoin' to sleep while I stand, I'm that dead tired and weary; and Bill Scroggs, the fire-escape man, swares that he saw me early this morning walkin' composedly up and down a snorin' like a reg'lar good 'un. But Bill is a little too fond o' crackin' his jokes, and I never snores in my sleep, leastwise nobody said so except my old woman. No two ways about it, we've had a bout of it, us policemen. I went on duty here in Fleet Street at nine on Monday morning, and stopped on till Monday night at ten. All the force together fell in at a quarter to five yesterday morning, and my turn to come off duty didn't come till after four this morning, and now I've had another turn this afternoon. There's one man in our subdivision who, they say, hasn't been off duty for the whole three days, but has been walking up and down the middle of Fleet Street all the time, except during his five minutes' relief to get a glass of beer. But, I think, sir, that must be an ejaculation, for city police flesh and blood couldn't hold to it.

A good long spell of time ain't nothin' comparatively, when you've only got to walk up and down leisurely, have your beer pretty reg'lar, and an occasional refreshing chat with a brother constable where the beats join. But them two days you had to work like a coalwhipper every minute of your time. Then, you see, a coalwhipper gets his beer, and has free privilege to swear till he blows the smut off his face, if he is that way inclined; but we could neither get a drink nor a relief to our minds — no matter how much they was aggrawated — by a good spell of promisquis d—ing. Martyrs and 'ermits! Whenever I 'ear on parties as walk with peas in their boots, or wear handcuffses round their waistses, or flog themselves, by way of penance, or live in naturally damp caves with prickly places in the rocks for beds, I weigh the whole kit on 'em up for fools. If they want a real, honest, downright, straightforward spell of torture, what do they want exporting of theirselves to furrin parts when they can join the force at home, and have the experience of a great public occasion? Why, sir, to say nothing else, they would have the pleasure of suffering from the pangs of hunger. Of course, afore I came on duty on Tuesday morning the missis made up some sandwinches, and wrapped up in my pocket-hankercher half of a cooked haddock I had taken home in my pocket the night before. Well, about eleven, havin' had no breakfast, I thought I would try a sandwinch. You should ha' seen what they was like arter the squeezing they had got in my coat-tail pocket! Half was crumbs mixed with fluff and paper, t'other half — as was moist and solid, had the look of a forced meat ball that the cat has been playing with. As for the fish in the other pocket, blest if you could tell which was haddock and which was handkercher, and in the uncertainty I couldn't bring myself to try the compost, for I didn't care about eating the "claimant" and the attorney-general pulling at the little boy, which was the pattern on the pocket-hankercher. It was afternoon afore I got five minutes' relief, and three of that I spent in struggling into a public-house, so all I could have was a glass of ale and then back again to be butted against and kneaded for another spell.

On Monday night round the corners of the Triumphal Harch, in Ludgate hill, there was some as tight fits in the way of squeezing as any thing I ever seed. Blowed if I know where all the babies comes from in a crowd. Go where you will, whenever there's a squeeze there's always sure to be a mother with a baby right in the very heart of it; and it's an even chance if the woman ain't got two. I wonder whether the mothers think that it's a kind of cultivation of the minds of

their young 'uns to bring them out to see every think as they do? I don't mean for to go to say that I ain't fond of babies in a way, but I own up to it that they sets my teeth on edge in a crowd. They squall when they're squeedged, and when a baby squalls it's just like a dog a-howling. All the rest within hearing take it up and keep it going; then the mothers sets a skreetching, and the husbands gets savage, and the old women begins to jawr, and the mischievous devils of boys set a shoving, and so a block is sure to form with a rush at the tail end of it. I reckon that within the last two days there must have been lots of babies changed and some lost outright. On Monday night in the middle of the squeedge by the harch, a man lays hold o' me, and cries out that his wife was laying in a faint on t'other side of the road, close to the harch, with the baby in her arms. I couldn't get to her, not if it had been to save her life; but I sees a carpenter as was workin' up above, holding out a baby that had been handed up to him, and axing that the owner would come forward and identify it. I shouts out to him that the kid was wanted over at my side, so it was passed from hand to hand overhead to me, and I gave it to the man, glad to get his mouth shut. Just then there came a rush and he was swept up the street; but in about a quarter of an hour back he came in a bad way to tell me that the baby warn't hisn at all, and that he thought he had lost the wife for good. I tried to convince him that one baby was pretty nigh as good as another, 'specially when about the same age; but he didn't seem to see it, and kept standing by me a'most crying after his wife and his own kid. I persuaded him to take it easy and wait awhile, for it was pretty sure the real owner of the baby would turn up. Well, there he stood and held the stranger, that took to him quite amicable, and I do think he would have gone away content with it if the right father and mother hadn't turned up in tears after having been at the office to report their loss. So they took the infant and left him with ne'er a baby at all, and a wife lost in the bargain; whether he is still a bereaved 'usband and father, or whether he found the pair at home afore him, is more than I know. On Tuesday afternoon I saw another game with a baby. There was a bad squeedge in Fleet Street and a woman with a young 'un in the thick of it as usual. It did look as if the brat would come to grief, and a gentleman as was settin' at a window with a lot of ladies stretched over and nipped up the child. Just at the minute the block burst, and the mother was whirled on, leaving the infant high and dry with the gentleman, who looked a little sheepish when a chap in the crowd advised him to adopt it on the spot. He tried to get the ladies to take it, but they turned up their noses at the common man's kid; you see, it hadn't a bib and tucker on; and by the way it slavered I guessed it was teething. At last he gave it to a young man to hold, who evidently wasn't used to the business, and who the wag in the crowd would have was the unfeeling father who had neglected his duty towards it, and had been served out by the betrayed young woman, in having the kid put upon him in this way. Whether that 'ere young man stuck to the young 'un, whether he took it to the workhus, or whether the mother turned up and claimed it, I can't tell you, for I had to go away while he was a standing with it in his arms and looking at it with a comical bewildered look, as if a baby was a natural curiosity just inwented.

My post on Tuesday morning was close to the Temple Bar. When we got there at five o'clock the streets were nearly as full as they commonly are at eight. The Bar itself was blocked by scaffolding, for the workmen were still at it, and the only passage was through the harches on the pavements. The whole street, east and west, was in a blaze with lights, for people were hard at work fitting up their decorations, and they didn't many of them get done till close on nine. Lots of people had been walking about all night, and had begun to take up their positions for the day in the good pitches against the barriers on the Temple side of the Bar. Once in they could not get out, if they had wanted ever so bad, for the mass formed behind them had wedged them in. There they had to stop till close on three o'clock, and most of them without bite or sup. Lots that might have had something in their pockets could not get at them, so close did the people stand. There was one old lady there as was making herself very comfortable — she was of the old campaigner breed, evidently. She got next the barrier, so that she could get her arm over, and so to her pocket, where she had a lump of German sausidge and a flat bottle, and may I never if she didn't drink the Queen's health when her Majesty was halted by the Lord Mayor, and then shied the empty bottle arter Sheriff Bennett's horse. Plenty of men came along on their way to work, but once in the crowd, could get neither way, and had to make a holiday of it, whether they would or not. Over and over again I was asked, "Can't you push me through, policeman, I'm bound to go to work." But what could I do to help them, wedged in myself as I was, nearly as tight as any body? A few of the people were drunk from the first thing in the morning, mostly them as had been up all night; but they went to sleep comfortably on their legs, for their neighbors were too close for them to fall down, and so they got sober again. One suspicious party we pulled down from clambering up on to the Bar, as turned out to be a woman in man's clothes, and her we did manage to lock up. But when the crowd got thicker you couldn't have got out anybody to lock him up, not if he had been a murderer with a reward on his head. Lots of people that came rather late could not get access to their seats on the east side of Temple Bar, and we could not help them a bit. About eight in the morning there was a desperate rush eastward, against the scaffolding as hadn't been removed, and so strong was the push that the planking gave and let the people through. The first of them went down, tripped up by some boards that had stood firm, and I thought we were in for an ugly thing. Seven were down altogether, and four were women. The policemen and the work-people set their backs against the crowd, till they scrambled up and got away — some of them were hurt and bruised. Did you ever see a rush where women weren't in the front? How they get there I don't know, but there they are, and their clothes get twisted between the people behind them, and then they're whipped off their legs, and down they go. Be sure, too, that they drive more stubborn and vicious than men in a crowd. I think they lose their tempers sooner, and forget their weakness, and go to work as if they wanted to kill everybody between them and the place they want to get to.

Then we began to try to clear the street against the carriages should begin to come; but we didn't quite succeed till a detachment of the Life Guards came and helped us. Horses are the thing to make a mob manageable. The Guards know their work first-rate, and so do their horses. There is no hard riding, or rearing, or capering, but steady slow backing, with now and then a sidling movement, the horse whisking his tail all the time as if he were just going to kick, and would, too, if you didn't get out of the road, when all the time he don't mean it a little bit. Then, I'll say this for the soldiers, partic'larly for the cavalry men, that their temper is first-class. You see the people don't chaff them as they do us policemen, and although we get used to it and don't mind it, it doesn't improve any feller's temper always to be roasted and made a regular butt of. We had been cautioned afore we went out to be sure to keep our tempers down, but to be firm and peremptory, and never on any consideration to draw our truncheons. Well, sir, I won't deny it, I did use my fist sometimes, and small blame to me. I will say this for the people, that mostly I never seed a throng more pleasant and bidable, but there were exceptions, and then we had to do our best on very short notice. You see you could not run a feller in, and if a feller gave you a crack, what could you do but let him have it back again? There's no ill blood bred by a one, two, and have done with it; and as for the young roughs, as are nuisances to everybody, a strong hand on their collar, and a good shove from the shoulder, teaches them a rough lesson in manners pretty quick. But we wern't much put upon — take it all in all, and we tried our best to keep right with the people as well as with our duty. Some of the infantry soldiers got a bit waxy now and then. I believe a 23d man would have made a hole in a feller with his bayonet if it had not been for a sergeant of ours,

who struck his bayonet up in the air when the man was down with it at the "charge."

The rush that followed the tail end of the procession through the Bar was broken very neatly. Six mounted police as had been following wheeled about under the arch and stuck there, facing the crowd, with us men on foot backing them up. It was a horrible squeedge outside; for, so to speak, here was the whole of the West End coming tumbling on to the city; but the mounted men kept their position till at the end of half an hour Inspector Foulger thought it time to let the people begin to circulate. So he formed us in single line down the centre of the street, splitting the crowd and the ground in this way, and making a double lane, one for them going east and another for them as were going west. Every now and then us chaps on foot would be carried away bodily and our formation broken up; but we struggled back how best we could, and when things got very bad the mounted men would block up the arch again and so let us pull ourselves together. There were twenty of us city men, and forty of the Metropolitans, but I verily believe the lot on us would have been swept right clean away, and never got the crowd in hand again if it hadn't been for the mounted men. And all the time, spite of the squeedging and jostling, that made the perspiration run off me as if I were in a bath, the crowd was orderly enough. I never heard less coarse language, or saw littler bonneting, as the horseplay roughs are so fond of; in fact, the crowd was mostly of decent people that couldn't help the pressure, however willing they might be.

The crowds kept on very thick all the afternoon, and one very ugly rush happened about four. But it was about seven when the most horrible crush came that ever I saw. We were nowhere; I was whipped clean off my legs and borne down as far as Chancery Lane, without a chance to touch land till I brought up against the lamp-post at the corner. When I looked about I seed some of our chaps further down Fleet Street, and seemingly on the straight road to the bank. And the yells and shrieks, the cries of the women for "mercy!" the squalling of the babies in their arms, and the shouts of the men, gave me the funk for a moment, and I made sure we were in for a bad time. All we could do was to shout "Keep your legs!" and that was almost nonsense; for if a man or a woman can't keep their legs, how can they? If one had gone down, that stretcher that Jack Jones was in charge of in Bellyard would have been no use, for a dozen and more stretchers would have been wanted when once the poor wretches could have been got at. The mounted men were wedged in, and dursn't move, or they would have thrown people down, and so done the deed it was worth so much to keep away from. Somehow presently the force of the rush slackened, and we got back to our place to find that a lot of the chaps, by the counter rush, had been carried right bang out into Clement Danes Churchyard, and were only then struggling their way back. It kept on like this — now a rush, now a lull — quite till one o'clock in the morning, when the detachment of the Metropolitans left us city chaps to our fate. But by that time the crowd was getting thinner, although there was work to be done the whole night long.

FOREIGN NOTES.

An English paper remarks that the Thanksgiving has given rise to a number of ephemeral publications, which are more remarkable for loyalty than any thing else.

Forster's "Life of Dickens," Wilkie Collins's "Poor Miss Finch," and Browning's Poetical Works have been added to the Tauchnitz library.

The institution of a Dogs' Home has found admirers who propose to introduce it at Madrid, and believe it will abate great nuisances there. It will doubtless be entirely successful if it is only a long home.

Mr. Halliwell has given the whole of his valuable collection of early Shakspearean rarities to the University of Edinburgh. The more modern books in his library, including numerous volumes of unpublished notes on the text, have been presented to the Shakspeare Museum at Stratford-on-Avon.

According to the *Saturday Review* the English are in danger of becoming lamentably conceited. "If we take M. Taine's 'Notes on England' as a fair sample of what our neighbors think about our laws, our habits, our character, and our institutions, we certainly need not fear 'to see ourselves as others see us.'"

Mr. Evelyn Jerrold and M. Camille Barrère, with the express permission of Victor Hugo, will translate into English verse his new poem, "L'Année Terrible." It might as well be left in French if the whole is no better than the specimen published in the *Rappel*, which is pronounced "terribly bad, unpardonably blasphemous, and quite incomprehensible."

Some letters from the Austrian minister at London at the time of Peter the Great's visit to England in 1698, have just been published. They confirm the report that the czar sat to Sir Godfrey Kneller for his portrait, and agree with other contemporary notices in failing to see in him much more than a barbarian with an extravagant taste for shipbuilding.

A curious discovery of buried treasures was made some days ago at Benevento, by a mason who was removing the foundations of an old wall. His pickaxe struck upon a large pot, and on putting in his hand he found it full of freshly-stamped gold coins. They proved to belong to the time of Manfred, and bear on one side his escutcheon, on the other the Suabian eagle.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Feb. 15) is enlivened by a *Proverbe* from George Sand; the dialogue has the lively dramatic neatness of which the French stage possesses and retains the secret, but it is a pity that the author, like most of her countrymen, seems unable to bring this remarkable and admirable technical dexterity to bear upon any other subject than the "to be or not to be" of a criminal intrigue; in this case the latter alternative is however preferred.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has written for the *Fortnightly Review* a long article on "The Aim of Reform," in which he says Mr. Gladstone "is, as he always has been, greatly under aristocratical and ecclesiastical influence; the men with whom he lives, and whom he naturally loves to promote, are the members of an aristocratic and high-church circle; he has bound himself to the maintenance of the House of Lords and of the State Church, and has thereby morally closed his legislative career. But he has at the same time real popular sympathies, which have led him to do more than any other statesman of the present day in the line of fiscal and economical reform for the improvement of the people, and has drawn upon him the bitter and almost delirious hatred of the people's worst enemies. Not to support him against those enemies would have been foolish and culpable pessimism."

Mr. Home, the professor of spiritualistic legerdemain, seems to have applied to himself Mr. Browning's portrait of "Sludge the Medium." In revenge he tells a story about Browning, of which the burden is as follows: Several years since, Mr. Home met Mr. and Mrs. Browning at Ealing, when a spiritual *séance* relieved the tedium of a morning party, and demonstrated to beholders that the spirits thought more highly of Mrs. Browning than of her husband. A wreath of clematis was on this occasion lifted from a table by an invisible power, and conveyed through the air in the direction of Mrs. Browning. On observing the course taken by the garland, Mr. Browning left his seat on the opposite side of the table, and moved quickly to a spot behind his wife's chair, in the hope that even at the last moment the spirits, in deference to his marital supremacy might place on his brow the coronal which was due to the lady, as his superior in poetic genius. However, the

"blessed spirits" knew what they were about, and declined to gratify his vanity. Guided by them to its proper place, the wreath descended on the lady's head; and in proportion as she was delighted, her lord and master was mortified. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* Hence "Sludge the Medium!"

THE course of true love is just about as smooth as that of aggressive republicanism under a monarchy. Mr. George Odger was announced to lecture at Kingston-on-Thames on the history of the House of Lords. Long before the time for commencing an excited crowd assembled, and his appearance was greeted with groans. During the lecture endeavors were made to prevent Mr. Odger from speaking, and a fight ensued. At last, in about twenty minutes, quiet being restored, Mr. Odger proceeded with his lecture. The windows of the hall were broken, and the crowd outside was addressed by Major Evelyn, who condemned Republicanism. Cheers were given for the Royal Family, and "God bless the Prince of Wales" was sung. The crowd outside waited till a late hour, but immediately after the lecture Mr. Odger escaped over the wall at the back.

THE fact that several women and babies were injured by the crowd on the occasion of the late Thanksgiving in London, wrings the following gallant paragraph from an English editor: "Women always did and always will rush headlong into the thick of a mob whenever they have the opportunity, but they have no right to take their children with them. Babies in arms can hardly be expected to hold their own in a desperate struggle when every one is fighting for life and selfishness is the order of the day, yet on Tuesday countless babies might be seen carried by their mothers into the midst of the crowd, and how any of them returned to their cradles alive is a wonder. Perhaps they owed their safety to their imperturbable coolness, for, to do the infants justice, no danger, however imminent, no stern directions to them to 'stand back,' ever induced them for one moment to take their thumbs out of their mouths."

IT is stated in the Paris journals that the French Government have decided upon the suppression of the sou cigar, purposing to substitute for it a cigarette of "caporal," of the second quality, enveloped in a leaf of tobacco of the third quality. It is difficult to decide which is the more remarkable feature in the Paris penny cigar — that it should be made and sold at the price, or that, being made, it should be bought and smoked in such immense quantities as statistics prove to be the case. Its popularity among the soldiers, workman, cab-drivers, and 'busmen of the capital was universal. The sou cigar was, it must be confessed, not a very delicate morsel. Probably the cigarette, though it be only of second-quality "caporal," and the leaf which envelopes it be of third-rate growth, will afford a purer smoke. But it will not be a cigar, and the Parisian workman loves his cigar, especially when it has only cost a sou. A pledge of the restoration of the sou cigar would give a welcome impetus, it is said, to the Bonapartist propaganda.

AN obscure but alarming question is raised by the Rev. John G. Goodrich, curate of Bix, Henley-on-Thames. The reverend gentleman inveighs against Mr. Morgan's burial bill, and objects to it on "religious grounds, and on principles of common justice." "As members of the Church of England," he says, "we are Episcopalians, and as such we recognize no ministrations as valid in our consecrated churches and churchyards except such as are performed by men episcopally ordained." What is the effect of an "invalid" burial service performed over a deceased person? Is such invalidity recognized in the other world? Cannot his spirit have peace under such circumstances? Must he remain on this side of Styx, like a classical ghost to which the rites of burial were denied? Will he "walk" until some "man episcopally ordained" takes pity on him? And, if so, do all persons buried anywhere with Dissenting rites "walk," or only those wrongfully buried in consecrated ground with such rites? We shall be curious to learn whether experience among the departed inhabitants of Bix throws any light upon these conjectural questions.

AFTER having accomplished their mission to the French Government, the Chinese Embassy is on the point of returning home. It appears that the diplomatists were delighted to view the bombardment of Paris from the heights of Vincennes. Since the suppression of the Commune, they have been installed in a large apartment of the Avenue d'Antin, preferring a bourgeois lodging to the usual ambassadorial hotel. Their mode of life is simple, but they possess one of the most illustrious *chefs* of the Celestial Empire. His dexterity in the arrangement of swallows' nests, is a thing of Asiatic notoriety. He has little to do beyond preparing these delicacies. The ambassadors live very soberly, drink no wine, but imbibe cognac generously. They manifest but little interest in French products, artistic or industrial. Their greatest passion is for the tawdry religious picture which young France receives on its first communion. They labor under the belief that revolutions in France are immovably periodical, and are anxious to know the exact date when the next affair of the kind is to occur in Paris.

A SONG OF MARCH.

THE Morning streams on sparkling floods,
On gardens, lawns, and joyous woods;
The dew-sprent beams of gables old
Shine as if turned to solid gold;
In stars along the terrace-ways
The snowdrop white and crocus blaze;
The quick light glints in poplar ranks,
On park-wood pales and violet banks;
The lane is touched with richer brown,
The eager flock is running down;
Gray ash and elm the sunshine mark
With branchlike shadows sharp and dark;
Now here and there a primrose bright
In sunny yellow greets the light,
And gayly all the air is stirred
By coo of dove and chirping bird;
Now pours the old remembered note
From lark and throstle's speckled throat;
For Earth has burst her icy chains,
And freed her hair from winter rains,
And decks with smiles her winsome face,
And laughs divine in every place,
Singing of victory over Death,
Scenting the air with sweetest breath,
While under Heaven's triumphal arch
In glory move the hosts of March.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS. — *The superiority of these extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.* They are warranted free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are not only true to their names, but are prepared from fruits of the best quality, and are so highly concentrated that a comparatively small quantity only need to be used. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Manufacturers and Proprietors. For sale by all Grocers and Druggists.

COUGHS. — A Medicinal Preparation in the form of a *lozenge* is the most convenient. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" allay irritation which induces coughing, giving relief in Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Influenza, Consumptive and Asthmatic complaints.

READ what Mr. H. G. Parker, editor *Saturday Evening Gazette*, says about "WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA."

FOR the table of every family the HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE is expressly adapted for use upon fish and meats of every description. It is the cheapest relish and the best that is made in any part of the world. Sold by all A No. 1 grocers, at only fifty cents per pint bottle.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872. [No. 14.

ANECDOTES OF THE "IRON DUKE."

BY LORD WILLIAM P. LENNOX.

IT was during the Christmas holidays some fifty-eight years ago, when my father was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, that I first saw Sir Arthur Wellesley, at that time Irish Secretary. Anxious to display our histrionic powers, we prevailed upon my parents to allow us to get up an amateur play at the castle, and selected the tragedy of *Douglas*, and a comic pantomime, in which I regret to say that, as Wellesley remarked, the laughter of the audience was so excited by the tragedy that there was not a smile left for the pantomime.

With respect to my very careful performance of young Norval, I will merely say that in the last act, where the blood of Douglas flows through the treachery of the foe to his house, my death was hailed with cheers — whether from the fine conception I had of the part, or the delight of the audience in not seeing me again, must ever remain a mystery, except in the breasts of those who were spectators upon the occasion. I was more fortunate in the pantomime, for a feat of agility attracted the attention of Wellesley, who, during supper, complimented me warmly. This indirectly led to my good fortune in not only obtaining a cornetcy in the Duke's regiment, but in being appointed as an *attaché* to his grace when, in 1814, he went to Paris as Ambassador to Louis the Eighteenth. We reached Paris on the 23d of August of that same year.

An adventure connected with the hunting-field must be recorded, as it reflects so much credit on the Duke's goodness of heart. One morning late in December, the curricle was at the door, and I, equipped for the chase, was waiting to drive Wellington to Versailles, the place of meeting, when he sent for me. I found him busy over some papers. "I shall not be able to go to-day," said he, "but you can have the curricle. Tell the royal dukes I have some letters to write, as the messenger starts at two o'clock, which will prevent my meeting their royal highnesses. Elmore is sent on for me, and as he is short of work, you had better ride him. Don't knock him about." I briefly expressed my thanks, and started for the rendezvous, where I delivered my message, and mounted the far-famed hunter, Elmore, lately purchased in England for the Duke at a high price. From the manner in which he carried me, many of the field were anxious to possess him; indeed, it was hinted to me that the Duke could command almost any sum for him. A party of young men, headed by Count D'Orsay, afterwards so well known in London, proposed a steeple-chase home; and had the animal been my own, I should have gladly entered him for it; but I remembered the Duke's injunctions and declined.

Delighted with the character the new purchase had obtained, I started to ride quietly home by myself, and when within half a league of Paris, in crossing a small grip, I found that my horse went lame. To dismount and inspect his foot was the work of a moment, but I could see nothing. No alternative then was left me, but to lead the limping animal home, which I did amidst the taunts and jeers of the rabble. No sooner had I reached the stables than I sent for the head groom and the Duke's coachman, to whom I explained all that had occurred.

"Well, you have gone and done it," said the latter, who was a most eccentric character. 'We would not have taken two hundred for that horse." Happily for me, the Duke, who had been occupied all day, was out riding, so I did not see him till we met at dinner. I had fully made up my mind to tell him of the accident, but waited until I received a further account of the horse's state. As a large party had assembled, little was said about the hunt until the ladies had retired, when I was asked to describe the run, which I did. I then mentioned the brilliant manner in which Elmore had gone, and the panegyrics he had received from all. "A splendid animal," said my chief. "I hope to ride him next Monday at Fontainebleau."

My heart quailed within me.

The hours glided on; and when driving the Duke in his cabriolet to the theatre that evening, so distracted was I, that I nearly grazed the curb-stone, and was within an inch of knocking over one of the *gendarmes* as we approached the theatre. It was late when we arrived; the last scene of *Orestes* was going on, with Talma as the hero; then followed the inimitable Mademoiselle Mars in *La Jeunesse de Henri Cinq*, from which the English version of "Charles the Second" has been adapted. To account for the change of monarchs, and to explain the inconsistency of having the wicked Earl of Rochester the companion of "sweet Prince Hal," I may remark that when the drama was first about to be brought out in Paris, in the reign of Napoleon the First, the licenser objected to the introduction of Charles, he being a restored monarch; so the author had no alternative left him but to re-write the whole, or change his hero. The latter course he adopted, trusting that a Parisian audience would not detect the anachronism. The perfect acting of Talma had no charm for me, and when the after-piece began, I was too wretched to laugh at the *bonhomie* of the actor who represented Capt. Copp, or the archness of that child of Nature, Mademoiselle Mars, as Betty.

"I am afraid you are quite knocked up," said the Duke, as, seated by his side, I drove him from the theatre.

The only answer I could give was a deep sigh; then making a sudden resolution, I "screwed my courage to the sticking place," and told the whole of my day's adventure. "Can't be helped," said he in his usual quick voice. "I hope it is not as bad as you think. Accidents will happen."

The tone and manner in which these words were spoken, and the inward satisfaction I felt at having unburthened my conscience, partly restored me to comfort, which was not a little increased by the kind way in which my patron wished me good-night.

The fatigue and excitement of the hunt soon sent me to sleep, and I was awoke out of a dream, in which the events of the day flitted before me, by the entrance of my servant announcing that it had just struck six. Upon reaching the stable I found, to my great dismay, that my worst fears were realized — the horse was dead lame. From seven till ten o'clock I wandered about the house like a perturbed spirit, when I was summoned into the Duke's presence, which I entered with the feelings of a condemned criminal. "My groom tells me that Elmore must be blistered and turned out." I quaked in my shoes, for, in addition to my annoyance at having been the cause of so much mischief, I thought to myself that my hunting days were over. "I've

heard all particulars; you are not to blame, you did your best." The Duke had been informed of my declining to gallop home. "But" (the thought of Othello's remark, "Never more be officer of mine," came across my mind) —"but," continued he, "I can't afford to run the chance of losing all my best horses" (the climax was coming, thought I — no more hunting), "so in future you shall have the brown horse and the chestnut mare, and if you knock them up, you must mount yourself." I was so overcome with this noble conduct that I could scarcely stammer out my thanks. "There, take this letter to the office. We shall hunt, dine, and sleep at Fontainebleau next Monday."

In the following year, I received orders from Wellington to carry despatches to the King of Holland at the Hague. My instructions were to proceed there without delay; to await his Majesty's pleasure, and to lose no time in returning to head-quarters at Paris. I pass over my journey there and back; upon driving up to the Duke's residence, where I was an inmate, I found him from home, and being pressed to dine with some young friends, I in a weak moment consented, for my duty was to have reported my return to my chief. After dinner I attended a ball at the Austrian ambassador's. Suddenly, when standing up for a quadrille, I caught the quick eye of Wellington gazing intently upon me. There was anger in his look. It then for the first time came across my mind that I had reversed the saying of duty first and pleasure afterwards, and that I had been guilty of gross neglect in not having waited to report myself personally, and the result of my mission, to his grace.

My anxiety was increased by a brother *aide-de-camp* telling me that the Duke had not been made aware of my return. As for dancing the quadrille (for in those days men performed certain steps, and did not shuffle through a figure in the slipshod manner they now do), I found it impossible. I mistook *l'Eté* for *la Poule, chassée'd* to the right when I ought to have gone to the left, attempted my *pas de Zéphyr* and failed; and offered my hand to my partner, and the lady on my other side, for *la grande Ronde*, when I ought to have advanced as a *cavalier seul*.

No sooner had the music ceased, than I hastily left my partner, and tried to fall in the way of the great man; but I saw that he avoided me. Disheartened and disappointed, I soon left the festive scene, and returned home to chew the cud of not sweet but bitter fancy.

After a restless night I was awoke by my servant, who handed me an official letter, which I immediately recognized as coming from the Duke's military secretary. It was an order to attend his Grace at ten o'clock. At that hour I was ushered into his presence, and at once saw by his manner that he was highly displeased. In a firm yet dignified tone he pointed out my error, told me that his own staff ought to set an example to the rest of the army, and that although in this instance no evil might arise from my disobedience of orders in not having reported myself, if once officers employed by him were to judge for themselves as to the importance or unimportance of a mission, their utility would be destroyed and the most serious consequences might ensue. "Obedience to orders," he added, "is the first duty of a soldier. I hope I shall have no further cause to revert to the subject."

I then retired, thankful that an order to join my regiment had not followed. It so happened that I was in waiting that day, which threw me constantly into the Duke's presence; but I soon discovered that he was not of a resentful nature, for, during dinner, when the conversation turned upon my visit to the Hague, Wellington, seeing my perplexity, and wishing to change the subject, abruptly put an end to further dissertation by asking me to drink a glass of wine, and then introducing another topic.

This entirely drove the Hague question out of the heads of all the party; and I could not but feel most grateful at the noble conduct of the Duke who, disdaining upon this, as he did upon all other occasions, to get information in an underhand manner, had kindly come to my rescue by terminating a conversation which might have led to very unpleasant consequences, through the want of tact of an idle guest.

It was by such acts of kindness and consideration that Wellington won the hearts of his officers. Upon points of military discipline, he was firm and strict; but the instant the duties were performed, he entered fully and freely with his personal staff into all their amusements.

Hitherto I have confined myself to my own derelictions, but I did not stand alone. Many of my brother staff-officers thought it necessary to assume certain airs. Voting the regulation uniform unbecoming, they decked themselves out in fancy costume, hussar sashes, gold-embroidered waistcoats, elaborately braided frock-coats, richly laced trousers, and highly ornamented forage-caps. In addition to this inattention to general orders, they pronounced "home service" (as it was termed) a bore. The result was that the two *aides-de-camp* in daily waiting were very slovenly in the performance of their duties, which consisted in taking in the names of those who wished to see the Duke, writing invitations, and occupying the posts of honor at the dinner-table. For some time Wellington allowed these derelictions to pass unnoticed, but they increased to such an extent that he was determined to put an end to them. After summoning the whole of his personal staff, he with a look of strong displeasure thus addressed them: "I have sent for you," said he, mentioning the names of the culprits, of which truth compels me to say I was one, "to point out the unsatisfactory manner in which you carry on the duties. You are inattentive when in waiting, absent when wanted, occasionally late for dinner, and seldom or never dressed according to his Majesty's regulations. I trust in future I shall have no further occasion to speak to you: you are dismissed."

This exceedingly mild rebuke produced its due effect upon us all, and we soon regained the good opinion of our chief. That very day we hunted with the Duke's hounds, and his friendly manner soon proved that every angry feeling had passed away.

After this mild and just rebuke, need I say that we all determined to do our best to regain the confidence of our chief? The greatest difficulty I had to contend against was the question of uniform, for, unfortunately, I had not provided myself with a full dress-coat, and as their Royal Highnesses, the late Dukes of Kent and Cambridge, were in a few days to honor Wellington with a visit, I felt that I might be laid open to fresh censure if I appeared improperly dressed in the presence of such scrutinizing judges.

Had it been in these days, when a message may be conveyed to a London tailor to forward a uniform by rail to France, my perplexity would have been removed; but as at that time intercourse with the metropolis was very tedious, the thought of procuring habiliments from it was at once abandoned. Cathcart, whose success in the Caffre War fully justified the opinion Wellington ever entertained of him, and whose death at Inkermann was so deeply felt by all, agreed to ride over with me to Cambray, to ascertain whether, among the officers of the staff quartered there, I could procure what I required.

We left the château with strict injunctions from the kind-hearted Colin Campbell, to be back in time for dinner, especially after the manner in which the Duke had commented upon the unpunctuality of some of his staff. Upon reaching head-quarters, I was fortunate enough to find a friend who possessed two full dress coats, and I at once concluded a bargain for the best.

All I now required to make my costume complete was a pair of Hessian boots. To have them finished in time was next to impossible, so I sallied forth in hopes of finding a pair ready-made.

No sooner had I entered the main street, than my attention was attracted to the window of a French bootmaker's shop, in which appeared a highly polished, deeply wrinkled pair, with red heels, gold lace and tassels, evidently placed there for show and not for sale. I do not believe that the proprietor of the original Chelsea bun-house, whose grim-visaged sign stands so conspicuously forth, or any of the numerous tobacconists, hatters, tea-dealers, and mercers, who court notoriety by their wooden Highlanders, tin cocked hats, silver canisters, or golden balls, would ex-

press more surprise, if a chance customer were to propose to purchase one of the above devices, than did the worthy *bottier* when I asked the price of that identical pair of Hessian boots.

At first he assured me that no sum would induce him to part with them; but that in the course of a week he would make, or procure for me from Paris, an equally good pair. Eventually, by the offer of fifty francs, I became their possessor. I at once took them to an English bootmaker, and gave orders that the heels should be made black, the wrinkles got rid of, and the gold lace and tassels removed for those of the regulation pattern.

At the hour named for our departure, I found my companion waiting for me in the yard of Le Grand Canard, where our horses had been put up, and mounting them we were soon on our way back to Mont St. Martin. In order to save some little distance, we had diverged from the main road, and were quietly cantering across the country, when, all of a sudden, we found ourselves enveloped in a dense fog. "How truly unfortunate!" I exclaimed; "we shall lose our way, and be too late for dinner." "Follow me!" said George Cathcart, than whom a finer fellow never existed. "Keep as close as you can; I'll pilot you safe." Increasing the pace, we traversed the open plains and hills, skirted the plantations, crossed the ploughed land, and at the expiration of an hour were gladdened by the welcome sight of the lights at the château. "Why, you came as straight as a bird could fly!" I remarked. "This accounts for it," he responded, showing me a mariner's compass, so arranged in a small lantern that, when lit, the index became visible. "Take my advice," he added, "never be without one — it has often saved me from passing a night in the open air."

We reached Mont St. Martin in excellent time, and, when assembled before dinner, found no trace of anger on the Duke's countenance.

Upon the following morning, his Grace received an intimation that his royal visitors would arrive at Cambray in the course of the next day, and great was his astonishment, when the staff were assembled, to find one and all dressed according to regulation. He looked pleased, expressed his satisfaction, and delicately communicated to me, through Colin Campbell, that he did not insist upon every officer possessing a full dress coat, so long as he did not indulge in fancies of his own. This was said in consideration of the state of my finances, which were not in an over-flourishing condition; Wellington knowing full well that so expensive a uniform would form a large item, when deducted from the pay of a lieutenant and extra *aide-de-camp*.

The Duke, who was proverbial for punctuality, and who often remarked that exactness as to time was as necessary in objects of pleasure as in matters of business, was ready at five in the afternoon to receive his illustrious visitors, and his personal staff were all drawn up to attend upon their chief.

Every one has heard the anecdote of the inquisitive old lady who inquired of the Duke whether it was true that he had been *surprised* at Waterloo by Napoleon, and his quaint reply, "I never was suprised till now." Now I am not bold enough to assert that the warrior ever was surprised; but if he could have been, it was upon the occasion I refer to, when he saw me decked out in a gorgeous full dress uniform, a pair of white net pantaloons, the brilliant pair of French Hessians, sword, sash, belt, hat, feather, and spurs, all according to strict regulation.

A smile came over his countenance as he looked me over from head to foot; and his playful remark, that he feared my *pas de Zéphyr* would suffer from the stiffness of my boots, proved how gratified he was at the attention paid to his lecture.

At dinner I happened to be one of the *aides-de-camp* in waiting, and occupied the bottom of the table, when, to show that I had obtained full forgiveness, he took an early opportunity, as was then his custom, of saying, from the centre of a large table, occupied by illustrious guests, and all the leading military authorities at head-quarters, "William, a glass of wine?"

WANDERINGS IN JAPAN.

BY A. B. MITFORD.

(SECOND PAPER.)

A LONG morning's work under a hot sun has made us more than ready for the luncheon which awaits us at the pretty little inn, nor is the prospect of an hour's rest unwelcome before proceeding on our journey. Had I had time, I would gladly have spent the night here, for assuredly the Island of Enoshima is one of the fairest spots I have seen, but I was forced to hurry on that I might sleep that night at Fujisawa, a straggling town on the great highway.

The evening was far advanced when I reached Fujisawa and rode up to the *Suzukiya*, once a porcelain-shop, now a really excellent hostlery, where, to my astonishment and delight, I found the luxury of a table and a very hard straight-backed chair, such as our great-grandmothers sat in and were contented, such as we more effeminate vote to be an instrument of torture. The room was so natty and tidy as to deserve a few words of description. The sliding panels were covered with a smart new paper, decorated with a pattern of fans sprinkled over it with marvellous effect; the *tokonoma*, the raised recess, which is the place of honor, was supported on one side by a wooden pillar, composed of a single tree stripped of its bark so as to be perfectly smooth, and contained one of those quaint zigzag sets of shelves which have their origin in a piece of obsolete etiquette. When persons of rank used to meet together in old days to drink and be merry, they would lay aside their caps and dirks, the man of highest rank placing his traps upon the highest shelf, those of lower rank not presuming even to allow their caps to take a precedence which did not belong to them. This is said to have occasioned the invention of those shelves which in lacquer cabinets must have puzzled collectors at Christie and Manson's. The mats and woodwork, which are the pride of the Japanese householder, were white and new, the beams decorated with carving of no mean taste. One solitary picture, executed with wonderful freedom of touch and grotesqueness, represented, in a few bold strokes of the brush, a group of husbandmen sowing rice in the field, and on one side of the drawing was a distich running thus: —

Useless even for drugs,
How happy are the frogs! *

The literal translation must plead my excuse for the badness of the rhyme. I was not a little puzzled by the meaning of the couplet until Shiraki came to the rescue and solved the riddle.

"Sir," said he pompously, "here is a lesson of humility and content conveyed in a parable. It is a fact which will meet with the imperial assent, that frogs are of no use in the world either as food or even as medicine."

"Very good food," I objected, "either in a curry, as eaten at Hongkong, or with a white sauce, as at Paris."

Shiraki smiled a smile that was incredulous. "Some insects feed upon smartweed.† However that may be, we say that the frogs being useless, no man interferes with them, and they are allowed to live out their lives in undisturbed peace. So it is with the farmers: their position is lowly, but they have none of the cares which haunt greatness: therefore they should be contented, and the poet praises their modest lot."

O fortunatos nimium! Has the Corpus Poetarum Latinorum been translated into Japanese? As for the frogs, I soon began to wish that some man would find a use for them, or that a new Batrachomyomachia might arise ending in the victory of the mice, and the utter extermination of the croakers; for hardly had I got to bed, hoping for a good night's rest, than there arose from the neighboring paddy-fields such a chorus of brekekekex koax koax, as

* Kusuri ni mo naraneba,
Buji na kawadzu kana!

† A proverb equivalent to our "There is no accounting for tastes."

has not been heard since the days of Aristophanes. The night long they sang their hideous song, banishing sleep: sometimes indeed there would come a sudden lull, bringing hope with it; but hardly had the heavy eyelids time to close before some deep-voiced, hoarse precentor would lead off again, the whole choir following one by one, until it seemed as if every frog that had ever been a tadpole had been summoned to take part in the concert. Until the first dawn of day they went on with what I remember to have seen in some old book is a serenade of love from the males to the females; with the dawn they rested, and so did I.

Oct. 10.— Whilst my people were packing up, paying the reckoning, and making ready for a start, I wandered into the yard of the handsome temple opposite the inn. On one of the stone lanterns were graven the two Chinese characters Shên Tien — God's Field. What an exact reproduction of our expression "God's Acre!" That the daily wants of mankind should have produced such tools as the saw, the plane, the chisel, the plumb-line, and a thousand others, all the world over, seems natural enough: but it is astounding to find how the minds of men have hit upon the same expressions of thought. Almost all the proverbs of China and Japan have their fellows in our European languages, while some are identically the same; such as "Walls have ears;" "Birds of a feather flock together;" "Talk of a man and you will cause his shadow to appear;" "Silence is better than speech;" besides many more. Here in this Ultima Thule is "God's Acre."

A nipping and an eager air blowing over the mountains in our faces reminds us how fast the year is waning, and it is so chilly that we are glad to dismount and walk, in order to keep ourselves warm. But the rays of a scorching sun soon disperse the delicious crispness of early morning, and drive us to take shelter under the fragrant shade of the grand old pines and firs which border this portion of the high-road.

Journeying on in a westerly direction, we soon arrive at the little village of Nango, beyond which a sharp turn of the road brings us upon one of the views most esteemed by Japanese landscape-painters. The highway follows such a straight line that Mt. Fuji appears almost always on the right hand of the westward-bound traveller. Here is one of the rare exceptions to the rule: the Peerless Mountain rises on his left, its glorious cone towering above the rugged outline of the Hakoné range, and the wilds of Mt. Oyama, dark, gloomy, and lowering, a sacred haunt long guarded jealously from the profanation of a foreigner's foot. Among yonder mysterious glens, crags, and gorges is the home of the Tengu, or Dog of Heaven, a hideous elf, long-clawed, long-beaked, winged, loving solitude; terror of naughty children who refuse to go to sleep at the word of command, or are guilty of other infantine crimes: altogether an uncanny hobgoblin; and should you, losing your way among the hills, find its nest, which is built in the highest trees, go your way and disturb it not, lest some foul evil should overtake you. The enchanting scenes of this day's journey, which change and bring fresh charms before the eye at every turn in the road, would alone repay the pilgrim for the trouble of his expedition, and he will understand how superstition has peopled haunts more beautiful, more wild, and more lonely than usual with a race of fairies and demons fairer or more terrible than the children of men.

A glance at the map of Japan will show that, the watershed being so close to the sea, it is impossible that there should be any rivers of importance; indeed, there are very few that are navigable, even to junks and steam-launches, and most of those are guarded by dangerous and almost impassable bars.* Here the rivers are mere mountain torrents, rising rapidly and *wickedly*, to use a Scotch fisherman's expression, and in the absence of bridges, often putting a stop to all communication. The little River Sagami, which we presently have to cross, is in full spate; luckily, however, it is not yet so swollen as to stop our progress. At this point it is called Banin-gawa, or the Horse-plunge River, from an adventure which happened to the Shogun Yoritomo.

Yoritomo, it will be remembered, had reached the supreme power by a bloody road. Among the chief of the persons who perished in the civil wars were the infant emperor, Antoku (whose grandmother, clasping him to her bosom, jumped into the sea in despair), and Yoritomo's own brother Yoshituné. Now it happened, in the twelfth month of the year 1198, that a certain noble, named Shigénari, who had married the sister of Yoritomo's wife and had become a widower, built a bridge over the River Sagami and held a great festival, according to the Buddhist ritual, in honor of his dead wife. Upon the day appointed for the ceremony, Yoritomo, on account of the relationship which existed between him and Shigénari, set out to do honor to the occasion by his presence. Having arrived at the place, the Shogun was received with due respect by his brother-in-law, who forthwith gave orders that the priests should begin their prayers and litanies. Then there arose a great storm of thunder and lightning, and in the midst of the storm there appeared a hideous ghost mocking and gibbering, and a black cloud was seen dancing down the river on the top of the water. Startled by the apparition, the Shogun's horse snorted and reared so that Yoritomo was thrown, and the horse, leaping over the parapet, jumped into the flood, and was drowned — and this mishap gave the name to the river. But when the bystanders saw all these signs their hearts quailed, and they knew that some terrible calamity was about to happen. Nor was this the only portent which they were destined to behold; for when Yoritomo on his homeward journey reached the moor of Yatsumato, the ghosts of his brother, Yoshituné, and of another hero, called Yukiiyé, appeared to him in anger, and at Cape Inamura he was met by the ghost of the Emperor Antoku, so that the Shogun, terror-stricken by the sight, fell fainting from his horse. His attendants caught him in their arms, and carried him back to Kamakura; but from that time forth he sickened, until on the thirteenth day of the first month of the following year he died, being fifty-three years of age, and having ruled as Shogun during eight years.

In justice to the character of the Japanese historical books, I should add that the story of the miraculous apparitions which preceded the death of Yoritomo is based merely upon tradition; but it is treasured, nevertheless, in the memory of a marvel-loving people.

Twice during the day we halted; first at Hiratsuka for luncheon, and again in the afternoon at the village of Meida; for the intense heat of the afternoon sun made a rest and cup of tea very acceptable. At Meida my groom fell in with a friend, and it was most amusing to see the two lads, half-naked, their wonderfully tattooed limbs showing the lowness of their class, meet one another, bowing and prostrating themselves with more ceremonious greetings than would be exchanged between two Western potentates: —

"Welcome! welcome! Mr. Chokichi, this is indeed a matter of congratulation. You must be fatigued — let me offer you up a cup of tea." (All this, by the bye, with the word "Imperial" thrown in most untranslatably at every step.)

"Thank you, sir. This is truly rare tea. *Kekkô! Kekkô!* delicious! delicious! Whence are you making your imperial progress?"

"From Odawara — it is a long time since I have had the pleasure of placing myself before the imperial eyes."

And so they went on, with truly Oriental courtesy, nor did there seem any reason why they should ever have stopped, unless I had given the signal for a start, when down they went again in renewed prostrations. Five minutes afterwards I overheard my groom telling one of the other horseboys a long story, the upshot of which was to show what a rogue, rascal, and villain was his acquaintance whom he had parted with so affectionately, with compli-

* The bars at the mouths of the rivers at Osaka and Niigata have been frequently fatal to the lives and merchandise of foreigners. It was in crossing the bar at Osaka that the American Admiral Bell was lost, with his flag-lieutenant and all his boat's crew, in the month of January, 1868.

ments coming as much from the heart as kisses exchanged between fine ladies.

The left bank of a broad, shallow river, upon which we presently come, is the limit within which, according to treaty, the foreigners resident at Yokohama are bound to confine themselves; and two white notice-boards inscribed with that announcement in French and English stand by an office for the examination of passports, which are now readily granted to those desirous of extending their observations. A third notice is very significant of the danger which the traveller yet runs should he fall in with a fanatic or ill-conditioned fellow: this proclamation is now stuck up at all the principal places throughout the empire, in accordance with an agreement entered into by the Japanese Government with the foreign representatives after the attacks upon foreigners which took place in 1868. Translated, it runs as follows:—

"Now that the Imperial Government has been newly established, in obedience to the principles of the Court, it has been commanded that friendly relations should exist with foreign countries, and that all matters should be treated directly by the Imperial Court.* The treaties will be observed according to international law, and the people of the whole country, receiving the expression of the Imperial will with gratitude, are hereby ordered to rest assured upon this point.

"Henceforth those persons who, by violently slaying foreigners, or otherwise insulting them, would rebel against the Imperial commands, and brew trouble in the country, and all other persons whatsoever, are hereby ordered to behave in a friendly manner. Those who do not uphold the majesty and good faith of their country in the eyes of the world, being guilty of most audacious crime, in accordance with the heinousness of their offence, will, even should they belong to the Samurai class, be stripped of their rank, and will meet with a suitable punishment. Let all men receive the Imperial commands, by which riotous conduct, however slight, is strictly forbidden."

The virtue of the proclamation lies in the words, "even should they belong to the Samurai class." From the common people, who are mostly well disposed and friendly, the foreigner has nothing to fear, unless it be perhaps a volley of stones at the hands of a party of merry-makers in holiday time, and a few cuts of his horsewhip will amply avenge him; but that privileged and armed Samurai should learn that in cutting down a barbarian he is not only not performing an act of devotion pleasing in the eyes of the gods, but is committing a crime which even deprives him of his dearly-valued birthright of self-immolation by *hara-kiri*, and puts him under the sword of the common headsman, is an immense point gained in our relations with Japan. The Son of Heaven, the lineal descendant and successor of the gods, himself takes us under his protection, and commands "that friendly relations should exist with foreign countries."

I do not of course mean to say that this law will of itself be sufficient to protect foreigners from insult and outrage in a land which numbers so many fanatic dare-devils, and where the *jô-i*, or barbarian-expulsion party, who hold, with some truth on their side, that foreign intercourse has brought nothing but trouble upon the country, are yet very strong. But it is a step in the right direction, and now (1872) that railroads and telegraphs are an established fact in Japan, the advance in toleration will no longer be by steps, but by seven-league-booted strides.

We must now pass through the ordeal of inspection at the *bansho* or guard-house, a wooden shanty entirely open on the side facing the road, in which are squatting over their braziers four or five rather ragged petty *yakunins*, literally "office-men," smoking in grim and sulky silence. One of them seeing me beckons with his pipe, and in the vile jargon of Yokohama, bids me come up and deliver my passport. Shiraki and the chief of my escort are horrified at this breach of good manners, and rush to the front vying with one another in loud denunciation of the *chikushô* ("beast") who dares to take such liberties.

* Instead of by the Tycoon, the head of the executive, as heretofore.

"If it be possible," says the polite corporal, apologizing to me, "be pleased to exercise imperial patience. This guard is a beast that knows no manners. Verily, I have lost face."

After some wrangling, and no little abuse of the unhappy guard, who now looked thoroughly crest-fallen and ashamed of himself, my passport was pronounced to be *en règle*, and I was allowed to make my arrangements for crossing the river, on the bank of which a whole company of coolies were disputing and fighting for the job of carrying me and my party over. Fording the river on horseback was quite out of the question; it was running like a mill-race, and both in breadth and depth far beyond its usual measure. So we were placed man by man, each with his saddle by him, on a square deal board, and hoisted on to the shoulders of four stout brown-limbed coolies, naked, save a loin-cloth, who bore us bravely across the muddy flood, although the stream threatened at every step to wash their legs from under them. The horses were left in charge of the grooms, who stripped (a process which, sooth to say, did not involve taking off very much), and plunging in with them, drove them, somewhat frightened, poor beasts, in safety to the other side. Twelve hours later neither man nor horse could have faced the torrent.

We have no great distance to go now, up a gentle, picturesque ascent, to reach Odawara, this day's goal. A pitiful, mean little town it is, with dilapidated houses much needing repair, whether seen from the moralist's or the builder's point of view. Poor in appearance as it now is, however, it still boasts a handsome feudal castle, with tower-cornered walls and a moat, and an official quarter for the dwellings of my lord's chief retainers, and in its day it has played no mean part in the history of the country, of which for some generations it was the military capital.

Just now the main street is full of bustle; scores of wayfarers travelling eastward, are pouring in, and although the place is full of houses of entertainment (many of them, as I have hinted above, not over respectable), it becomes no easy matter to find suitable accommodation. As for my horse, at one moment I feared that I should have to leave him roofless to brave the storm that was evidently brewing as best he might, for there was not a stable in the place big enough for him to walk into. At last, by causing a rotten beam to be cut away from under an archway, I contrived to get him housed. All along the road his size had called forth a great measure of wonder, for Europeans when travelling usually content themselves with Japanese ponies; but here, beyond the treaty limit, a horse over sixteen hands high created as much astonishment as a giraffe might in a Yorkshire village. By the same token, in these out-of-the-way regions, Dog Lion was taken sometimes for a bear, but more often for a sheep, an animal known by fame, indeed, but never seen out of the neighborhood of foreign settlements.*

And now heavy black clouds were gathering overhead, and the storm began to bluster and scold among the mountains, at the foot of which we lay snugly sheltered, having washed away our travel-weariness in a hot bath, the one genuine comfort which is never failing in a Japanese inn. (Be sure, however, that your servant sees that you have the first use of it, unless, Japanese-like, you do not mind bathing in the same water after, perhaps, half a score of other persons; not a pleasant idea, especially in a country where skin-diseases are so prevalent. In the morning you may always be certain of virgin water, for the natives do not bathe until after the day's work is over, and before the evening meal.)

Oct. 11.—Rain falling in sheets; the main street running like a mountain burn; a group of coolies dressed in mushroom hats, and rain-coats made of long grass, looking like animated haycocks that had suddenly taken to themselves legs, and rushed under the projecting eaves of the houses to save the crop; a petty personage, closely shut

* It is said that sheep will not live in Japan, the soil being so rich and moist that they die of foot-rot; but I take it, that if the experiment were tried in some of the inland moorlands, they might be made to breed and thrive there; as it is, we get our sheep over from Shanghai and our mutton costs us half a dollar a pound.

up in his litter, being borne along at extra speed by naked bearers, all glistening with wet, his two attendants vainly trying to wrap themselves in their water-proof coats made of oiled paper, out of which stuck their swords like the tails of wooden monkeys; water dripping, water pouring, water running, a general sloppiness, beggaring description: this was the scene upon which I looked out the following morning. It was hopeless to think of starting in such a downpour; so, having made as long a business as possible of shaving, dressing, and breaking my fast, in order to kill time, I sat down with Shiraki to learn what I could respecting the town of Odawara.

The archenemy of the Shogun Yoritomo was Taira no Kiyomori, the head of the house of Hei. So great was his hatred of Yoritomo, that he died saying, "After my death say no litanies for the good of my soul; all that I desire is that the head of Yoritomo may be laid upon my grave." This was his last will and testament. Now, when the house of Gen, with Yoritomo as its leader, rose to supreme power, it followed, as a matter of course, that the house of Hei became utterly ruined, its members being scattered here and there over the country, and forced to gain their livelihood as best they might. In the chronicles of the provinces of Idzu and Sagami,* it is written that towards the end of the fifteenth century a descendant of Kiyomori called Hôjô Shinkurô Nagauji had, by the lapse of time, become reduced to the condition of a peasant, and was a wanderer upon the face of the earth. But notwithstanding his fallen condition, his valor and talents were worthy of the noble blood that flowed in his veins, and his spirit rebelled against the misfortune under which he was crushed. So he went to the capital, Kiyôto, and having placed himself under the protection of one of the ministers of the then Shogun, Ashikaga Yoshimasa, took up his abode at the fortress of Kôkokuji. Bent on raising himself to eminence, he took advantage of a feud which existed between the Shogun at Kiyôto and his representatives at Kamakura, and distinguished himself in many conflicts in the provinces of Idzu and Sagami, finally wresting the town and castle of Odawara from the Omori family, who belonged to the Kamakura faction. He now made the castle of Odawara his head-quarters, and having so far pushed his way in the world, he entered the Buddhist priesthood under the name of Sôun; but though he donned the scarf, he did not lay aside the sword, and his military power waxed stronger and stronger, until he became the recognized leader of the chivalry of the two provinces. The task of completing the glory of the family was reserved for his grandson Ujiyasu, who, having put down with a strong hand the factions which disturbed the eight provinces of Kwantô, annexed them, and placed them under his own rule. Odawara now took the place of Kamakura as military capital, and here the Hôjô family ruled for five generations in the capacity, although not bearing the title, of Shoguns (which was still held by the Ashikaga family), until the time of Hôjô Ujimasa, who, having neglected a summons to go to court at Kiyôto, was attacked by the famous general Taiko Sama, who determined to punish his disobedience. Taiko Sama invaded the eastern provinces with an overwhelming force, and pitched his main camp on mounts Ishigaki and Biyôbu, so distributing the rest of his forces as to overcast the town of Odawara with a cloud of soldiers. Ujimasa prepared to make a stout defence, and called all the troops of Kwantô to his assistance; but they were no match for Taiko Sama, whose artillery played pitilessly upon them from the neighboring heights; and on the fifth day of the seventh month of the year 1590, Ujimasa surrendered at discretion, Taiko Sama refusing to hear his prayer for peace, and insisting that he must put himself to death. So Ujimasa disembowelled himself, and his head was sent to Kiyôto, to be exposed as the head of a traitor; his son Ujinao was banished to Mount Koya in Kishiu; and this was the end of the great Hôjô family, which had held the castle of Odawara for ninety-seven years.

One day during the siege, as Taiko Sama and his general Tokugawa Iyéyasu were standing on a watch-tower which they had built on the heights above Odawara, Taiko Sama said, "I see before me the eight provinces of Kwantô. Before many days are over I will take them and give them to thee."

Iyéyasu thanked him, saying, "That were indeed great luck."

"Wilt thou live here at Odawara," asked Taiko Sama, "as the men of Hôjô have done?"

"Ay, my lord," answered Iyéyasu, "that will I."

"That will not do," said Taiko Sama. "I see on the map that there is a place called Yeddo some twenty *ri** eastward from here. It is a fine position, and that is the place where thou shouldst live."

"I shall with reverence obey your lordship's instructions," replied Iyéyasu.

Now, when the house of Hôjô had been annihilated, Taiko Sama fulfilled his promise, and made Iyéyasu lord of the provinces of Kwantô; and he became the founder of the last dynasty of Shoguns, and made Yeddo the military capital, according to his chief's advice. So Odawara lapsed into insignificance, it being a matter of wonder, indeed, that a place so utterly at the mercy of an attack from the mountains which overhang it should ever have been chosen as a military stronghold.

The vacillation showed by the lord of Odawara during the siege has passed into a proverb. He was forever saying, "To-morrow we will fight," — "To-morrow we will make a sortie." But the carrying out of his good resolutions was always delayed, so that the expression, *Odawara hiyôjô*, "deliberations of Odawara" (a sort of jingling play on the name Hôjô being also intended), is now a synonyme for fatal procrastination.

During the whole morning the pelting rain continued, but towards one o'clock the hills began to unveil themselves, and a glorious afternoon rewarded us for the gloom in which we had been confined. My original intention had been to go straight up the Hakoné Pass by the main road; but hearing that a great friend of mine, a native gentleman, one of the most distinguished members of the Government, was staying at Miyanoshita, a place among the mountains, famous for the beauty of its scenery and for certain natural hot-springs, I determined to change my route in order to go and pay him a visit. For a short distance we rode, but when we had to turn up to the right by a steep, difficult mountain-path, it became evident that Shanks's mare was the best horse, so we sent our beasts back to Odawara to await our return, and proceeded on foot. We had some little difficulty in finding our way, as neither my escort nor Shiraki knew the road. As for the distance, like the Scotch "mile and a bittock," it seemed to be an unknown quantity, for the natives of whom we asked our way, eager to be hired as guides, always made Miyanoshita recede in proportion as we advanced, greatly to the indignation of the corporal of the escort, who at last lost all patience with one touting scoundrel, saying, "What do you take us for, you lubber? The next time a country bumpkin passes this way you may talk like that, but it's no use your trying it on with a Yeddo child;" and I had to interfere to save the poor wretch from a liberal payment of stick bakhshish. It was stiffish walking up the slippery hill-paths, but what a beautiful scene! The variegated trees sparkling with prismatic colors; the mountain torrents, swollen and foaming, dashing past lichen-covered rocks overhanging black pools, the home of many a tiny trout; such subtle effects of light and shade; such blue distances; the two famous twin mountains, Futago Yama, clothed in deep purple, ahead of us; a fresh keen air that was new life to men sodden with the hot damp of the plain; even the stout and elderly Shiraki rose in spirits, notwithstanding the efforts of the scramble, and declared, gasping for breath, that this was indeed enjoyment. I think we were none of us sorry when we came upon a certain spring called Himémidzu, the Princess-water, where an ancient dame served us with cups containing the most delicious crystal-clear draught, as cold as ice, which we sat down and drank as if it had been nectar. The spring takes its

* Dzu-Sô-Ki is the title of the book.

* One ri equals 4,320 yards.

name from a story that one of the princesses of the noble house of Hôjô was wont to come hither from Odawara with her ladies, and make tea *al fresco*. Close to the well the old woman has a little cottage, and she earns a scanty living by serving tea of the Princess-water to weary footpads like ourselves. Having rested ourselves, we made her happy with a small silver coin, a largesse about ten times as bountiful as she had hoped for, and went on our way.

We must have gone some nine miles, as I should guess, since we left Odawara, when we reached the village of Miyanoshita, a most lovely spot lying lost among the hills. The little hamlet seems to be made up entirely of bathing-houses, which are also inns and shops for the sale of camphor-wood boxes, marqueterie, and toys of different sorts, very pretty and tasteful, which the bathers take home as keepsakes to their families. It is a most fashionable watering-place, a sort of Japanese Tunbridge Wells. I never saw a place in such complete repose; when we came upon it not a soul was stirring, not a dog was barking; perhaps rest is part of the cure; at last I found a native who told me at which of the inns my friend was staying, and was lucky enough to be able to secure an apartment in the same house. It will easily be imagined that in such a place the inns are perfection in their way; the charm of that at which I put up quite passed my expectations. I was lodged in a beautiful clean set of rooms, with a balcony looking on to a lovely little garden full of dwarfed trees, rare shrubs and flowers, with quaint rockeries, and a pond full of gigantic gold-fish and carp, grown old and fat and lazy under a long course of feeding at the hands of generations of bathers; behind the garden the mountain copses made a natural background of forest scenery. As I lay looking out on this pretty view, after a bathe in the hot water welling from the living rock, I was lulled almost to sleep by the plashing of a neighboring water-wheel. I was aroused from my dreamy state by the entrance of my friend Katô, who had just come in from a country walk. He had been surprised not a little to hear of my arrival, and when I told him that I had come purposely to see him, he was profuse in his expressions of thanks. Seeing that my baggage had not yet arrived, he pressed me warmly to go across to his rooms and dine with him, an invitation which I was glad enough to accept.

Here it was that I first became acquainted with Katô's wife, a bonny little lady, though eyes less familiar with the custom than mine would have objected to the disfigurement of shaven eyebrows and blackened teeth. She was very civil and pleasant, and had none of the shyness which I have usually met with in Japanese ladies; nor had she the servile manner, which is another defect bred by the seclusion and abased condition in which women are kept; on the contrary, she took part in the conversation brightly and well, and did the honors of her husband's apartment with ease and grace. She had with her as companion and playmate a charming little girl about eight or nine years old, whose special function appeared to consist in being petted and stuffed with sweetmeats. The story of my host's marriage was a romantic one. During the political storms which preceded the outbreak of the revolution, Katô had brought himself into notice as a very active and dangerous man; a price was set upon his head, and he had to fly for his life: this young lady sheltered him and screened him from his enemies, and he fell in love with and married her. A very happy couple they seemed to be.

Purposing to remain some weeks at Miyanoshita, Katô had surrounded himself with a number of comforts which gave his room quite a home-like air. Two or three smart rugs or small carpets, a luxury which has recently been borrowed from the West, gave a color and warmth to the cold whiteness of the mats and walls; writing materials, books, handsome lacquer boxes, musical instruments, pipe-stands, and a sword-rack, were strewed about the floor, and in the recess a bronze jar contained one of those bouquets, the making up of which is a special and elaborate part of a Japanese lady's education. Further, lest he should find his villegiatura dull, he had gathered together a few friends, "companions of his solitude," to whom, as they came dropping in one by one, I was solemnly presented. First and foremost was the doctor, an intelligent young man of the Satsuma clan, who had studied medicine in the English school presided over by Dr. Willis at Yeddo, and had acquired some little reputation in his craft: he spoke with enthusiasm of his kind and excellent teacher. Then there were two or three private gentleman, remarkably pleasant men, learned in the lore of their country, a professor of the game of checkers, as elaborate a study as chess or whist, and above all, a certain character who deserves a paragraph to himself.

This was an artist in lacquer, one of the drollest creatures I ever met, as grotesque as the devices upon his own boxes. He was a wit, a wag, a contortionist, cunning at legerdemain and all manner of tricks, which he was continually showing, and yet, somehow, he never was a buffoon. It was most excellent good fooling, and always in good taste. Although a rich man, and the especial pet of the great and powerful on account of his social talents, he affected to be especially careful not to imitate their dress, but to abide by the old fashions of the *Chônin* or wardsmen, even in the cut of his hair, which was closely shaven to the tops of the ears, and brought forward in the tiny little queue, which used to be a distinguishing mark of artisans. In his girdle, in the place of a dirk, he wore the wooden beater which his mother had used to pound rice, and which he had decorated with many a curious fancy in lacquer, and studded with gold coins. "What need had he to carry a blade?" he said. His playful sallies, the effect of which was heightened by a marvellously mobile face, kept us in laughter during the whole evening.

When we had finished dinner, our hostess produced her *samishen*, half guitar, half banjo, to the accompaniment of which she began singing, while the lacquer-man, not to be outdone in a matter of polite accomplishments, came in with a flute obligato. I cannot say in conscience that the result was pleasing to an European ear, but, as is often the case elsewhere, the music was the signal for and assistance to conversation, and we, the audience, began talking politics, leaving the performers to the enjoyment of their own sweet sounds. It was eleven o'clock when I wished my friends good-night, and I left Katô and the professor, heads on hands, as completely abstracted from all earthly matters as Buddhists in a state of Nirvana, lost in the solution of some impossible problem in the mysterious game of checkers.

The following morning (Oct. 12) dawned in rare splendor, and the opened slides let in a waft of fresh mountain air, as exhilarating as good news from home. The garden, all ablaze with dew, its trimness in striking contrast to the wild nature beyond, was looking even more beautiful, if possible, than the evening before — a fitting spot in which to enjoy one of heaven's own holidays. It is always a matter of regret to me that the beauties of Japanese scenery should have been done justice to by no gifted word-painter like John Ruskin. The shapes of the mountains, sometimes grand, sometimes fantastic; the marvellous gradations of the tree-colors from the exquisitely tender green of the feathering bamboo, slender and graceful, to the gloom of the sturdy pines and cryptomerias which spring from the more barren soil; the rocks streaked and patched with lichens and mosses, with many a rare fern and lycopod peeping out of chinks and crannies, are worthy studies for a great artist to paint with loving hand, and hardly will he succeed, limn he never so cunningly. To me the memory of these places is like that of a beautiful dream of fairyland, vivid and bright, but utterly beyond the pale of description.

At about nine o'clock I received a visit from Katô, who came to tell me that he was off to take his daily bath in the hot iron springs at Kiga, a lovely spot among the mountains, and proposed that I should accompany him that we might make a picnic luncheon together. At the time of his coming my room was full of sellers of camphor-wood boxes and toys, who had brought their wares for inspection; directly they saw Katô their prices went down fifty per cent; the rogues had been asking the foreigner something like three times the real value of their goods. I bought a few very pretty specimens of marqueterie, and a certain camphor-wood cabinet (which now holds the flies and feathers of a

distinguished salmon-fisher), at a reasonable price, thanks to my friend, with whom I presently started on our expedition, the whole of the party of the night before, with the exception of the lady, being of the company.

We had a very pleasant walk over the hills, Katô, on account of his delicate state of health, being carried in a litter, which, however, being open at the sides, did not prevent him from joining in the conversation and laughter with which we beguiled the way. Every now and then the doctor or one of the others would take me for a scramble to see some new point of view, some fresh beauty in the landscape, for these Japanese are passoniate lovers of nature, so that after many stoppages, now to feast our eyes, now to rest Katô's coolies, it was noon by the time we reached Kiga.

Our picnic was a great success; the doctor and the lacquer-man were with one consent elected chief cooks, and distinguished themselves by producing, the one a fry of delicious burn-trout, the other a savory stew, in which the shortcomings of a rather lean old cock-pheasant were skilfully concealed. The *cordon bleu* of the establishment supplied the rest of the dishes, my contribution being sundry bottles of pale ale and porter, which were immensely popular, for the names of Bass, Allsopp, and Guinness are familiar now as household words to the Japanese. Through the heat of the afternoon we remained chatting over every conceivable matter, grave and gay, but chiefly discussing politics and the application of European principles of government to Japan. Of all subjects, this is the favorite among this improvement-seeking people. It is little wonder that, with their eagerness to learn and profit by the experience of other nations, they should have distanced heir backward neighbors, the Chinese, in such matters as railways and telegraphs. In the cool of the evening we trudged home, and at a little distance from Miyanoshita we were met by Katô's wife with her little companion.

Towards eight o'clock we all met again in my rooms for dinner, Dog Lion, at the special request of the lady, being present, and exciting great admiration by his discreet and polite behavior. He divided the honors of the evening with the lacquer-man, who outdid himself in efforts to make my party go off well. Shiraki, as chief retainer, did the honors, affording thereby an instance of Japanese manners and customs. No feature of Japanese society is more curious than the relations between master and man. The master admits his servant (provided, of course, that he be of the military class) to his intimate society; but the servant never assumes a liberty. He takes his place at dinner with the utmost humility, and having done so, bears his share of the conversation, addressing freely not only his master, but even guests of the highest rank. The master will pass his own wine-cup to his man, as if he were an honored guest, and for a while they would appear to any one not acquainted with the turns of a language most fertile in subtle distinctions, to be upon perfectly equal terms. Yet, the moment the feast is over, the man retires with the same profound obeisances and marks of deference with which he entered, and immediately relapses into the servitor; nor will he in any way presume upon the familiarity, which, having lasted its hour, disappears until occasion calls it forth again. Feudalism strips service of servility, and, although the feudal system is a thing of the past, its traces must long remain.

The following morning (Oct. 13), to my great regret, I was forced to leave Miyanoshita and my good friends, with whom I had passed such a pleasant time. We parted with many expressions of mutual good-will, promising to meet soon in Yeddo. This morning's walk, as far as the sulphur-springs of Ashi-no-yu, was less interesting, for the mountain, bare of trees, is covered only with a rich growth of rank grass, mixed with wild flowers. There was no shade, and the heat of the sun was overpowering, so that we were right glad when, towards mid-day, we came down upon our halting-place.

The springs are certainly very remarkable; the whole neighborhood is full of volcanic signs, and in every direction the water wells out, charged with a rich sulphur ooze. Close by is a crater, not active, indeed, but looking, with its sides covered with brimstone and lava, as if it might break out at any time. The baths of Ashi-no-yu are in the village street, but covered over with wooden shanties, that people may bathe with decency. Just as I came in sight of the huts, a matron, carrying a child in her arms, both as naked as they were born, came out, and tripped, picking her way with her bare feet, across the street into a tea-house, where she had left her clothes. This is the only instance which I ever came across of a woman appearing naked in the street, although most travellers' books abound in stories of women tubbing in public, and of other outrages upon decency. Be it remembered, however, this was in a most out-of-the-way place, and at a time of day when the good woman might reasonably expect that, the men being all away at their work, she would be as free from the profane gaze of mankind as Lady Godiva ought to have been and was not. Her shame when she saw me knew no bounds. The European doctors of Yokohama have not been slow to find out the excellent properties of these baths, and I found established there for the season an Italian gentleman and his wife — rather wild quarters for a daintily-nurtured lady to occupy, the only thing about the place which had any affinity with Europe being the smell, which might remind her of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Not far from Ashi-no-yu, on the road to Hakoné, half-hidden among the brushwood and long grass, are two remarkable monuments, shaped like the stone lanterns which the Japanese set up in their pleasure-grounds and temple-yards. To the right of these, near at hand, is a third and lesser stone. It can hardly fail to set the traveller awondering when he comes upon such traces of man's work in the midst of a wilderness, and he will readily guess that they mark some famous or sacred spot. The two stones mark the graves of the brothers Soga, the heroes of one of the most celebrated stories of *vendetta* in Japanese history, and the third is in honor of the woman, Tora Gozen, the true love of one of them.

In the summer of the year 1193 the Shogun Yoritomo went out to hunt on the moors and waste lands about Mt. Fuji, followed by the flower of the chivalry of the East, his train being swelled by a great company of camp-followers, mimes, jesters, musicians, and singing women. Among the nobles who went with him was one Kudô Sukétsuné. Now this Sukétsuné, many years before, having certain wrongs to avenge, had caused the murder of his cousin Sukéyasu, who died leaving a widow and two infant sons. Upon the death of her husband the widow wished to forsake the world, shave her head, * and enter a nunnery, but her father-in-law prevented her, so she married a second time one Soga Tarô Sukénobu, who took her two sons to live with him, and adopted them as his own children, causing them at the same time to take his patronymic of Soga. Happy as they were in their new home, the two boys never forgot the death of their father, nor the debt of revenge which they owed to his murderer: when at play in their earliest childhood they would make figures to represent Sukétsuné that they might have the pleasure of torturing and destroying him in effigy, nor would they listen to the prayers and remonstrances of their mother, who, in despair, sent the younger brother, Soga Tokimuné, to the temple at Hakoné, that he might be brought up for the priesthood. But it was all of no avail, for the lad never for a moment relaxed his purpose, and at last, when he grew up, and it became time for him to enter the priesthood, he fled secretly from the temple, and took refuge with the Lord of Odawara, who, taking compassion upon his orphan state, gave him shelter, and allowed him free access to his stronghold.

The hunting expedition of the Shogun Yoritomo was the opportunity which the brothers chose for wreaking their vengeance on the murderer Sukétsuné.

On the 28th day of the fifth month there arose a great storm of wind and rain, and at night, there being neither moon-

* The nuns of Japan, like the Buddhist monks, shave the whole head; hence the proverbial expression, *Bikuni ni Kanzashi*, "To ask a nun for a hair-pin," equivalent to our "You cannot draw blood from a stone."

light nor starlight, the hunting camp was shrouded in thick darkness. In the dead of the night they sought the place where their enemy lay, but he had changed his abode, and their plan would have miscarried had they not received aid from a woman. This was a beautiful girl, called Tora Gozen, the inmate of a pleasure-house at Oiso, in the province of Sagami, and the sweetheart of the elder brother, Sukénari. When the two were in despair at not finding Sukétsuné, and were debating what they should do, she came forth and pointed out to them the place to which he had removed, and they, overjoyed, hurried to the spot where Sukétsuné lay fast asleep. Sukénari stood at his pillow, and Tokimuné, the younger brother, took his place behind him. Then Sukénari kicked aside the pillow, and shouted with a loud voice, crying, "Here stand I, Soga Sukénari, the avenger of my murdered father!" Sukétsuné, aroused by the cry, jumped up and tried to defend himself with his dirk, which lay by his couch; but the two brothers fell upon him with their swords and slew him.

Having now satisfied their revenge they had no further wish left in the world, so they determined to risk their lives in an attempt to slay my lord the Shogun Yoritomo, between whom and their own grandfather there had been a deadly feud. Now was their best chance of success, so, brandishing their bloody swords, they rushed into his tent with a loud shout. The guards who watched over the Shogun did battle with them; but so desperately did they fight, that they cut down, as it is said, more than fifty men before Sukénari, being tired, was slain, and the younger brother, Tokimuné, was pinioned by a page, disguised as a woman, who sprang upon him from behind.

The following morning Tokimuné was brought before the Shogun, who examined him in person, saying, "Wherefore dost thou disturb my camp?"

"You were my grandfather's enemy," answered Tokimuné, unabashed; "and Sukétsuné was my father's murderer, so I hated you because you loved him."

The Shogun was pleased with the youth's bold speech, and wished to spare his life, but Inubô Maru, the son of Sukétsuné, prayed that his father's murder might not be left unavenged; so Tokimuné was put to death, being at the time twenty years of age.

Now when Tora Gozen heard that Sukénari, the man whom she loved, was dead, she vowed a vow of chastity, and went to the temple at Hakoné, and became a nun at the age of nineteen. When she was quite an old woman of seventy-one summers, she started on a pilgrimage to a temple at Kumano, in Kishiu, but she died by the road, and it is said that the clothes she wore and the things she carried with her on the journey are still preserved as sacred relics at a temple called Jinguji.

The piety of the brothers Soga in avenging their murdered father earned for them a rich meed of praise from every true and loyal warrior; and even Yoritomo, who had so narrowly escaped from falling a victim to their rage, approved what they had done, and caused their swords to be laid up in the temple at Gongen, at Hakoné, where they have been carefully preserved by generation after generation of priests. Their names live in history, and are treasured in the heart of every Samurai.

Near the graves of the two brothers is a figure of the Buddhist god Jizô Sama, graven in the solid rock, as some say by Nature herself; by others believed to have been miraculously wrought in a single night by Kôbôdaishi, a priest who lived in the ninth century, and who is famous as the inventor of the syllabary known as the I-ro-ha, in which he assimilated the letters of the Japanese language to the Bonji or Pali characters used in the Buddhist classics. The image is rude enough, but it is greatly venerated by the simple mountaineers.

It was yet early in the afternoon when we came upon the blue waters of the Hakoné lake, lying like a sapphire mirror among the hills, unruffled by the gentlest semblance of a breeze. It would be strange, indeed, if so romantic a locality were to lack the ornament of some old-world legend. There is a tale told of a certain terrible dragon with nine heads, that used to dwell in the lake, and troubled the people by raising great storms of wind and wave, in the midst of which he would appear, and carry off little children for his food. But at last, in the eighth century, a certain holy priest, named Mangan, who was renowned for his piety, exorcised the dragon, and by the aid of magic arts tied him to a tree, which is still believed to be visible at the bottom of the lake, punishing the monster until it craved pardon for its misdeeds. When the fame of this exploit reached the emperor's ears, he summoned the priest Mangan to Kiyôto, but the good man died by the way, and entered peace at a place called Yanagôri, in the province of Mikawa; so his pupils brought his remains, and buried them at the temple of Gongen, at Hakoné. Every year, during the night of the twelfth day of the sixth month, the eve of the great feast of the temple, the people still come to the lake, and make offerings of food to propitiate the dragon.

Of course we went and visited the Temple of Gongen, that ancient fane, the dwelling-place of many holy men during the Dark Ages, including Kôbôdaishi, Jikakudaishi, and others, and were shown the swords of the Soga brothers, and the dirk with which their enemy tried in vain to ward off their blows, with other curiosities. The position of the shrine, surrounded by lofty cryptomerias and looking down upon the lake, is most beautiful; but the buildings were greatly damaged in the war which ended in the ruin of the lords of Odawara, and have never been restored to their former splendor. At the foot of the temple we took boat, and so came to the little town of Hakoné.

Situated at the very top of a mountain-pass, some three thousand feet or more above the sea-level, Hakoné must — until the completion of the railroad which is to unite the two capitals, Yeddo and Kiyôto — always be a resting-place of some little importance, and allow a number of innkeepers to drive a thriving trade; but until the year of grace 1868 it had also a great political significance as the barrier of the Tycoon's territory, which no man could pass without a passport — death by crucifixion being the penalty of an attempt to escape by any mountain-path. At the entrance to the town was a guard-house, strongly manned, flanked by a formidable stand of arms, holding spears and hooks and the other paraphernalia of Japanese police, on passing which every person, save those of the very highest rank, were required to dismount and do obeisance to the representatives of Tycoonal power. The guard-house is swept away now, together with the other encumbrances and annoyances of the obsolete government, and men may come and go as they list. It is more convenient, to be sure; but there was a quaintness and picturesqueness about the old customs which the travellers who follow in our steps will miss. Now, even the old costume of the country is slowly but surely disappearing; and when the railroad shall be an accomplished fact, travelling in Japan will have lost its charm. Four years ago we were still in the Middle Ages; we have leaped at a bound into the nineteenth century — out of poetry, into plain, useful prose.

I had no time to stop at Hakoné, to my great regret; for I should not soon have grown weary of looking out upon the lake washing the grand dark hills above which Mt. Fuji raised its brilliant cone of white snow, and there are many nooks and hidden places among the mountains celebrated in history, in poetry, and in fairy tales. Down the mountain-pass we sped, each step revealing some new beauty: now a natural rockery; now some old gnarled stem of cryptomeria or Scotch fir; now a thicket of flame-colored maples. It was getting late; and travellers, whether upward or downward bound, were hurrying to reach their resting-place. Even the coolies, heavily-weighted beasts of burden, were putting on an extra spurt, the tension of the muscles in their marvellously-developed legs showing what hard work they were doing. The shadows had lengthened and lengthened until they had passed away altogether (for we were now on the eastern side of the range) by the time we reached Hata, our half-way house, a village of hostleries, at the doors of which attractive little damsels, attired in their smartest garb, were standing and keeping up a continual shout of *O hairi nasare! O tomari nasare!* — "Pray come in! pray rest here!" Resisting the invitation of who

knows how many decoy-ducks, I entered the *Honjin*, or chief inn of the village, and found a charming apartment overlooking a garden, the fame of which is known throughout the length and breadth of Japan. This little garden, fashioned around a real waterfall, which was tumbling over the most picturesque rocks, is the very ideal and dream of Japanese horticulture, and would be a fitting model upon which some native Lord Bacon should write an essay. Nothing more trim and perfect than its dwarfed trees, nothing more rugged than its rockwork, nothing fatter and larger and brighter than its goldfish. Above all, a natural waterfall, dear beyond measure to the Japanese landscape-gardener. The honors of the establishment were done by O Také San, "Miss Bamboo," a nymph who would have been a little gem of beauty had her face not been marred by a most undeniable squint. There was no compromising matters by calling it a cast in the eye. There it was — a squint, and nothing but a squint. Besides this defect, for which she was not accountable, there was another, which might have been avoided — she was eaten up with the itch.

This being, in some sense, the turning-point of our journey, I gave Shiraki and the escort a feast, which they had richly deserved, for every man of them in his own capacity had done his utmost to make the trip go off well. When the shutters were closed, and the wine-cup going round, we were startled by a clatter of clogs in the garden. Shiraki and the escort jumped up and took their swords, and I made ready my revolver. Miss Bamboo and another girl putting the goldfish to bed in a rock-covered hole, for fear of otters, turned out to be the innocent cause of our alarm. Laughing at our fears, we made merry until it was time to go to bed.

Oct. 14.— Mist and rain. A pretty ducking we got as we walked or rather slipped down to Yumoto, the place which, as I have said above, gives its name to all the hot-springs of the Hakoné mountains. As at Miyanoshita, the chief trade here is in camphor-wood boxes and marqueterie, of which I bought some more specimens, and having found out the right price from my friends at the former place I was not robbed. Over against Yumoto are two noteworthy hills, Mounts Ishigaki and Ishibashi, * the former the site of Taiko Sama's head-quarters when he attacked Odawara, the latter the hiding-place of Yoritomo when he was flying from his enemies before he rose to power. Here is the story.

In the year 1180, on the twenty-fourth day of the eighth month, Yoritomo was encamped on Sugi-yama, "the Mountain of Cryptomerias," and one of the captains of the house of Hei, with three thousand and more warriors at his back, was in hot pursuit of him. Yoritomo, knowing that he was out-numbered, and that there was no hope for him but in flight, went and hid on a remote mountain peak, leaving two of his lieutenants to turn aside the attention of the enemy. When the immediate danger was past, Hôjô Tokimasa, Yoritomo's father-in-law and most trusty friend, went and scoured the mountains far and wide, and a tlast found him hiding in the hollow trunk of a fallen tree. When Yoritomo saw himself in the midst of his friends he was overjoyed, but Sanéhira, who had accompanied Tokimasa, said: "Truly it is much to be thankful for that we should all have reached these heights safe and without hurt. Yet if we remain here in so large a company, it will be a hard matter for us to escape detection. Let my lord Yoritomo remain here alone, and his servant Sanéhira will find means of hiding him."

This counsel seemed good to them all, so they agreed to separate and went in different directions, Sanéhira alone remaining with his chief. In the meanwhile, the men of the house of Hei were hunting over hill and dale seeking Yoritomo; but one of their captains, who by some means had learned Yoritomo's hiding-place, being a traitor to his own party, declared that he had searched Mt. Ishibashi and found no trace of a human being, so the men of Hei spent their labor in searching the other hills.

One day, while Yoritomo was lying lost among the rocks of Mt. Ishibashi, he took from his bosom a small figure of the Buddhist god Kwannon, and stowed it away in a secret cave. When Sanéhira saw this, he wondered, and asked what was the reason of this strange act.

"I lay aside this sacred image," answered Yoritomo, "lest my head should fall into my enemies' hands and they should see the figure; for if they did, they would laugh at the chief of the house of Gen, saying that I am brave only because I trust in my patron saint. When I was a babe three years old, my foster-mother took me to the Temple of Kwannon, at Kiyomidzu, near Kiyôto, and in the loving-kindness of her heart she prayed that I might prosper in the world. Fourteen days after this she saw a marvellous dream, and she gave me this little image of Kwannon two inches long in commemoration of it. This is why I have treasured it ever since."

Soon after this the others returned, bringing with them a horse-load of provisions which they had received from the priest of Hakoné. Poor food it was — monk's fare — and they laughed as they set it before their lord; but the hungry man, be he lord or peasant, values any food above riches.

Those were the days of Yoritomo's deadly peril; how he escaped from the toils of his enemies and lived to be the ruler of the East, all these things are written in never-dying history.

From Yumoto to Odawara is but a short distance, and we reached our inn in time for the mid-day meal. The rivers were so swollen that they could no longer be passed, so we had to wait, chafing, for three days until the floods abated. Our route back to Yeddo was along the great highway, past the places which I have already described: so of this expedition there is nothing left to say.

* *Ishigaki* signifies stone-fence, and *Ishibashi*, stone-bridge.

THE BAL MASQUE AT MI-CAREME.

A REMINISCENCE OF PARIS IN THE SPRING OF 1870.

I AM one of those lucky individuals whom chance led to Paris in the spring of 1870. I saw her then in the acme of her glory. Never had there been a warmer or finer season. Never had the vivacity of the most vivacious of citizens reached a greater height. Never was the Carnival so merrily kept. In the midst of plenty, surrounded by pure, untainted air, not a thought of famine, pestilence, or the enemy without the gate, disturbed their hilarity. The only use of the paraded troops of soldiery was for reviews on the fête days at Longchamps, or for the execution of manœuvres to the music of inspiriting tunes in the gardens of the Tuileries. All was tranquil, and though the excitement of the Plébiscite seemed at one time likely to swell into a tumult, yet in reality it did nothing more than add piquancy to the daily routine.

It is not my intention to dilate on the contrast presented to me as I walked through the principal boulevards and Champs Elysées quite recently, but merely to give a reminiscence of my former visit, and a description of a national orgie which is not likely to be celebrated with equal magnificence and *abandon* for one or two years to come.

The Mi-Carême — or the day on which Lent divides — is, as I suppose most of my readers already know, a great festival in France, a sort of "half-way house" of entertainment on that six-weeks pilgrimage of our annual life on which good Catholics are supposed to fast.

Experience has, no doubt, proved that a nation of so exuberant a temperament as the French is unable to exist for forty consecutive days without an interval in which it may legitimately quench its thirst for excitement, in which it may woo its darling Terpsichore without scruples of conscience, and in which it may act up to its motto, "Vive la joie," without a visit of confession to its priests. The dissipation at Mi-Carême is even greater, and certainly more relished by the votaries of pleasure, than the Carnival itself; for at the latter the people join in the festivities

with the delight of a well-fed gourmand at one of a series of *récherché* dinners, whilst at the former they indulge in the revels with the same keen appetite with which a *gourmèt* would relish a feast at the Trois Frères Provençaux after dining for three weeks at a Bouillon for fifty centimes.

I had the good luck, as I have said, to be in Paris at this season, with two friends who, my juniors by three or four years, and fresh from college, were as eager to be witnesses, and more eager still to be partakers, of every prank and adventure that fortune might happen to throw in our way. I will call them M—— and N——, and beg to introduce *myself* to the reader by the name of the unknown X——.

We were first apprised that Mi-Carême was no ordinary day by the sound of a trumpet, by means of which a man in a balcony — opposite to the room where we were breakfasting — was making morning hideous, and we deputed N—— (the youngest of our party) to obtain full particulars of the events of the day at the "Bureau." This task N—— was by no means reluctant to undertake; for, I must tell you that at the bureau was stationed a young lady, youthful in years and prepossessing in appearance, who — though supposed to be engaged upon an immense book of figures, which was laid out ostentatiously before her — was not loath to snatch a few moments from her calculations to talk with either M—— or N——, who in their turn were equally pleased to "air" their French in such pleasant society.

Masquerading in the streets during the day, and the ball at the opera-house at night, were the pith of N——'s report, and after *déjeuner* — (second *déjeuner* of course) — or at about half-past one, we sallied forth from our hotel to see — what was to be seen.

We passed down the avenue of the Champs Elysées, which was already crowded. All Paris was out of doors, and, with eyes turned towards the street, seemed expectant of some great sight. We waited with the multitude for some time, but, after watching a rather poor procession of people dressed up in grotesque costumes, we made for the Boulevards, where, as N—— had been instructed, was the grand rendezvous. At about every fourth house on our way, men with faces purple, and eyes watering with their exertion, were "blowing up the trumpet in the new moon," as M—— expressed it. From the Madeleine to the Château d'Eau, every balcony that commanded a view of the street was thronged, the cafés crammed, and the footpaths choked by "the many-headed," all waiting to see the fun. The *fun* appeared to us exceedingly small and totally inadequate to the number of persons assembled to witness it, a mere repetition of what we had seen already. Occasionally, carriages containing some young people in tights, and men in masked costume, and, now and then, a car, on which deities were personified, — Bacchus with a painted face, and Venus with some children (carrying silver-paper bows and arrows) for Cupids, being the favorites, — drove slowly past, and then a crush would be made on all sides to catch a glimpse of them, and a murmur of applause would run through the crowd. But a small amount of sight-seeing goes a long way in Paris, as any one who has noticed the immense concourse which a Punch and Judy show will draw together, will admit.

At five o'clock, finding that the gayety of the scene did not compensate for the annoyance of the crowd, we took a cab and returned with the string of carriages, at funeral pace, to our hotel. We there found our friend still busily employed in "blowing up the trumpet in the new moon." He had not changed his position in the balcony, and the tune — a sort of combination of a bugle-call and the ending bar of a Gregorian chant — had not varied. I have not much knowledge of wind instruments, but if the exertion of blowing bears any sort of proportion to the effect produced, his exhaustion by this time must have been tremendous. I suppose it does not, for he was quite at his ease, and appeared to have only just got his second wind.

But that I may not weary the reader with uninteresting details, let me at once proceed to the grand business of the day — the Bal Masqué. M—— asserted his right of turn to make a visit of inquiry to the bureau, and was informed by the agreeable young lady that to-night the whole of Paris would be dancing somewhere; that there were private *ordinary* balls, as distinguished from bals masqués; private bals masqués, and public bals masqués for the entertainment of the aristocracy, the middle classes, &c., &c., whilst the lower orders would disport themselves at such places as Tivoli — Wauxhall, or gardens which correspond to our Cremorne. She further told him that cards for a private ball had been left for us by our neighbors at the *table d'ho'e*. M——, however, replied that we had set our heart on the grand public ball at the opera-house. The young lady highly applauded our decision, said we should find it the greatest fun in the world, and declared she would give her eyes to go too.

My friends were nothing loath to acquiesce in my suggestion that we should consider ourselves for the nonce good Catholics who had fasted for three weeks, and seconded my vote that we should make up for our abstinence by dining together in a *récherché* manner at the Palais Royal.

I am bound to say none of us spared the champagne, and whether it was from the exhilarating effects of the wine, or the prospect of so novel a treat, at any rate, we started off to the opera at midnight in the highest spirits. We paid ten francs each for an entrance (a lady's ticket is twelve francs, and she is not admitted unless in domino); a gentleman may either go in evening dress, unmasked, or in costume.

On entering the door which leads, by means of some steps, to the *parterre* of the theatre, a spectacle was presented to us which is hardly to be described. The pit was boarded over so as to be on a level with the stage (a stratagem, by the bye, which is said to have first occurred to a Carmelite friar — was he in the habit of attending this pandemonium in mask, I wonder? From what I saw, I should hardly judge it to be a suitable place for a dignitary of the church, and cannot but regard the fact of his applying his ingenuity to such a purpose, as an indication that the thoughts of the holy man were sometimes riveted with too great an intensity on things mundane). We stood for some seconds stunned, as it were, by the sudden change from the darkness to a blaze of light, by the crash of the music after the comparative quiet outside, by the brilliancy of the scene, and the grotesque appearance of the actors. Below, where the dancers were, a variegated mass, containing every tint of the rainbow, was whirling in and out and round and round like the ever-changing pictures of a kaleidoscope without their symmetry. Comic figures dancing fantastic *pas seuls* by themselves; nymphs in short dresses and tights, bare as to their arms, and just a trifle more *décolletées* than would perhaps come up to our English idea of what is becoming; droll military men with gilt helmets and exaggerated plumes; boatmen in picturesque jerseys; young men dressed up as ancient satyrs; Neptunes dancing with mermaids; gods with goddesses; bottle-noses and funny masks everywhere. In one quadrille party I noticed personations of Bacchus, a chimney-sweep, a ghost, and a baboon. It is "the thing" for every mask on making its *entrée* to address a few words or gestures of greeting to the company, who, if his "get-up" pleases them, return his salutation with applause.

What struck us even more than the masks of the dancers was the dancing. No meaningless "walking through" the quadrilles for them, thank you! They moved with delirious joy to every single quaver of the music. It seemed impossible for them to keep still. The girls, with their arms above their heads, swayed and bent their lithe bodies with the motions of their "twinkling feet," their lips smiling with delight, and their eyes sparkling through their black dominos, like animated diamonds, upon their happy partners, who, with jumps and original capers, were equal to the occasion. The thud of the feet in concert at the occasional clashes of the band, and the little laughs of pleasure as the partners caught each other for the gallop round, gave one some idea of the earnestness of their joy. I had never before seen such universal good temper and high spirits in so large an assembly. Our own spirits caught the infection,

and, I confess, an irresistible desire came over me to join in the dance myself. I felt competent to kick up my heels with the vivacity of the best of them, and was only deterred by observing that no one in evening dress was amongst the dancers. Imagining, therefore, that it was contrary to etiquette for the unmasked to do any thing but look on, I restrained my saltatory desires, and resolved to say nothing about them to M—— or N——, who, I feared, would not be withheld by any such considerations.

Curiously enough, however, the same eagerness to be joining in the fun had possessed M—— and N——, without any suggestion on my part. After the next dance I saw them whispering to each other, and then M—— declared, aloud, he could stand this inactivity no longer — that he and N—— were going out to get masks — would I come, too. "No," I replied somewhat hypocritically, "I do not care to make a fool of myself, but I have no objections to watching you two do so, and will help you to choose a costume."

We asked a doorkeeper where we could obtain dresses; to which question he replied, shrugging his shoulders, "that it was somewhat late in the day to be thinking of our costume — that the shops had been all shut some hours;" — as an after-thought, he added, "that a friend of his, who dealt in such things, would probably wait upon us if we rang him up at a private door."

We took the address, tipped him, and went our way. The mask-dealer was in; but, alas! such had been the demand for dresses that he had but one left — *that of a dragon!* I looked at the dress, and then at my friends. Would either of them have the courage to take upon him such a disguise? I asked the man how he came to make such a thing? — whether the wearer would not be calculated to strike terror, rather than love, in the heart of his partner? — whether he would be admitted at all amongst a bevy of fair damsels; or, if he were, whether he would not run the risk of some French St. George's coming and punching his head, in a fit of gallantry?

"No," the man said, nothing of the kind was to be anticipated. A *bal masqué* "was a sort of happy family, where Greeks and Trojans might meet without bloodshed — where sheep might wander with impunity amongst wolves — where fair and tempting damsels did not fear the dragon."

He then held the dress up temptingly, and drew our attention to the manner in which the scales of the beast (formed of pieces of tinsel-paper) glittered in the gas-light. He assured us, on his honor, that the only reason it had not been sold already was that the tail was a little inconvenient for dancing, but that we should find it a becoming dress, and uncommonly taking with the *jolies petites*.

My friends, on hearing this, declared they had no objection to it at all, and immediately tossed up a sou to decide who should be the happy dragon. The lot fell to M——, who speedily donned it.

"The dress is not complete without this head-piece of horns, and a mask," said the man; "but I do not recommend the mask — you will find it hot and troublesome. I will paint your face, instead: it will be equally effective; the color is easily removed by a little soap and water."

This was soon accomplished, and was so effective as to terrify me. Indeed, I was not sorry that I was not alone with M—— in the cab that drove us back, for the way was dark, and the occasional gleam of a gas-lamp revealed a visage and appearance that I have always associated with that of the foul fiend himself. Fortunately, M—— possesses none of that self-consciousness which would have spoiled *my* pleasure under the same circumstances. His *entrée* into the arena of masks was hailed with approval; and in a few minutes — having secured a prettily-dressed Swiss milkmaid for his partner — he was dancing as energetically as any one in the room.

N——, though balked of his costume, was not disposed to remain a mere spectator. He proposed a visit to the *foyer* where, as he had been given to understand, all the quiet flirting was carried on. I assented, and we entered a large hall whose appearance, were it not for the smiles, the animated chattering, and the occasional peals of mirth, would have been very lugubrious. With a few exceptions every one was in black. The gentlemen in plain evening clothes, the ladies in black dresses, hoods, and dominos. The latter is a most effective mask, and by no means a becoming one — it would spoil the most beautiful eyes in the world. The ladies in the *foyer* are strictly incognito, and known only to their friends by a small shred of colored ribbon or silk in their dress. They are mostly ladies who have come, escorted by gentlemen, to see the fun, or to mingle in it themselves. The spirit of intrigue pervades the whole of this chamber, and laughter-loving Aphrodite reigns supreme. Badinage of all sorts passes continually between men and masks, and masonic signs of an amatory nature are shot from eye to eye.

I was intent on making these observations, when, turning round to speak to N——, I found he was no longer by my side. I walked back a few steps, and discovered him sitting on a *fauteuil*, talking, as glibly as his broken French permitted him, with a lady, who, contrary to the general rule, was dressed entirely in white: her dress was of white satin, her shoes, her silk hood, and her mask. "La véritable Dame Blanche!" * as a young Frenchman at my side remarked. A sweetly-smiling lip, a dimpled chin, flashing teeth, and a graceful figure, were sufficient to show that she was a very lovely woman, and I was able to gather from the murmurs around me that my friend was considered a happy man. I do not know how N—— introduced himself; perhaps the acquaintance originated by the masonic signs spoken of above; at any rate he was now on the best of terms with her. The lady had only just come, and soon a little bevy was collected round them. "Have you seen 'La Dame Blanche'? No! Let us come then, and see her," was what I heard on all sides.

I began to feel a little lonely on the *fauteuil* all to myself. Perhaps, in my heart of hearts, I was sorry that I had not a dragon's costume, like M——'s, or a "white lady" to talk to, like N——. I do not think it was jealousy, but I now began to consider that all this was not right. My friends were three years younger than I, fresh from the cloisters of Oxford, and inexperienced in matters of the world. Was it not my duty to expostulate with them on the troubles into which these intrigues might lead them? Below, in the *parterre*, was M——, "kicking up behind and before," like the "old Joe" of nigger celebrity; above, in the *foyer*, was N——, making love to a mysterious white lady.

I looked towards the seat where the latter were sitting. Why, great heavens! Three French gentlemen approach and address her. Perhaps her husband and two brothers! . . . She hides her face with her fan. . . . She is blushing at detection. . . . How will it end? . . . What will poor N—— do? . . . With the utmost *sang-froid* he is putting the three men aside, and whispering in his partner's ear. What madness. He has been taking champagne, unknown to me! . . . The thing will end in a duel! . . . No!—the Frenchmen laugh. . . . One of them kneels to her. . . . N—— kneels too. . . . Why, they are making a public declaration of love to her, one against the other! . . . I can hear N——'s passionate appeal, half in English, half in French. . . . The Parisian is defeated! . . . "La Dame Blanche" gives N—— her hand. . . . He kisses it! . . . The people round applaud. . . . He leads her off in triumph to supper.

"Thank heaven we are quite unknown here!" I ejaculated fervently, as I wiped my forehead and heaved a sigh of relief at the narrow escape I imagined I had had, of becoming a second in a disagreeable affair.

"Bon soir, Monsieur X——," exclaimed a voice at my side.

I started, as though I had been shot. A lady in black, and very closely masked, was sitting by me, and seemed preparing for a *tête-à-tête*.

"Bon soir, madame!" I replied; and then a conversa-

* "La Dame Blanche" is the name of a popular operetta that was being performed at that time at the Opéra Comique.

tion took place in French, of which the following is a pretty accurate translation: —

"You are envying your lucky friend with the 'Dame Blanche,' — is not this?" she asked.

"No," I replied. "But how did you know he was my friend? Have you seen him with me? or have I had the honor of meeting you before any where?"

"I have seen him with you, but I knew before. You must know I am a *sorcière*, and know every thing!"

"In verity? Then can you tell fortunes?"

"Certainly. Shall I tell yours?"

"I should like to have faith in you first. Can you tell things that *are* — that *have* happened already, for instance?"

"In some cases."

"Then tell me a little about myself."

"Give me your hand." She took it in hers, which were small and as white as milk. (I began to feel less lonely than when I was watching N——.)

"You are twenty-four years old, *par exemple*. Your birthday was the day before yesterday."

"True," I said, in amazement; "quite true."

"You are not engaged."

"No."

"You live at Seaborough."

"Yes."

"Your sister lives there. You are extremely fond of your sister."

"Yes," I replied, in still greater amazement. I happen to be far fonder of my sister than is usual. We are twins, which perhaps accounts for it. I am not, I need hardly say, a believer in necromancy; and the mention of this particular circumstance by one whom I had never, to my knowledge, seen before, puzzled me extremely.

"How long have I been in Paris?" I asked.

"A fortnight."

"Where am I staying?"

"At the Hotel de C——, near the Arc de Triomphe."

"Tell me the number of my room, and I will believe in you. . . ."

"That finds itself more difficult," she said, smiling. "Let me look into your eyes."

She looked into my eyes. I felt uncommonly like Uncle Toby when the Widow Wadman did the same thing to him. She still held my hand in hers.

"Thirty-eight!" she cried, after a pause.

"You are indeed a sorceress," I replied. "Now for my fortune."

"I can only give you the general circumstances. The particulars keep themselves secret. You are rich, and will be richer. You will marry one who has not much money, but it will be a very happy marriage."

"Thank you," I replied; "that is quite enough. Do not spoil it by any prophecy of evil."

"There is my friend, who is coming to take me to supper," she said. "You will come too; is not this?"

I accepted the invitation with pleasure. The friend was a merry, jovial fellow; and I have never enjoyed a supper more.

"It is only fair you should take off your mask at supper," I said to the mysterious lady. "All the world does that. Besides, it is evident that you know me; and I am most curious, I confess, to know who *you* are."

"I would not take it off on any account," she answered.

"Nor tell me who you are?"

"Nor tell you who I am."

"Then I must rest content," I replied; and her *chaperone* began to talk about the "Dame Blanche," whom it seemed no one could identify.

It was about four o'clock when we returned to the ball-room.

"Let us see how your friend monsieur the dragon carries himself," said the lady.

"Why, you know every thing!" I cried.

Others besides ourselves had taken supper. We found the hilarity amongst the dancers extreme. The "Cancan" was raging furiously. Those who had pretty faces had discarded their dominos altogether. Weary nymphs reclined on the benches and against the wall.

But where was M——? It was some time before I could find him; and when I did, alas!

"How wert thou fallen, Lucifer, son of the morning!"

In the first place, he had found his tail so great a burden that, at the suggestion (as I afterwards heard) of the company, he had cut it short, and now presented a similar appearance to that of a dog or cat who has been caught in a trap. In the second place, his scales of tinsel-paper had almost all come off, and he now looked as unhealthy and demoralized a dragon as one would wish to see. In the third place, the perspiration on his face had smeared the paint into a confused red and yellow tint very ghastly to look upon.

We were bemoaning the draggled condition of this once *debonnaire* monster when we were saluted by N——, who asked us in a piteous tone if we had seen "La Dame Blanche." It seems she had left him like a flash of lightning, and was nowhere to be found. From the dazed look of my friend's face I rather think he suspected something supernatural with regard to the mysterious lady and her more mysterious disappearance.

My companion and her friend now bade me good-night, and as the ball closed at five, we summoned M——, who was nearly dead with fatigue, and returned to our hotel.

* * * * * * * * *

I did not get up the next morning (or, rather, the *same* morning) till twelve o'clock. I called on my way to breakfast at the bureau to ask if there were any letters for me. The young lady was not at her post, but as I knew that she kept the letters concealed beneath her book of figures, I ventured to lift the ponderous volume. I found there — not a letter — but a domino! . . . *the* domino of the *petite sorcière* who had told my fortune a few hours ago! I knew it at once by a tear on one side.

As I was standing with the mask in my hand, its owner entered. She looked first at the domino, and then at me, and started — and then blushed.

I felt a guilty thing. "I hope you will not think me very inquisitive," I faltered. "I found this quite by accident. I was looking for a letter." . . .

"How careless of me to leave it about," she replied, stamping her foot. "However, you have found me out."

"Yes. How stupid of me not to have guessed before."

"Not stupid at all. You have never come here to talk to me. Your friends would have known my voice directly." She said this rather reproachfully, I thought.

"But Monsieur N—— was with us at the last."

"I did not speak after he came, and left almost directly afterwards."

"Do you wish me to keep it a secret?"

"Ah! *n'importe*," she said, smiling, and with a coquettish shrug of the shoulders; "I am not ashamed of it. My brother knew I wished to go, and came in the evening and brought me a domino, and took me under his protection. It was capital fun, was it not?"

"I enjoyed it immensely. But how came you to know so much about me? — that it was my birthday the day before yesterday, for instance?"

"Because you gave your friends champagne at dinner, and they wished you 'Many happy returns of the day.'"

"What made you think I was very fond of my sister?"

"Because your letter yesterday to her required double postage. You must be very fond of your sister to write such a long letter to her in Paris, where there is so much to do."

"You are very clever indeed," I replied. "But I fear the fortune you were kind enough to foretell for me will not come true. I am not rich, as you said."

"The wish was father to the thought, monsieur," she replied, making me a courtesy.

She made it so prettily that I took her hand. "May I tell you *your* fortune?" I asked.

"Merci bien! mais non!" she cried, drawing her hand away. "We are no longer at the bal masqué. Allons!

Do you not see that Mi-Carême is over and it is Lent again?"

Mademoiselle was right: we had had our fun, and it was time to put by the toys. Here, too, is the postman, with a letter telling me I must be back to my work in England earlier than I expected. Well, we have had a pleasant trip, and our work will be all the better for it. M——, who is to be a surgeon, will walk his hospital with more energetic strides for having danced as a dragon: N——, who is going to the bar, will read his Blackstone with a clearer head for his escapade with "La Dame Blanche:" Mademoiselle is already adding up her rows of figures with renewed vigor after her frolic; and I hope *my* work will not prove worse for a harmless flirtation with an unknown domino.

THE CALVARY OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

I.

THERE is on the coast of Normandy the very charming fishing-village of Cabrin. There are many fishing-villages dotted along the coast between Honfleur and the mouth of the River Vire; but some of these have grown into fashion, and others are too squalid to be called charming. Cabrin is already beginning to lose some of its charms. Parisians have discovered that the bathing is even better here than at Trouville; and in the autumn months, instead of the pretty fisher-girls in their quaint striped petticoats, now high-heeled dames, with parasols and many-colored costumes, walk up and down the Plage, or sit under a pink-and-white awning, knitting and flirting in the shade.

But much of Cabrin keeps its old charm — that special charm of freshness which much contact with the outer world is sure to destroy, both in persons and places. How strange it is that we take such pains to destroy all we value! In this age the old recipe of "a little wholesome neglect" seems forgotten.

Madame Robin's cottage may have been standing since the days of Duke William. It has two storys, and a shingled roof which time and weather have buffeted up and down, almost into the line of beauty; in its hollows it shows brilliant color — yellow stonecrops and huge green houseleeks. Here and there vine-branches strain up to the eaves and reach them. Madame Robin has had these trained round the upper windows; for she does not allow so much as a leaf to display itself on the bare brown stems that make a map of the whitewashed walls below. Outdoor grapes are of no market value compared with the golden, downy-cheeked apricots, and the wealth of tawny, green, and crimson plums that lie basking there. It is not a mere straight wall, either; the parlor, with a bedroom atop, comes forward boldly from the middle of the house, and so leaves a snug corner on each side. The fragrance of the mignonette comes from these corners, and overpowers the orange star-like marigolds behind; and the wall below the apricots is covered with jasmine, like silver among the dark-green leaves. There is an entrance to the cottage on the left of this projecting bit — a doorway with osiers arched over it to form a porch. The lovely leaves and tendrils of an immense gourd lie lazily over this, — so lazily that it seems as if they are basking in the sunshine, — while from under the leaves the turban-like fruit peeps out.

Madame Robin sits in a high-backed wicker chair just outside this porch. She never sits beneath the gourd when the turbans have grown any size, though her factotum, Sophie Migneaud, ridicules her, and says that even if a gourd did fall on her head her skull would prove the tougher of the two.

"Sophie is almost always right," says Madame Robin; "but I can't trust my head to an almost: she may be wrong for once; so I sit outside."

She sits outside now, her carpet shoes planted firmly on the slate-colored path, shredding lettuces into the wire basket on her knees. She is hot, for the sun shines full on her round, fat, red face, until he leaves his reflection there. Presently she leaves off shredding, pushes a cap-string over each shoulder, and says, "Pouf!"

"Aha!" Such a shrill piping voice, that, though she is used to it, fat Madame Robin gives a start that overturns the wire basket and scatters the green shreddings around. "Did I not tell thee it would be too much in the sun to sit there, my friend? The salad and thou will be baked together. Allons donc! what art thou about?"

Almost with the last words there comes suddenly round the corner of the cottage a tiny old woman, with a face like that of a brown monkey; the small, black, restless eyes and skinny, claw-like hands are in a perpetual quiver of motion; a dark-brown gown fits her closely, and a brown gauze cap comes forward so as almost to touch the black velvet band across her wrinkled brown forehead. She points to the scattered lettuce-leaves and laughs.

Madame Robin looks uneasy.

"Pick up the salad, Sophie. Thou knowest that I sit here to wait for the child. She may come any minute."

Madame Migneaud puts her head on one side and smiles — at least the wrinkles round her mouth deepen, and her small, black, restless beads of eyes wink repeatedly. Her old friend and patroness is a perpetual amusement to Sophie Migneaud. "It is natural that she should this day try to appear dignified and wise," says her sarcastic companion, "when she is going to commit so great a folly. Why need she take Louise home to live with her? The girl was disinherited because of the disobedience of her parents. It is always a mistake to upset plans. My Emile would make a much better heir to Madame Robin than her granddaughter will; or, as I said a month ago, let Louise be at once promised to Emile, and then the affair is arranged."

All this to herself, as she picks up the salad with her nimble claws of hands. Her quick ears hear the wheels of the diligence before the sound reaches Madame Robin. Sophie Migneaud has resolved not to say any more on her nephew's behalf. He shall speak for himself; but a great dread comes upon her — the dread that even now, in this short journey from St. Roque, Louise's pretty face may have gained her a lover — a lover, too, who may prove acceptable to Madame Robin as the husband of her granddaughter. The brown face twitches till it looks uglier than ever. She determines to make one more appeal.

"My friend," — she clutches at madame's ample black sleeve with her skinny fingers, — "I may, then, present Emile to Louise as the husband thou hast chosen?"

She speaks just too late to get an answer. The grandmother hears the approach of the diligence, and scrambles to her feet; she is already waddling down to the gate, with the reddest and happiest face imaginable.

Next minute she has flung both arms round Louise. Madame Migneaud can just make out a flounced white skirt with black edgings, and a straw hat lying on the grandmother's ample shoulder.

The grimace on Sophie Migneaud's face is not pleasant to look at.

"Bah!" she says at last, and she looks smoother as she says it. "What a coward I am! I am a match for any one. Is it, then, likely that an imbecile old woman and a silly simpering schoolgirl can thwart my will? They shall pay for it if they try. Chattering fool!"

This is her comment on the shower of tender petting names which Madame Robin lavishes on the young girl. Louise hugs her grandmother in return; but she gets free at last, and runs up to Madame Migneaud.

A tall, sunburnt girl, with a saucy nose and a wide mouth, a few brown freckles on her clear skin, and bright, laughing, dark eyes, she comes laughing to the old woman, holding out both hands.

"Eh bien, Sophie — here I am again, come to torment thee; and this time I am not going away, and I am too big to be whipped or locked up; so we must be friends, thou seest." She kisses the old wrinkled face, but there is no answering smile there.

II.

"Sophie!" — Madame Robin had gone back to her garden-chair, and called out to the old woman, who has taken Louise to her bedroom — "I forgot. We must have an omelet and a cake for supper. Monsieur Vermont is coming."

The little black eyes looked fierce and glittering. "Monsieur Vermont coming — and to supper! Ma foi, there has been already trouble enough in getting ready for Louise; and when I asked that Emile might come and see me, thou hast said it was not possible, thou must have Louise all to thyself. Hein!" Madame Migneaud came close up to her employer, and looked compellingly down in the unmeaning broad face.

Madame Robin felt a little frightened, but she had wits enough to know that Sophie's wrath could be turned aside by flattery.

"Ah ça!" she laughed. "A staid old bachelor like Monsieur Vermont will not come between me and my child; he will not so much as look at Louise; but with a fine tall youth like Emile it might be different." And then she once more struggled out of her chair and rolled into the house.

"Monsieur has certainly a gray beard, and he must be forty at the least," said Sophie, thoughtfully. "Well, if Louise were to marry him, she would not want her grandmother's money — it would be for me and my Emile. But then Emile has set his heart on Louise, and what the boy wants he shall have."

Louise was not in a mood to sit quietly beside her grandmother. She was so very full of happiness that the blood moved like quicksilver in her veins. She ran all over the house, praising every thing; and then she explored every nook of the garden, counted the peaches and gourds and nectarines, and vowed they had never looked so promising; finally she darted like a sunbeam into the little dark kitchen, and startled Madame Migneaud among her stewpans.

"Chut! Thou must be more peaceful, child. We might as well have a gale of wind in the house."

At which Louise smiled, nodded, and then, snatching at both of the brown arms, she made the old woman's elbows meet behind her back, and ran away to the parlor, screaming with laughter.

She threw her arms round her grandmother, kissed her on both cheeks over and over again, and at last sat down on a stool at her feet.

"Bonne maman," — she looked up in the old woman's face, — "why dost thou have that grave, solemn old landlord to supper the first day I come home? He is duller than our professor, more severe, though not quite so ugly — at least he was in the winter."

"Ugly! ma foi! Monsieur Vermont is a fine, good-looking man. He wrote to ask if he could speak to me on business to-night; but he is nothing to thee, my child."

Louise pouted a little.

"Sophie wanted me to ask Emile, but I would not."

Louise jumped up and hugged her grandmother. "Thou art an angel, bonne maman! I care not for Monsieur Vermont, but I detest Emile; he is so fat and stupid, and he has such round blue eyes and such shining red cheeks! — and I long to box his great ears when he looks at me."

"Chut! young girls must not talk in such a way when they have left school. Thou must like every one a little, my child."

"Only a little?" The girl's eyes sparkled with mischief. "Shall I love thee only a little then, bonne maman? And when I marry, shall I love my husband a little too?"

"A little love that lasts is better in marriage than much which changes!" the old woman sighed. "But, my child, what dost thou know of love? No young girl should even think of love till she marries, and then her husband is her teacher."

"I know nothing of love, except that I love thee," — she kissed the old woman's hand; "but I feel it, and I am sure I must love my husband before I marry him."

"Bah! bah! bah!" Madame Robin looked disturbed. "I don't know what the good sisters have been about that such ideas get into thy head."

"Bonne maman," — there was a sweet earnestness in the girl's face, more charming even than her mischief, — "the ideas were there of themselves."

Monsieur Vermont came punctually at eight o'clock. Madame Migneaud declared herself tired to death; so Louise waited on the supper-table.

Monsieur Vermont looked at her and thanked her, but he talked entirely to Madame Robin.

When Louise went up stairs to her little bedroom, she was no longer joyful, or even happy.

It was a bare little room, the walls whitewashed; there was not a bit of carpet on the deal floor; a bedstead, an *armoire* which served as table, a wash-stand, and a chair, made all the furniture; the only ornament was a black crucifix beside the bed. Outside the window, on the ledge, Madame Robin had placed two pots of scarlet geranium — "to keep the child bright," she said.

The girl looked round her. She sighed.

"I wonder if it is because the sunshine has gone," — she sighed again, — "but it seems as if it would be more dull here than at the convent. As to Monsieur Vermont, he is a stone. He could not have taken less notice of me if I really had been the servant of grandmamma. If he comes here often, I shall be rude to him. I said saucy things on purpose, but he never even smiled. He makes me feel wicked. I am silly to think of him at all."

She began to brush her hair impatiently, but she could not shut Monsieur Vermont from her thoughts. He looked so clever, and yet he was so silent; he was so courteous, and yet so horribly, impassibly grave; and though he had not spoken, she fancied he had listened to all her nonsense.

"He is a provoking puzzle," she said. Her face brightened. "Well, there will be some amusement in trying to make him out."

III.

The room was full of light next morning when Louise opened her eyes. She had no time to indulge the lazy, pleasant, vague sensation of wondering where she was, for in an instant she was conscious that she had not awakened naturally; some one was knocking at the door — steady, dull blows, repeated at regular intervals.

Louise was going to say "Come in," and then she remembered that neither Sophie nor her grandmamma would have used this ceremony. She got up, wrapped a shawl round her, and said, "Who is it?"

"It is me, Emile Bibot, and I have the honor to tell Ma'm'selle Louise that her grandmamma is ill — but very ill indeed. My aunt cannot leave Madame Robin, and my aunt has told me to say that she requires the assistance of ma'm'selle. Will Ma'm'selle Louise allow me to express my sympathy in her sorrow, and my devoted wish to do for her all that lies in my power?"

Even through the door the sentence sounded absurd; it was said so like a lesson.

"Thank you; please go away — that is all you can do just now."

"Oh, how detestable he is!" thought Louise. "Even without seeing him I feel inclined to laugh at him."

She dressed quickly, and she went to her grandmother's room. She had no experience of illness, and she went in as usual; but she stopped, frightened. Madame Robin lay very still and white; her eyes were closed.

Madame Migneaud stepped forward before the girl could speak, and led her outside the door.

"I do not want thee here," she said, "but down stairs. I have sent for the girl Constance, and she will do as she is bid; but I must stay here. It is possible she" — she jerked her head towards the door — "she will not recover; it is paralysis."

Pale and scared, Louise went down into the parlor. There she found tall, blushing, awkward Emile.

"Ma'm'selle, I assure you of my sympathy, of my devotion. Will not ma'm'selle tell me what I can do to prove

it?' He spoke as if his mouth was filled with gooseberries; he had already upset two chairs in bowing to Louise.

"Please go away, then; I want to be by myself," she said.

Emile got redder still, but he did not move.

"On the contrary, my duty is to stay with Ma'm'selle Louise."

She turned away to the window: she was too sorrowful to argue. It seemed to her that she had never known till now how much she loved her grandmother. "And she may die without ever speaking to me again!"

Along the window-ledge was a fringe of fuchsias and nasturtiums; these last sent trailing yellow wreaths, backed by the exquisite gray-green of their leaves, on the wall below. But Louise did not see them. She leaned her elbows on the fringed white cushion, and hid her face in her hands.

Her parents had died when she was twelve years old, and she had been placed with the sisters of the Convent du Bon Sauveur, in St. Roque. She had been well and kindly treated, but she had always been longing for the special love she had lost in her parents. She was frank and loving, but she did not love easily.

She stood crying quietly, resting both arms on the cushioned window-seat. But she was not lamenting her own fate as a desolate orphan; she was thinking, with bitter heartache, how cold a return she had made for her grandmother's lavish affection.

Madame Migneaud had told her nephew to make good use of his time with Louise, but Emile's love made him timid, and when he saw Louise crying his hair rose on his forehead with fright.

"Mon Dieu! She may faint!"—he grew pale, and rubbed his clammy hands together—"or she may have an attack of the nerves. What do I know, and how could I tell what to do with her?—and if I did not do just the right thing she would think me an idiot. Ciel! It is insupportable."

He grew faint as Louise's sobs grew deeper; at last he could bear no more. He stooped cautiously, drew off his boots, and slipped out of the room. At the cottage-door, to his discomfiture, he met Monsieur Vermont.

"I hear the doctor has been sent for. Who is ill in the house?" His quiet voice brought back Emile's calmness, for it was very new to the self-complacent youth to be disturbed, as he had now been, by the idea of having to assist at a fainting-fit.

"Bon jour, monsieur," he said. "It is Madame Robin; but my aunt is with her: you need not fear."

Monsieur said, "Thank you," and then stood aside to let Emile pass out; but the youth blocked up the doorway.

"I wish to speak to Mademoiselle Louise." Monsieur Vermont spoke as quietly as ever, but he moved forward.

"Oh, certainly!"—Emile's round colorless eyes twinkled till they looked like his aunt's—"certainly; I shall have the pleasure of taking monsieur to see Mademoiselle Louise." He turned and led the way.

Monsieur Vermont was not so tall as Emile Bibot, but he was better built. He put his hand on the youth's shoulder and pushed him aside.

"I need not trouble you," he said; "I want to see this young lady alone."

So many words came spluttering out of Emile's open mouth that the sound was like the gobble of a turkey-cock; but Monsieur Vermont went straight to the parlor, opened the door, and closed it after him.

"I'll go and tell Aunt Sophie, I will!" spluttered Emile. "How dare he shut himself up alone with my future wife? Allons! I will make the aunt send him away."

Louise turned round from the window. She looked surprised when she saw her visitor.

"Mademoiselle,"—he spoke in such a kind, soothing voice that the girl's tears began again,—"I am much grieved at this sad news." He waited, but she did not speak.

"Can I be of use to you? I think your grandmother would wish you to consider me a friend, and to ask me for all you want. I am the oldest acquaintance she has in Cabrin."

"You are very kind," Louise began, in a formal way, and then stopped. "Oh, monsieur! what I want is, to know if my grandmother will get well, and to be with her." She was clasping her hands now, and looking in his face with eyes full of entreaty.

"Have you ever nursed a sick person?" he said.

"No—oh, no! I could not be of use, but I could see her, and she could see me."

Monsieur Vermont looked grave. It seemed to Louise that he spoke more quietly than ever.

"I will speak to Madame Migneaud." He went up stairs, but when he came again he looked sad as well as grave.

"Well?" she said impetuously.

"I am afraid you must be patient, and you must not go into your grandmother's room. I trust she is better. She is rousing now, and any sudden excitement would be dangerous. I think she has a skilful nurse, and you may certainly trust our good doctor."

"But will she recover, monsieur?"

She bent her eyes so searchingly on his that he grew troubled.

"I hope so. She has had very good health till now, and that is in her favor."

He gave the girl as much comfort as he could, and then he went away.

IV.

A week passed. Emile Bibot was always at his post, making himself more and more necessary to Louise; this was the light in which he viewed his own attentions. He was persuaded that her ungraciousness was the result of extreme modesty. His old aunt confirmed him in this idea when she sometimes left the sick-room.

"Bah! bah!" she said; "thou oughtest to know by this time that when a woman says no she means yes."

At this Emile went back to his wooing, but he began to be puzzled. He tried to believe his aunt, but it seemed to him that every time he approached Louise her face showed stronger dislike. The days went by, dull and leaden. Louise thought that the flowers had lost their scent, the fruit its downy glow and color; perhaps her eyes had grown dim with constant tears. These days would have been too wretched to live through without the visits of Monsieur Vermont.

He seemed to know by instinct when she was alone. He did not talk much; he only staid a little time; but she grew to long for his visits with a feverish expectation. "There is such comfort in his smile!" she said. She was still forbidden to see her grandmother; but on the morning of the seventh day she at last met the doctor as he came down stairs.

"Ah, mademoiselle, I have good news." He spoke in answer to Louise's eyes, for the girl kept silence. "I shall not come again unless I am sent for, mademoiselle; my patient is better."

"But may I go to her?"

Dr. Bernard hesitated. He was skilful, but he was very prejudiced against interference.

"Well, she is but weak. If you had been there from the first it would have been different. I think you may be guided by Madame Migneaud."

Monsieur Vermont came that evening. He was rejoiced to hear the doctor's opinion.

"I am the more glad," he said, "because I am come to say good-by. I have business which calls me to Paris, and I should have been uneasy to leave my old friend so ill."

"You are going?" said Louise. Her voice was hard and choked. She was keeping a sob out of it.

"Yes; I go to-morrow. Will you come to the gate with me?"

He walked on slowly without speaking. It seemed to Louise as if her heart grew fuller every minute. "And he speaks so coldly! He cares no more for me than he did that first evening. But he has been so good!"

"Good-by." They were at the gate now. He smiled and held out his hand.

The girl's heart gave a great leap. She pressed his hand between both hers.

"I don't know how to thank you,' — she looked up sadly in his face, — "you have been so good to me!"

His features suddenly stiffened. He drew his hand away. "Adieu, mademoiselle!" and then he passed quickly through the gate.

"What have I done?" She blushed deeply. "I suppose he thinks me too forward."

She turned to go back into the cottage.

Madame Migneaud stood at the parlor-window.

There was a grin on the sly old face; she looked more monkey-like than ever.

"So monsieur is off to his fair widow, is he? I wonder if he brings her back this time with him?"

Louise felt giddy, as if a prop on which she was leaning had suddenly snapped.

"What do you mean, Sophie?"

"What I say. The business Monsieur Vermont has in Paris is to see a lady — Madame D'Albi — who is going to be his wife; that is all I mean. Now, if you will sit quite still, you may go to your grandmother."

Louise slunk away. She was cowed, full of shame and dismay; she felt like a thief. What had she been doing? Counting on Monsieur Vermont's sympathy and friendship, when he could have no feeling for her but pity. Of course every thing else belonged to Madame D'Albi. "And I held his hand in both mine!" said the girl, with a hot rush of shame to her forehead. "Oh! what can he think of me?"

She opened the door of her grandmother's bedroom and went in.

The pale, still face lying there with closed eyelids calmed her.

V.

Monsieur Vermont had been gone five days.

Sophie Migneaud affirmed that he would not return for a month, and Louise listened with a kind of sullen despair. She saw her grandmother every day now, but she was never left alone with her unless Madame Robin was sleeping. More than once Louise tried for mastery over Madame Migneaud, but she was too helpless to gain her point. She knew she could not manage the patient by herself, and so long as Sophie came into the room she would be mistress there.

On the night of this fifth day Louise had gone to bed more cheerfully. Emile had been absent all day. It was a relief to be freed from his silly talk and foolish, staring eyes. During the last few days he had grown more constant and familiar in his attentions, and Louise had tried in vain to offend him.

"I believe if I even struck him he would persist in persecuting me with his odious compliments. Oh, how I do hate him!"

She sat at her window looking out over the garden. It lay flooded in moonlight, which shone like hoar-frost on the little grass-plot. Two dark lines fell across this brightness — the shadows of the poplars in the road beyond. It seemed to Louise as if her life had grown into a hard, dark line; her grandmother an insensible invalid, and her only companion a man whom she disliked and despised.

She started and turned suddenly round; the room looked inky black after the light on which she had been gazing, but she was sensible of a soft creeping tread getting nearer and nearer.

"What is it?" she shrieked, in her terror; and then she saw Sophie's grinning, ugly face close to her own.

"Chut! for shame! How canst thou be such a child? I have come to fetch thee, Louise; thy grandmother is dying, and she has asked for thee."

The ague-like terror which had seized the girl returned; she caught at Sophie's arm as she followed her. Madame Migneaud went on silently to the sick-room.

Louise was startled to find this full of light. Madame Robin sat up in her bed, propped by pillows; her eyes were open, and there was a flush on her face. The girl Constance stood at the end of the room, her round eyes full of wonder, and near Madame Robin was Emile Bibot. His back was towards the door, but Madame Migneaud led Louise up beside him.

The girl went on till she was close to her grandmother. She thought death would be different from this. She had never seen it, but she had pictured it as something terrible and awful. She bent down and kissed the old woman's flushed cheek.

"Who is it?" Madame Robin's voice sounded hoarse, and her words came indistinctly.

"It is Louise. Thou hast something to say to her, old friend."

Madame Migneaud pushed Louise aside, and bent closely over the sick woman. She said something else, which Louise could not hear; but she heard her grandmother's answer, "Yes, yes — it shall be so;" and she saw the dull eyes fixed intently on her.

Hitherto all had seemed to the girl like a strange dream, in which she was taking a part against her will; but what came now was stranger still.

"Give her your hand," whispered the old Migneaud. And as Louise obeyed she felt the sick woman's clammy fingers closing round hers, and then both hands were in the clasp of Emile Bibot. It seemed as if he extricated her hand from her grandmother's, and kept it fast in his. But those dull eyes never left hers; they seemed to fascinate and hold her powerless. Again Madame Migneaud's head bent closely over the sick woman.

"Promise," said the broken voice of the dying woman; and the eyes seemed to enforce the word.

"I promise." And then Emile's fingers pressed hers yet more tightly; and with a sharp, sudden cry, Louise broke the spell that held her.

"No! no!" she called out loudly, in her terror. "I did not mean it! I promise nothing!"

"You are too late." Emile pointed to Madame Robin. Her eyes were closed, and her face looked set. "You cannot break a promise made to a dying woman."

"She is not dying! She will live!" Louise flung herself forward; but Emile dragged her from the bed.

"Silence!" — Madame Migneaud's voice was solemn now — "she is dead!"

VI.

When Louise awoke, she found herself lying, dressed, outside her own bed. A coverlet and some shawls had been thrown over her. She could not remember how she came there. And as she lay, trying to recall the strange, unreal scene she had acted in, it seemed to her that after Madame Migneaud's last words, she must have lost her senses; she could not remember any thing.

She was tired and unrefreshed. She bathed her aching eyes, and then she listened. "Surely it must be very early." The morning was dim and cloudy; she could not hear a sound in the house; and the girl Constance always came at six o'clock, and stumped about in her sabots over the tiled kitchen-floor.

The silence seemed strangely awful. There was not even a bird twittering under the eaves — only in the far-off distance, the low booming of the waves on the seashore.

With a deadly sickness at her heart, it came to Louise that she was, indeed, alone forevermore — alone, too, in the power of Sophie Migneaud and of Emile; and with this came a distinct remembrance of her promise. A wild terror seized her.

"Oh! who can save me?" Her only friend was far away.

She stood thinking, or trying to think — for terror was growing too strong for thought to be connected. She must run away at once out of that dreadful house, before she was a prisoner in it. It seemed to her, just then, that Madame Migneaud had power to make her do any thing. How else had she spoken those words last night? She caught up her shawl; she was looking for her hat, when a slight sound roused her.

In fresh terror she drew the shawl over her head, and

crept softly out of her room. There was, indeed, the silence of death in the house. A shuddering sob burst from Louise. Spite of her fear, it was very hard to forsake her grandmother. But she hurried on down the stairs, out of the door — which was always left unbarred, that Constance might get in easily — at last through the gate. Which way now? The one road led into Cabrin, the other to St. Roque.

"The good sisters will shelter me," she said; and she ran off towards the city, as if Emile were pursuing her.

She was out of breath, at last, and she paused to rest. She had left the cottage and all trace of Cabrin far behind. Before her stretched the road, like a shining yellow ribbon, with dusty banks on either side. Some way ahead, on the right, the bank rose in height till it looked down on the road below — a steep knoll, from which rose a towering crucifix.

"I shall feel safer beside that," she said.

By the time Louise reached the Calvary she was quite exhausted. She knelt reverently towards the Calvary, and then a new thought came.

"Why do I go on to St. Roque?" she said. "The good sisters think much of a pilgrimage to St. Sebastian. The dear suffering Jesus will be more pitiful than even the good sisters!"

She clambered up the steep bank to the paved ledge atop, and then mounted the flight of stone steps to the Calvary. The steps were worn and uneven with the tread of heavy-hearted souls, who brought their griefs to the Calvary of St. Sebastian.

VII.

While she knelt, Louise's heart grew hushed, as if a cool hand were laid on the burning, throbbing pain there. Her wild terror calmed. Why had she so despaired? Sophie and Emile could not make her marry against her will. She need only be firm and patient, and all would be well. She rose from her knees as she heard footsteps passing along the paved ledge. She looked quickly over her shoulder. Her shawl fell back. It was Monsieur Vermont, and he saw her.

Monsieur Vermont was beside her, holding her hand in his, his face full of eager question, and yet Louise was stricken with a sudden dumbness.

It seemed to the girl that Madame D'Albi stood between her and her friend. What interest could he feel in her now? Ah! what interest had he ever felt in her? But Monsieur Vermont's direct question roused her: —

"Why are you here, and at this early hour, my child?" He held her hand fast, though she tried to draw it away. The wild look in her eyes startled him.

"I — I came away — I am so unhappy!" — She hesitated. "Grandmamma died last night, and I must go back to the convent."

"Why should you go back?" He spoke sternly. It was the best means he could have taken to call back her scattered wits.

"I cannot" — She stopped, and blushed painfully.

"Tell me why not; or is it because of your engagement to Monsieur Bibot?"

"I am not engaged." Louise drew her hand away in proud anger. "Listen, monsieur, and tell me if this is a promise. I detest Emile, and he has always known that I detest him; but last night Sophie came and fetched me to my grandmother, who was dying. Oh, monsieur, I did not think it was so near. Somehow my hand was put in Emile's hand, and I said, 'I promise;' but next moment I denied it, and then she died, and I don't remember any thing more."

Monsieur Vermont's face had grown sterner yet, and Louise stood trembling before him.

At last she could not bear the suspense. "Do not tell me it is a promise, and that it is a sin to break it," she said, wildly. "I must be sinful, then, for I will never marry Emile."

She looked up full of fear, but the sternness had left Monsieur Vermont's face. A bright smile shone over it.

"I believe this has been a trick," he said, "a wicked trick; and I think Madame Robin may be living still. Calm yourself, my Louise; you are not bound by such a promise as this. And Emile cannot have you, for I want you myself."

"You — but *you* are promised;" and then she hid her face in her hands.

"I suppose Madame Migneaud told you so? But you have more trust in me than in Sophie Migneaud, my child?"

He drew her hands gently away from her face, and kissed her blushing forehead.

It was as Monsieur Vermont had suspected. When the doctor saw Madame Robin, he declared that she had been thrown into a deep sleep by an overdose of the opiates which Madame Migneaud had been intrusted with for exceptional use, and thus the little scene which had so terrified Louise had been contrived to work upon her feelings. Madame Migneaud and her nephew had to leave Cabrin in hot haste; for it began to be hinted that but for Monsieur Vermont's timely return Madame Robin might not, after all, have recovered.

She is alive and well now, but she has forsaken the little whitewashed cottage, and lives with her grandchild in a large and pleasant château farther inland. She still sits out in the sunshine. She is very happy here, and takes the salad under her special care; and she spoils Monsieur Vermont's and Louise's children to her heart's content.

A PAGE OF FUTURE HISTORY.

IN one of the murkiest streets of Paris there lives a soothsayer who is descended from the great Nostradamus who predicted such strange things to Catherine of Medici; nay, if one were to believe his neighbors, he is perhaps that famous wizard in person. For a fee which is not excessive this mysterious man will kindly allow one a glimpse of things that will be *written* when we shall all of us be underground. We have laid a stress on the word *written*, for M. Nostradamus's power does not extend to things to be said or done, it is simply the gift of being able to read in the books and newspapers of the future. Thus, when he desires to know what will have become of England in a hundred years hence, he evokes the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 20th or 25th of February, 1972; when he feels curious as to the fate of France, he calls for the *Journal des Débats* of the same dates. A few nights ago three eminent Frenchmen, feeling concerned about the unsettled condition of their country's affairs, and having heard of M. Nostradamus's seercraft, resolved to pay him a visit, and as ten o'clock struck at the church adjoining M. Nostradamus's residence, the three gentlemen knocked at his door. They were — a very famous statesman, a general no less famous, especially with his pen; and a veteran journalist, who has publicly prided himself upon having an idea a day, though he has omitted to say whether these ideas are always good ones. The soothsayer, not expecting visitors at that late hour, opened to the party himself; but being a man of courtly ways, notwithstanding his wisdom, he no sooner heard the errand on which the callers were bent than he bowed gravely and requested them to walk in. They followed him, and were introduced into a chamber plainly furnished, and with nothing remarkable about it save a glass cage on the table, containing a toad. This toad was very remarkable, being five times the size of ordinary members of his race. The proceedings having commenced with the payment of fees, "I must premise," said M. Nostradamus, "that the power I wield is not mine but that toad's. He is a toad who sojourned during two thousand three hundred years, at the smallest computation, in a stone of the lesser Pyramid. Such as you see him, he was extricated from his confinement by a soldier of Bonaparte's army in 1799, and sold for a large sum of money to Mlle. Lenormand, prophetess to the Empress Josephine, from whom I had him after he had predicted, with striking accuracy, the defeat of Waterloo, which he had read in M. Victor Hugo's "Misérables" fifty years before

publication. "And can he read every thing?" asked the eminent journalist, much interested. "Every thing," answered the soothsayer; and saying this, he opened the cage's door, upon which the toad hopped out and stationed himself on a clean ream of foolscap close to a miniature inkstand and a small bundle of crowquills. "The toad's way," proceeded the soothsayer, "is to read in the books of the future which are invisible to us, and to make copies of the extracts required of him with one of those crow-quills. He writes an excellent hand." And as he spoke the toad drew one of the quills from the bundle, and tried the nib of it on the table-cloth; then he displayed himself sprawling-wise on the foolscap in a convenient attitude for writing, and croaked to intimate that he was ready. "Excuse me — one moment," interposed the journalist, at this juncture; "do you know who we are?" "I have that honor," answered the soothsayer, bowing. "Well, then," replied the journalist, "I hope you — that is, Monsieur the Toad — will see the necessity of reading in none but very trustworthy histories. We wish to hear the relation of this year's events treated by the best historian of fifty years hence; but, mind, he must be the very best." "Certainly," rejoined the soothsayer, "but I may say in a general manner that the historians of the future will be more accurate than those of our day. The bitter experience we have gained by following the counsels of writers who have studied only to flatter our national vanity at the expense of truth" — But here he stopped, for the eminent statesman, growing very red, was making a violent use of his pocket-handkerchief; seeing which, the soothsayer colored at his own *lapsus linguæ*, and called hastily upon the toad to do his duty. For the next half-hour nothing was heard but the rhythmical crackle of the crow-quill on the foolscap, with occasional interruptions when the toad dipped his pen in the inkstand or paused to make a comma or a full stop; for he was very particular in his punctuation. When he had reached the end of the page he laid down his pen and hopped back into his cage. The soothsayer took up the paper, and one might have heard a gnat fly as he cleared his throat and began: —

"At that time France, feeling tired of being kicked about like a football between contending factions, and having had enough of the rule of superannuated statesmen, the squabbles of incompetent generals, and the inflated paradoxes of ignorant journalists, took a great resolution. It is not quite clear whence this resolution sprang, but soon the conviction flew from town to village and from village to city that the moment had come for putting an end once and for all to discussions concerning who should rule, and how he should rule." "That's what I have said long ago," interrupted the statesman. "I declared in the tribune only yesterday that if they would leave it all to me" — "Hush!" chorused the general and the journalist; and the soothsayer continued: "Instantly, and as though by magic, committees were formed in every commune to elect delegates to the towns, who in their turn nominated deputies to the cities, who in their turn appointed a National Committee of Twelve, who were empowered to award the Government of France on the sealed tender system to the pretender who should make the most satisfactory bid, and bind himself to accept all the reciprocal conditions which the National Committee should lay down. Proclamations to this effect were posted on all the dead walls of the country, heralds were despatched into the highways to convoke all pretenders to appear in person at the Palais d'Industrie, Paris, with their sealed tenders, on a certain day; and, pending the final result, the Government was vested in the Committee itself, which was instructed to rule on liberal principles, but instantly to lock up any journalist who made objections." "I protest against that arrangement," exclaimed the eminent journalist hotly; "when the time comes I shall certainly make objections." "Pardon me," observed the soothsayer, "here follows the list of the Committee, and you are on it." "Ah, that is another matter," replied the journalist, smiling, "pray go on." And M. Nostradamus proceeded: "After a time it was found that the pretenders promised to be inconveniently numerous — a very host, in fact; so the Committee decided that those only should be eligible who were members of a royal or imperial family, who had held the office of Cabinet Minister, or who had figured on the roll of a Provisional Government.

"On the morning of the competition all Paris was astir at an early hour to see the procession pass, for the Committee had not forbidden that the pretenders should parade with a certain pomp, and each naturally appeared with the surroundings he thought best calculated to charm the public eye. The Emperor Napoleon III. was the first to appear, and was preceded by three henchmen, the one carrying his uncle's gray topcoat, the second one his uncle's hat, and the middle one a tame eagle. Behind came semi-official journalists with proof-slips of their own articles artistically sewn to their garments, and, closing the procession, Marshal LeBœuf with a plan of the campaign of Sedan, proving indisputably that the French ought to have won, and would have done so but for the Republicans. Not less bravely accoutred was the Count of Chambord, who rode in mediæval armor with the oriflamme of Joan of Arc to his right, the banner of Fontenoy to his left, and M. de Villemessant, editor of the *Figaro*, stalking on ahead and crying, 'Place à mon Roi — mon Roi à moi!' The Count of Paris was less splendid, but his personal adjustments had not been devised without a view to effect; for, going on foot, he carried a gingham umbrella, and cheer upon cheer rang out from the commercial element among the spectators at sight of this familiar symbol. M. Thiers appeared on the tallest horse in all Paris, and was preceded by ten grocers' apprentices, who carried each a volume of his 'History of the Revolution,' and followed by five soldiers with wooden legs, each armed with a volume of the 'History of the Consulate and the Empire,' and notices on their breasts stating that it was owing to these valuable volumes they had enlisted, and had lost their legs as above said. The procession was closed by MM. Blanqui and Félix Pyat walking fraternally side by side with projects for the general decapitation and reconstruction of society under their arms. It was exactly noon as the last candidate stepped over the threshold of the Palais d' Industrie, and upon the exhibition of his credentials obtained admittance. Then the twelve members of the Committee being all in their places and the representatives of the native and foreign press in theirs, and all other spectators having been rigorously excluded, with the exception of a lady who, having somehow got in, declined to go out, on the ground that she held for women's rights — i.e., the right of women to do what they pleased — the proceedings were formally inaugurated. The President of the Committee begged leave to say a few words. 'They were all met there,' he said, 'to award the government of France to the best bid, but it was an understood thing that the candidate whose offer was accepted would be tied down to the strict fulfilment of his contract by certain conditions which he would now specify. The conditions were simply these: As it was essential that the selected candidate should be guaranteed against all molestation or attempts at sedition on the part of his rivals, each of the unsuccessful candidates would, on leaving that room, be instantly transported to some place of abode which he himself should designate, and there be detained at the public expense and with good food for the remainder of his natural life. Further, as the nation had been so repeatedly hoaxed by pretenders, who ascended the throne with charters in their hands, which they threw to the winds as soon as they were fairly installed, the new ruler, whoever he was, should be under the occult supervision of three cooks, who should judge his acts impartially in their kitchen, and on the day when any act of his should not tally with the promises made in the sealed tender, they would, acting at their discretion, avenge the country without fuss or trouble by seasoning his soup with prussic acid. Of course, it would be arranged that the cooks should all be men with five and twenty years' good character, and in order that no unworthy influences might be brought to bear upon them, they should be kept confined in their kitchen on handsome wages; but, on the other hand, the ruler would be strictly forbidden to eat of any thing not prepared in that kitchen.

Any candidate not agreeing to the foregoing conditions might still retire if he did so within the next five minutes; but once and for all, any candidate who now withdrew, and who should at any ulterior date put in a claim for the throne, would be poisoned in whatever land he might be lurking by some secret agents, who would on their return to France receive a free pardon and a pension out of the public taxes.' It was five and twenty minutes past twelve when the President closed his statement, and by half-past twelve the hall had been vacated by all save two candidates, the Count of Paris and M. Thiers. Walking up to the dais and speaking in the President's ear, the Count pointed out that under a constitutional monarchy it was the Prime Minister who would be responsible, and he asked whether, in the event of any thing going wrong, it was not that functionary who would eat the prussic acid. Simultaneously M. Thiers, who had overheard something of his Royal Highness's words, answered, 'No, it was the king who would eat the acid all the same. But,' added he, 'your Royal Highness need not be afraid, for I sink my own claims to the supreme power, and will bide content with the post of chief of your Cabinet, and with me at hand to advise, nothing, you may be sure, will ever go wrong.'"

"Well," asked the statesman, the general, and the journalist, springing up together, "what next?" "That's all the toad has copied," answered the soothsayer.

THE COMING COMET.

NERVOUS people, as it is credibly stated, have been put to great anxiety by the announcement which recently appeared in the papers, that a distinguished astronomer had discovered a monstrous comet rushing straight towards us with amazing rapidity from the remote abysses of space, and yet pursuing its course with as little tendency to deviation as though it were running upon rails. Some friendly planet might by possibility put forth a helping hand, and twist the approaching monster from its course, as the hero of a novel diverts the runaway steed just as it is about to crush the heroine. Good-natured astronomers have taken pains to explain that there is no such comet coming; that, if it were coming, it would be a very welcome visitor; and that we have already passed through a comet and found it less obnoxious than a London fog. The astronomers mean well, but they are terribly prosaic people. They ought surely to understand that they are robbing us of a lively pleasure. Have they not in their boyhood, — for even astronomers have been boys, — snatched a fearful joy from the ghosts and other supernatural dangers with which a childish imagination loves to people the dim borders of its little world? Would anybody willingly give up that delicious feeling of superstitious awe which was at once the charm and terror of his early years, and have all phantoms suppressed till the world should be no more haunted than a railroad station? Astronomers have already taken terrible liberties with the comet of our childhood. The huge fiery monster plunging through the sky with a death-dealing tail has been weighed and measured, and had, as it were, a mathematical hook put in his jaws, till his impressiveness has departed from him. We know the legend of Cuvier's descent into the infernal regions, and of his declaration that the horns and hoofs which terrified our infancy were unmistakable proofs of a graminivorous nature. Even so the comet has been lowered in popular estimation till our skies have become as empty of horrors as Hyde Park of tigers. Sir W. Thomson indeed was kind enough last autumn to revive some of our ancient alarms, and to assure us that some time or other the world would be smashed to atoms, like a bursting shell, by a fate as inexorable as that which will bring about a collision at a metropolitan junction. Of course his fellow-philosophers found fault with some of his details, for science is a remorseless enemy to poetry.

Let us, however, for a brief period, "dally with false surmise," and endeavor to return to the simple faith of a child. Let us imagine that the astronomer has really prophesied our approaching fate, and that the prophecy is correct. Within a few weeks we shall be able without the help of telescopes to see the little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, and fraught with omens more dreadful than have ever before affrighted the human race. It will grow, slowly at first, but afterwards with a rate of increase almost perceptible to our naked vision, till at last the whole sky will be lit up with the fiery portent. Night by night we shall watch its terrible growth, and before long it will be brilliant enough to outshine the sun itself. The temperature will rise to be first tropical, and then hotter than any thing that is endured in the hottest room of a Turkish bath. But the time during which we shall be conscious of excessive heat will be brief indeed. The two large bodies, plunging towards each other at a pace compared with which the speed of a cannon-ball is absolute rest, will crash into each other with a hideous collision. If we happen to be placed between two such antagonists, we shall not have time even for an ejaculation. The petty race of insects that crawls amongst the little excrescences on the earth's skin will be instantaneously dismissed from existence. On the other side of the world we shall perhaps have just one flash of sensation. We shall see the mountains, without any metaphor, skipping like rams, and be ourselves sent spinning into space just as the dust — to indulge in a humble simile — is knocked off the under side of a carpet by the blows upon its upper surface. For an instant we shall have a glimpse of the broken fragments of the earth starting off, each on its new career, to whirl through the universe, each bearing with it — so we shall remember on the faith of a president of the British Association — some minute germs to be planted, if they have good luck, on some distant planet, and there to begin over again that endless process of evolution which will have come to so summary a conclusion here. Or, if we please, we may contemplate another alternative, and suppose that we just miss the nucleus of the comet, but are wrapped in his fiery tail, which will turn oceans into steam, dissipate the eternal ice of the poles, and singe the world into the likeness of an American prairie after a fire. Nothing will be left but a vast surface of gray ashes, gradually to be converted into mud as the waters again condense and descend upon the depopulated planet. Alas! we cannot claim the eloquence which would be necessary to do justice to such tremendous catastrophes. Milton writing under the superintendence of Dr. Cumming might possibly be equal to the task of describing the complete and instantaneous ruin of a world; but Nature is not prodigal; she only gives one such mind at a time.

We have ventured to suggest the bare outlines of a purely imaginary picture which our readers must fill up for themselves. It is rather curious to inquire what would be the state of our minds if such a catastrophe could really be predicted on scientific grounds, and we were really to believe the men of science. It is necessary to notice this last condition, for it is highly probable that we should resolutely decline to believe any thing so unpleasant. There are limits to one's faith, even in mathematics, and we should insist upon our prophets prophesying smooth things, even if they had to twist a few laws of nature for the purpose. But let us imagine that this difficulty is surmounted. If we were all really convinced that at 4 o'clock, P M., Greenwich time, on the next 12th of August the whole human race and its dwelling-place would be summarily knocked to atoms, what would be the effect on our minds? The most natural supposition is perhaps that the whole course of affairs would be thrown out of gear, and that we should be reduced to the state of a city demoralized by a plague. Persons of strong religious feeling would either go into retirement, or would endeavor to awaken the consciences of the sinners around them; whilst the sinners would become utterly reckless, and would remember that there was no use in keeping a cellar of wine to be consumed by a comet. Some such tendency would, of course, be manifest; but the question remains, how far it

rould be overpowered by the opposite tendency to be carried on by simple *vis inertiæ* in our old grooves. After a ittle time one would become more or less accustomed to he prospect. One would feel that, if it was not worth vhile to undertake any thing new, neither was it worth vhile to give up the employments which have become iecessary parts of our existence. There are innumerable stories, such as that of the man who insisted on taking his accustomed pill an hour before he was hanged; and if we were all under sentence of execution — as, indeed, sermons are apt to remind us that we are, even without the intervention of a comet — it is perhaps reasonable to suppose that we should act in the same spirit. The great bulk of mankind would say, It's all very well; we shall not want any thing more after the 12th of August; but that is no reason why we should not have our regular meals and enjoy our newspapers at breakfast. It does not appear inconceivable that the Tichborne case would drag its slow length along, though it were perfectly clear that in a few months the estates would be flying in fragments, some towards Sirius and others to the Pole Star; that nobody's title, however perfect, would be of much value when the lands in question were situated in different comets as well as counties; and that a writ of ejectment had been served upon all parties with an emphasis which there was no resisting. We suspect that cargoes of preserved meat would be exported from Australia, though it was certain that the seas would be dried up long before they could make even the most rapid passage. The daily papers would continue to appear, and indeed would be driving a roaring trade; everybody would be anxious to have the latest intelligence as to the comet, the details as to its structure revealed by the spectroscope, and the result of the last calculations as to the exact moment of collision. Editors would be provided with that invaluable boon — a topic, the interest of which would be steadily increasing to the end of the world; and, though they would doubtless receive letters up to the last from correspondents anxious to explain the causes of the dulness of sermons, the decline in the trustworthiness of servants, and the carelessness with which excursion-trains were managed, they would be more independent of those interminable, though now fortunately to be terminated, controversies. And when we reflect on the irrepressible eloquence and the strong sense of duty of the British journalist, there is nothing of which we feel more confident than that the morning of the 12th of August would be signalized by the appearance of an article in the highest style of the *Daily Telegraph*, summing up the history of the world in a few glowing paragraphs, and congratulating mankind on the fact that their extinction would at any rate be contemporaneous with that of themselves and of William Ewart Gladstone. Fresh editions would be published up to the latest possible moment, and we should be encouraged to hope that the germs flying off to other worlds on the fragments of our own carried with them a potential *Telegraph*. The persons for whom we should feel the deepest sympathy would be the prophets, as it would be so very annoying a reflection to Dr. Cumming that, if it had not been for this ill-regulated comet, the battle of Armageddon would have taken place next year, and the accuracy of his prognostications have been signally verified.

We are, it may be, assuming a little too much. There are certainly some things in which a change would be perceptible. There would be no betting, for example, on next year's Derby, and the funds could not be influenced by rumors of approaching wars. The spirit of gambling would have to take a different shape, and *roulette* or *rouge et noir* would gain a sudden popularity in place of speculation on more distant events. But in one form or other, in spite of the emotions of the more excitable sort of people, we fancy that the machinery of life, from its greatest down to its pettiest operations, would have to go on working up to the very eve of the catastrophe, from the sheer incapacity of most persons to break off their accustomed habits. We have not considered the case of a partial crash; nor do we much care to ask what our feelings would be if America or Ireland or China were suddenly swept out of existence, or still less what we should feel if we knew that it was an even chance whether the ball would fall upon them or upon us. That reflection opens a boundless field of speculation; and we will only express our conviction that a good many people would still enjoy their dinners, and even feel it as a not unpleasant excitement, if a whole hemisphere were crushed to-morrow, so long as it was not their hemisphere. But whether we are to consider this as a melancholy proof of our deficient sympathies, or as a merciful arrangement to save us from unnecessary pain, is a problem which we cannot discuss.

A NIGHT WITH GLASS-BLOWERS.

THE last stroke of midnight still hummed through the else silent house. I was sitting nodding in my chair, when I heard a tinkling rattle. "The cat's in the cupboard," I cried, and ran to it to turn her out. But when I opened the door, I found not the cat, but a black wine-bottle, with its cork stuck jauntily on one side, talking energetically in Glacialese to a cut-glass decanter.

"You needn't turn up your stopper at me," it said to the decanter. "I'm as good as you, and better. You have to come to me for your wine, and besides, relations shouldn't quarrel — we belong to the same old family."

"The same family! What are you talking about, you low fellow? You're only a common bottle," exclaimed the decanter, quivering with indignation. Her daughters, the wine-glasses, crowded around her swelling skirts, also quivering with indignation; and a middle-class green glass medicine-bottle sidled up to the aristocratic decanter, and stuck out its label to make the democratic black bottle keep its distance.

"Come, now, that is rather *too* ridiculous, Loblolly," laughed the black bottle. "A'n't we almost the identical same flesh and blood, as men would say? I'm made of soap-waste and sand, and brick-dust and lime, and my smashed ancestors; and you're made of just the same, except that the smashed glass in you is crown-glass *cullet* — it didn't belong to *your* ancestors!"

"Silence, boor," said the decanter, lifting high her scraggy dowager neck. "Defile not a noble word with thy plebeian lips — what knowest *thou* of ancestors?"

"Well, that's a good 'un, old lady," answered the black bottle, twinkling merrily in the gaslight. If *you* don't know the history of our family, *I* do."

"*Our* family!" the decanter echoed, contemptuously.

"Yes, *our* family, my fine lady," answered the black bottle.

"Well, let it for argument's sake — an absurdly generous admission — *be* 'our family,' what canst thou know of its archives, poor thick untransparent?"

"Ha — ha! it's my belief, old lady, you *don't* know the family history — you want me to teach it to you. Now I come to look at you, I'm inclined to think that I belong to an older branch of the family than you do. Well, I pity your ignorance. *As* a member of the same family, I'm ashamed of you, but still, *as*, &c., again, I'll do my best to enlighten you. Pay attention, old lady, and keep those girls of yours from chattering. Loblolly, if you don't put that label of yours down, I'll shy my cork at you. Now, then, for business. Dearly beloved, thin and empty cousins, my small, weak, green kinsman in the corner, your education may possibly have not been so utterly neglected as to leave you in ignorance of the fact that there is such a country as Egypt. That is where our family is said to have originated — thousands of years ago. I won't swear to the statement, mind you. Very old families are uncommonly like very new families in one respect, at any rate — it's a precious puzzler to find out who started them. But let me recall to your recollection (to speak courteously), let me for the first time make you aware (to speak sincerely), that the earliest Egyptian glass was, at least, as opaque as myself. You see I was right, old lady, when I hinted that I might be nearer the old stock than you. For

the comfort of Loblolly, I will state that the Egyptian glass was colored: some green, like himself, some black, like myself; and so on. Transparent glass bottles — allow me to inform you, dear madam — are mere mushrooms in comparison with opaque vessels of the same material. A Greek historian states — it is needless to mention his name, since none of you would recognize it — that the Ethiopians were in the habit of enclosing corpses in big glass bottles. The fashion has changed, hasn't it, Loblolly, my boy? Nowadays men are turned into corpses through having been coaxed or compelled to swallow the contents of little glass bottles. You may sneer at me, my dear old lady, because I a'n't transparent — anybody can see through *you*, poor old dear! but in the cradle of our race — if it was the cradle — opaque glass gave our family its fame. The Greeks and the Romans sent to Egypt for glass — opaque glass, you understand (probably, though, you can't): slabs for wall panels, and blue vases with white cameo figures on them (if you know what a cameo is, which most probably you don't, poor old dear!").

"There's another story about our origin; most charity-children have read it, but that's no reason why you should know any thing about it, cousin; your education seems to have been so shamefully neglected. Well, they say that some Phœnician sailors were driven in by nasty weather to the foot of Mt. Carmel. Their cargo was soda, and they took some lumps of it out of their ship to rest their pots on when they did their cooking on the sands. The fire, they say, made the sand and the soda melt into glass. If it did, I fancy that the glass wasn't a transparent cut decanter, eh, cousin? Now don't get crusty, old lady. You've nothing to do with crust. That's left for me, if the wine is properly decanted. I'm darker, and yet I'm fairer than you, old lady. I don't deny that transparent cut glass is very pretty, and very proper for the purposes it's made for; but that's no reason why you should make little of me, that fill you with what you're chiefly liked for, because I'm proper for my purposes. I do my duty in the state of life for which it hath pleased the glass-maker to make me, every bit as well as you do yours, old lady. Let's be sociable. Though you do think yourself so fine, to gain your ends you're obliged to let me put my lips to yours. To put you in a good temper, I'll tell you that it's thought the Phœnicians made transparent white glass before the Egyptians. Mr. Layard found a transparent white glass vase at Nimrud, stamped with the name of a king that reigned 2594 years ago. Though our family was founded somewhere or other in the East, the Easterns are no great shakes at glass-making nowadays. They get European glass and melt it over again. The Romans didn't use glass for windows — talc they used — until about 1600 years ago. Do you know what talc is, old lady? Talc is a mineral that is split up and used for window-panes in India and China, nowadays, just as mica is used in Russia. They're not so transparent as you are, but then, like me, they're not so bristle. But the Romans were famous hands at glass-making for all that. Were you ever in the British Museum, old lady? I've been emptied there more than once. I a'n't one of your pie-crust sort; but that's neither here nor there. In the British Museum I made the acquaintance of a distinguished Italian connection of ours — the Portland Vase. It's blue with white figures on it. Thetis under a tree, and Peleus looking at her. It was made to hold the ashes of somebody or other. That seems a queer use to put good glass to, don't it, old lady? We're a versatile family — all kinds of things we go in for; urns, bottles, decanters, wine-glasses, vases, cups and saucers, looking-glasses, bowls with pictures showing through their skin, window-panes, beads, dice, draughtsmen, wall-panels, sham precious stones, balls, hair-pins, rings, magnifying-glasses, burning-glasses, telescopes, microscopes, water-clocks, prisms, flower-holders, knucklebones, ships, coffins, door handles, photographs, multiplying glasses, pillars, piano-strings — but there, I'm out of breath. Venice used to be the place for glass-making. The makers there made as much fuss about their secret, as if they were Freemasons. I'm told that since Victor Emmanuel got Venice, glass-making there is looking up again. I'm inclined to think, however, that if you slump use and beauty, and strike a fair average, we British glassites are as good as any. Somewhere about the sixteenth century, glass was first made in England, though it had been used here a long while before that. Crutched Friars, the Savoy, and Lambeth, were the London places in which glass was first made; and Wemyss, Prestonpans, and Leith, the Scotch places. There, old lady, I'll be bound to say you never knew so much about our family before."

"The black bottle is a boor," the decanter said, loftily, to the wine-glasses; but still I will not deny that he possesses a certain amount of information. That is the way with those common people. Possessing no intrinsic dignity, they are obliged to rely upon their useful knowledge — useful but vulgar — for respect."

"Yes, that's always the way with those common people," echoed the medicine bottle.

"You contemptible little Loblolly," shouted the black bottle, and began to chase the medicine bottle. Just as the medicine bottle got to the edge of the shelf, it ducked and doubled — over went the black bottle, and was smashed into a hundred fragments on the stone floor of the closet.

In an instant — strange things, you know, happen after twelve o'clock at night — these black bits of glass changed into a wide black landscape. Tongues of flame, flickering in smoke, were licking the dirty lips of roaring iron furnaces. Dirty rubbish rose in hills on all sides, with dirty ponds stagnating between. The pastures were littered with cinders, and the stiles looked as if they were cut out of coal. The miry high-road stretched drearily along, with smutty, squat red houses on each side; the narrow lanes had almost lost their hedges, and were as black as ink and as sticky as treacle. High overhead colliery-wheels spun round. The stalks of all kinds of engine-houses belched out black clouds. Filthy tramways and scarcely less filthy railways, with stations as dirty as dust-bins, made the country look like a sweep's scratched face. Cottages were sinking into the ground like foundering ships into the sea; and conical kilns and beehive-shaped kilns — dingy-red, yellow, and white — filled the air with stifling fumes.

Just where this dreary country runs into and stains the selvage of a beautiful green country, with gently swelling wooded hills, I saw a man digging up clay.

"What's that, and what is it for?" I asked.

He was a very gruff man, and at first gave me no answer.

At last, when I had asked him several times, he answered snappishly, "What's *what?*"

"Why, that clay," I said.

"If you know it's clay, what need had you to ask?" said the man. "And if you want to know what it's for, wait and see."

So I did wait for many weeks in the closet — it had grown a very big place, you must remember, since the black bottle had tumbled down.

The men dried the clay and sifted it like flour and made dough of it, and kneaded the dough with their naked feet, and then made it up into huge loaves, and locked the loaves up in a dark cellar.

After a bit some other men ground some potsherds up, and mixed the dust with the clay they had taken out of the cellar; and then some other men made great melting-pots out of the clay. Some of the pots were like huge, thick flower-pots without any hole at the bottom; and others had their tops covered with a dome, and an opening in the sides like bottletits' nests. It took a long time to dry and bake these pots. When they were ready, they were let down into fiery furnaces, and the hole through which they were lowered was covered up with fire-clay. You remember what the black bottle said it and the medicine bottle were made of. Well, men put stuff of that kind into the flower-pot-like pots through openings in the furnace, and then stopped the holes up for an hour or two, until the pots were ready for some more stuff; and so they went on until the pots were full. The men had only shoes and trousers on,

and they *told* me they drank melted butter only, to keep their bodies from shrivelling when all their natural perspiration was used up — but I fancy they drank beer as well. When the pots were full, the holes were filled up again, and the fire was made fiercer than ever for ever so many hours. Then the holes were opened again, and the fire was let down a little, whilst men skimmed the scum off the melted, almost blindingly white hot stuff in the pots. When the stuff in the pots was skimmed, men poked long hollow iron rods into it, and wriggled them about. When they had got enough of the stuff on them, they blew down them, and made the sticky stuff swell out a little. Then they took their swollen knobs to an iron table, sprinkled them with water, and rolled them on the table into lanky glass eggs. These eggs were put to the mouth of the furnace again, and blown into once more. Next they were put into metal moulds and blown down into; and *hey presto!* they turned into bottles — all but the necks. The necks were next finished in a way that you would not exactly understand unless you saw it done, and the bottles were carried off by perspiring little boys on iron prongs, and stacked in ovens, which were heated until the bottles too almost began to sweat, and then gradually cooled to make the bottles strong.

Window-glass needs more care than bottle-glass. There are different materials, and different ways of managing them. I think that you will be chiefly interested, as I was, in finding out how blown glass can be made flat. The window-glass maker first, when he has shaped his knob, as the bottle-blower did, blows it into a shape something like that of a Florence flask without a neck. Then with the help of a little boy, who puts an iron rod against it, he presses it into what looks like a flattened lamp-globe with no opening at the top. The blower than separates his pipe from the glass, and whirls the globe before a hole in the hot furnace until it takes the shape of a shallow finger-glass with a rim. As he goes on whirling, the glass goes on getting flatter and flatter, until at length it is a flat round shield of glass with a boss in the middle, and is carried off to the annealing oven.

Glass for windows made in that way, one of my closet-friends (who was more civil than the clay-digger) told me, is called crown-glass. But there is a newer kind used now — sheet-glass. It is shaped and blown into big cylinders, which are split up with a diamond, and flattened in a furnace as you might open and spread out a roll of music. Glass shades are the cut-off round tops of these cylinders.

When I had gained so much knowledge about glass-making, the kitchen-clock struck one — the closet became the closet again — I heard the gas in the lobby singing loudly, and came out to turn the gas down before it cracked its globe, or the bell-glass hung over it.

But when I came out into the room I had left, according to my recovered notion of the clock, just an hour before, I was mysteriously compelled to look at the mirror over the mantel-piece. I did not jump through it, but I was forced to look into it.

And what do you think I saw?

More glass-makers — "lots," as you say, of them: each lot whispering, "We won't tell the others how we make it." Then the lots scampered off right and left, and began to dig up stuff, and hide it under their coat-tails.

"What means this mystery, my friends?" I asked of the chief man of one lot.

"We are going to make plate-glass," he answered solemnly.

"May I see, if you please?" I asked.

"You may see, if you like, because you don't know any thing about such matters," he answered impolitely: but we sha'n't tell even you exactly what we use, because you might write it down, and go and tell."

Then for a time there was confusion, and then I saw clearly a melting-pot hoisted out of a furnace, wheeled up to a table, and tilted over it, by men who held their breath. The melted glass ran freely out at first, but was kept from running over the sides of the table by two iron bars laid upon it, whilst a steel rolling-pin rolled the cooling metal out like dough. As soon as the plate began to cool, it was lugged off the table by pincers on to machinery, which soon sent it on a wheeled table into the annealing oven — heating and gradually cooling oven, of course you understand. When the plates came out of this oven they were next polished on both sides by putting one on the top of another, and rubbing the upper one against the lower with sand and water between, and then women polished them with emery-powder, and after that wooden polishers, with leather and woollen gloves on, polished them off.

The kitchen clock struck two as I was looking into the looking-glass at some men who were melting *frit* for flint-glass and lens-glass in the bottletit-pots. I was just being told by a man, who poked his head between the mirror and its frame to tell me so, that the covered pots were used to keep the *metal* pure; and another man, looking out on the other side of the mirror, was shouting that if I would come along with him, I could see how glass was colored for church windows, and so on, when — *I awoke.*

I was still nodding in my arm-chair. I had been remembering glass-works I had visited, a book about glass was open before me, the kitchen-clock, I found, *had* struck two, and the cat *had* been in the closet. At any rate, I found the floor littered with the fragments of a black bottle.

HOW I CAME TO STUDY MYTHOLOGY.

BY KARL BLIND.

I REMEMBER, many years ago, having once met a young German peasant, rather intelligent, who could read and write, as all German peasants can, but who startled me by a most extraordinary superstition.

"Look here," he said, and his face assumed a very weird, supernatural aspect — "look here! a man may learn all about the future: what is going to happen, and how things in this world are to succeed each other. Only, he must use a means which *I* should not like to try, and I'm sure *you* wouldn't!"

I suspected at once that he was referring to the use of some sign of witchcraft — some magic Abracadabra, which, in the opinion of ignorant peasants, renders a person liable to be fetched away by the evil powers; and I replied, "Well, let us see. Perhaps I *would* try it!"

He then said in an undertone, "If, on coming out of church on Easter Sunday, a man steps backwards, making a sign of disrespect; and if, whilst walking backwards through the church door, he looks through an egg, at the same time breaking out into loud laughter, he will see the future, and the shape of all coming things, in that egg. But, dear me, *mein lieber Herr!* it will endanger a man's soul; and you will not do it, and surely I won't!"

I could not help laughing aloud, when I heard this tale, though there was no egg to be looked through; and I fancied that if ever I had come upon a meaningless absurdity, it was certainly this wonderful egg story. I almost imagined for a moment that that blue-eyed, mild-faced peasant countryman of mine had "spun a yarn" of his own, and that perchance he wanted to play a joke upon a townsman.

By and by I came to investigate the subject he had mentioned. I then — most strange to say — perceived, and by close study obtained the irrefutable proofs, that what had seemed mere boorish nonsense could be traced back to the decayed religious system of our heathen forefathers; and that it had a meaning, even as Greek fables about Jupiter descending as a golden rain, and similar myths, have their more or less reasonable significance, though the real sense is overlaid by such eccentric imagery — by a kind of poetry run wild, which has escaped from all critical control.

Now, in the case of that young peasant I found that, unwittingly, he was the possessor of a very remarkable *torso*, or chip, of Teutonic mythology, which, properly understood, contained a presentiment — in a very crude and mystic form, no doubt, but still a presentiment, or early conception — of that "germ theory" which is now the favorite theory of the majority of scientific men. The egg represents

germs in general. In the egg our forefathers saw the symbol of the gradual development and succession of things. By looking through the egg, therefore, metaphorically speaking, a glimpse was to be obtained of the future course of events.

But why was Easter Sunday selected for the piece of witchcraft of which that peasant spoke? Because at Easter-time, in gray antiquity, a heathen German festival was held in honor of the goddess Ostara, or Eostre, from whose name the word "Easter" is derived; and who, as the representative of the fertilizing sun and of the creative powers of Nature in spring, has the egg for her emblem. To this very day, we in Germany, as well as the country-people in some of the northern and eastern counties of England, present children about Easter-time with eggs. The little ones, in Germany, are playfully told that a hare comes at night to lay those eggs; and on Easter morning a white rabbit is therefore often let run out of the room, so as to confirm them in this heretical notion about natural history. Fancy bread is then also baked into the shape of a hare. The reason of this custom is that the hare too, on account of its prolificacy, was sacred to the goddess Ostara — that is, to fruitful Nature.

When I was told by my young peasant that a person, in order to see the future, had to go out backwards from church, it meant that he who did this turned his face towards the east, where Ostara was supposed to dwell; for churches, of old, were mostly built with their entrances looking westward. The sign of disrespect was to show that he who made it turned away, for the moment, from the Christian religion towards the old pagan creed. To look through an egg on the day especially devoted to the goddess of spring, was considered a means of investing a person with the power of seeing the germ of all things, and thus to forecast their development, and to anticipate the future.

But now about the laughter. Why were we to laugh, when looking, on Easter Sunday, through an egg? Here I found that the laughter represented the smile of Nature in spring: even as we still speak of "smiling fields" — in German, *lachende Felder*. I found that at the pagan Easter celebrations, a laughing chorus represented that smile; and what is more, that in the Church, in the Middle Ages, for many centuries after the overthrow of the ancient Wodan religion, the priest on Easter Sunday had first to tell his congregation a merry tale, and then to break out into what was called an Easter laughter — *Ostergelächter*.

Putting this and that together, I became aware that, in a superstition apparently devoid of all significance, a theory of natural philosophy was incrustated — in an inceptive, rudimentary, childish form; but a theory, after all, which some wise man, some German Druid, may have held in a more reasonable shape, as an esoteric science. But is it not very strange that the queer piece of Teutonic mythology which stuck fast in the young peasant's mind, and of which he could not get rid in spite of his mechanical knowledge of the catechism, should turn out to be a near relation of the doctrine of Pasteur: about which, a short time ago, there was a passage of arms in the *Times* between a distinguished and a rising man of science, Prof. Tyndall and Dr. Bastian?

When we once have got hold of such a clew, I think we shall feel more interested, not only in beautiful fairy-tales — which are also a last residue of our forefathers' creed — but even in superstitious customs, in which we may sometimes read very surprising thoughts of generations long gone by. I, for my part, may say that the more I have entered into the study of these matters, the more I became convinced that it was of no use fighting against such beliefs by simply calling them "rubbish" and "nonsense" — for somehow, the people clung to them as if they felt that there was an enchanted poetical treasure hidden therein, which it only required a magic wand to raise. I then saw that these superstitions will never be entirely rooted out until a full scientific treatment of them has taken place — until they shall universally be known to be the last vestiges of a collapsed, but in its time very grand, elaborate, and comprehensive mythic system or pagan religion — and until the result of such investigation shall have become popularized.

Unconsciously, that peasant had become a teacher of mine. I had taken a great interest before then in the rich folk-lore of our country, which as a child I had heard from the lips of peasant nurses, and which I afterwards found collected, with such remarkable accuracy, in "Grimm's Tales;" but from the casual conversation, I began threading my way through the labyrinthian maze of tales, quaint sayings, and inexplicable customs. Instinctively I felt that which an author, who has worked successfully to render the labors of the great continental authorities on language and mythology accessible to the English public, expresses with the felicitous language peculiar to him: "It might seem strange, indeed, that so great a writer as Grimm should have spent so much of his precious time in collecting his *Märchen*, if those tales had only been intended for the amusement of children. When we see a Lyell or Owen pick up pretty shells and stones, we may be sure that, however much little girls may admire these pretty things, this was not the object which these wise collectors had in view. Like the blue and green and rosy sands which children play with in the Isle of Wight, these tales of the people, which Grimm was the first to discover and collect, are the *detritus* of many an ancient stratum of thought and language, buried deep in the past. They have a scientific interest."

THE THEORY OF WONDERMENT.

IT is a serious responsibility to invent a proverb, especially a proverb which sounds respectable; it is sure to be quoted often, and misquoted at last. The first man who said truth is stranger than fiction was probably guiltless of any intention of flattering Truth; in fact, he meant to be honest and uncomplimentary, and to assert that he found it uncommonly hard to believe what she said. Still, it is something to be out of the common way at all; and so people came to think that it was a credit to Truth to be strange, and that they could not do her the credit of finding her so too often. One can hardly be mistaken in thinking that Mr. Gilbert felt he had paid a becoming homage to Truth when he invited his readers to agree with him, that the very interesting account* of the capital shilling's worth which he got for a shilling was stranger than any thing in any fairy tale.

I read the article once because I generally read any thing of Mr. Gilbert's which comes in my way, and twice because he challenged me among his other readers to make up my mind about it; and I don't agree with him at all. It seems to me much stranger that Kehama should have driven in at all the eight gates of Padala at once, or that a harp made of the bones of a murdered child should sing the story of the murder, or that a little girl should turn her brother into a pond and herself into a duck on the pond by way of escaping from a cruel step-mother, or that Mr. McDonald's charming princess should have been deprived by a fairy or any one else of her specific gravity — than that Mr. Gilbert should have had a shilling's worth for a shilling. If I were to try to believe any one of the four curiosities of fiction I have just quoted (and any child in a well-regulated nursery could have quoted forty), I should not know how to begin; but I had not the slightest difficulty in believing Mr. Gilbert. Indeed, he can hardly have had much difficulty in believing himself that the baker would leave the roll, and that the Assam tea would be found in the caddy, and the bloater in the cupboard; in short, that he would be able to have his breakfast and his newspaper as usual, and be able to send the newspaper on if he liked, and to write his article afterwards. What he would really have found it hard to believe would have been some interruption of this order of things. If the stationer had refused to send the newspaper, or if the *Daily News* had received no telegrams, or if tea were to cease to arrive from Assam, he would have been surprised, and so should we.

*See EVERY SATURDAY, No. 5.

Yet he is surprised at something now, and he has written it we may share his surprise. Perhaps surprise is hardly emotion to be cultivated or communicated. It is very ily that what all the world thinks wrong may be right, r even be a positive duty; it is not so likely that what the world thinks commonplace should be surprising. d obviously Mr. Gilbert assumes we are in danger of aking that a civilized breakfast and a newspaper and lern postal facilities are commonplace; he seems to have ught so himself, till the conversation at the door of the blic-house led him to reflect. If so, we shall probably tinue — without, I hope, being unthankful for them — hink those creature-comforts commonplace. When a g tastes of sugar we call it sweet; when a thing surses us we call it wonderful. It is possible to find out t there is a clear chemical connection between sugar and ndy, or between sugar and starch; but neither starch brandy tastes sweet, and nobody dreams of saying they sweet. In the same way there very likely may be reablances between what Mr. Gilbert just now finds so sursing and really wonderful things; if there were not he uld hardly have made the mistake; but it is a mistake all that, because nobody is surprised at them, though ne of his readers may try to be, because he tells them. e thought which seems to have struck the writer most, thought which he intended to impress upon the reader, how much has to be done before it is possible to sit down breakfast, or to read a newspaper, or to write a letter and have it answered. It is wonderful to him that so many conions should meet and work together harmoniously. Now is obvious that this proves too much. While the article was ing written it is safe to say that dozens of tramps dined or eakfasted, whichever we like to call it, on a turnip apiece t of the fields and a draught of water from the nearest ook; and even the writer does not think that wonderful. t the natural arrangements which make it possible for e turnips to grow there, and for the water to run there, e immeasurably more complex and far-reaching than the rangements of commerce or the post-office. For that atter, on the writer's own principle, it is far more wonrful that wheat should grow in England or tea in Assam an that, being grown, they should be made available at eakfast-time; it is far more wonderful that bread and tea ould enable a man to go on writing than that he should able to dispose of what he has written. And it is no swer to this to turn round and say, "Yes, every thing is onderful." If every thing were wonderful, nothing would . Wonderful is a term of comparison; to call every ing wonderful is like calling every thing great. Besides, uman language is adapted to human nature; and human ature is incapable of sustained excitement of any kind; al honest wonder is very exciting, and we are so made as require to pass most of our time aloof from such excitement, with common things that are not wonderful. At the me time there are circumstances in which the harmonious operation of a great many different forces does affect us ith genuine, spontaneous surprise. We do not need to e bidden to observe that the organization of the Prussian my is wonderful; we call it so instinctively. Why is it at we wonder at the Prussian army, and do not wonder t our own post-office, except when somebody tells us to in rint? Because, though the post-office does as much as he army does, if not more, what the army does is harder. We do not know of any thing that there is in the constitution of the world to hinder our having the post-office; people are generally willing to earn a fair day's wages by a ir day's work; if we did not know of any thing which ight have been expected to hinder the Prussians from aving their army, we might still be sure that there was omething, for other nations wish for such an army, nd cannot get it. In fact, we know of a great deal. It is strange as things go that the *Landwehr* should arch when they are called out, especially when they isapprove of the war as they did in 1866; it is stranger that all Prussians quireens should be eager to educate hemselves for the general staff. But, though the postffice does not strike us as wonderful, it would strike a savage very much; it would probably strike him even more than the Prussian army. The reason is obvious. The capacity for self-sacrifice is not increased by civilization, and the capacity for obedience is, upon the whole, diminished. Consequently it would not surprise a savage, as it surprises us, that all the disciplined energy of Prussia should be at the service of the Prussian Government, still less would it astonish him to find that energy expended on what he regards as the most natural and most worthy object of ambition for a noble people. He would only be surprised at the existence of so much energy, so perfectly disciplined, co-operating so harmoniously. Very probably he would be right in thinking the British post-office a more striking example (it is certainly a more perfect one) of such disciplined energy than the Prussian army. He would find it as hard to believe that we should be exempt from the shiftlessness and indolence which preclude all co-operation among his countrymen, as we find it to believe that a whole community should be able, even for a time, to put self-seeking and self-pleasing in so many directions under such complete restraint.

But the wonder of the savage would not rest exclusively upon this *quasi* intellectual ground. The post-office is strange to him because it is new; it is strange because it brings before him in the concrete the immense contrast between the complex organization of a great and wealthy empire, and the rude, meagre, chaotic monotony of a petty tribe. Tell him that there are thirty millions of us, and you will hardly make an impression; but tell him how many dead letters there are in a year, or that a single government office receives a hundred thousand on an average, and he begins to feel that the English are a wonderful people. Steam engines, railways, telegraphs, were all wonderful once to the generations which used them first, and there was this note of the wonderful about them all, that people could not believe in them all at once. They presented such a difficulty to the imagination that the intellect, which always sympathizes with the imagination, felt a difficulty too. Afterwards, when the difficulty of the intellect has disappeared, the difficulty of the imagination gives way too. Light travels faster than electricity, but its rapidity strikes us less because, being wholly unimaginable, it does not offer any difficulty which the imagination can exert itself against. It is further from the sun to the earth than from Valentia to Heart's Content; but we know how long it takes a Cunard steamer to cross the Atlantic, how long it used to take Lord Nelson's men-of-war, while nothing comes from the sun to the earth but the light, which has travelled every day since the world was, in as short a time as the telegrams, that fill at least one generation for a year or two with honest wonder, and at many million times the speed. Again, long before the invention of photography, it was known that it was the sun that gave the colors to flowers, and rocks, and trees, and animals. Here, too, there was nothing to imagine, and therefore nothing to wonder at. Everybody would say at once that a colorless plant that had been coaxed into growing without light was much stranger than an apple-tree in full blossom. Yet the strange thing about the cellar-plant would simply be the absence of a series of familiar and inexplicable facts too familiar, too completely inexplicable to be really wonderful, and also too certainly connected with a single unmistakable cause. But though it never struck any person as wonderful that the sun should paint so many beautiful pictures in the world, it was very wonderful that he should paint a few ugly pictures, and the first were very ugly indeed, in a camera-obscura. There was something for the imagination to puzzle at here. It was the nature of the picture in the camera to change when you moved the camera and when you moved your eye; and in photography either the picture in the camera itself, or another picture bearing a definite relation to it, is fixed in a way to last for many years. Besides, the new pictures the sun painted seemed wonderful because they could be contrasted and brought into competition, more easily than the old, with the pictures men had been used to paint; it was strange to think there should be a way of obtaining in half an hour greater accuracy, nay, in some sense greater delicacy, than

could have been reached before by the labor of years. But wonder never lasts when it has once thoroughly come home to us that a thing will be so because it must be so. It is flogging a dead horse, as they say in America, to attempt to make us excite ourselves with hopeless efforts to fancy how it can be so.

All our faculties are inadequate; there is much in ourselves and more in the world which we take for granted, without trying to imagine it, without hoping to understand it; there is nothing that we understand completely, or imagine perfectly. The habitual recognition of this may be soothing or depressing, according as we come to it; it may bring humility and peace, it may generate indifference or scepticism, or perplexity, and all of these exclude astonishment. Our minds resign themselves willingly or unwillingly, with or without a struggle, to a subordinate place in the universe; something like an equilibrium establishes itself between their weakness and the strength of nature. Wonder comes in when a new experience disturbs this equilibrium, and it lasts till the equilibrium is restored; and though the equilibrium is never complete, it tends to be permanent. Nothing earthly is new forever; the paradox of to-day becomes the axiom of to-morrow; before we are familiar with half its consequences we wonder how we could ever have doubted such a fruitful principle. Life is not long enough, our brains are not strong enough, to allow us to be always starting at contrasts, and working out antitheses, and dwelling upon the antinomies of the pure reason. With most realities we can become familiar, but a cleverly disguised impossibility never ceases to be strange. Children, old and young, will wonder a thousand years hence, if the world lasts so long, how Alice got through the looking-glass without breaking it, though they will be very much surprised if their uncles and aunts fail to send them a present by a balloon on their birthday, or forget to wish them many happy returns of the day by telegraph. Then, too, a thing continues to be strange if it continues for any reason to be remote. If we had left any savage race alive long enough to give us a chance of entering into their mind (it has taken us four centuries' hard work to enter a very little way into the mind of classical antiquity), their customs would have ceased to be strange to us, they would have come to have a meaning. If any savage race had survived long enough to enter into our mind, they would have ceased to wonder at us. As it is they will soon be gone, and their memory will be wonderful to Christendom forever, and it is much if our civilization is not a tantalizing riddle to their disinherited ghosts.

And now, as we come nearer to the higher sense in which Mr. Gilbert is right, and begin to see beyond the obvious sense in which he is wrong, it is possible, perhaps, to answer his challenge with something more complete and less discourteous than the uncompromising negative I started with. We have seen that wonder depends upon a contrast between some experience freshly acquired for the imagination and the rest of our mental stock-in-trade; and of course the greater the acquisition the greater the wonder. This definition explains why wonderful should be almost a synonyme of incredible, and why so many things should be wonderful to children, to whom all is still interesting and new. It explains, too, why truth should often be so strange, and why it is seldom strange for long; because, as Aristotle says, we begin by wondering that it should be so, and end by wondering that we ever thought it could be otherwise. One might almost say that wonder is a veil that every truth pushes aside as she steps naked into the work-a-day world, and we see her through it for a moment; and then to some she seems fairest; but, after all, we have to meet her and embrace her in the daylight with dim eyes. And the veil is woven in fairyland; the essentially wonderful is something which can never become familiar, because it can never be realized. As long as we think at all of things which never existed and cannot exist, or existed too long ago, too far away for us to know, we shall wonder at our fancies of them, and we shall live down all the gorgeous surprises which nature reserves and civilization prepares for all generations of men. Already the difference between us and Mr. Gilbert has reduced itself to this, that he would say that it was something like a sin on our part ever to live down such surprises, as if we got tired of what was intrinsically noble and satisfactory. After all, this is like blaming us for going to sleep, instead of watching the stars all night; it proves at most that we are poor creatures, which we knew before; it does not prove that any thing is permanently wonderful which does not continually reproduce the essentially transient emotion of wonder. But we need not think the worse of ourselves because there is nothing in this great and fair world at which we can wonder always, for we are capable of habitual respect, of life-long admiration, of abiding reverence.

It is so hard to tell what a thing is, that we can seldom afford to dispense with contrasting it with what it is not; it may serve to make our notion of wonder less incomplete to compare it with respect, admiration, and reverence. For one thing, wonder is in a sense more general; things good, bad, or indifferent, may be wonderful: to deserve respect, admiration, or reverence, a thing must be in some way good. Then respect and reverence imply that we have a duty to their object; wonder and admiration do not. Reverence always, and admiration often, imply a superiority in their object to the person feeling them. Both imply great positive excellence; while the lowest degree of this, though not enough to cause even a moment's wonder, is a sufficient title to respect. But it is common to all three that the whole essence is contained in a hearty recognition on our part of some quality in their object; and if this quality is permanent, the feeling will be permanent too. Of the three, admiration comes nearest to wonder—so near, that it almost seems as if Mr. Gilbert thought that wonder at good things was the same as admiration. A few instances will show that if the distinction is not very important, at least it is not arbitrary. We call a man's constitution admirable, when we simply mean that it is remarkably good; we call it wonderful when we mean that it is strange any man's constitution should be so good, as it is the nature of constitutions in general to be more or less bad. In the same way we talk of a wonderful recovery and an admirable cure, of a wonderful victory and of admirable strategy. We admire the blue sky when we see it out of doors in Italy; we wonder when Prof. Tyndall makes a little piece of it in a glass tube in the middle of a London fog. The order of the universe is admirable; extraordinary phenomena are wonderful. And though it is hardly part of the definition of either, we may say in general that admiration has an affinity to our knowledge, and wonder to our ignorance; and from this point of view it is a cheerful consideration that admiration lasts the longest. When what was once extraordinary has become or is becoming ordinary, it is not therefore diminished to us; the order of our conceptions is enlarged to take it in. This order, which regulates both our judgment and our feelings, has become so much less inadequate to the order of the world. If it were perfectly adequate, no phenomenon would be extraordinary; for we may be certain that nothing is really outside the order of the world, which is manifold, and also one; though much may always remain outside the highest abstractions from that order which are possible to our present faculties.

Nor did Aristotle exhaust the meaning of his own aphorism that philosophy begins and ends in wonder. For all of us, whether we will or no, knowledge is always rising above our wonder; for all of us, if we will, wonder will rise again above our knowledge. The increase of knowledge puts new meaning into ignorance, so that its fruit is wonder instead of stolid unconcern. Every new explanation makes us realize more clearly how superficial all explanations are, while they leave the centre of all things unexplained. Every new generalization points more surely to that higher generalization, which, inaccessible as it really is, stands at the summit of the only path by which we seem to approach what can only be reached by intuition, the truth which contains all others and verifies them all. We are emancipated from wonder by the knowledge of natural and spiritual laws; we are restored to wonder by the contemplation of the Highest Law. In this contemplation all the element

wonder meet. We are kept continually in the presence what is incredible, and new, and strange. The infinite inexhaustible, and its very co-existence with the finite esents a contrast to the imagination and a paradox to the tellect. And the paradox cannot be ignored, the contrast annot be forgotten, because the finite rests upon the infite, and they interpenetrate each other, so that the whole lness of the infinite must be present that a drop of rain ay fall. This is why the intellect is ever returning to be ntinually baffled by an indispensable and inconceivable stulate; why the imagination, ever fluttering round the lory that lights up all its ideals, is ever beaten back; this why all discoveries converge upon one radiant mystery f wonder.

The mystery will be revealed at last, and we shall only onder more; for the revelation will transform and not estroy; it will leave us creatures of flesh and blood; but stead of vanishing glimpses of the corruptible beauty of his world, we shall look with open face through all the incorruptible glory of the new heavens and the new earth. here we shall not wonder at what seems sudden, or unaccountable, or extraordinary, every thing will appear beauiful in its place; we shall be able then to complete our onception of nature, for we shall see how the natural order epends upon the spiritual. Then, too, when all reality is resent to us, and we apprehend it perfectly and clearly, e shall lose the wish and the power of fancying any thing eyond it; all we found or made to wonder at on earth will ave vanished away, yet wonder will remain and deepen; e shall understand that only God is wonderful, and that is works are wonderful, for they are his.

FOREIGN NOTES.

The Société des Antiquaires de France has struck the ame of Prof. Mommsen off the list of its corresponding embers. The reason alleged is that during the war he rote against France. The German correspondents who ave not been guilty of a similar offence are left on the ist.

The ex-Empress of the French sold, a little while ago, her xtensive collection of fans. A number of snuff-boxes are ow passing under the hammer. There are forty of these ijoux, and they are being exhibited in London. The most emarkable curiosities are two magnificent works of Petitot, he portraits of the Duc d'Anjou and of Colbert; exquisite astoral subjects by Watteau; an enamel of the seventeenth century — Louis XIV. and Mme. de Montespan in he characters of Mars and Venus; a gold snuff-box, the work of Kolbe, representing the different sights of the Petit Trianon: this last was the property of Marie Antoinette. Then follow two Saxon enamels, with subjects by Boucher; two boxes in amber, ornamented with diamonds and rubies — presents of the Khedive to the Emperor Napoleon.

It will be two hundred years in June since Peter the Great was born, and it is proposed to celebrate with due solemnity the memorable day — the eleventh of the month — which gave to Russia its greatest emperor. As usual, in this highly cultivated age, the commemoration will assume a prominently educational character, the foundation of two six-class elementary schools being contemplated, for the building of which Government has set apart a sum of two thousand roubles, and for the maintenance of which an endowment of seven thousand roubles a year is appropriated. A statistical, topographical, and historical account of the city of St. Petersburg is likewise to be published in honor of the day. Czar Peter's maritime merits too are not forgotten. An imposing stone monument, to be erected at Lachten, is to commemorate his gallant saving of shipwrecked mariners at that place, and collections will be set on foot for the enlargement of the mercantile fleet in the Baltic. A full-length portrait, to be painted by one of the first artists of Russia, and a solemn procession with it through the streets of St. Petersburg, will conclude the festive programme by which the grateful capital purposes to record its thanks to its first founder.

It is impossible not to be struck, in reading the *faits divers* of French journals, with the perpetual suicides which are daily recorded by the press. The Morgue is too small to contain the bodies found in the Seine, and not a day passes without the announcement of deaths by charcoal in the lower quarters of the capital, and even in the more aristocratic parts of the town. The yearly records show also that the lunatic asylums are overcrowded, and that their inmates have more than doubled in the course of the last year. In fact, the Paris *maisons de santé*, taking into account the private establishments conducted by medical men, are barely sufficient to accommodate the overwhelming number of lunatics. Several distinguished mad doctors have been so struck by this increase of madness and suicide that an inquiry has been instituted, and most of these *savans* express the opinion that the greater portion of lunatics under their examination have become deranged by the strain of the political misfortunes which have afflicted France. This tendency to insanity is especially remarkable among the Communist prisoners at Brest, Cherbourg, Lorient, and elsewhere. Two per cent of these have become lunatics since their imprisonment if they were not lunatics before.

In a recent lecture on Martin Luther, Dr. Döllinger observed that there are many striking points of similarity between the events of the last few years and those which immediately preceded the Reformation. Before the latter event an Œcumenical Council — the fifth council of the Lateran — was held by Leo X., which destroyed all the hopes of Church reform, and only pursued one end — the unconditional elevation of the Papal power. Then, too, as now, the German bishops basely consented to the destruction of the organic constitution of the Church, and every attempt at concession or mutual understanding was rejected as heresy. The Reformation in Germany was, Dr. Döllinger thinks, a necessity based on the nature of the German people. "Luther's overpowering greatness of mind and wonderful versatility made him the man of his time and of his people, and there has never been a German who understood his countrymen so intuitively, and was at the same time himself so impregnated with the national spirit. The wills and minds of the Germans were in his hand like the lyre in the hand of an artist. If he gave to his countrymen more than any man has given to his people in Christian times — language, popular school-books, the Bible, religious hymns — all this was poor and colorless by the side of his overpowering eloquence. His adversaries stammered — he spoke; he impressed his spirit both on the German language and the German nation, and even those of the Germans who hate him as the deceiver and seducer of the people can only speak with his language and think with his thoughts. And yet even more powerful than this Titan of the intellectual world was the desire in the German people for liberation from the bonds of a corrupt Church. Even if there had been no Luther, the Reformation would have taken place."

The record of attempted assassinations goes to show that it is rarely successful when even skilled men attempt the lives of great personages. In 1857, Pianori, who was subsequently guillotined, actually seized the bridle of the emperor's horse in the Champs Elysées, in spite of innumerable police agents in private clothes who constantly accompanied him in his peregrinations, and fired a pistol in his face. The muzzle was so close that the shot burned the mustache, but missed its aim, and yet Pianori was reputed one of the best shots in Italy and France, and had practised constantly for two years. Orsini's bombs were hurled at the emperor's carriage before the opera at a distance of four paces, and produced no effect, except that of killing several persons who were standing at a considerable distance from the carriage. The Pole Berezowski's attempt on the life of the Emperor of Russia, which took place in

1866, during the Paris Exhibition, was made under equally favorable circumstances. Berezowski fired almost from under the wheels of the Imperial carriage, with a six-barrelled revolver; but an equerry-in-ordinary, M. Raimbault, perceiving the danger, made his horse rear, and the bullet intended for the Emperor Alexander struck the animal in the chest. Even then the pistol was misdirected, and would have done no harm. Another striking instance to the same effect was presented by young Blind's attempt on the life of Prince Bismarck. Blind was a first-rate marksman, — he had won the Wimbledon Cup, — and although he discharged the six chambers of his revolver while grappling with the German Chancellor, none of them took effect. There are many more instances of attempted political assassination, admirably contrived, and executed by fearless persons, which have one and all failed on account of momentary emotion when the deed was being attempted.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* describes some antiquarian researches which are now being carried out by a German engineer at Pergamus. Nearly all the houses of the town, he says, are built of stone, and the streets and courts are kept much cleaner than is usual in other towns and villages of Asia Minor. The population is twenty thousand; it is very industrious, there are many gardens, and the country in the vicinity is well cultivated. The Greeks have good national schools, and far surpass the Turks, both in culture and in commercial ability. Unfortunately, both Turks and Christians have a mania for destroying classic remains; many of the numerous statues, friezes, and other sculptures which were scattered about the place, have either been barbarously mutilated or used in house-building. The German engineer, Herr Humann, has at length succeeded in putting a stop to this vandalism, and the destruction or mutilation of antiquities is now strictly forbidden. It is very strange, adds the correspondent, that the many English and French travellers who have wandered about Asia Minor for centuries should not have thought it worth while to make any thorough archæological researches in this classical territory. It is true that in former years the opposition of the government and the people rendered it very difficult to carry on excavations, and even now it is not so easy as is sometimes believed. Under the direction of Prof. Ernst Curtius, Herr Humann, whose position as an engineer greatly facilitated the execution of an undertaking of this kind, has unearthed a Doric colonnade leading to a Doric temple, with a spring of warm water under it, which is supposed to be the famous Æsculapium. Herr Humann has sent a great number of sculptures, coins, gems, and inscriptions, to the Berlin Museum, and the correspondent expresses a hope that the German Government will assist him in continuing his discoveries.

THE last number of the London *Bookseller* says: "In a short but forcibly written article in the current number of the *North American Review*, by Mr. C. A. Bristed, on 'American Criticism; its Difficulties and Prospects,' the author contrasts American with European, and especially English, criticism. He says: 'It may be conceded that partisanship, unfairness, and bad animus, are not altogether unknown among the best representatives of the critical world abroad. Still, to the candid and well-informed reader, the broad, general impression is irresistible, that the European's work is more workmanlike, inspired by more thorough knowledge, guided by a more cultivated taste, *and proceeding under a higher sense of responsibility.*' This latter part of the sentence is, we believe, the reason why the opinions of English papers are of much greater weight than those of America. Editors here, as a general rule, feel that what they say will be read with attention by their subscribers, and that in accordance with the correctness or otherwise of their opinions, so will the influence of their paper rise or fall; but this has been the growth of time, and the editor of every journal, however small, is more or less impressed with its influence. In America, we regret to say, the reverse is the case; there, as a general rule, the editors care less for the permanent influence of their opinions than for the immediate success of their papers. A startling sensation paragraph is worth more than one of Emerson's Essays. That there is a considerable amount of sound thinking left, is, however, certain, or the *North American Review* could not exist; that Review is as well conducted as any of our own Quarterlies, and would be an ornament to the Row or to Albemarle Street. It cannot be without its influence upon thoughtful readers and leaders of opinion throughout the Union."

A LETTER from Yeddo in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, gives some particulars as to the reforms which are being carried out in Japan. The most important of these reforms, says the correspondent, is the abolition of the practically independent local governments which formerly existed in the country, and, strange to say, this has been done without any resistance on the part of the Daimios or local princes. In their places provincial governors have been appointed, who act under the orders of the central government at Yeddo; and the Daimios have now taken up their residence in the capital, some of them in a very humble way, their incomes having been considerably reduced by the change. A few of the Daimios, however, such as Satsuma, Chosiu, Hitzen, and others, have been allowed special salaries in consideration of the services which they rendered to the Mikado in the conflict with the government of the Tycoon. The first practical consequence of the new system will be a better administration of finance. The old provincial limits will be retained, and the revenues of each province will be applied solely to local objects; but the central administration will now exercise a control over the expenditure, and see that the money is properly appropriated. Formerly each Daimio could contract loans on his own account, coin bad money, and issue notes which were valueless beyond the limits of his province. These abuses can, of course, no longer occur, and the Government money already stands so high in the market that its notes are worth from eight to ten per cent more than the old gold coins. On the other hand, the expense of pensioning the three hundred Daimios who have been deprived of their estates is very heavy, and the correspondent doubts whether the government will be able to sustain this burthen permanently. It is very remarkable, he adds, with what eagerness the higher classes are adopting the ideas of European civilization. All narrow prejudices have disappeared among them, and a Republican form of government is talked of as presenting little more difficulties for Japan than any other. Even the truth of the prevalent religion is called in question, and people now openly discuss which religion is the best, the High Church dignitaries not hesitating to take part in such discussions. The great mistake made by the Japanese in regard to European civilization, thinks the correspondent, is that they look upon it rather as an artifical political structure than as a natural product of geographical, historical, commercial, and political circumstances. They, therefore, think the task of introducing our civilization into Japan much easier than it really is; but this delusion will, it is to be hoped, soon be dispelled now that their most eminent men have gone abroad to study the subject from personal experience.

"WHITCOMB'S REMEDY cured me of Asthma."— *Calvin Dibble, Pataskala, O.*

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY. — Each year finds "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" in new localities in various parts of the world. For relieving Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases, the Troches have been *proved* reliable.

READ what Mr. H. G. Parker, editor *Saturday Evening Gazette*, says about "WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA."

ON every gentleman's table may be found the HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE. It is confessedly the best of relishes, and beside being so palatable and rendering every thing else so, it is healthy.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

OL. I.] SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1872. [No. 15.

THE STORY OF THE TICHBORNE CASE.

HE Claimant in the Tichborne case has submitted to a non-suit in his action against the Tichborne family, and, hough he is technically at liberty to reopen the question payment of the expenses of the suit just closed, the in-nation of the jury that they had heard sufficient evidence, actically amounts to a verdict against him. The testi-ony produced during a protracted trial of one hundred d three days would fill a moderate-sized library; but we ill endeavor to compress it into a brief and connected rrative, with a view to illustrate the origin and develop-ent of what appears to be one of the most daring and traordinary impostures which have ever been brought to ht.

First, there is what a dramatist would call the prologue the play. The Tichbornes are an old and distinguished mily. If you turn to any guide-book of Hampshire you ill find that Tichborne Park is supposed to have been the hands of Tichbornes from before the conquest; e baronetcy dates from the reign of James I. The tates are valued at some £24,000 a year, though at esent heavily mortgaged. In 1854, Sir Edward, who d added the name of Doughty to that of Tichborne, was ill alive; but he had no son, and Mr. James Tichborne as his heir. Mr. James Tichborne had married a daugh-r of Mr. Seymour, who had been born and brought up France, and who was essentially a French woman. The arriage was not a very happy one. Mr. Tichborne was ap-arently a warm-hearted, generous man, but violent in tem-r; his wife was flighty and eccentric, and inspired by a eling of intense suspicion and hostility towards her hus-and's family. Their eldest son, Roger, inherited some f the peculiarities of both parents. He was shy, whim-ical, and impulsive, of weak character and moderate telligence; he had been educated in a loose, patchwork ind of way; first, under French tutors, then for three ears with the Jesuits at Stonyhurst; and afterwards he ad been for three years in the army. In appearance he as slight and somewhat insignificant. Without being a tudent, he was fond of reading, and had a good stock of eneral information. His letters show that, when travel-ng, he liked to look up the history of any place he visited. le spoke French better than English, but he wrote a very air English letter, and had some knowledge of Latin and atural science. Stonyhurst probably did a good deal to olish him up; but his broken English and certain oddities f manner exposed him to some ridicule when he joined is regiment, the Carabineers. He was a tempting subject r little jokes, which were sometimes carried too far; but, n the whole, he seems to have been pronounced a good ellow by his companions, and to have passed muster as an fficient, though not a smart, officer. When stationed with is regiment in Ireland, and also during his visits to Eng-and, he went a good deal into society, and knew how to ear himself like a gentleman. The domestic storms amid hich he had been brought up had left a painful impression n his mind, and he was more at home at his uncle's, with Lady Doughty and his Cousin Kate, than with his own arents. He was, after his father, the next heir to the aronetcy, and Sir Edward took a paternal interest in him; ut when it was discovered that the cousinly regard be-tween Roger and his daughter was passing into something deeper, — at least, on Roger's part, — Sir Edward strongly discouraged it. He objected to the marriage of cousins, and, besides, Roger's character was not yet quite settled enough for him to have full confidence in it. He was young, and certain bad habits, such as drinking too much, might pass away, or might be confirmed. It was arranged, after a time, that if at the end of a year or two there were no other objections to a marriage, that of cousinship should not be pressed. Sir Edward and Lady Doughty showed the utmost affection for their nephew, yet he could not but feel that, even though they might consent to the match, they would prefer that it should not take place. It was under the influence of this disappointment that he threw up his commission and resolved to visit South America. He parted on good terms with all the family, wrote to his mother, aunts, and other friends from different points on his journey, and pressed them to write in reply. He looked forward to returning after a year or two, and desired to have his name put up at the Travellers' Club. He had arrived at Valparaiso in June, 1853, had made an expedition to the Cordilleras, and visited Santiago, Buenos Ayres, and other places. From Buenos Ayres he wrote, on Feb. 20, 1854, to an intimate friend, Vincent Gosford, still harping on Kate Doughty, deploring the discord in his own home, and congratulating himself on being out of the way for a time now that Sir Edward was dead and that his father had succeeded him. Except for his fears of his cousin's marriage, he wrote in good spirits, and as if enjoying the independence and variety of his life abroad. On March 12, he wrote to Lady Doughty from Monte Video, in a similar strain. He was going to Rio, thence up the Amazon, and then to Jamaica and Mexico. He was most anxious for letters, and gave repeated directions where they were to be addressed to him. On April 20 he embarked at Rio in the *Bella*, for New York. Six days afterwards, a long-boat, bottom upwards, marked on the stern, in yellow letters, "*Bella*, of Liverpool," was picked up at sea by a passing vessel, which also, near the same place, fell in with some broken spars, a round-house, and some straw bedding. The owners of the *Bella* had no doubt that she was lost, with all on board; the underwriters paid the insurance; Roger Tichborne's will was duly proved, and on his father's death, the inheritance passed to his younger brother, Alfred, who also dying in the beginning of 1866, left a posthumous son to enjoy the baronetcy and estates.

Years had passed over without any thing occurring to disturb the belief that Roger had perished in the *Bella*. The Dowager, Roger's mother, was the only person who refused to accept this conclusion. She had, as she said, "a settled presentiment" that he must somehow have been saved, and that she should see him again. She was constantly talking of him, and even started inquiries about him in Australia. Once she questioned a sailor who came begging to Tichborne Park, and who was ready enough to say that he had been in Australia, and had heard of the crew of a ship having been picked up at sea and brought to Melbourne, and that he rather thought the name of the ship was the *Bella*. After her husband's death she became more anxious and excited on the subject. She advertised for Roger, or for any information as to the crew of the *Bella*, in the *Times* and in various Australian and colonial papers. It became a kind of standing joke in the servants' hall, and

among the people round Tichborne Park. More than once there was a report that Roger had been found, but nothing ever came of it. She began advertising at least as early as 1863. The advertisements caused a good deal of talk, of course; they were copied into many papers, and gave rise to innumerable paragraphs. In 1865 the Dowager had got into communication with Mr. Cubitt, who had a Missing Friends' Agency in Sydney, and who readily undertook to find the missing man if he was to be found at all. He advertised on his own account in the Australian papers, giving the Dowager's description, only, somehow, leaving out the word "thin." By a remarkable coincidence, he had no sooner taken the job in hand than an old friend of his at Wagga-Wagga wrote to say that he had "spotted" the man; and immediately the Claimant appears upon the stage. Mr. Gibbs, Cubitt's correspondent at Wagga-Wagga, had there made the acquaintance of a slaughterman who went by the name of Tom Castro, and whose pipe he one day observed bore the initials, scratched on it with a knife, "R. C. T." Mrs. Gibbs had previously called her husband's attention to the advertisements for Roger Charles Tichborne, and Gibbs at once put the two things together. Castro had about the same time been in the habit of cutting the same initials on mantle-pieces, and every bit of wood that came in his way. He, too, had previously seen one of the advertisements. A Hampshire man had shown it to him, and may possibly have added some remarks of his own, either as to the old Dowager's notorious craziness on this subject, or as to Castro's likeness in expression or feature to the missing Roger. Castro, having placarded his initials in this conspicuous manner, affected to be very much annoyed that Gibbs should have "spotted" him, but allowed himself to be persuaded that he had better surrender his secret, and go back to his mother. It is clear from the correspondence which has been produced in this case, that the Dowager communicated a good deal of information about Roger to Cubitt, through whom it may have reached Castro, and also that Castro at first went altogether astray in his demonstration of his identity with Roger. To convince the Dowager, he mentioned two circumstances known only to her and to himself — "the brown mark on my side, and the card-case at Brighton." But, as it happened, the brown mark was Castro's exclusive property, Roger never having had any thing like it; and as for the card-case — referring, apparently, to a well-known trial for cheating at cards, with which Roger had nothing whatever to do — the Dowager entreats that nothing more may be said about it, as it would turn every one against him. In another letter he asked after Roger's grandfather, who died before he was born. He also said that he had been educated by the Jesuits in Paris, instead of Stonyhurst, and that he had been a private in the Guards for a fortnight. The correspondence shows that the Dowager was constantly pointing out mistakes of this kind; and yet that she was at the same time determined to accept Castro as her son. "You do not tell any thing at all about my son," she wrote to Cubitt, "and I hardly know any thing at all about the person you suppose to be my son;" yet in the same envelop she encloses a letter to the supposed son, taking him to her heart as her "dearest and beloved Roger," and begging him to come to her. While he is making up his mind, not without much hesitation, whether he should accept her invitation, it may be worth while to observe what sort of reputation, as appears from the evidence taken by the Australian Commission, Tom Castro at this period enjoyed among those who knew him.

He had been for some time at Wagga-Wagga, and was allowed to be a good slaughterman. He was fond of "blowing," or boasting about himself, declaring at one time that his mother was a duchess, and at another time that he was a peer of the realm. Occasionally men came to Wagga-Wagga who had known Castro in other parts. It appears that he had led a wandering and uneasy life, alternating between stock-riding, butchering, and horse-stealing. In Gippsland "he had bought some horses that turned out to be stolen, and he was afraid he could not find the party he bought them of." At Reedy Creek he got into another scrape with horses. Down to this time he was known as Arthur Orton, but he appeared at Wagga-Wagga as Castro. Two of his mates had been hanged; another had been shot by the police; "Ballarat Harry" had been murdered by a friend of his own and Castro's after spending an evening with the latter. A lady, satirically called "Gentle Annie," was also a member of this agreeable society, and lived with Castro before he married. Before 1859 he went by the name of Arthur Orton, Arthur the Butcher, or Big Arthur, and afterwards as Thomas Castro, with a short interval when he borrowed Morgan's name. These circumstances were partially known at Wagga-Wagga, and Castro was naturally annoyed when allusion was made to them. In 1865 his bragging about his family appears to have become more definite and systematic, and he began writing and cutting out the initials "R. C. T." At the time he fell in with Gibbs he was very hard pushed for money. While the Dowager was writing over about the fifteen thousand pounds a year awaiting her son in England, Castro was begging for a few shillings to save him from destitution. Roger had left a good balance at Glyn's, and credit at another house, but Castro could think of no means of procuring a little money except by abject appeals to Gibbs's compassion. If Gibbs could not give him money, would he at least speak to one of the storekeepers to let him have necessaries for the house? "I expect," he says, "Mrs. Castro to be confined before Saturday. And believe me Sir I am more like a Manick than a B or B K to think that I should have a child born in such a hovel."

Notwithstanding his desperate circumstances, Castro was in no hurry to accept the Dowager's pressing invitations to help himself to fifteen thousand pounds a year down, with half as much again in reversion. It was clear from her letters that she was determined to be convinced that he was her son, and his absurd blunders about the family and about the principal incidents of Roger's career, did not disturb her. It is possible that her extraordinary eagerness to adopt a man whom she had never seen, and about whom she knew absolutely nothing, for all information had been withheld, may have suggested a suspicion that she wanted the heir for some purpose of her own, and did not care who played the part. "Let him come; I will identify him, and it will be all right;" — this was the gist of her letters, and a strong desire was also expressed that the discovery of the heir should be kept secret from the family. As she was in this mood, and evidently not disposed to stick at trifles, the Claimant had perhaps some reason to complain that she would not recognize his handwriting at once as that of Roger. "You have caused a deal of truble," he says, by not identifying the writing; and he hints that unless she does so at once he will stay where he is: "But it matters not Has have no wish to leave a country ware I injoy good health I have grow very stout." While in this hesitating mood, he somehow falls in with Guilfoyle, who had been gardener at Tichborne Park, and with Bogle, valet of the late Sir Edward Doughty. From them he might of course learn all about the Dowager's peculiarities, her craze about Roger, her visits to the grounds round Tichborne Park on dark nights, with a lantern to guide the long-lost heir if he happened to be there, the lamp set in the window, and the other gossip of the servants' hall. If there was any resemblance between Castro and Roger it would also be remarked. Castro's hesitation is now gradually dissipated. On Sept. 2, 1866, accompanied by his wife and child, and by Bogle, he sailed from Sydney to Panama on his way to England. At Panama he dallied awhile; then he went to New York, where there was another delay, and at last he started for England. Here again, however, he preferred the tedious route by the Thames to the Victoria Docks at Poplar. He arrives on the afternoon of Christmas Day, and almost immediately he hurries off to Wapping. Muffled up in a large pea-coat, with a wrapper round the lower part of his face, and a peaked cap overshadowing the upper part, he enters the "Globe" public-house, makes his way to the bar-parlor like an old acquaintance, and over a glass of sherry questions the landlady about the Ortons. He tries to see one of Arthur Orton's married sisters that night, but she is out; and

early next morning, without waiting for breakfast, he is off again to the neighborhood of Wapping. He picks up all the information he can get about the Ortons, and sends a letter under an assumed name to one of the married sisters. Afterwards he sent them photographs of himself and of his wife and child as portraits of Arthur Orton and his family, and he also supplied the sisters and a brother with money. The Dowager was impatiently expecting him in Paris, but he was in no hurry to go to her. He avoided all Roger's relatives, and went to Gravesend to be out of their way. Next we have a glimpse of him, under the name of Taylor, hidden in his big muffler and peaked cap, driving round Tichborne Park and studying a catalogue of pictures in the house, with Bogle in attendance. Bogle refreshes his recollection of the house by a visit to it. It was necessary to have an attorney, and, passing by all the legal advisers in any way connected with the Tichborne family, he took one who was introduced to him by a gentleman whom he is said to have met in a billiard-room at London Bridge. At last he felt equal to confronting the Dowager. He reached Paris, accompanied by the attorney, and the "mutual friend," at nine o'clock at night, but deferred his visit to his mother till next day. But next day he was so overcome with emotion that he had to send for her to come to him. He then, it is alleged, went to bed, where he anxiously awaited her. It is obvious that bed-curtains, blankets, and the dingy light of a Parisian bedroom, are not favorable to the distinct recognition of a doubtful face. We do not know exactly what took place at the interview, but the result was that the Dowager agreed to recognize him. There were many old friends of Roger's in Paris, but none were sent for except Chatillon, who at once pronounced him to be an impostor.

Returning to London, the Claimant began to get up his case. If he had been under the impression that on his identification by the Dowager he would at once step into the enjoyment of a handsome fortune, he discovered his mistake. He must make good his claim at law, and it was necessary to collect evidence. We have seen what blunders he committed about the family affairs in Australia, before he met Bogle. At Wagga-Wagga he had given Gibbs directions to prepare a will, disposing of the Tichborne property, not one item of which was stated correctly. The Dowager's Christian names were wrongly given, and the names both of persons and places had nothing whatever to do with the Tichbornes, but oddly enough were associated with Arthur Orton's career. When in London he wrote to Mr. Henry Seymour, as "My Dear Uncle," spelling the name "Seymore." Mr. Seymour was, in fact, Roger's uncle, but the relationship was never alluded to between them, the Dowager, Roger's mother and Mr. Seymour's half-sister, having been an illegitimate child. Some of his relations having with great difficulty obtained interviews with him, he took his Uncle Nangle's butler, a young man, for his uncle, who is an elderly gentleman; mistook his Cousin Kate for another cousin, calling Kate Lucy and Lucy Kate. On many points, however, he showed an intimate knowledge of the Tichborne affairs, and as time went on he began to talk more freely about them. It happens that there is a great stock of information about the family which is easily accessible. It is an old family with a history, and there is a great deal about it in county histories, baronetcies, and similar works. There is Roger's will at Doctor's Commons. There have been administrations and various suits in chancery, and the documents are open to inspection on payment of a small fee. It is certain that Roger kept a diary, and was very particular about preserving accounts and letters; and the Dowager herself was a mine of information. Bogle also knew the private history of the family, as a servant knows in our own day. Rous, the landlord of the "Swan" at Alresford, had been a clerk to Dunn and Hopkins, the attorneys to the late baronet; and the Claimant quickly established a good understanding with Rous, although it afterwards broke down. With his scraps of information picked up from the Chancery papers, and from talk with Rous and Bogle, Hopkins was next angled for and hooked. Then there was Baigent, who at first declared the Claimant to be an impostor, and who suddenly discovered that he was the real man. The adhesion of Miss Braine, who had been Miss Doughty's governess, and of Moore, Roger's servant in South America, were not obtained till 1868. On the 12th of March, the Dowager, who had been for some time restless and disturbed, died suddenly. This was so far a loss to the Claimant that it deprived him of the pecuniary help which he had obtained from the old lady, but on the other hand it rendered it impossible that his chief witness should turn against him; and when the Dowager died, she knew nothing of the Wagga-Wagga will, and other remarkable circumstances in the Claimant's career.

Tichborne Park was in 1866, as now, let to Col. Lushington, and it was in every way a good haul when the Colonel was landed. The Colonel, who had never seen Roger, was mainly influenced by the Claimant's recognition of the Dowager's picture, and of a stuffed cock pheasant alleged to have been sent home by Roger from South America, and by his intimation that the backs of some miniatures would prove to be gold if scratched. The Claimant had, however, seen the Dowager, and had studied a catalogue of the pictures; the pheasant had not been sent home from America, but was an English bird; and the miniatures had been framed by Baigent, who appears to have mentioned it. Towards the end of February an important auxiliary arrived; this was Carter, an old trooper of the Carabineers, who was henceforward always in attendance on the Claimant. A few weeks later Carter is re-enforced by another old soldier who had been Roger's regimental servant — McCann. Previously the Claimant had either shirked or blundered about military matters, and Baigent had never even heard him make an allusion of any kind to his connexion with the army. But now he plunged boldly into Roger's military history, and converted military witnesses by his wonderful knowledge of minute incidents. There were old stories about a horse that killed a trooper; about another trooper who got drunk; about the practical jokes played off on poor Roger, such as "chucking all the things" out of his window, and sending a donkey clattering into his bedroom, which he took for the devil; about the two dogs Spring and Piecrust, Mrs. Hay's crow, and so on. He has names, dates, and incidents at his fingers' ends. At first he begins with the privates. Carter spends a day at Sandhurst, standing beer to his former comrades, gossiping with them about old days, and preparing them for a meeting with the Claimant. Separate interviews were arranged; the Claimant received each man as an old friend, went through the familiar stories, hobbled about the room to show that he was in-kneed, and made the most of his assumed French accent. Next there was an expedition to Colchester, with similar proceedings, and after that visits to various barracks in the north of England. Carter was an active missionary; there was plenty of beer flowing, and an occasional distribution of half-crowns. One man brought over another, and the Claimant collected not only witnesses, but information. When he found he had got a good hold on the privates, he tackled the officers, and won over four or five, who had no idea how the twigs had been limed for them. The interviews were always prearranged.

As the ball rolled, it gathered bulk. The affidavits of the witnesses who were first secured proved a fruitful nest-egg. They were cleverly concocted, and then circulated among people whom it was desired to catch. They were drawn up so as to fasten upon Roger several of the Claimant's peculiarities of expression or feature, and, being unconsciously accepted as evidence of what Roger was like, facilitated the recognition of the Claimant, who was found of course to be very like himself. Then there were little "test" incidents ingeniously contrived. When the Claimant went to Burton Constable, Sir Talbot Constable the first day could not recognize him. The next day the Claimant fired off one or two stories, possibly acquired in the interval from servants or others, about having played in private theatricals at Burton, and handed the wine round when the servant was tipsy, and about an old hedge being cut down; and Sir Talbot gave in. Mr. Biddulph, a second cousin of Roger's, is the only member of the family, with

the exception of the Dowager, who has recognized him; and Biddulph has confessed that his opinion was influenced by a story about two death's-head pipes, which might have been known to many persons in the Tichborne household. Col. Sawyer similarly succumbed to the Claimant's recollection of the Carabineers having been landed at Herne Bay from Dublin. This fact had been got from the War Office. At a railway station the Claimant captured Mr. and Mrs. Deane by going up to them and addressing them by name. They had the instant before been pointed out to him by one of his inseparable attendants. Mrs. Sherstone knew him at once because she has such a faculty for recognizing faces. Mrs. Hussey, who danced with Roger once at a servants' ball when she was fourteen years old, was confident as to his looks twenty years afterward.

A great body of evidence was thus collected by the end of 1867. There was a sort of grand rehearsal in the examination before Mr. Roupell at the Law Institute; and then the Claimant had four years more to get up more facts, and to study his part, as the actors say. It is true he recollected a great deal of loose odds and ends of information when in the witness-box, but, considering the time he had had for preparation, there was nothing surprising in this. Indeed, the most remarkable feature in the whole affair is that he did not attempt to learn more; to get up a little French, for example, a few facts about Paris and Stonyhurst, some notion of cavalry drill, and so on. His memory, like his French accent, was capricious — sometimes very strong, at other times a blank. He had a distinct recollection of his pipes, of the number on a trooper's horse, of the stag's head and mauve stripes on his shirts and handkerchiefs; but he could remember scarcely any thing about his life at Paris, or at Stonyhurst, and only such incidents in his military career as were the common gossip of the barrack-yard. He confounded a troop and a squadron, and did not know the difference between close and open order, or what telling off and proving meant, and he thought the Carabineers were a thousand strong. He had never heard of Lord Fitzroy Somerset. Roger had some knowledge of Latin, and the Claimant thought *Cæsar* was in Greek. He was sure he learned Hebrew at Stonyhurst, where no Hebrew was taught. Roger was fond of music and could play the horn; the Claimant, when shown some music, and asked why the horn was written in such a key and the piano-forte in three flats, said it was because the horn could not get down to the flats. The Claimant pronounced the Dowager's name Felicite. The letters of Roger and the Claimant, in handwriting, composition, and grammar, are as different as letters can be. His story of the shipwreck of the *Bella*, and his escape with eight others in a boat, was absurd and contradictory. No survivor of the *Bella* has ever turned up. Neither the captain nor any of the crew of the vessel which he said picked them up can be discovered. First he said it was the *Osprey*, a Scotch schooner, then the *Themis*, and then again he tried back to another *Osprey*. The Chili Commission proved that, whereas Tichborne was not known, Arthur Orton was known to the people whom the Claimant had mentioned as his friends at Melipilla. The Chili Commission, taken in connexion with the Australian Commission and other evidence, would seem to point to the Claimant as being Arthur Orton; but who he is is of no practical importance, if he is not Roger.

As to Roger's appearance at the time he left England there is a substantial agreement in the different portraits. His friends generally describe him as a slight, dark, pale man, with a soft, melancholy eye, with thin, straight, very dark brown, almost black, hair, and with large and rather bony hands. His mother adds some flattering but fanciful touches, that he was tall and had blue eyes. Gen. Custance's picture is in another style: "A little, wretched, unwholesome-looking young man, about five feet six inches, or at most five feet seven inches, very pale, thin, and dirty-looking, and apparently not likely to grow." The General's picture is perhaps too harsh, but we suspect it is nearer the truth than the more complimentary likeness. Roger was rather a weak, insignificant youth. When he first joined the regiment he was so undersized and odd-looking, and talked so curiously in his French way, that the colonel thought he must have come to see the cook, and directed an orderly to conduct him to the kitchen. He had to explain that he had come to see the colonel, and not the cook. It is possible that there really was a stronger resemblance in expression, if not in feature, between Roger and the Claimant than the counsel for the defence were willing to admit. But the physical evidence against the Claimant was overwhelming. It is possible that a man might increase in bulk, so that, having been once slender as Roger, he should become gross and ponderous as the Claimant; but the latter is an inch or more taller than Roger, who was twenty-four when he left England — an age at which men cease to grow in height. His head is larger; Roger's helmet, which was too loose for him, and had to be padded with a newspaper, was a painfully tight fit for the Claimant. Roger's hair was straight and lank; the Claimant's is curly. Roger's ears adhered to the side of his head; the Claimant's ears are dependent and free, with large lobes. Apart from the disputed scars on the Claimant's left foot, he has no marks of having been bled at all; but Roger was frequently bled on account of asthma. Roger's arm was elaborately tattooed, first by a sailor, who pricked out the emblems of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and afterwards by Lord Bellew, a schoolfellow, who added a cable and "R. C. T." On neither of the Claimant's arms are there any tattoo marks, though there is a mark at the wrist which it has been suggested might be a tattoo of "A. O." burned out. It will occur to every one that if the Court could have insisted upon beginning with a physical examination of the Claimant there would at once have been an end of the case, and that three instead of one hundred and three days would then have been sufficient to dispose of it. As it was, the jury could come to no other conclusion than that the claim had broken down, while the judge had also no alternative but to commit Thomas Castro to Newgate.

A VOYAGE TO THE SUN.

[ALTHOUGH the following narrative is related in the first person, it is not to be understood that the account was actually written by the voyager. The writer of these introductory lines does not deem it desirable to particularize the manner in which this account has reached him. For the present, at least, he prefers to leave the reader to guess whether (like Cardan) the voyager, who is responsible for the principal facts, saw, in a vision, what is here described; or whether "the interiors of the spirit" were "opened in him," as chanced to Swedenborg, so that he could "converse with spirits, not only those near our earth, but with those also who are near other orbs;" or whether, like the author of the "Neue Reisen in den Mond, in die Sonne, &c.," he obtained his information through the agency of *clairvoyance*; or, lastly, whether spiritualistic communications from departed astronomers are here in question. According to the ideas which the readers of these lines may severally entertain respecting the manner in which such facts as are here described may have come to our knowledge, they will doubtless decide for themselves among these explanations, and others which may, for aught we know, be available. Nay, there may even be some who may be disposed to regard the whole of what follows as a mere effort of imagination. For our own part we must be content to present, without comment or explanation, the information which has reached us; there are, indeed, some circumstances in the account which we could not explain if we would. It will be noticed that from time to time the narrator refers to explanatory communications having reference to the real nature of the voyage. These communications belong to the details which we do not desire to enter upon at present.]

Our voyage commenced shortly before noon on Jan. 9, of the year 1872. As we started from the central part of London, — or, to be more particular, from the rooms of the Astronomical Society in Somerset House, — our course was directed, in the first instance, towards a part of the sky lying southwards, and some sixteen degrees above the horizon. From what I have already told you, you will understand that the earth's attraction did not in the least interfere with our progress. But atmospheric resistance was not altogether so imperceptible; and from time to time, notwithstanding

our familiarity with all the astronomical details of our journey, — and X.'s special mastery of the laws to which we were to trust, — we found considerable inconvenience from the loaded state of the lower atmospheric strata. Although we were no longer subject to any physical inconveniences (indeed, our enterprise would otherwise have been impracticable), and although our powers of perception were greatly enhanced, yet the very circumstances which enabled us to exercise powers corresponding to those of the common senses, rendered the veil of mist and fog which surrounded us on all sides, as impenetrable to our vision (to use this word for want of a better) as to the eyesight of the Londoner.

Presently, however, we rose into a purer atmosphere. The sun — the end and aim of our journey — was seen in a clear sky, while below us the vast mass of cloud and fog which hung over London appeared like a wide sea, shining brilliantly under the sun's rays, and effectually concealing the great city from our view.

Our flight was now very rapid, and each moment becoming more so, as we reached rarer and rarer regions of the upper air. We noticed that the noise and hubbub of London seemed rapidly to subside into what appeared to us at the time as almost perfect stillness. And in passing I may confirm what Glaisher has said respecting the voices which are heard to the greatest distance. For the shrill tones of women and children were heard from time to time, when the loudest tones of the male voice were altogether beyond our hearing. The sounds which we heard latest of all, however, were the occasional shrieks of railway-whistles, and (quite unexpectedly) a peculiarly shrill note produced by the beating of the sea-waves on the shore, which I do not remember to have observed under other circumstances. We noticed this as our onward course carried us past (though far above) the waters of the British Channel.

I forbear to speak of the aspect presented by the earth as our distance gradually increased; though, for my own part, my attention (at this part of our progress) was directed far more closely to the planet we were leaving than to the orb which we proposed to visit. X., on the other hand, absorbed (as you will readily believe) in the anticipation of the revelations about to be made respecting the sun, directed his sole attention to the contemplation of that luminary. Y., who accompanied us (as I have already informed you) rather *en amateur* than because of any profound interest which he takes in scientific investigations, appeared to be too much perplexed by the unexpected appearance of all the objects now in view to attend to any special features of the scene. He was in particular surprised at the rapidly increasing darkness of the sky in all directions, except where the sun's intense lustre still lit up a small circle of air all round his orb. Long before we had reached the limits of the terrestrial atmosphere the stars began to shine at least as brilliantly as in ordinary moonlight; and when certain signs recognized by X. showed that we were very near the limits of the air, the stars were shining as splendidly all around as on the darkest and clearest night. At this time X. asked us to turn our attention to those parts of the sky which were most remote from the sun, in order that when we were actually beyond the terrestrial atmosphere, we might see at once the full glory of a scene which he had been contemplating for some time with unutterable wonder. I am, therefore, unable from my own experience to describe how the effects of atmospheric illumination in concealing the real splendor of the regions closely surrounding the sun had gradually diminished as we rose into rarer and yet rarer strata.

But while we were preparing for the surprise which X. had promised, a surprise of another kind awaited all of us. It had become clear that although the tenuity of the air through which we were now passing was almost infinitely greater than the gaseous rarity produced in any experimental researches undertaken by men, we were yet approaching a definite boundary of the terrestrial atmosphere. None of us were prepared for the effects which were produced when that boundary was crossed. On a sudden the darkness of the heavens all round us increased a myriadfold, insomuch that the darkness of the blackest night seemed like mid-day by comparison. Yet I speak here only of the blackness of the background on which the stars were shown; for the light of the stars as suddenly increased in an equal degree, while thousands of thousands of stars not before seen, in a moment leaped into view (I can use no other expression). The familiar constellations were there, but they seemed lost in the splendor of a thousand more wonderful constellations hitherto unrevealed, except ("as through a glass and darkly") to the telescopist. Each star of all these unnumbered thousands shone with its proper splendor, and yet each, as respects size, seemed to be the merest point of light. It would be utterly useless for me to attempt to describe the amazing beauty of the spectacle thus presented, or the infinite complexity of structure seen amidst the star-depths. We stayed for a while entranced by the sublime picture suddenly disclosed to us; and it was with difficulty that X. (even more enthusiastic, you remember, as a student of the stars than as one of our modern sun-worshippers) could be withdrawn from the contemplation of the wonderful display.

One other circumstance I must mention before describing the scene which we witnessed when the sun and sun-surrounding regions became the object of our study. I have spoken above of the silence which prevailed around us after we had reached a certain height above the earth. To our infinite amazement, we found, as we passed the limit of the atmosphere, that what we had regarded as silence, — nay, as an almost oppressive silence, — was only silence by comparison with the noise and tumult lower down. A sudden change from the uproar of the fiercest battle to the stillness of the desert could not surpass in its effects the change which we experienced as we passed through the impalpable boundary of the earth's atmospheric envelope. What had seemed to us like an oppressive silence, appeared now, by contrast, as the roar of a storm-beaten sea. We experienced for the first time the effects of absolute stillness. It is certain that Pythagoras was right when he spoke of the tumult which, in reality, surrounds us, though, —

> Whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

Yet as to the harmony of the spheres, he was mistaken; for, even when the unnoticed but ever-present mundane noises suddenly ceased, as we passed the limit of the earth's airy vesture, no sound betrayed the swift rush of the planets on their course around the sun. We were still close to the earth, the desert of Sahara lying now vertically beneath us at a distance of rather more than five hundred miles, yet her onward rush at the rate of more than eighteen miles per second produced no sound which could be perceived, even amid the intense silence — the *black* silence, as X. called it — of interplanetary space.

And now, how shall I fitly describe the scene which was revealed to us as we directed our attention towards the sun. He was scarcely nearer to us — at least, not perceptibly nearer — than as commonly seen, and yet his aspect was altogether new. His orb was more brilliantly white than it appears when seen through the air, but a close scrutiny revealed a diminution of brilliancy towards the edge of his disk, which, when fully recognized, presented him at once as the globe he really is. On this globe we could already distinguish the spots and those bright streaks which astronomers call *faculæ*. But it was not the aspect of his globe which attracted our wondering attention. We saw that globe surrounded with the most amazingly complex halo of glory. Close around the bright whiteness of the disk, — and shining far more beautiful, by contrast with that whiteness, than as seen against the black disk of the moon in total eclipses, — stood the colored region called the chromosphere; *not red*, as we had expected to see it, but gleaming with a mixed lustre of pink and green, through which, from time to time, passed the most startlingly brilliant coruscations of orange and golden-yellow light. Above this delicate circle of color towered three tall prominences and upwards of thirty smaller ones. These, like the chro-

mosphere, were not red, but beautifully variegated. We observed, however, that in parts of the prominences colors appeared which were not seen in the chromosphere — more particularly certain blue and purple points of light, which were charmingly contrasted with the orange and yellow flashes continually passing along the whole length of even the loftiest of these amazing objects. It was, however, worthy of notice that the prominences round different parts of the sun's orb presented very different appearances; for those near the sun's equatorial zone and opposite his polar regions differed very little in their color and degree of light from the chromosphere. They also presented shapes reminding us rather of clouds moving in a perturbed atmosphere, than of those tremendous processes of disturbance which astronomers have lately shown to be in progress in the sun. But opposite the spot-zones, which were already unmistakably recognizable, the prominences presented a totally different appearance. They resembled jets of molten matter, intensely bright, and seemingly moving with immense velocity. One or two formed and vanished with amazing rapidity, as when in terrestrial conflagrations a flame leaps suddenly to a great height and presently disappears. Indeed, the whole extent of the two spot-zones, so far as we could judge from our view of the region outside the bright solar disk, seemed to be in a state of intense electrical disturbance, since the illumination of the solar atmosphere above and around these zones appeared not only brighter than elsewhere, but was here subject also to continual changes of brightness. These changes, viewed from our great distance, did not, indeed, seem very rapid, yet, remembering the real vastness of the atmospheric regions, it was impossible not to recognize the fact that they implied the most intense activity in the solar regions beneath.

It was clear, even at the great distance at which we still were, that the solar atmosphere extends far above the loftiest of the colored prominences. We could not yet distinguish the actual boundary of the atmosphere, though we entertained little question, after what we had discovered in the case of the earth's atmosphere, that a real boundary exists to the gaseous envelope surrounding the sun. But we could perceive that a brightly luminous envelope extended to about twice the height of any prominence visible at the moment, and that the solar atmosphere extends and remains luminous to a far greater height than this more brilliant region. But the most amazing circumstance of all was this, that above even the faintest signs of an atmosphere, as well as through and amidst both the inner bright envelope and the fainter light surrounding it, there were the most complex sprays and streams and filaments of whitish light, here appearing as streamers, elsewhere as a network of bright streaks, and yet elsewhere clustered into aggregations, which I can compare to nothing so fitly (though the comparison may seem commonplace) as to hanks of glittering thread. All these streaks and sprays of light appeared to be perfectly white, and they only differed among themselves in this respect, that, whereas some appeared like fine streaks of a uniform silvery lustre, others seemed to shine with a curdled light. The faint light outside the glowing atmosphere surrounding the prominences was also whitish; but the glowing atmosphere itself shone with a light resembling that of the chromosphere, only not so brilliant. The pink and green lustre, — continually shifting, as it appeared to us, so that a region which had appeared pink at one time, would shine a short time after with a greenish light, caused us to compare the appearance of this bright region to that of mother-of-pearl. I suppose that, at a moderate computation, this glowing envelope must extend to a height of about a quarter of a million of miles from the sun; while from where we were we could trace the fainter light of the surrounding atmosphere to a distance of about half a million miles from the sun's surface. As for the white streaks and streamers, they were too irregularly spread and too complicated in their structure for us to form a clear opinion as to their extension. Moreover, it was obvious that their real extension was greater than we could at present perceive, for they gradually became less and less distinct at a greater and greater distance from the sun, and finally became imperceptible, though obviously extending farther than we could trace them.

We had passed more than two million miles beyond the moon's orbit — our progress being now exceedingly rapid — when we encountered a meteor-stream, which appeared to be of great extent. We had already noticed the passage past us of many single meteors, which seemed to cross our path in all directions. But the members of the meteor-system now encountered were all travelling nearly in the same direction, coming from below (if we may so describe the portion of space lying south of the general level in which the planets travel) slantingly upwards, and nearing the sun, though not on a course which would carry them within several millions of miles of his globe. This meteor-system is not one of those which our earth encounters; nor could X. — who, as you know, has closely studied the subject — recall the path of any comet which travels along the course which the meteors of this system were pursuing.

We paused to study, with not a little interest, a system which belongs to a class of cosmical objects, playing, as would appear, a most important part in the economy of the universe. The members of this meteor family were small — few of them exceeding a few inches in diameter — and separated by relatively enormous distances. Except in the case of a few sets of two or three or more of these bodies, which evidently formed subordinate schemes, I could not perceive any instances in which any meteor was separated by less than a hundred miles from the nearest of its fellows, insomuch that it was impossible for us to perceive more than a very few of these objects at a time. More commonly, indeed, two or three thousand miles separated each meteor from its immediate neighbor. Yet the actual number of the bodies forming this system must be enormous, for we found that the system extended in the direction in which we were travelling for no less than a million and a half of miles, and its longitudinal extension — that is, its extension measured along the orbit of the system — must be far more enormous, even if the system does not form a closed ring, as in other cases known to terrestrial astronomers. It is, however, somewhat unlikely that this can be the case; for we observed that the meteors were travelling at the rate of about twenty-six miles per second, which implies (so, at least, X. asserted) that the path of these meteors is a very eccentric one, extending farther into space than the paths of the most distant known members of the solar system.

Most of the meteors were rounded, though few were perfectly globular; some, however, appeared to be quite irregular in shape. We were interested (and Y. was not a little amused) to observe that most of the meteors were rotating, as steadily as though they were of planetary importance: the sets of meteors, also, which I have already referred to, were circling round each other with exemplary gravity. A strange circumstance, truly, that those peculiarities of planetary motion, which we are accustomed to associate with the existence of living creatures (whose requirements these movements so importantly subserve) should thus be simulated by the minute orbs which wander to all appearance uselessly through space!

After passing this interesting region, and travelling more than three million miles farther on our course towards the sun, we noticed for the first time that a change had passed over the appearance of the sun's atmosphere and the surrounding regions. The radial streamers, respecting which astronomers have so long been in doubt, had come into view in the most unmistakable manner. We could trace them from the very border of the sun's globe, across the inner glowing atmosphere, as well as the outer and more faintly illuminated region; and beyond that region to distances which we judged to vary from some seven or eight millions of miles, opposite the solar spot zones, to about two millions and a half, opposite the polar and equatorial regions of his globe. Yet it must not be inferred that the radiated glory now visible around the sun was, strictly speaking, four-cornered. There was a general tendency to the four-cornered or trapezoidal form, but the apparent figure of the light

was gaped and striated in an irregular manner, suggesting that the real shape of the portion of space through which these radial gleams extended was far from simple. We could not trace any actual outline of the coronal glory; so far as we could judge, it merged itself gradually into a faintly illuminated background of light, which, as we could now perceive, surrounded the sun to a vast distance on all sides, but with an obviously increased extension opposite the sun's equatorial regions.

The most remarkable circumstance, however, in the radial aspect now presented by the outer corona, was the fact that it had undoubtedly not been so well marked — even if it had existed at all — only a short time before. There could, indeed, be no mistake about the matter; some strange process of change had taken place whereby the coronal region had become thus marvellously striated. The same process of change had caused all parts of the solar atmosphere, excepting only the chromosphere, to glow more resplendently. But the streaks and sprays of faint white light remained unchanged, as well in shape as in lustre and color. They appeared now by contrast somewhat fainter than they had been; and, of course, owing to our having drawn nearer to them, they appeared somewhat larger: but we agreed that, in reality, no appreciable change whatever had affected these mysterious objects.

As it seemed not unlikely that we should shortly witness farther changes in the radiated glory, which we could not but regard as probably auroral in its nature, it appeared desirable to X. that we should endeavor to time the continuance of the aspect now presented. A sufficiently accurate measurement of time seemed likely to be obtained by noting the moon's motion. The earth and moon were now far behind us, appearing as two planets of great splendor and close together. The apparent diameter of the earth was about a sixth of that commonly presented by the moon; while the moon, which was approaching the earth (in appearance) from the left, showed a diameter equal to about a fourth of the earth's. Both seemed appreciably "full," that is, shone with full circular disks, the moon seeming to shine with a somewhat fainter degree of luminosity. This was, no doubt, due to the inferior reflective qualities of her surface, or rather, to the superior reflective power of clouds in the earth's atmosphere. For we could distinctly perceive that the middle part of the earth's disk, occupied at the time by the Atlantic Ocean, showed a band of whitish light, north and south of which the ocean presented a purplish color much darker than we should have expected, and certainly not shining with more light than the general surface of the moon. The ice-covered regions round the southern pole could be plainly recognized by the brilliant whiteness of the light they reflected; and all the appearances suggested that this part of the earth is occupied by an ice-covered continent.

Not to digress further, however, I return to the consideration of the method by which X. proposed to time any solar changes. The moon was now, as I have said, very close to the earth in appearance, and slightly below or south of the earth, speaking always with reference to the general level of the paths on which the planets travel — on which level, as I have said, we judged it well to pursue our course. At the moment we could see that the distance separating the moon and earth was equal (in appearance) to about six times the apparent diameter of the earth; and X.'s long experience enabled him to form an exact estimate on this point. It was only necessary, therefore, to compare this distance with that noted subsequently, as occasion might arise, to form a tolerably exact estimate of the time which should then have elapsed. For it will be understood that, placed as we were, we could quite readily recognize the relatively rapid motions of the moon on her course round the earth. And in passing, I may mention how strange it appeared to us to see the earth, so long known to us as a body to be contrasted with the celestial orbs, now taking her place as a planet among the stars. There, not far from Jupiter (whom she very much outshone at the time), among the familiar though now enhanced splendors of the constellation Gemini, shone our earth and her satellite, — a double planet, and next to the sun himself the most beautiful object in the heavens.

During the next ten million miles of our progress we passed the neighborhood of several meteor systems, actually traversing three, whereof two were far more important, so far as we could judge, than the one already described. It was worthy of notice also that the members of all those systems travelled much more swiftly than the meteors formerly seen.

But what appeared to us a most remarkable circumstance was this, that as we drew nearer towards the sun, these meteor systems became more numerous and more important, while we could recognize many objects resembling comets in their general structure (only they had no tails), but much smaller, insomuch that many of them appeared to be only a few hundred miles in diameter. They were in a general sense round, and became more numerous as we proceeded; while in several instances we observed that they appeared in groups. It would seem from this that multitudes of comets, too small to be discerned by any telescopes yet made, exist within the confines of the solar system; but whether these are the remains of larger comets, or have an independent cosmical existence, it is difficult to determine. Before we reached the orbit of Venus (now shining very brilliantly on the left of the sun, and through our own motion passing rapidly from Aquarius to Pisces) these objects began to appear in countless numbers, with obvious signs of an increased condensation in the sun's neighborhood. We could perceive that for the most part they were followed by flights of meteors, individually minute, but more closely packed (so to speak) than the meteor systems near our own earth. We began to suspect that this unexpected wealth of cosmical matter in the sun's neighborhood, might supply the explanation of those interlacing streaks and sprays and hanks of whitish light to which reference has already been made.

When we were about half-way between the paths of Venus and Mercury, we for the first time noticed a diminution in the distinctness of these auroral radiations which had first made their appearance when we were but some six millions of miles from the earth. It seemed as though the glowing streamers were slowly fading from view, in the same way that streamers of an auroral display wane in splendor even as we watch them. In a short time we could no longer distinguish the radiations, the solar atmosphere resuming the appearance it had presented when we first observed it. Unfortunately we were unable to estimate the length of time during which the radiated appearance had continued visible, for we were now much too far from the earth to estimate with any degree of accuracy the amount by which the moon had advanced on her course. But although X.'s ingenious plan had thus failed to supply an exact estimate, we could still infer from the aspect of the earth and moon, that some three hours of common time had passed since the radial streamers appeared.

It seems difficult to understand how the phenomenon we had witnessed could be otherwise regarded than as a solar aurora. How the electrical action causing such an aurora is excited, seems open to question; though the facts to be presently described suggest a probable cause. But after what we had now seen, I had myself very little doubt that electricity is the main cause of the phenomenon.

Passing Mercury (some twenty millions of miles on our right as we crossed his orbit) we began to draw so close towards the sun, that many of the features shown by good telescopes could be clearly recognized. His spots already presented a striking appearance; but we were most interested at this stage of our progress by the aspect of the colored prominences and chromosphere. Nothing more beautiful can be conceived than the fringe of colored light surrounding the intensely white orb of the sun. The varieties of color mentioned above seemed now to be multiplied fifty-fold. There are no terms by which the beauty of the scene can be described. To say that the sun appeared like a shield of glowing silver set round by myriads of sparkling jewels of all the colors of the rainbow, is as far from the truth as though one should compare the hues of

the most brilliant fireworks with the sombre tints of autumn foliage.

The glowing inner atmosphere amidst which these prominences displayed their splendors, had now, owing to our near approach, increased very largely in apparent extent. We could distinguish many varieties of color and brightness within its limits, and from time to time radial striations appeared, over the solar spot zones, though they showed but faintly compared with those we had seen earlier, and remained visible but a short time. When they were most clearly seen they could be traced outwards into the less luminous atmosphere, which we could now distinguish to a vast distance from the sun's surface. This outer atmosphere was not irregular, as we might have judged from the earlier appearance of the radiations; for we could now see that those radiations had been wholly within the limits of this exceedingly rare atmosphere. We could trace the envelope to the distance of about eight millions of miles from the sun on all sides; at which distance it appeared to have a definite boundary. But outside, as well as within its limits, the irregular streams and sprays of whitish light could now be seen with greatly enhanced distinctness, and could be traced to a much greater distance from the sun. It had become perfectly obvious to us that these whitish streaks were due to myriads of meteor systems existing in the sun's neighborhood. We had long since observed how much more richly these systems were congregated close by the sun; and the nearer we ourselves approached his orb, the more surprising was the richness of meteoric aggregation. We now encountered, not systems of meteors, but systems of meteor-systems; while amidst these systems, and seemingly associated with them, were countless thousands of those relatively minute comets which have been already referred to. That these comets glowed chiefly with their own inherent lustre, we could not doubt; but the meteor systems shine by reflecting the sun's light; and we could already perceive how much more brilliantly they are illuminated than the meteors which pass close by the earth. For the sun presented a disk many times larger than as he appears to the terrestrial astronomer. So that the meteor systems, infinitely more numerous as well as severally richer in the sun's neighborhood, and illuminated many times more brightly, formed a conspicuous but irregular halo around the sun. We could perceive also that as their motions (far more rapid than those of the meteors first encountered) carried groups and clusters of them into the solar atmosphere, they began to glow with inherent light, partly, no doubt, because of the increased heat to which they became exposed, but chiefly, as I judge, because the sun's electrical action was then more freely communicated to them. We cannot suppose that atmospheric resistance can have been in question, since even such tenuous bodies as comets pass far nearer to the sun without being appreciably affected by this cause.

It was the sudden access of brilliancy in meteor systems close by us, which gave us the first intimation that we were about to cross the boundary of the solar atmosphere. We were all prepared, as we thought, to experience in some striking manner the effects produced as we passed from the ether of interplanetary space into the sun's atmosphere, — infinitely rare though it might be at this distance from his surface. But we were in no sense prepared for the surprise which actually awaited us. Of a sudden we passed from absolute silence to an uproar infinitely surpassing the tumult of the fiercest terrestrial storms. We were still some eight millions of miles from the sun; yet the tremendous processes at work within his domain produced the most stupendous reverberations, even at that enormous distance, and in an atmosphere rarer than the so-called vacuum of the experimentalist. Nothing in all our progress thus far, had given us so startling an insight into the mighty energy of the sun, as this amazing circumstance. Somehow we had always associated the idea of perfect silence with the solar activity; and perhaps it had been on this account that we had hitherto experienced a sense of unreality when considering the mighty processes at work, as telescopic research had shown, in the solar orb. But now that we could, as it were, hear the working of the mighty machine which governs our scheme of worlds, — now that we could feel the pulsations of the great heart of the planetary system, — the sense of the sun's amazing vitality was brought home to us, so far at least as so stupendous a reality can be brought home to the feeble conceptions of the human mind.

Amidst a continually increasing uproar, and through an atmosphere so intensely heated that no creature living on the earth could for an instant have endured its fiery breath, we passed onwards to the glowing inner atmosphere, and still onwards to the very limits of the chromosphere, — where it seemed fit that our course should be staid, in order that we might contemplate the wonders that surrounded us. It would be useless for me to attempt to describe all that we had witnessed during this last stage of our voyage to the sun; wonders had surpassed wonders, glories that had seemed incredible had become lost in yet more amazing glories, each moment had seemed to bring the climax of splendor, of fierce energy, of inconceivable uproar, and yet at each moment we seemed as though we should forget the wonders we had witnessed in those which were being newly revealed.

We were now within twenty thousand miles of the sun's surface. All round us were waves of flaming hydrogen, into which uprose continually vast masses of glowing vapor, resplendent with all the colors of the rainbow, if a rainbow can be conceived as of intensest fire. Some thirty thousand miles from where we were, a mighty prominence towered aloft to a height of at least seventy thousand miles. We had arrived close by the spot zone, and between us and the prominence the surface of the intensely bright photosphere was tossed into what appeared as the immense waves of a white-hot sea. We could perceive that along the whole length of the prominence, even to its very summit, which seemed to be almost vertically above us, a rush of fiery vapor was passing continually upwards with incredible velocity. From time to time masses of matter which resembled molten metal were expelled as if from a vent far beneath the lowest visible part of the fiery column. After each such outburst, the prominence seemed to glow with increased brilliancy, its shape also changing, as though the surrounding atmosphere were agitated by tremendous hurricanes. But even as we watched, the explosions grew less fierce, and presently ceased; after which, the whole prominence, vast as was its extent, seemed to dissolve, until in an incredibly brief space no trace of it could be perceived.

But a circumstance which surprised us greatly was this. Although the uproar and tumult which prevailed were inconceivably great, yet during the whole progress of the solar eruption which we had been witnessing, there were no sounds which we could associate with the tremendous outbursts which must in reality have taken place. Accustomed to associate terrestrial volcanic explosions with sounds of exceptional loudness, we were amazed to perceive no distinctive sounds during the infinitely mightier eruption we had just watched.

But as we passed towards the scene of the eruption — eager to contemplate the effects of an outburst competent to destroy the whole frame of a globe like the earth — the mystery was explained. While we were still far from the place of explosion, and intent on the study of the great facular waves which were passing swiftly beneath us, we suddenly heard a series of explosions so tremendous that we imagined a new eruption was commencing close by. Yet we could perceive no signs of unusual solar activity. All round our horizon, indeed, we could discern prominences of greater or less dimensions; but these we had observed before. Whence then came the tremendous noises now reverberating through the solar atmosphere? — noises so tremendous, that the unutterable uproar which had prevailed unceasingly all round us, seemed hushed, by comparison, into perfect stillness. X. was the first to see the meaning of the phenomenon. These sounds were those produced during the explosion which had ceased some time before; the interval which had elapsed corresponding to the vast distance which still separated us from the scene of

the outburst. Just as a perceptible interval elapses between the flash of a gun and the moment when the noise of the discharge reaches the ear of a distant observer, — so in the present case a comparatively long interval elapsed before the sound-waves traversed the distance which light had traversed in less than a second.

As we approached the scene of the outburst, we perceived that we were nearing the borders of an enormous region which seemed dark by comparison with the intense brilliancy of the rest of the photosphere. The *faculæ*, forming here immense ridge-like waves, prevented us for a time from fully discerning the nature of this region; but after we had passed some of the loftiest of these seeming waves, we could perceive that the dark region formed a sort of lagoon, though of an extent exceeding the whole surface of the earth. We had, in fact, approached one of those regions which terrestrial observers call spots. We could readily infer that the spot was not one of the very largest; in fact it was little more than twenty thousand miles in width. We found that (as astronomers have inferred) the dark region lay below the general level of the photosphere. But terrestrial observers have wholly underrated the extent of the depression of these regions. The reason of this X. considered to be the refractive power of the dense atmosphere within these depressions, which causes them to appear shallower than they really are, much as a basin when filled with water appears shallower than it really is. We judged the depth of the depression in the case of this particular spot to be fully ten thousand miles.

Placed as we were now at the borders of an enormous sun spot, we could understand the real meaning of some of those appearances which had seemed perplexing during the telescopic scrutiny of the sun. In the first place, we could perceive that, throughout the whole extent of the depression before us, there was the most intense activity; but the most violent action took place all round the borders of the spot. We could see, in fact, that several of the prominences we had observed during our progress sprang from the borders of the relatively dark depression; and though scarcely a trace remained (to our great amazement) of the mighty eruption we had so lately witnessed, we could judge from the aspect of the region we had reached, that *here* (on the nearer border of the spot) that tremendous outburst had taken place. All round the spot immense waves of *faculæ* raised their glowing crests above the general solar level; and we could see that this was due to the action of some cause by which the matter of the photosphere had been driven outwards from the region of the spot, and had so become heaped up in great ridges all round. Descending to a lower level, we found that this photospheric matter was actually of the nature of cloud or fog, and that it was, in fact, formed by the condensation of the glowing vapors of many metallic elements into innumerable globules or vesicles, resembling the water-vesicles of our clouds. From the inner surface of some of these clouds, we could perceive that metallic rain was falling. The metallic showers were particularly heavy on the borders of the spot, though whether this was due to the cooling to which the region of the spot appeared to have been exposed, or to electrical action caused by the intense activity all round the spot, we could not satisfactorily determine. And though we visited several other spots — one of them remarkably large — we could perceive nothing explanatory of these localized showers.

In passing over the general photosphere — that is, over regions where there were no spots — we saw no signs of the objects which have been called willow-leaves. The photosphere presents a curdled aspect, as though the metallic clouds which produce the greater part of its light had been agitated into somewhat uniformly-disposed waves — not rollers, but such waves as are seen when two seas meet — but there was nothing suggestive of interlacing. In the neighborhood of the great dark depressions, however, the rounded clouds seemed to be lengthened by the effects of atmospheric disturbance, an effect which was enhanced by the downfall of metallic showers from these clouds. X., who had been inclined to entertain the belief that the bright solar willow-leaves are in some sense organized beings, admitted at once that nothing in their aspect on a nearer view encourages such a conception of their nature.

We visited both spot zones, and examined many spot depressions in several stages of development. From what we saw, we were led to the conclusion that spots are caused, in the first instance, by the arrival of matter from without, under such circumstances as to cause a large portion of the solar atmosphere to be cooled. It was clear, indeed, that much of the matter which continued to arrive from without caused a local increase of the sun's heat. This was especially the case with matter which arrived nearly on a vertical course. But other matter, which descended less rapidly to the surface, produced a precisely contrary effect, and as it settled down in the solar atmosphere, displacing and driving outwards the intensely bright solar clouds, it appeared to cool the underlying matter in such sort as to cause it to shine less resplendently than elsewhere. But all round a region thus cooled, intense eruptive action was invariably excited, every spot we visited being literally circled about by prominences of greater or less size. Some of these eruptions were so amazingly active that the ejected matter (which seemed to come from an immeasurable depth) was propelled with a velocity even exceeding that of any of the matter which arrived from without; so that we could not but conclude that the matter thus disgorged was driven wholly and forever away from the sun. There were signs which led us to believe that intense electrical action was excited during these eruptions, and it does not seem unlikely that such action may afford the true explanation of the radiations seen in the outer solar envelopes.

Although not liable to any sense of fatigue, and impervious to any of those risks which seemed to multiply around us, we began to be bewildered by the succession of wonders which had been revealed to us. Y. in particular, wished to escape from the fierce light and the dazzling colors, as well as from the inconceivable uproar and tumult, which we had now experienced, for some hours in reality, but for an age to our perceptions. X. was desirous of penetrating deeply beneath the photosphere, in order to obtain an answer to some of those questions which have lately arisen respecting the condition of the sun's interior. He suffered himself, however, to be overruled, though exacting from us a promise that this, our first voyage to the sun, should not be the last.

Shall I tell you the thought that chiefly occupied us as we returned to the earth? On all sides were countless myriads of stars; in front, the mighty convolution of the galaxy, infinitely complex in star-texture; directly below, the great Magellanic cloud, full of stars and star-clusters; suns everywhere, of every order of magnitude and splendor. We had wondered at the beautiful spectacle presented by the sun of our own system; but now that we had visited that sun, and had learned something of its amazing might and activity, the thought seemed awful, nay almost appalling, that all those suns, as well as the unnumbered millions which we could not perceive, were of like nature, — that the infinitely wonderful scene we had just beheld was thus infinitely multiplied throughout the infinite universe of the Almighty.

LOST EXPLORERS.

I. — THE LOST SOON FOUND.

THE expedition so properly, and, as some think, so tardily sent out in search of Dr. Livingstone, reminds us how many of our best travellers have lost their lives under circumstances which long remained unknown. Not that many amongst us believe in such a fate for the heroic Livingstone; most of us assert that he is, must be, shall be, still living; the indomitable faith on this point entertained by the late Sir Roderick Impey Murchison is widely felt. True, Livingstone has been away from us just six years, in an almost unknown part of Africa; and we know

that more than five years ago he described himself as being, through hunger and fatigue, "a mere ruckle of bones;" but still we have heard from him, or rather of him, occasionally, since; and experienced geographers can name a spot where they believe him to be at this moment. A few brief sketches will show how many explorers, on the other hand, have sunk under their privations; their fate being ascertained very soon, or after a long interval, or not at all.

The boys' favorite, — everybody's favorite, — Capt. Cook, rendered a famous amount of good service before his lamentable death. Beginning with the year 1768, he made three distinct and very lengthened voyages of discovery to the vast Pacific Ocean. His first voyage lasted till 1771, and the narrative describing it was drawn up by Dr. Hawkesworth. In 1772, he started off on his second voyage in the *Resolution*, his former ship having been the *Endeavor;* in about two years he circumnavigated the globe in a higher southern latitude than had ever before been attempted, and made vast additions to the knowledge before possessed of the South Pacific Ocean. He himself wrote an account of this voyage, the unpretending and manly style of which rendered the book generally acceptable. No previous commander of a ship had preserved his crew's health so well as Cook had during such prolonged voyages; and his account of the methods he had followed was read with great interest by the Admiralty and by shipowners. Once again Cook started off, and again in the *Resolution*, fitted out this time to bear the buffetings of the icy regions of Kamtschatka and Behring's Straits. It was in 1776 that this third voyage commenced, and many thousands of leagues were traversed before the day of his death. Cook discovered the Sandwich Islands, went northwards to Behring's Straits, reached a latitude where a compact wall of ice forbade further advance, made numerous discoveries on the north-west coast of America and the north-east coast of Asia, and again reached the Sandwich Islands, which he was destined never again to leave. His death was (if such a term may be used) most vexing; seeing that it arose wholly from a misconstruction of intentions. While anchored off Owhyhee or Hawaii, the ship often lost articles which were pilfered by natives in their frequent visits; and one fatal day, February the 21st, 1779, Cook resolved to go on shore and compel restitution. The natives put a worse interpretation on the landing of the captain and a few men, believing that he meant a war of extermination. They gradually approached in great numbers, conferred, armed themselves with spears, clubs, and daggers, and a defensive armor of mats. Cook, uneasy at the hostile manifestation, soon returned to the beach, but before he could step into the boat, he was struck by a stone thrown by a native. Cook knocked the fellow down with a musket; and then an affray began. The boat's crew fired on the natives, but were gradually driven into the water and into the boat, leaving the Captain alone on the beach. Before Cook could reach the edge of the water, a native struck him on the back of the head with a club; he staggered, fell on his hand and one knee, and dropped his musket. Another native now stabbed him in the neck with a dagger; he fell into a pool of water, and looked yearningly for some aid from the boat-party, who, unfortunately, were unable to render it. Another tremendous blow from a club put an end to his existence; after which the natives mangled and mutilated the body in a shocking manner. Some fragments of his poor remains were afterwards mournfully consigned to the deep, with such simple ceremonial as was practicable. Thus died the brave and clever Capt. James Cook. The Sandwich Islanders earned for themselves a long-enduring reputation for bloodthirsty cruelty, not in accordance with their known general habits.

The missionaries, who have so bravely borne up against hunger, exhaustion, disease, and every form of privation, in the fulfilment of the duties which they have undertaken, have their own group of narratives to tell, concerning the death of earnest-hearted men at the scene of their labors. One of the best of these was John Williams, who in 1816 entered the service of the London Missionary Society. He went out to the Society Islands, where he soon learned to talk with the natives in their own language. Then he voyaged to the Hervey Islands, where he went through the surprising work of translating the whole of the New Testament into the Raratonga language — till then quite unknown to Europeans; and he prepared books in the same language for teaching in schools which he established. He returned to England after sixteen years' absence, and was received with the warm welcome which he deserved. Williams strikingly showed, as Livingstone has shown more recently, how much the value of a missionary is increased if he be a skilful man in any of the practical arts of life. Livingstone was a piecer in a Lanarkshire cotton factory when a boy; an occupation which made him familiar with the appearance and action of machinery; while in later years he picked up some acquaintance with Latin and Greek at an evening school; acquired a fair knowledge of remedies for bodily ailment by attending a course of medical lectures at Edinburgh University; and fitted himself for such surveying and astronomical operations as are necessary for fixing the geographical positions of newly discovered places. How this knowledge has increased the value of Livingstone's labors is known to those who have paid any attention to his works. But mechanical skill is also full of importance to a missionary, as Williams well showed. In early life he was apprenticed to an ironmonger, and obtained an extensive knowledge of the mechanical arts. His success at the Society Islands was greatly due to the appreciation by the natives of the practical value of his skill. Wishing, some years afterwards, to return from the island of Raratonga to that of Raiatea, and finding no vessel or boat available, he built one with his own hands. He first made the tools, and then shaped timbers to his need; he built a vessel sixty feet long by eighteen feet wide, secured the seams with oakum of banana stumps and cocoa-nut husks, made sails of native matting, and cordage of the bark of the hibiscus. So seaworthy was this little craft, that it served him during four years' voyages between and among the various groups of Islands in the vast Pacific, then more usually known as the South Seas. Poor Williams! He was one of those whose fate it was to "die in harness," to fall in the midst of his work; but it is sad that such a man should die such a death. In November, 1839, when out on a second expedition, he visited Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides; there he was murdered by the natives, and his body in greater part eaten.

Adolph Schlagintweit was one of those who have lost their lives in Asiatic exploration. Three hardy brothers, Adolph, Hermann, and Robert Schlagintweit, left their homes in Bavaria in 1854, to explore almost unknown regions north of the Himalayas. Taking Egypt by the way, they visited many parts of India; worked their way northward; explored Sikhim, Bhotan, and Assam; penetrated into Ladakh, Cashmere, and Baltistan; and reached the Kuenluen Mountains. Adolph, hoping to do what no one else had up to that time effected, started off to cross the mountain barrier between the Indian, Chinese, and Russian dominions. He was never again seen by a white man. The truth was afterwards known that he had been murdered in August, 1857, at Kashgar, by a ruthless chieftain named Waller Khan.

Capt. Clapperton, Maj. Laing, and Richard Lander, perished while endeavoring to solve the mystery of the Niger. Clapperton, accompanied by Maj. Denham and Dr. Oudeney, started in 1822 from Tripoli, crossed the Great Desert of Sahara, entered the kingdom of Bornou, and discovered the finest sheet of water in Africa, Lake Tchad; but they failed to hit the Niger by this route. Clapperton and Denham returned safely after three years' wanderings; Oudeney perished through disease and privation. Clapperton, not many months afterwards, resolved to attack the problem from the west coast, starting from the Gulf of Guinea. The party comprised many explorers, all of whom gradually perished, except Clapperton and his servant Richard Lander. These two intrepid men reached, by an entirely new route, one point of the Niger. The privations were so varied and incessant that Capperton, sinking under them, died in

the arms of his faithful servant on the 13th of April, 1827. Richard Lander made his way back alone to the coast, with a firmness, endurance, and intelligence that gained for him well-earned renown. Meanwhile, Maj. Laing, another explorer, crossed the desert from Tripoli; but on his way he was attacked by a band of wild Tuaricks, and prostrated by no less than twenty-four wounds. Wonderful to relate, he recovered, although many portions of broken bone had to be removed from his head. He reached Timbuctoo, but was murdered soon after quitting it; and no papers came to light to show how far or how much he had contributed to the discovery of new regions. Richard Lander and his brother John were aided in an expedition to finish the work which Clapperton had begun. They started from the Guinea coast in 1830, followed Clapperton's route to the Niger, and, to their infinite credit, they persevered against all obstacles until they traced the great river down to its real outlet in the Gulf of Guinea. Richard Lander was destined to die, as his former master had died, in the wilds of unhealthy Africa. He joined a trading expedition, fitted out from Liverpool in 1832, in two small steamers; but malaria destroyed four-fifths of the crews, and Lander was killed by hostile natives.

Capt. Allen Gardiner was one of those who are lost for a time and then come to light only too late for the saving of life. A pious man, he combined missionary enterprise with the duties of captain of a merchant ship. At length he determined to become a missionary altogether, and to go among the Patagonians and Terra del Fuegians of South America. With six companions, two large launches, and two dingies or luggage-boats, he landed on the frigid and inhospitable shores of Terra del Fuego, on the 5th of December, 1850. No civilized man ever again saw those hapless adventurers alive. Thirteen months afterwards, her Majesty's ship *Dido* landed a boat's crew at that same spot; and there they found — first, a direction rudely written on a rock; then a boat lying on the beach at the mouth of a small river; then the unburied bodies of Capt. Gardiner and Mr. Maidment, a missionary who had accompanied him; then a packet of papers and books; then the shattered remains of another boat, with part of her gear and stores, and various articles of clothing; then two more dead bodies; and lastly, the graves of the remaining three members of the party. From the documents found, it at once appeared that the enterprise had been marked by a series of mishaps throughout. Both luggage-boats were lost in a storm, with all their contents; the anchors, spars, and timbers were lost in a another storm; they had left all their gunpowder behind them, and had not wherewithal to kill birds for food; one of their boats, called the *Pioneer*, was wholly lost in a third storm; and now they had only the *Speedwell* left. So far from converting to Christianity the barbarous Terra del Fuegians (who pelted and robbed them wherever they appeared), their whole time was spent in a struggle for very life. Scurvy, scanty food, and the rigors of winter, told upon them slowly but surely. They were all put upon short allowance in May; in June one of the crew died of scurvy; in July a dead fox, a half-devoured fish thrown up on the beach, and six mice, were enumerated among the articles of food in store; in August two other of the crew died, and their companions went nearly mad at losing them; early in September Maidment died; about the 6th Gardiner sank under the accumulated effects of illness and starvation, after scrawling a few lines on a piece of paper; and the remaining two, Mr. Williams, a surgeon, and Pearce, a boatman, are supposed to have succumbed about the same time. Capt. Moorshead of the *Dido*, who had called there at the earnest solicitation of Gardiner's friends in England, paid such tribute of respect as he could to the remains of the seven members of this ill-planned and ill-starred expedition.

Never did gallant men bear up more bravely against accumulated sufferings than Burke and Wills, in their journey across Australia. They were lost, but their bodies were found under very affecting circumstances. In 1860, Mr. Robert O'Hara Burke was placed in command of an expedition, to start for Melbourne, plunge into the heart of the continent, and, if possible, reach the northern coast, thereby giving additional completeness to the previous discoveries of Leichhardt, Sturt, Eyre, Mitchell, and Oxley. He had with him Mr. William John Wills, about a dozen other persons, and a good store of camels, horses, instruments, provisions, and camp baggage. Mishaps befell them from the beginning. A quarrel arose; most of the men returned to Melbourne, taking many of the stores with them. The remaining four, Burke, Wills, King, and Grey, pushed onward, with one horse, six camels, and three months' provisions. They missed two or three supply parties, which were to have been ready at certain spots reached from the east coast at Sydney, and were thus driven to obtain food as best they could after their store was exhausted. Grey died of privation on the way; but the other three succeeded in reaching the Gulf of Carpentaria, on the north coast. They worked their toilsome way back to a spot called Cooper's Creek — horse and camels dead, clothes ragged, provisions exhausted, strength gone. Two of them did not live to see their homes again. The authorities at Melbourne, uneasy at the long silence, and apprehensive of disaster, sent off an exploring party, in September, 1861, headed by Mr. A. W. Howitt (son of William and Mary Howitt). The explorer, having some idea that Cooper's Creek was the important locality, searched closely, and found King living with some friendly natives. The tale he had to tell was a sad one. From the preceding April, the three men had been living most precariously, being too utterly exhausted in strength to push on from Cooper's Creek to any of the settlements. Sometimes they obtained a little coarse food from the natives; sometimes they gathered seeds of a plant called nardoo, pounded them, and baked them into cakes. One day, having seen none of the friendly natives for some time, Burke and King tried their strength in a walk to find them. They took two pounds of nardoo with them, and left a small store of it with Wills, who was too weak to accompany them. Poor Burke weakened every hour; on the second day he threw away every thing he was carrying. They supped that night on some nardoo, with the welcome addition of a small bird which King shot. It was Burke's last night. The following morning he was speechless, or nearly so, and about eight he expired. King, desolate and sorrowful, gave up any further attempt to search for the natives; he looked out for nardoo and birds, husbanded his strength, and returned to the place where Wills had been left. Here another sorrow awaited him. "I found him," he says in his narrative, "lying dead in his gunyah (a rude sort of hut), and the natives had been there and taken away some of his clothes. I buried the corpse in sand, and remained there some days; but finding that my stock of nardoo was running short, and being unable to gather it, I tracked the natives who had been to the camp, by their footprints, and went some distance down the creek, shooting crows and rooks on the road. The natives, hearing the report of the gun, came to meet me, and took me with them to their camp, giving me nardoo and fish. They took the birds I had shot, cooked them for me, and afterwards showed me a gunyah where I was to sleep with three or the single men. The following morning they began talking to me; putting one finger on the ground and covering it with sand, at the same time pointing up the creek, saying, 'White fellow!' which I understood to mean, one white man was dead. They then asked me where the third white man was, and I made the sign of putting two fingers on the ground and covering them with sand." And so King remained with these kindly aborigines (savages we sometimes call them!) till Howitt's party arrived.

These are some of the best known cases of lost explorers whose fate was not long in doubt. The long-lost, those whose deaths were not known for a long series of years, or are even still unknown, form a group which must be treated separately.

II. — THE LONG-LOST.

Many as are the points of interest presented by the journeys noticed where the truth concerning the travellers soon became known, much more impressive, so far as con-

cerns the effect of narratives upon the reader (though not necessarily so in regard to the trials and sufferings under which the explorers sank), are those eventful journeys in which the fate of the travellers remains unknown throughout a long series of years. The painful curiosity felt during the interval is an addition to the pain felt when the truth is really known. One prolonged anxiety, neither removed nor intensified by any receipt of authentic information, is that which is associated with really lost explorers, those whose fate remains forever unknown. But of this last class the instances are very few; the missing, if they do not reach us alive, can at any rate be generally traced to some one place and some one date where and when death ensued. It is this, above any other thing, that gives Englishmen hopes of Livingstone; until they *know* that he is dead they will believe that he still lives.

Among the most famous of our travellers was Mungo Park, on account of the novelty and importance of the journeys which he made, and of the personal characteristics of the traveller himself. One of the geographical mysteries of past times was the existence of a great city, Timbuctoo, on the banks of a great river, the Niger. The English thought the known river Gambia might possibly be the outlet of the Niger, while the French selected the known river Senegal; and traders belonging to both countries made many voyages up these two rivers, to test the rival theories, but they met with no Timbuctoo, no Niger. Whether the Niger is the upper part of the Nile, or flows to some outlet on the west coast of Africa, or loses itself in some great marsh or lake in the centre of the continent, remained an unsolved problem. Mungo Park was employed to solve it. He had been an assistant-surgeon on board an East Indiaman, and was now fitted out for his new enterprise at the cost of the African Association. He started in 1795, remained a few months near the mouth of the Gambia, and penetrated into the interior in 1796. Robbed of most of the commodities he had taken with him, imprisoned by a chieftain on the borders of the great desert of Sahara, and treated with much cruelty, he at length reached Sego, the capital of Bambarra, where he saw the Joliba, a river as broad as the Thames at Westminster Bridge. He at once concluded it to be the Niger, of which he was in search; he hit on the truth, but did not know at what part of the African coast its waters reached the sea. What he underwent in his venturesome journey, on and by the side of this river, can only be appreciated by a perusal of his narrative, one of the best books of travel in the English language; stripped of almost every thing, he made his way as best he could, found reason to believe that the great river has its mouth at a part of the west coast, far south of the Gambia and Senegal, and returned safely in 1797. One fact impressed on his mind was, that the negro tribes were much less cruel to him than such of the natives as were of Moorish descent.

Strengthened by a few years of quiet life at home, Mungo Park started off again in the spring of 1805, with the hope of tracing the great river down to its outlet, wherever that might be. With about fifty companions, he sailed up the Gambia, as far as a town called Kayee, along a route not till then known to him or to any European. The hot season and the insalubrity of the climate told so severely on the explorers, that by the end of August three-fourths of them had either died or had abandoned the enterprise. Park reached the great river, however, and succeeded in obtaining leave from the King of Bambarra to fit up a canoe as a vessel suitable for sailing down the river; this vessel he named his Majesty's ship *Joliba*. A narrative from his pen, brought to Europe by one of his companions, described all the proceedings down to November the 17th; the fatal sequel of the story came to light by degrees, and from other quarters. He had only five Europeans now with him; but the last words ever received from him betokened his undaunted resolution: "Though I were myself half dead, I would still persevere; and if I could not succeed in the object of my journey, I would at last die on the Niger." His words were fulfilled. It was not until five years afterwards, in 1810, that the truth was known in England. The little party reached Timbuctoo, and sailed in safety some way beyond it, down the river. Here, however, a present, which was sent to propitiate a king or powerful chief in Housa, or Houssa, was appropriated by an inferior leader; and the enraged king sent an army to destroy the vessel and its hapless navigators. One Isaaco, a Mandingo priest and merchant, who had accompanied Park in his former journey, and who was now the means of collecting facts relating to the final tragedy, reported that "there is, before Houssa, a rock, extending across the river, with only one opening in it, in the form of a door, for the water to pass through. The king's men took possession of the top of this rock, until Park came up to it, and attempted to pass. The natives attacked him and his friends with lances, pikes, arrows, and other missiles. Park defended himself vigorously for a long time; but at last, after throwing every thing in the canoe overboard, being overpowered by numbers, and seeing no chance of getting the canoe past, he took hold of one of the white men and jumped into the river; Martyn did the same; and the whole were drowned in their attempt to escape by swimming. One black remained in the canoe, the other two being killed; and he cried for mercy. The canoe fell into the hands of the natives. Amadi Fatouma (a guide, who was not present at this final scene), on being freed from his irons, three months afterwards, ascertained these facts from the natives who had survived the catastrophe."

Leichhardt — shall we ever know where and when he died? Friedrich Wilhelm Ludwig Leichhardt was a Prussian, who went to Australia just about thirty years ago, and rambled about in search of natural history specimens. In 1844–45 he made a venturesome journey from the east coast to the north coast of that country, under the patronage of Gov. Sir Thomas Mitchell. He went where no European had ever before been, and did his work well; but, during three thousand miles of travel, he suffered terrible privations. So far from being tired out, however, he started off again, in the very next year, on a much more daring expedition — to cross the whole breadth of Australia from east to west, striking as near to the actual centre as he could. The last that was heard of him was in April, 1848. How far he penetrated, when and how he died, perhaps we shall never know; for all his companions seem to have perished with him. Once now and then, the Australian newspapers give bits of rumor about relics of poor Leichhardt; but they fail of verification when tested. The belief is that he perished far in the interior of the vast continent, at some point which no other white man has ever visited.

Whether La Pérouse was entrapped and murdered by South Sea aborigines, or whether he and his men found a watery grave by shipwreck, is not certainly known. In 1787, with the good ships *Bussole* and *Astrolabe*, M. De la Pérouse (or Peyrouse), left France on a voyage of discovery to the South Seas. He refitted at Sydney, in 1788, at the very time when Gov. Phillip was establishing our first colony in those regions. The two ships started, but not a single man of either crew was ever again heard of. The intention announced was to visit the Friendly Islands, New Guinea, and Van Diemen's Land. No news of the expedition having reached France, Adm. D'Entrecasteaux was despatched on a voyage of search, 1792–93: fruitlessly. Years rolled on, and the mysterious fate of La Pérouse and his companions excited much interest, and became the theme of poets, stories, and laments. Long afterwards, Capt. Dillon, in command of an East Indiaman, called at Tucopia, one of the New Hebrides Islands, in 1826. He found a silver sword-hilt, and other articles of French make, and learned from the natives that two ships had been wrecked at Mallicolo, another island in the group, nearly forty years before, leaving numerous fragments on the beach. Taking up this as a clew, the French government sent out M. Dumont d'Urville in the following year, to make researches. At Mallicolo he found several articles of European manufacture, in the possession of the natives; who, after some reluctance, and under the temptation of a gift of a piece of red cloth, pointed out a spot where an-

chors, canvas, and ship-sheathing lay near the dry land, at a depth of about twenty feet in the sea. The tradition among the natives was that, on a certain dark and stormy night, the ships struck; that one speedily sunk, and only thirty of the crew were saved; that the other went to pieces, but without entailing the loss of her crew; that the survivors used up the shattered timbers to build a schooner, which work occupied them seven moons or months; that they sailed away, and were never more seen. Therefore, whether the hapless commander lost his life at Mallicolo, or in some other part of the vast Pacific, we shall probably never know.

Nothing can more clearly show the difference between intense cold and intense heat, especially when the latter is accompanied by damp vapors, on the human frame, than the small sacrifice of life among the explorers of the icy regions, compared with that which has marked the course of African travel. During the fifty or sixty years of voyaging, boating, sledging, and foot-wandering that have been experienced by Parry, the two Rosses, Richardson, Back, Hood, Franklin, Lyon, Crozier, Fitz-James, Kellett, Moore, Richardson, Rae, Collinson, M'Clure, Penny, Austin, M'Clintock, Sherard Osborn, Inglefield, Belcher, Kane, and others, the loss of life has really been very small, notwithstanding the almost incredible hardships undergone. Ships and boats have been abandoned in great number; but the commanders and crews have, by some means or other, contrived to reach home in safety, with only a few exceptions. The great loss is that of Sir John Franklin, with the whole of his officers and men. He had already known what privation is, in an earlier journey. In 1820, and two following years, he and his party went from the Hudson's Bay Company's territories to the icy regions and back again, in boat and on foot, a distance of more than five thousand miles. During the last days of their return journey, they fed upon the few wretched bits of scanty lichen which they could grub up from the ground; and on one particular day "they ate the remains of their old shoes, and whatever scraps of leather they had, to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigues of the journey." Still they *did* return. That which is known as the Franklin Expedition, so many features of which are involved in mystery, and the interest in which has by no means died out, was later in date by a quarter of a century. Twenty-seven years ago, that is in 1845, Sir John Franklin, Capt. Crozier, and Capt. Fitz-James, with crews of a hundred and thirty men, set sail in the *Erebus* and *Terror*, each ship provided with a small steam-engine and propeller for occasional use, and with every necessary and comfort that forethought and liberality could suggest. In July of the same year the ships were seen moored to an iceberg in Baffin's Bay, the opening scene of most of the Arctic expeditions; but, so far as is known, no white man ever again saw the explorers alive. The ships were stored for five years; still it occasioned surprise that no news reached England from them throughout 1846 and 1847.

The Admiralty, rendered anxious by this ominous silence, resolved to send out searching-parties. Never has been known a more remarkable and determined series of voyages and journeys than those which are collectively known, and deservedly known, as the Search for Franklin. First, in 1848, was sent out the *Plover*, under Capt. Maguire, to go as far as he could in the direction supposed to have been taken by Franklin. Second, in the winter of the same year, Capts. Kellett and Moore were sent to Behring's Straits, to explore from that region north-eastward. Third, in 1849, Sir John Richardson and Dr. Rae started off to examine the shores of the Arctic Sea, near the mouth of the Mackenzie River. Fourth, Sir James Ross went to search in the creeks and nooks near Lancaster Sound. No tidings of Franklin having been met with by any of these explorers, redoubled efforts were made in 1850. No less than eight expeditions were sent out. Capts. Collinson and M'Clure, to Behring's Straits; Sir John Ross, to Wellington Channel; Capts. Penny and Stewart, to Lancaster Sound; other vessels, under Capts. Austin, Ommaney, M'Clintock, Osborn, and Forsyth, in various directions. The Americans lent a kindly aid, by sending out an expedition under Lieut. de Haven. Another year came, and 1851 witnessed a new series of expeditions. Rae started on an overland journey, to reach the icy regions by way of the Esquimaux country; Kennedy went to Regent's Inlet, Inglefield to Baffin's Bay, Belcher to Wellington Channel, Pullen to Beechey Island, Osborn to Wellington Channel, Kellett and M'Clintock to Melville Island. All these brave men were encouraged to add to the previously acquired stock of knowledge concerning the geography and hydrography of those desolate regions, but were at the same time told that their chief duty was to search for Franklin. The year 1853 was marked by the starting of other expeditions, under Trollope and Kennedy, to Behring's Straits, Inglefield to Wellington Channel, and Kane to Smith's Sound. After these, at various intervals, other searching-parties set forth; Mr. Anderson went from the Hudson's Bay territories to the Esquimaux regions; Capt. M'Clintock explored in and around King William's Island; other navigators have pursued the search from time to time; while Mr. Hall, an American, has made repeated journeys to Esquimaux regions where he thought information might be picked up.

What, then, is the sum total of our present knowledge of the gallant old Sir John's fate? We say old, for he was an elderly man when he started, with a constitution much weakened by maladies and fatigues in earlier life. Some of the searches made in 1850–51 brought to light scraps of paper, empty meat-tins, sheds in which smiths and carpenters had evidently worked, the graves of three sailors of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and other relics, sufficient to show that Franklin had passed the winter of 1845–46 in Wellington Channel. The next information obtained was more important, and far more tragical. Dr. Rae, one of the most skilful and intrepid of the Hudson's Bay Company's officers, went overland to the peninsula of Boothia, where he found that the Esquimaux had in their possession articles of plate once evidently belonging to some of Franklin's officers. They told a story of two ships having been wrecked among the ice, and of dead bodies presenting signs of having been partly eaten by famishing men. Rae was unable to learn any thing further. When the direful news reached England an earnest desire was evinced to follow up the clew — not by the government, who were unwilling to incur further expenditure, but by Lady Franklin and the public. The overcoming of numberless difficulties at length enabled Capt. M'Clintock, in 1859, to discover, on King William's Island, buttons and medals once belonging to Franklin's men; then a skeleton, with scraps of clothing around it; then a heap of stones, in which was a copper cylinder containing a written paper; and around the spot a confused heap of clothing, stores, and instruments. The paper, unquestionably authentic, and of intense interest, recorded the fact that Franklin wintered in 1845–46 at Beechey Island, and in 1846–47 on or near King William's Land; that in June, 1847, Sir John died, worn out; that in April, 1848, Capt. Crozier, and the remainder of the crews (of whom more than one hundred still lived), abandoned the ships, which had been hopelessly locked up in the ice for more than a year and a half. Here the narrative ended; but it appears pretty certain that Crozier and his men meant to try, by sledging, boating, and walking, to reach some of the trading ports of the Hudson's Bay Company. Armed with this sad news, M'Clintock resolved to make a little further search. He found a boat mounted on a sledge, portions of two skeletons in the boat, and near at hand, boots, slippers, watches, guns, books, and various trifling articles. This was obviously only the beginning of a series of tragic scenes; but M'Clintock, anxious to make known what he had discovered, returned to England in 1859. Thirteen years have since elapsed, and a few further discoveries have been made; but many amongst us, especially his noble-hearted widow, feel that there ought still to be other things achieved, in search of Franklin's papers and relics.

A comparison: Sir John Franklin, we know from these sad but scanty records, died in a little more than two years

after leaving England for the last time. The indomitable Livingstone, we know from scattered data, was living five years after *his* departure to a very different region. Livingstone is even now several years younger than Franklin was at the time of his death; he has an iron constitution; and so far as men's speculations are worth any thing, we shall see him again.

THE MUMMY OF GOTTINGEN.

THE new Rath of Gottingen sat in his leathern chair close to the stove. On a rude table at his elbow were assembled the little appliances necessary to his comfort, on the evening of this his first day of office, — a huge jug of beer, and an ample tobacco-pouch.

He wore an easy velvet coat, somewhat shabby, loose slippers covered with roses in carpet-stitch, the work of some good Bertha or Matilda, and a smoking-cap with a long tassel, which hung down over a thoughtful, contemplative face — a face that should have belonged to a studious professor, rather than to a man whose calling led him into the busy walks of life.

Rath Marquardsen was a young man, little over thirty: his talent had raised him thus early to the honorable position he held in Gottingen. It seemed to him but yesterday that he was a student in the venerable university, taking notes of the lawyers' lectures in the great saal of the college, or strolling the streets arm in arm with his chosen comrade, the captain of the Prussian corps, their white and green caps stuck jauntily on their heads, and their great dogs following closely. The streets were as full of Prussians, red-capped Vandals, and yellow-crested Swabians as ever; they sang the old drinking-songs in their rich voices, bass and alto and mellow tenor, so sweet, that the Rath was fain to pause a second in his administrations of justice, while the singers streamed past the windows of the court-house.

The books he used to study were piled in confusion on the floor of his parlor, where he had tossed them out of his trunk on the day of his arrival. He had neither wife nor sister to arrange them for him, so there they would in all probability remain.

He was half-minded to refresh himself with a little reading, but was too lazy to get up and fetch a book.

Just then came a knock at his door.

"Herein!" called Rath Marquardsen, and the old clerk of the court-house entered, staggering under the weight of a pile of old musty volumes.

"You bade me clean out the drawers, and bring you these old books to look over, Herr Rath," said the clerk. "Here they are, the records of justice in Gottingen for the last hundred years. Surely your worship won't be troubled to read those old things? Better let me throw them into the stove."

And he tossed the books upon the table with a gesture of disdain.

But the Rath regarded them with very different eyes.

"Pray leave them there," cried he, spreading his hands over them as though to guard a treasure. "Ah, that will do. Wilt thou try my beer and tobacco?"

The clerk went away muttering, "When the Herr Rath has been as long about the court as I have been, he will not care for law books out of business hours."

Antiquity had an immense charm for the Rath: the worm-eaten calf-skin bindings, blackened edges of the leaves, and musty smell of the ancient books, helped him to call up the vanished generations who had used them. They began to pass before the eye of his fancy in shadowy rows, reacting the tragic or tranquil scenes of their little day on earth.

Therefore, the moment the clerk was gone, he drew the lamp near him, and began to turn over the yellow pages of the records.

They were not particularly interesting. Most of them were meagre notes of trials, compressed into as few words as possible; but at length, in examining the very oldest book of all, he came upon an entry which interested him so much, that he read it over and over again. This page was headed, "Trial of Jacob Winterwerb for Forgery," and at the bottom of the leaf was pasted a sheet of crumpled letter-paper, closely written in a curious, crabbed, but sufficiently legible hand.

Our bookworm pounced upon this ancient manuscript as a gold-digger might pounce upon a nugget, or a gourmand upon a *chef-d'œuvre* of Soyer. Putting on his spectacles — for, like many Germans, he was troubled with weak eyes — — he began to read the faded yellow writing.

Aug. 7, 1751. — I have returned home after a long, tiring day in the court-house (commenced the manuscript), but, weary although I am, I cannot sleep: I cannot forget the events of this day. A strange gloom hangs over me. A fearful curse which was uttered in my hearing keeps obtruding itself upon my memory, and some power that I am totally unable to control or resist impels me to write it down.

Yet surely it was enough that the recording angel should mark Jacob Winterwerb's imprecation: must his fellow-sinner record it too? As Rath of Gottingen, I have had to try my old neighbor Jacob for the dark crime of forgery. It was hard for me to try him, but the extreme hardness of my case is, that I still believe him to be guilty, although his countrymen have acquitted him.

I have had more opportunity for observing his daily conduct than any other man in Gottingen, and what I have noticed makes me fear he has forsworn himself to-day. "He would plead his own cause — he would defend himself." Yes, he was quite clever enough to do it well. We were boys together, Jacob and I, and wicked though he be, I bear him a kindness still. I cannot endure to let my mind dwell upon his eternal loss! I am impelled to write it down. Probably every one else who was present in the court-house to-day has forgotten the extraordinary curse by which he bound himself, but the remembrance of it keeps me restless in spite of my fatigue.

He said, raising his hand towards heaven, "If I am not speaking God's truth, may my body never turn to dust in the grave."

Poor Jacob! hated by all but me, perhaps God of his mercy may yet lead you to repentance.

I am safe enough in writing down what he said, because no mortal eye shall read the lines I have now written until Jacob and I shall both have gone to our account. I shall leave the manuscript sealed and directed to my son Franz; he will do with it as he pleases.

Jacob Winterwerb has lived in the house adjoining mine ever since his marriage, thirty years ago. Our gardens lie side by side, separated only by a low rose-hedge. His eldest brother, Herman, was the richest merchant in Gottingen, which is saying something where all are wealthy.

The brothers lived together until Herman's death, which took place two months ago.

Their household consisted of the two old men and two lads, Peter, the only son of Jacob, and Güstel, the son of their poor sister Netta, who died young, leaving her little child to the care of his uncles. Poor Netta Winterwerb! Ah, well, well, I have ever taken a peculiar interest in her boy!

My Franz and the two youths next door were school-fellows and play-fellows, just as Jacob, Herman, and I used to be many years before. Netta's son was a good, honest lad, kindly and generous; but Jacob's boy inherited his father's mean and selfish qualities, and these were but fostered by the education he received.

The rich uncle was an invalid for three years before his death. It was Güstel who tended him like the gentlest nurse, who wheeled his chair about the garden, who lighted his meerschaum, or brought him his coffee, or rubbed his cramped limbs by the hour.

Walking in my garden on these occasions, I often heard the sick man say, "Good boy, you do not get tired of me — you do not think me a burden; but you shall be rewarded. I shall leave you every kreutzer I am worth in the world. You shall be the richest man in Gottingen." And

I used to see the lad's fine eyes grow dim as he stammered forth: —

"Oh, my dear uncle, I do not want your money. I take care of you because I love you; you are the only friend I have on earth."

"I know all that, Güstel; but you are to be my heir, remember that."

Then the father and son would enter the garden, and seeing this uncle and nephew conversing so lovingly, used to be distraught with anger. I then heard Jacob say to the young man, —

"See that sneaking hypocrite yonder, worming himself into your uncle's favor, in hopes of inheriting his wealth. Go you and rub his gouty foot, and fetch his coffee, and you may supplant Güstel yet. Go, I say, and speak him fair. No? you are a lazy fool! You had rather break lamps on the Anlage with the students, or drink beer till you are like a brute, than take a little tronble to make your fortune. If that detestable Güstel is your uncle's heir, it will be your own fault."

And Jacob used to give his son an angry push towards the couple in the arbor.

Peter tried hard to please his uncle, but he set about it in such an awkward manner, and got so soon tired, that he never made any progress in supplanting Güstel.

Half an hour's conversation with the poor invalid was more than he could put up with, and he was glad to rush away at the first opportunity to the Bier Kellers, where the students spent their time in gambling and drinking.

I knew the whole family history — how Güstel had been beaten and tyrannized over by Jacob and Peter when he received sweetmeats and toys from his uncle in his childish days; and how, now that he was too old to be beaten, they showed their hatred and jealousy quite as plainly, though in a different way. I saw more than I liked to see out of my window, or while walking in my garden; and Herman was wont to complain of Peter, and praise Güstel to me, always ending with his intention of making the latter his heir.

There was something very like murder in old Jacob's eyes when he saw his brother and nephew together. At such times I trembled for my neighbors, so rich, but so little at ease or content.

At length Herman died. He had not been able to leave his room for some months before his death, and there Güstel had attended him with the greatest tenderness.

The funeral was over, and the will was read. What was our surprise to hear that it was made in favor of Peter, not of Güstel. I shall not linger over what is so well known to every townsman of Gottingen. No need to tell how the universal suspicion of foul play gained ground, or how suspicious circumstances came cropping up by degrees, until at last Jacob Winterwerb stood his trial on the charge of having erased the name of Güstel, and inserted that of Peter, and has been acquitted.

In the sight of man he is now virtually spotless; how stands he in the sight of God? It is this question which troubles me, for I cannot believe him innocent, knowing all I know; yet if guilty, how came Matheus and Folkshausen to swear that they witnessed the drawing out and signing of the will. Can Jacob have bribed them to perjure themselves also? If so, a crushing weight of guilt hangs over him. That was an awful curse, — "If I am not swearing God's truth, may my body never moulder in the grave."

I might, indeed, have damaged his cause, but I was the Rath, not one of the witnesses.

The next entry was dated two years later: —

1753. — It is almost two years and three months since the trial. Jacob Winterwerb's first act on gaining possession of Herman's hoards was to turn his nephew out of doors. Nothing was heard of the poor youth until six months afterwards, when he came to my dwelling late one night, worn to a shadow.

His clothes were threadbare, but the saddest change was in his pinched, sunken face — the once handsome face that his Uncle Herman had so loved and admired.

He had been living in a miserable garret upon the pocket-money he had saved during his prosperity, and the sale of his uncle's various gifts; but this store was spent to the last kreutzer, and for the last two days he had been starving. Another year, he said, would see him through the university, and fit him for a profession, and he implored me to give him some copying to do, or assist him in some other way to make a little money. "Do it," he urged, "for my Uncle Herman's sake." I was, indeed, most willing to befriend him for the sake of my Netta, his mother, my own poor early love; so he came to live with us, and he and Franz attended lectures together.

Jacob never forgave me for harboring the lad, whom he hated, as bad men will always hate the injured; he had kept up the semblance of neighborliness until then, but at that period our final rupture took place. Güstel got on well; he is now a Pfarrer in Ziegelhausen, useful and respected.

Jacob's strange curse is haunting me to-day. I have but just returned from his funeral, and ere I sleep must conclude this memoir. Perhaps when the last word is written I may be able to forget.

Jacob's end came very suddenly. I fear me his son was no gentle nurse during the one week of his illness.

A vast concourse of his townsmen helped to lay Jacob in his grave beneath the row of yew-trees called the Seven Sisters, in our cemetery outside the Friedrich's Thor. It is there the great men of Gottingen all lie, each in his narrow house, underneath his heavy marble monument.

The tallest yew has Jacob's tomb in shadow. There stands the hoary sister, gaunt and grim, stretching her black arms over the white urn, whereon she sheds her crimson berries in autumn, staining the marble like drops of blood, and weeping icy tears the winter through, which gradually wash out the stains.

O Jacob, Jacob! is that marble urn and your gorgeous coffin all that is left to you of your wealth? Farewell: I am not your judge. You have entered the presence of a higher Judge, into whose hands we must all fall at last.

"Du' lieber Himmel!" muttered Rath Marquardsen, fingering the yellow manuscript tenderly; "this man should have been a philosopher or a preacher; he was thrown away upon the magistracy."

There was a note at the foot of the page in a different handwriting, to the effect that Franz Volkhausen had found the above among his late father's papers, and had placed it with the annals of the court-house for the year 1753.

Rath Marquardsen sat meditating beside his stove, but his delight with the manuscript was fast changing into a creeping, grisly terror, such as he had never experienced in all his life before.

Jacob's strange curse had taken full possession of his imagination. He was afraid to look up lest he should see the old man's covetous, cruel eyes fixed upon him. He had a horrible idea that if he turned round he might find him at his elbow, or peeping at him from behind the window-curtain, which was certainly moving slightly. In his unreasoning trepidation, the Rath got up and made an undignified retreat into his bedroom, looking behind him at every step. He tumbled into bed after but short toilet operations, feeling safe only when he drew the eider-down plumeau over his head.

But wicked old Jacob followed him there, and tormented him all night in dreams. He dreamed that he proceeded to the cemetery at Friedrich's Thor, got the sexton to open the grave, and found Jacob's corpse undecayed in its velvet coffin; that it opened its eyes when the light reached it, and springing up, clutched him by the throat.

He awoke trembling, with cold drops of perspiration standing on his face. Falling asleep again, the same vivid dream awakened him.

Strange to say, the impression did not wear off, like most hallucinations, with the daylight; but Jacob's history haunted him all the time he was busy in the court-house,

and instead of going home to his dinner he went to his friend and crony Prof. von Schenk, of the College Museum, and showed him his treasure-trove, the yellow manuscript.

A very long discussion between these two erudite men of Gottingen ended in their taking their hats and setting out arm in arm for the cemetery.

Marquardsen led his friend past the forest of little black crosses where the peasants lay, to the broad alley where reposed the great and noble, a stately assembly of broken columns, snowy urns, and tall monuments. The tombs of those lately dead were known ere you came close enough to read the date of their inscription, by the fresh wreaths of everlasting which dear, loving hands had hung upon their tombstones last All-Souls' Day. Bright gardens flourished over the breasts of these much-lamented ones.

The name of Winterwerb was well-nigh forgotten in Gottingen, so that the Rath did not dream of searching among these for Jacob's grave. He hurried on to where the seven old yew-trees stood in hoary array, and there, sure enough, was the beautiful marble urn, no longer white, but gray and venerable after the lapse of a century.

"Here it is!" cried Rath Marquardsen, in a hoarse tone that almost startled himself. "Jacob Winterwerb, who departed this life, June 23, 1753, deeply respected and regretted."

"Stay you there," said the business-like professor, "while I summon the sexton."

"Not I," said our friend, trying to conceal a shudder; "I shall accompany you."

The day was far advanced before the sexton and his assistants had removed the urn, and dug away the earth from the coffin-lid. Several people, attracted by what was going on, came hurrying up just as the coffin was raised and laid upon a flat tombstone. Rath Marquardsen shivered, and would fain have retreated, but shame kept him on the spot. He was not prepared for the sight that met his eyes when the lid was raised.

The professor rubbed his spectacles, and bent over the coffin calmly speculative, as he was wont to inspect a new curiosity in the museum.

He lifted the folds of the shroud, which, to his intense amazement, was white and spotless as it was on the day of Jacob's funeral, and beneath lay the corpse undecayed after a hundred years' sojourn in the tomb. The Rath gave one trembling glance and turned away hastily, seized with a sudden fit of shivering, while the spectators, pressing round the coffin, shouted with horror and wonder.

"We must have this fellow in the museum!" cried the professor, delightedly; "a perfect mummy, preserved by miracle — if, indeed, there be such things as miracles. I shall write to Heidelburg and Munich, and get Schulze and Von Heine here to examine the corpse, and then I shall prepare a paper for the *Alterthümer Blatt*."

"No, no, Van Schenk. Put him back in his grave; I shall never forgive myself for this desecration of the tomb. I wish I had not read that confounded manuscript, then should I not have had that wild dream, nor have brought you here to disturb the dead. Replace him, I pray you."

"I shall place him, not replace him. He shall stand between our Theban mummy and our Mastodon giganteus, in the left-hand corner of the great museum saal. My dear sentimentalist, the responsibility rests upon the University of Gottingen, not on you. Pray set your mind at ease."

The Rath turned away in real disgust and walked home, pursued by the voice of Von Schenk, who called after him to inquire whether he were willing to resign all claim to the mummy, which was his property by right of discovery.

It was a long time before he prevailed upon himself to visit the museum. At length some ladies begged him to take them over the college, and he could not well refuse.

Old Jacob was leaning against the wall in his corner between the geological animals and the ancient Egyptian; he was dressed in his shroud, and very grim and horrible he looked, but he was surrounded by an admiring crowd to whom Prof. von Schenk was relating the true story of "The Mummy of Gottingen."

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

ON a December morning of 1842, long before the dawn, an aged man, in a modest Berkshire cottage, drew the last breath of a life which had been made a happy, easy life to him, at the cost of much misery to those who should have found in him their best source of happiness. The dead man was once the jovial, handsome, tippling, blaspheming Dr. Mitford, who had squandered his late wife's fortune, spent his daughter's, and was well content to live upon the profits of the labor to which his selfishness and general rascality had condemned that daughter. Nevertheless, Miss Mitford, when she was dreading the inevitable event of her worthless father's death, had said, "When I lose him, I shall be all alone in the world!" And now, as the poor, worn-out, but heroic woman looked down on the face of the father who had been her mother's worst enemy and her own, she touchingly exclaims, "I am miserably desolate, — alone in the wide world!"

Among the many attractions of the second series of Miss Mitford's Letters,* the editing of which was Mr. Chorley's last service to literature, are the details which add new illustrations to those already known of her character. It was a character bright with endless virtues, yet affected by many weaknesses; but all her weaknesses leaned to virtue's side. One of the latter was the self-imposed delusion as to her father's qualities. Her filial piety on this matter was so earnest, so intense, so persistent, that it is almost to be regretted that the daughter's eager assertions or tender insinuations of the paternal excellence cannot be accepted. Dr. Mitford's sole distinction lay in being Miss Mitford's father. It was an honor he never appreciated, except by his demonstration of readiness in applying the hard earnings of her brain to his own very unintellectual gratifications.

Forty years ago her name was permanently connected with literature by the appearance, in a collected form, of "Our Village." In that work was realized all her early promise. She had gained great reputation, indeed, in 1828, by her tragedy of "Rienzi;" but she will probably be longer, better, and more familiarly known as the author of the series of rural sketches than as that of the tragedy which, with the aid of Charles Young as the hero, was the last of the glories of the old "patent" stage of Drury Lane. After Miss Mitford saw her father borne away to the grave, the passage to which she had so piously smoothed for him, she gradually died of the mortal effects of the slavery to which that gayest and most thoughtless of sinners had condemned her. Her devotion to him trenched, as her late lamented editor remarks, "on moral obliquity." We must confess that, true as the remark is, there was something sublime in the devotion. With her it was "Love me, love my father!" Caleb Balderstone had not so much at heart the honor of his lord and house as Miss Mitford had for that of her surviving parent. If he tumbles out of a pony-chaise, in which she trusts him to drive her home after a dinner-party, — tumbling, too, in a way which admitted of no sober explanation, — she wonders at "the pleasure, the strange pleasure, that gentlemen do feel in the scent and taste of fine wine, especially when shared by a friend!" When off her hours of labor at home, she was kept prisoner there by his selfish will. She looked on him as an invalid, and "it follows, you know," thus she writes to Mrs. Hofland, "that I must stay at home to coax him, and love him, and quarrel with him, and be to him, at all points of falling down and keeping up, what a hoop is to a schoolboy." Often a cry of anguish goes up from that loving heart, a cry like that of Gray in reference to his mother, lest she should have "the unspeakable misfortune of surviving him." It is true that Miss Mitford worshipped all whom she loved, and rendered homage of the most extravagant flattery to all friends to whom she addressed letters; but her extravagant adoration of her impure idol (of whose impurity the editor has given several instances) was beyond belief. "In all daughterly modesty," she says, "I am proud of my father!" She sees in him the

*Letters of Mary Russell Mitford. Second series. Edited by Henry Chorley. London. 1872.

last of a class fading away. She calls him honest, frank, independent, zealous, and describes him as loving only goodness, nobleness, and generosity; and as having a bold and uncompromising scorn and hatred of the base and the bad in whatever station. Her affection went so far as to excuse the frailties of other people's fathers in order to think more complacently of those of her own. There is something charming in a remark with this tendency on Miss Edgeworth's eccentric father, daughter and father living, as Miss Mitford and her father lived, in bonds of firm affection: "In spite of a little irregularity in his marriages and falling-in-loves, what a thoroughly excellent and amiable man he must have been!"

She took her own destiny with heroic simplicity. Reduced from a mansion to an unpoetical cottage, which she poetized by aid of flowers, graceful adornments, and a tranquil, if not very cheerful heart, she calls the severe change "a fine lesson of condensation, which we all needed, mamma being as diffuse and elaborate in her untidiness as I in my litter. . . . We shall be greatly benefited by the compression. . . . I sit in our little parlor like a blackbird in a goldfinch's cage, filling it. The room seems all me!" She was one of those wise persons who prefer, first, to have no neighbor at all, and next to that to have a pleasant one.

When we read of the boundless affection lavished on her father till death, and her anxiety that the man should stand well with the world after it, the idea naturally arises to the mind that a woman so lovable as she was, must, in her youthful time, have had sympathies in other directions. Affairs of the heart, to use a common phrase, she had, but they came to nothing, — at least, she is silent about such as were "disappointments." We find traces of a few not hitherto generally known; but as they are lightly touched upon, they could not have greatly affected her. She speaks in 1818 of a young American (the only one she, up to that time, could tolerate) as "a sort of lover of mine some seven or eight years ago," — and who, by the way, "had the good luck to be drowned instead of married." She adds, "With that one exception, I never saw an American gentleman in my life." She readily acknowledged the merits of several whom she met later in life. Once there was a time when her name was coupled with that of Sir William Elford, but in 1819 she gives a remarkably good reason for not having him, "Sir William having no sort of desire to marry me: neither shall I ever marry anybody." She was thirty when she wrote this. Women do not lose the idea of marrying at such an age; and, although Miss Mitford said that "if any man were so silly as to wish such a thing, and I silly enough to say 'Yes,' yet a timely fit of wisdom, caprice some might call it, would come upon me, and I should run away from the church-door." The subject, however, was sustained in correspondence with a lady, but ultimately Miss Mitford writes, "The man is too wise; he has an outrageous fancy for my letters (no great proof of wisdom *that*, you'll say), and marrying a favorite correspondent would be something like killing the goose with the golden eggs!" There was a very comic side to at least one of the declarations made to her — that of a Mr. Elliott, who took possession of the fine house the Mitfords were compelled by misfortune to leave for a cottage. Mr. Elliott so admired her as he was going over the house, that he assured her he would have married her had he not had the misfortune to have a wife already. "I wish you had seen him when he made this declaration! Imagine a little, mean-looking, Bond-street shopkeeper of sixty-five, with a Methodist face, all bile and wrinkles and sadness, and a spruce wig, and curls shining like a horse-chestnut. I would certainly have married him though, but for the aforesaid impediment!" She means that she would have married any one who would have enabled her to live among the old loved trees and flowers. The theory of marriage was at her finger-ends. She might have said, as the lady remarks in one of Etherege's comedies, that she had not been in love herself, but that she had made pretty observations by being by when lovers met!" So, as to the fruits of marriage, Miss Mitford wrote to Mrs. Acton Tindal, on the birth of her second boy: "Now you'll want a little girl; but boys are best for the majority; and two boys and one girl are a perfect family."

When Miss Mitford reached the age of forty, all dreams, if dreams there were, of her ever being the honored mistress of a happy home, instead of a slave in a sort of prison, faded away. "It is most certain that I never shall marry; at my age it would be most foolish, even if any one were simple enough to desire so old and ugly a wife." Then she alludes to her hard life, to her having her "hands quite full, without any such folly." And again, a little later, she exclaims, "Marriages, — they are the most foolish things under the sun." There was a little cynicism in the exclamation, and perhaps a little over-painting in the picture of a wedding from which she had just come. She would as soon, she says, have followed the bride to a funeral; and she cannot imagine how a bright, beautiful, well-endowed, happy young creature, could marry merely for the sake "of being called Mrs. instead of Miss." In the last case, however, it seems to have been the story of Beauty and the Beast, without the transformation of the latter into a magnificent young prince, for the bridegroom is described as "one of the most disagreeable men in the world." Mature wisdom then produces this reflection: "It is lucky that everybody does cry at weddings, for I am sure I could not have helped it. There is to me no sight so melancholy; and when there is no money, the thing is worse still!" The climax to this part of Miss Mitford's story cannot be so well told as in Mr. Chorley's own words: —

> "Many years subsequent to the appearance of Miss Mitford's 'Charles,' she imagined that she had found a treasure in a young and handsome actor, whom she encouraged and fostered, and was resolute to produce. It is noticeable that not one of the letters in the former series, or among those before me, adverts to the matter by even naming the person in question. But she was — as always throughout her life, in regard to those she adopted — enthusiastic in his behalf; and I have reason to think that she substantially befriended him. He repaid this kindness by giving those who chose to listen to him, reason to believe that she wished to marry him. The incident is too curious a one to be omitted; but it is an old tale of woman's kindness, requited by a vain and selfish man's indelicate ingratitude. I have never known any woman, to whom such ridiculous silliness, to call it by no stronger name, would have been more impossible than Miss Mitford."

Miss Mitford's judgments on persons eminent as writers, or otherwise, are generally given with great smartness. Miss Seward was "a sort of Darwin in petticoats," a remark which is meant to be severe, but is rather complimentary to the lady than otherwise. The figure is a favorite one. Referring to Hannah More, the author of "Our Village" remarks, "I don't like Mrs. Hannah, — can't abide her; think her writings masculine, not in a good sense, but a bad one; she writes like a man in petticoats, or a woman in breeches!" For that hero of an hour, Capt. Ross, she has not a word of praise. She thought him a quack among North Pole explorers, who went about fixing great men's names to icy peaks and promontories, for the sake of what he might get by the process. Never was her surprise greater than when she found that unsurpassable book, "Anastasius," was by Hope, "the furniture man!" She had attributed it to "that prince of sinners and of poets," Lord Byron! — a mistake as absurd as the one she made in believing that "The Ogilvies" bore internal evidence of being written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The authoress was a lady whose gifts were of quite another kind, — namely, Miss Mulock.

Miss Mitford herself wrote carefully, as long as she could afford the time to do so. She says, indeed, that "to the very last" she used "often to write a story over four or five times," and she believed that her "little reputation," as she called it, "was owing to that painstaking." It is more certain that the duration of her reputation will be connected with those works which she wrote with "painstaking." Sometimes, that rewriting was forced upon her. We who see such easy, flippant nonsense as is now allowed to pass, and is often vehemently applauded on the stage, may well

be surprised at learning that to please various managers, she wrote seven new fifth acts to her "Foscari." When she was writing the last of the seven, to please Charles Kemble (she had written three to satisfy Macready), she said to a friend, "Only think of the difficulty of writing another catastrophe with so many foregone conclusions flitting before my brains!" With regard to her writing her stories over four or five times, the statement is much modified by another passage, in which she says, "You must not be so flattering about my stupid books, — all of them written with more haste than good speed, very incorrect, very fine, very young."

She had strange fancies. She, for instance, preferred the heroines of Beaumont and Fletcher to those of Shakspeare; but then she also believed Mr. Cathcart, and other respectable actors, to be as great as Kemble or as Kean! She was right in saying that few women read so much as she did. Her appetite for books was insatiable, — her digestion of them not always satisfactory. With this passion for reading, she was an active sort of Lady Bountiful in her neighborhood: and if she was an unwearied correspondent, she always had a stock of sympathy on hand for all who needed it. Almost comic was her commiseration of the parish school children who went to church four times a day during Lent, and she thoroughly agreed with their mistress, who said, "It does 'em no good." And she went back to her work from these anomalies, and now and then sighed as she took up her pen, and the conviction came on her that "the very cleverest people are those who have written little or nothing, — among women especially." How she herself, in her simplicity, and little vanity, and sublime unconsciousness, looked when she ventured to a "party," Mrs. Acton Tindal thus relates, in one of the most amusing pages of these amusing volumes: —

"She was curiously, almost unfortunately, ignorant about all matters of dress, and in general perfectly indifferent on the subject; yet now and then an occasion would arise when she believed that her engagements required some head-dress more elaborate than the simple motherly cap, trimmed with gray or white ribbons, in which her friends knew her best. When this sense of social duty oppressed her, she found it very difficult to arrive at any successful arrangement Something would go wrong with the unnatural finery, and on one special occasion dear Miss Mitford forgot to remove the shop-ticket from the border or bow, where it dangled throughout the evening in a very conspicuous manner. To her unfortunate ignorance on such matters we owe the destruction of an excellent likeness of herself, taken by Mr. Lucas, and frequently alluded to in her published letters. He was then very young as an artist, and when summoned to Three Mile Cross, he felt that his experience as a portrait painter hardly warranted him in insisting on an alteration in the elaborate attire which his sitter had selected for the occasion, and with which she was evidently naïvely pleased. Her kind friend Lady Madalina Palmer had been consulted, — they had laid their heads together on the subject of costume, — and instead of wearing the simple cap, and the soft lace cape folded over the dark dress she usually wore, Miss Mitford was induced to accept the loan of a large black velvet hat, surmounted by a plume of white ostrich feathers, and a gorgeous cloak of gentianella blue, lined with white satin. Thus invested, our dear old friend sat to the secretly demurring artist for what proved to be, so far as the head and face were concerned, an excellent likeness, though the plumes and mantle of the Duke's daughter spoiled the picture, so strangely were they out of keeping and unbecoming on the head and shoulders of the careworn literary gentlewoman. The artist fretted over the bad taste of these sumptuous and unnatural accessories, at last cancelled the picture in a fit of desperation, and went down to Three Mile Cross to pacify Miss Mitford by painting and presenting to her a portrait of her father."

Considering the almost boundless limits of her correspondence, and the number of persons who paid her at least passing visits, the anecdotal illustrations of the volumes are very few. She gives as unpublished a trait of French imperial life. Let us say, by the way, that her politics were of a very elastic nature. She admired John Cam Hobhouse for his democracy, and she adored Louis Napoleon for his despotism. It seems that during a carriage-drive the Empress had shown too much *abandon* in her greetings of the people. After re-entering the palace, the Emperor "threw his arm round her waist and led her to a looking-glass. '*Il réfléchit*,' said he, 'which is more than you do.' '*Il est poli*,' said she, 'which is more than you are!'" Of the few pictures of English interiors, the following is perhaps the most interesting, all the individuals having made their mark: —

"I do wish you had seen Mr J——. By the way, I picked up a great many stories from him. He lives at Marlow, and is exceedingly intimate with Peacock and Shelley, and acquainted with all the new school. He says the system of plunder exercised upon poor Mr. Shelley exceeds all belief. Leigh Hunt went to Marlow once for money, and finding Mr. S. without family, took off a load of the good man's furniture — chairs and tables and bedsteads! Is it not incredible? And Mr. Godwin, his papa-in-law, was much worse; he used to threaten to stab himself if his dutiful son-in-law would not accept his bills. Only fancy him down on his knees flourishing a drawn dagger and talking tragedy! It is really better than 'Tom Thumb.' But it was no joke to poor Mr. Shelley. He used to send for Mr. Peacock to protect him, and is fairly gone abroad to get rid of this fine grand sort of sentimental persecution. Well, great authors are great people, but I believe they are best seen at a distance."

The whole story of Miss Mitford's life will not be complete till much of her remaining correspondence is published. We suspect, remembering the writer's supply of incense to the person addressed, and her occasionally sharp comments on persons referred to, that if we could get Miss Mitford's letters to the latter, — to Mrs. Opie, for instance, — we should find that condition of things which made Mr. Geoffrey Crayon remark of the two families in Little Britain who were hostile to each other, but friendly to him, that if they ever compared notes of what he had said of them, he would be ruined forever. Meanwhile, in these volumes, for the *errata* in which there might be offered a sad excuse, we find Miss Mitford, from first to last, a truly good English woman; hopeful in youth, resignedly content in age; a noble worker ever; and with that brave philosophy which enables a few when young to bear well the sharp anguish which comes with disappointment, and when years gather round them, to meet it with a faint smile — the homage paid to another illusion departed.

ON SOME CLUBS, AND THEIR ENDS.

Of all historical parallels, there are few more curious than the one between the first club ever established and any similar association of modern times. We must go as far back as the reign of Philip of Macedon (B.C. 320) for that original club. It consisted of Greek gentlemen, who, from their number, called themselves "The Sixty." They met once a week, not at a tavern, but in a temple — that of Hercules, at Athens. Their secretary was a sprightly young Achaian, named Callimedes — so sprightly, indeed, that the jolly Sixty nick-named him the *Grasshopper*. They must have had the highest opinion of their own wit, for every good thing that was uttered was entered in a book, and any member who had a repartee on the tip of his tongue was obliged to keep it there till what had provoked it had been written down. This book of wit, wisdom, and joking, was in such repute, that it was lent out to princes and other potentialities, on depositing a security for its return. Thus Athens furnished not only the first club, but the first idea of a circulating library.

One of the most singular features of some of the social gatherings of Roman gentlemen, consists in the fact, that if a member did not consider himself "clubbable," or was not considered so by his colleagues, he might bring with him some one who was. If he possessed an extremely witty slave, and chose to bring him to the meeting, in such case Libanus was as welcome as Demenætus. There are clubs of the present day where dulness so prevails among the associates, where Sir Rayleigh D'Istressin is such a nonentity, and Mr. Hugh Doane Nohoo is so overflowing with

nonsense, that it is a pity they cannot be represented by capable substitutes. The latter might be found among the public-office clerks. How well many of these persons have discovered what they are specially fitted for is to be seen in the little companies that club together and exhibit themselves with alacrity as Nigger Serenaders!

In England here, although the name of *Club* for a society was not known till the seventeenth century, the thing itself was in active practice three hundred years before. The first English club of which we know any thing has a French name, — *La Cour de Bonne Compagnie*. It was founded in the reign of Henry the Fourth, and we may take it that *bonne compagnie* was understood to signify, in English, *good fellows*. They met, like "The Sixty" in Athens, once a week. The club was what would now be called a dining-club; that is, meeting periodically in order to dine together, and to enjoy the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" which come of good cheer, safe digestion, happy humor, and undying wit.

We may be very sure that at the meetings which took place at "The Mermaid," and at those where Ben Jonson's sons sat around him in "The Apollo," the English language ripened into mellowness, beauty, and strength. Shakspeare, Raleigh, and the men whose sympathies were attuned to those of the soldier and the poet, must have done especially good work to that end during their joyous discussions at "The Mermaid." Politics do not seem to have been touched upon. The first club founded in London, with a political purpose among its other objects, was the Rota Club. More than two centuries have elapsed since the Rota saw its table and coffee-cups surrounded by such men as Milton, Cyriac Skinner (to whom Milton addressed the sonnet which urges play as well as work), Marvel, Harrington, Nevill, and very many others. They advocated a going-out of Members of Parliament by *rotation*, and used a ballot-box for the settlement of club questions; that is to say, they affirmed or negatived by that means the conclusions arrived at by the lecturer for the evening. They also supported the ballot, as the simplest and truest method of voting, generally. To this end we are only on the point of now coming, partially.

There were some clubs that, meeting only for recreation, fell into a fixed purpose by accident. Small clubs they were, but they were the beginnings of great consequences. From the meeting together of a few "city gentlemen," members of the Wednesday Club, in the reign of William the Third, arose certain discussions on financial matters which led to the "Conferences" of 1695, in which William Paterson took a leading part. From this club, its discussions and conferences, sprang a gigantic result, — "The Old Lady in Threadneedle Street;" in other words, the Bank of England.

A dozen years later, the first germs of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, now enthroned in Somerset House, were planted in the modest room of "The Bear Tavern," in the Strand. Three individuals, to whom the past was dearer than the present or the future, there met to talk over the condition of the ancient monuments of the kingdom, while they smoked their pipes and sipped their ale. One of them was Humphrey Wanley, the well-known archæologist, and librarian to Harley, Earl of Oxford. They agreed to add to their numbers, meet every Friday night, and confine themselves to the consideration of matters and monuments which illustrated English history not later than the reign of James the First. The weekly business was to begin at six, and every absentee was to be fined sixpence. The club or society migrated from the parlor of one public-house to another before it found royal patronage, and a home in the palace which occupies the site of the one built by the Protector Somerset. After a brief sojourn of a month at "The Bear," they went, in 1708, to the "Young Devil" tavern close by, and there they seem to have been housed for above a quarter of a century. In 1839 they moved to more commodious apartments in "The Mitre," Fleet Street, and they talked no more of sixpences. They numbered a hundred members. Each of them paid a guinea entrance-fee, and twelve shillings annual subscription. In 1770 they commenced the *Archæologia*; and in the following year George the Third gave them the abiding-place beneath the roof of Somerset House, where they meet weekly, on Thursdays, during six or seven months of the year, and sometimes, like Gratiano, speak an infinite deal of nothing. At other times the meetings are full of interest, and emperors themselves have been glad to be enrolled among the Antiquaries, who began their career as a modest club in a Strand tavern of no great repute.

A more ancient society than the Antiquaries has a home within Somerset House. The Royal Society is of much older date, but it began in a little club gathering, in 1645, at Dr. Goddard's lodgings in Wood Street, and for some time where it could, in Cheapside. After it rose from a club to an incorporated society, it first met in Gresham College; but it has occupied rooms in Somerset House exactly ninety years. Its first avowed object — the establishing of facts by successive experiments — was highly ridiculed, and *that* most wittily, by Butler, in "The Elephant in the Moon." One of the members is described as one who —

> ——— "had lately undertook
> To prove, and publish in a book,
> That men, whose natural eyes are out,
> May, by more pow'rful art, be brought
> To see with th' empty holes as plain
> As if their eyes were in again."

Another philosopher is said to be renowned —

> ——— "for his excellence
> In height'ning words and shad'wing sense."

A third experimentalist and chatterer is transported with the "twang of his own trills." Collectively they are men who are satisfied, —

> "As men are wont, o' th' bias'd side."

The society set up a telescope to make discoveries in the moon. They detect armies fighting, and an elephant moving among them. Delighted with what they had discovered, they drew up a narrative, to be published in the *Transactions*. By the time this had been done, idle explorers have made out that the armies are gnats and flies on the lens, and that the elephant is a mouse that had got imprisoned in the tube. The philosophers are disconcerted, and the satirical poet rides over them rough-shod, with a moral which is intended to make them as comfortable as a toad under a harrow. Butler flew at them again, in prose, in "An Occasional Reflection upon Dr. Charlton's feeling a Dog's Pulse at Gresham College." This is exquisite fooling. The paper is supposed to be written by Robert Boyle, Esq., and never was imitation so hard to be distinguished from an original. It is far superior in this respect to the prose imitations in "Rejected Addresses," of the styles of Dr. Johnson and of Cobbett. We will not conclude this reference to the Wood-street Club, which has grown to such dignity and usefulness as the present Royal Society, without recording that, a little more than a hundred years ago, a Latin paper, on "Volcanoes," was read before it by a German, one Raspe. Whether it faithfully narrated Raspe's experiences, who can tell? — for Raspe subsequently wrote that amusingly serious lie called "Baron Munchausen."

In the early part of the last century, a body of ladies constituted themselves as "The Shakspeare Club." They met in rooms in Covent Garden, and their object was to raise funds to supply the managers of the two theatres, to enable them to act with appropriate splendor the plays of the national poet strictly according to his text: in other words, the end was to annihilate the adapters of the bard. How even the ladies themselves were divided in opinion and into clubs, is seen in the closing words to Fielding's "Historical Register for 1736." The piece closes with a deprecatory appeal to the fair sex present, to whom an actor says: "And you, ladies, whether you be Shakspeare's ladies, or Beaumont and Fletcher's ladies, I hope you will make allowance for a rehearsal."

There was another club in the last century whose purpose was one which deserves for it everlasting respect and admiration. The excellent object it had in view was the suppression of wearisome preachers, or the putting-down of silly and interminable sermons. Whether the means taken to arrive at the ends aimed at could be equally respected and admired, is a matter on which a certain difference of opinion may be justly allowed. It was the fashion of the time for ladies to carry fans, and for gentlemen to be inseparable from their canes. These weapons were turned to church uses by the ladies and gentlemen who were members of "The Rattling Club." They were vagrant Christians, who attended such churches as possessed congregations who sat in need of relief from a great oppression — that of being bored by a preacher who (as Voltaire says of them all) stood five feet above contradiction. The Rattlers were perfectly unobtrusive during service, and indeed they were perfectly decorous during sermon, unless they were provoked by absurdity or tediousness. As soon as any provocation of that sort was felt, a Lady-Rattler began to agitate her fan, or a Gentleman-Rattler tapped his cane against the floor or the panelling of his pew. The signal was followed by the other members, and the interruption was continued, gradually increasing till there was such a fluttering of fans and a rattling of canes as to produce conviction on the mind of the preacher that the sooner he pronounced the word "finally" the sooner there would be peace in the church. It would not be very unreasonable to call such conduct unseemly — even vulgar. The Rattling Club, however, had very august precedent for their proceedings. In as far as the eccentric young Queen Christina of Sweden set the example, she may be fairly looked upon as the founder of the Rattlers. In her own royal chapel, as well as in any ordinary church where she happened to be present before she passed over to the Church of Rome, Christina used to give decent attention to the sermon till she thought she had taken as much as would do her good. At that point she would slightly rap with her fan on the top of the back of the chair which always stood before her own in the Chapel Royal, or on any hard substance which happened to be near her, when she was being sermon-vexed in other places. If the preacher neglected to attend to this signal, her Majesty declared open warfare against him, and rattled away with her fan with increasing intensity till she had silenced the pulpit, or (if the preacher continued to pour forth his volleys) till she raised the siege and retreated in vexation. Let us mention here, by the way, that in the early intolerant age of the Reformation which followed the intolerable era of Popery in England, people were compelled (under serious penalties) to go to church, whether they were Reformers or Romanists. Many of the latter attended the Protestant service rather than pay the fine, and yet preserved their consistency; and you may fancy the mirth in some old country-house, where the solemn knight and his lady, and the laughing daughters with their haughty brothers, as soon as they heard the church-bells ring, proceeded to stuff wool into their ears, and then went to sermon with a joyous conviction of being unable to hear a word of it.

Let us now fancy ourselves standing in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the year 1711. We are in front of the Land Bank, which had lately come to grief, and the street was not of the high estate it had been when lords smoked their pipes at its windows, and could smell the haycocks that were in St. Pancras Fields. Let us describe what took place. There was a going in and out, and a standing on the steps, and a gathering of increased numbers, and an universal cheerful gossiping, save on the part of Mr. Ferrers, who was dumb. Passengers stopped to look at these men, and were not slow to recognize the most eminent among the well-nigh five dozen standing or moving about the door, or going in and out. People from Drury Lane knew their neighbor Mr. Vertue, who was talking apart to a little knot of listeners — engravers like himself. There was Michael Dahl, talking a good deal about his Swedish patroness, Queen Christina, and still more about his claims to be director of an Academy of Painting. At hese claims his hearers may be taken to have smiled, especially if their eye happened to fall on a well-dressed, courteous gentleman, who passed into the house bowing to all who greeted him. There was not a child in Queen Street who could not recognize in him the great Sir Godfrey Kneller. Sir Godfrey was probably greeted most warmly by Laguerre, who had glorified the knight's house at Whitton with more simple taste than usually distinguished Laguerre. Thornhill stood near the latter, and looked on him with no more perceptible air of triumph than a modest artist could help, who had been substituted for the other in the task of painting the life of St. Paul within the dome of the metropolitan church. Richardson too was there, and his colleagues respected him as an artist who, if Kneller and Dahl were but away, would be at the head of portraiture in England. A laughing group stood round Richardson; he was narrating to them his own great story, which has been so often retold with other heroes of the tale: "*The gentleman was singularly annoyed that his friend should declare that his Rubens was only a copy. He said to me: 'I will knock any man's brains out who will call it a copy! My dear Mr. Richardson, come down to my house, and give me your candid opinion!'*" We may fancy that merry and wise Richardson tripping up the steps laughingly, stopping, perhaps, in the hall to talk with two gentlemen, brothers, one of whom exhibits to him, and to smiling Baptist Monnoyer, some paintings on fans which excite his generous unreserved admiration. It is Mr. Godfrey, behind whose marvellously-decorated fans — on which figured landscapes created to make love in — the beauties of the time of Anne and the first two Georges used to feign to blush and hide confusion which they did not feel.

When these and others were assembled in the old bank, they numbered sixty-two. Every man came with his guinea ready for the treasurer. It was to be the annual subscription. Each member had also with him a list of twelve names, whom he voted for as directors for one year. Michael Dahl insinuated his right to be governor, but, saving Dahl's vote, Kneller was unanimously elected; and with his quietly moving into the chair of that club, was the first Academy of Painting established in England.

The jealousy of Dahl, and a few individual affectations, marred some of the good that the Academy might have accomplished. In the second year, the Swedish favorite of Queen Anne and her husband, Prince George of Denmark, withdrew, because Kneller was still preferred to him as governor or president. The Academy Club elected new members, with or without their consent. At that time there was a French painter in London named Berchet. He had painted panels and ceilings in England from the time of the latter years of Charles the Second; and when De la Fosse was over here, he must have been proud, if he was not jealous, of his pupil. If there be an old painted panel yet in the house that was the Duke of Shomberg's, in Pall Mall, it is possibly a portion of the decoration of the house, and is, in such case, Berchet's work. The belles and gallants of the day flocked to Ranelagh, to gaze at the summer-house so daintily tricked out by Berchet's delicate pencil. *Now*, he was painting small mythological pieces in oils; and the "Academicians," deeming him worthy of being a member, elected him. Berchet (by letter) "excused himself, being not well, and tysicky, and could not bear the smoke of the lamp." His infirmity did not leave him, neither did his industry. He had just put his name at the foot of "A Bacchanalian," his last work, when the pencil dropped forever from his hand, and Berchet's occupation was gone.

We pass from art to fashionable eccentricity. When squires were *squires* in England, and came up to London to see a little life, a club was founded for them in St. James's Street, which was (and is) called Boodle's, but which was long familiarly known as "The Topboot and Worsted Stocking Club." To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's, was not a difficult matter, since they seem to have consisted of uncouth legs of mutton, roasted geese, and buttered apple-pies. Something better than mere squirearchy must have been among the members, for Gibbon was one, and a hundred years ago the great historian wrote his letters

there. It was the poor cookery of Boodle's that probably gave rise to the "Sçavoir Vivre Club," the palates of whose members could not bear, nor their stomachs digest, the mutton, geese, and apple-pies of the club, which still exists. The "Sçavoir Vivre" showed that they knew how to live, by composing or importing new dishes, and they showed that they knew how to dress, by creating the most eccentric of costumes. Among their imported dishes was macaroni. It became such a favorite dish at the club, and was so invariably brought to table, that the clubbists themselves became celebrated as "Macaronies." In dress they wore a toy cocked hat, gold-laced, buttoned and tasselled over hair fashioned into a foretop above the head, side-curls, and a clubbed tail. Tight striped silk breeches, and an equally tight coat and waistcoat kept them together. Their tasselled canes were as long as those still carried by state footmen when they ride behind a carriage going to court on a drawing-room day. Like Tiddy Bob, they had a watch in each fob, with cable-chains, and a pound of seals at the end of them. Their white neck-cloths displayed a front bow as large as a cauliflower; and they daintily walked about in white silk stockings and diamond buckled shoes, in all weathers. In any sense, for a Macaronie to wear a great-coat was to confess his unworthiness of being a member of the august brotherhood. As equestrians, they figured in the park on little ponies, and looked as if they lacked strength to get on any thing higher. The female Macaronies carried heads top-heavy with hair of their own and other people's — hat, feathers, and a world of knickknackery. Their dress clung almost as closely to their body as the gentlemen's to theirs. But they dragged after them a long, long gold-embroidered train, the very thought of which reminds us of the poet's line: —

"Hæc nunc auratâ cyclade verret humum.'

The Macaronies and the Macaroniesses, as they were called, turned days, nights, hours, and seasons, topsy-turvy; and the former, to show that they were men, ran foot-races on Sundays in Kensington Gardens, very lightly clad, and putting in peril their little lives, by exhaustion of the little breath they carried in their little bodies. Having established macaroni as a dish to be thenceforward known in every household of taste, they died out, and men knew them no more.

The eccentrics entered into the present century. "The Keep-the-Line Club" was one of the brilliant, fashionable, and short-lived clubs of the first quarter of the present century. Its members consisted of wits, artists, actors, authors, gentlemen, and peers. It had two purposes,— enjoyment and preservation of temper, by putting it to the hardest trials. One of the rules was, that whenever a member was insulted by another, however grossly, the insulted person should rise and offer his best thanks to the offender. A witty fellow might here find good opportunity for his wit, if he only knew how to avail himself of opportunity. Another rule imposed a fine of a dozen of claret to the club, on the member who published any literary composition of his own. Samuel Rogers, Topham, Miles Peter Andrews, Merry, Morton, Reynolds, Fitzgerald, Horace Smith, Boaden, Kenney, and others, paid the fine willingly whenever it was fairly due. The penalty was once demanded of Wilson (the surgeon), and of John Tufton. The first had issued an advertisement announcing a course of lectures; Tufton had addressed an electioneering handbill to his constituents. Both publications were pronounced to be literary. The authors had not only to pay the penalty in claret, but to profess their unfeigned delight at its being imposed on them.

While the Keep-the-Line loved fun, others loved athletics. "The Mary-le-bone Cricket Club" of the olden days did not at all resemble what it afterwards became when known as Lord's. In its early age, there was as much difficulty in passing a ballot successfully, as in the most exclusive clubs of the present day. The members included players from every degree in the peerage, members of the House of Commons, and gentlemen of large landed property. The costume of the club was *sky-blue!* and their chief object — even before cricketing — was the performance of practical jokes. One of the latter was played by the bacchanalian Duke of Richmond on Fred Reynolds the dramatist. The Duke put Reynolds on horseback, and rode with him to a match on Moulsey Hurst. The steed ridden by Reynolds was from Astley's, and the duke led the way by where a body of soldiers was exercising with gun, drum, and trumpet. The circus war-horse immediately became dramatic, going through a course of unparalleled performances, which he concluded by flinging his sky-blue rider. But there were, besides the practical jokers, serious and accomplished cricketers. For bowling, David Harris; for batting, Tom Walker; and for wicket-keeping, sharp-eyed Hammond had no equal except in Lord Frederick Beauclerc, who excelled each in his speciality, and could beat everybody at all three.

In those days, the Mary-le-bone Club had no particular ground. From May to September they moved from place to place, encamping here and bivouacking there by day, and taking their ease in their inn by night. Hospitality varied this course very pleasantly. Sir Horace Mann, the King of Cricket, kept open house for the club at his seat, near Maidstone, or at his marine residence at Margate. This hospitality did not cause him to be respected by the practical jokers. Some of the jokes lacked decency; and we do not see much fun in the emptying a man's box of its snuff and filling it with hellebore, to make him sneeze a hundred times for one. It was a rule that no offence was to be taken at the roughest of those jokes, but it was not always in the power of a man to seem delighted at them. We quite sympathize with Miles Peter Andrews, who, being asked why he looked serious when everybody was laughing loudly at a jest perpetrated by the most convivial of the members, answered, "My dear sir, I can see no fun in a man who owes me three guineas!"

The hospitality of Mann to the club was, if possible, exceeded by that of Richard Leigh, whose welcomes to the members at Wilmington were feudal in their sumptuousness. His good taste and liberality were manifested in many ways. His musical gatherings were exquisite treats. His love for athletic sports was shown in his zeal at getting up cricket-matches. The eccentric Duchess of Gordon, who had married two dukes and a marquis to her three daughters, once said aloud to Richard Leigh: "I am the *first*, but you are the second match-maker in England, Mr. Leigh.'

One of the droller incidents of the club-matches was long remembered. Reynolds, who was but an amateur, was one day called upon to go in for a member who was too ill to play. He went to the wicket with a feeling of fright, as if he stood in front of a loaded pistol levelled at him, when he saw that the formidable Harris was about to bowl. In his own words, he says: "My terrors were so much increased, by the mock pity and sympathy of Hammond, Beldam, and others round the wicket, that when this mighty bowler — the *Jupiter Tonans* — hurled his bolt at me, I shut my eyes in the intensity of my panic, and mechanically gave a random desperate blow, which, to my utter astonishment, was followed by a loud cry all over the ring of "Run! run!" I did run, and with all my force; and getting three notches, the Duke of Richmond, John Tufton, Leigh, Anguish, and other arch-wags, advanced, and formally presented to me twenty-five sixpences in a hat, collected from the by-standers, as 'the reward of merits.' Even Lord Winchilsea and Sir Horace Mann contributed to this, and then all playfully commenced promoting a new subscription, which only stopped because I could not stop the next ball. To my great joy, up went my stumps and out I walked — certainly with some little *éclat*, being the first member of the club who had been considered a *regular player* — i.e., *paid* for his services."

We have now to say a few words of some other clubs and their purposes. In the last century, Benjamin Franklin was in the chair at a private club which used to meet weekly at "The Prince of Wales" in Conduit Street. A proposal was made to do something for starving authors. The

members murmured over their pipes, stared at the punch-bowl, and thought authors were vulgar people, who were not worth being thought about. The matter, however, was not allowed to drop. Year after year, some kind soul or another brought it hot upon the anvil, hammered at it till he was weary, and then passed the hammer to another, and another, and he to another, till at last the *something* was beaten into shape, and shape into substance, till there was fashioned that excellent and praiseworthy institution, the Literary Fund. In its first year only a few shillings could be spared for one hungry author, but *now* it sends forth welcome relief by hundreds of pounds.

This Literary Fund brings to our mind a literary club which we must not pass over — namely, "The Syncretics." The worthy gentleman who invented the name has never been discovered; but, dignified as the title looked, it sorely troubled some of the members, particularly those who had looked into a dictionary for the interpretation, yet who, on being asked for the meaning of "Syncretic," had forgotten the dictionary definition. The object of this united body was the encouragement of the dramatic element among the members. They were to write plays, which managers were to put on the stage for them; and as each play was acted, the Syncretics were bound, or were supposed to be bound, to support the drama of their brother-member by enthusiastic demonstrations of applause. Their motto seemed to be: "*Hors nous et nos amis nul n'aura de l'esprit.*"

When the amiable society had furnished nearly as many new dramas as there were members, the difficulty arose as to which play should have the precedence. It was a delicate matter. Each writer saw peculiar claims and merits in his own play, and those members whose pieces were as yet only on the stocks thought that the club should not be in too great a hurry, lest, by failing in their first venture, they should discourage the possible or probable new Shakspeares who as yet lacked time to bring about their dramatic *dénoûments*. At length a decision was arrived at, and a play called "Martinuzzi" had the good or evil fortune to be selected for representation. The public expectation had been stimulated to a high degree, but disappointment followed. "Martinuzzi" was a lugubrious failure; but an ill-natured world would have it that it was most violently hissed by the author's fellow-clubbists, the Syncretics. What will not a censorious world assert? The scandal-mongers affirmed that it was a Syncretic rule for each member, except the author, to hiss the play in course of representation, as each sibilant member hoped, by damning his brother's play, to obtain a better chance of bringing his own forward earlier.

Is there any one surviving whose pantomimic memories can flash vividly back half a generation? If so, how joyous yet sad must be his remembrance of another literary club — "The Fielding" — and the pantomime of "Harlequin Guy Fawkes," acted by the members, at Covent Garden, in 1855! If the set purpose of that society at its formation was to found a school of mimes, the success was undoubted. It was a strange ambition, thought Smelfungus, for professional men and clerks in public offices to attempt to rival — nay, excel — the clowns, harlequins, lovers, and pantaloons who were imbued with the traditions of the times of Grimaldi and Bologna, Barnes and Parsloe. The amateurs were quite up to the regular business. Who that was there will forget the marvellous delivery of the patter song which Albert Smith rattled out as "Catesby"? Was ever stage-fight at the old Coburg (where Messrs. Blanchard and Bradley used to slay and be slain nightly with broad-swords, that hacked and hewed to orchestral accompaniments) equal to the terrific combat which was maintained between the awfully savage Catesby and the resolute assassin Guy Fawkes, who had Mr. Holmes under his mask? The latter seemed like a boneless unvertebrated acrobate, who could throw his limbs anywhere he pleased out of his own way, or very much in the way of his adversary. The murderous earnestness of his fighting was in strong contrast with the hilarious humor of his burlesque-singing; and Mr. Holmes's solemn humor was equally well illustrated in the part he took, with three other amateurs, in the performance of acrobatic feats in the scene of the Epsom Race-course. They executed the easiest of feats with an admirable air of having achieved the impossible. The laughing spectators were almost deceived by the mock seriousness of the *pseudo* acrobates; and when the latter bowed to the applause, with an air of being exhausted by their seemingly laborious efforts, the applause grew louder, and the laughter shook the very house.

There were other members of the club who took part in this celebrated pantomime, and who were quite as effective as their fellows. Spectators calculated in vain the number of government-office windows Mr. Bidwell, the inimitable harlequin, must have leaped through, the government tables he must have vaulted over, and the government chairs he must have waltzed with for suppositious columbines, before he arrived at the perfection which he then displayed. One could not but wonder whether he went down to his office in Whitehall in his spangles covered by a great-coat, from which he suddenly emerged to stir the often-manifested delight of the porter. Did he go to his desk by a hop, step, and a jump? Did he ever awe a reproving "Head of Department" by shaking his ruler above him, as on the stage he shook his wand and paralyzed the clown? Then there was Arthur Smith, who slipped about in pantaloon as if he had never known boots, and heels to them, since he was born. Nor let us pass over Joe Robins, that airy medical student, who, we suppose, made the dissecting-room funny by his skeleton songs, if he chanted the scraps of minstrelsy as farcically as he sang "Hot Codlins" in the character of Clown. Horace Walpole said of some amateur actors at whose playing he was present, that they played so well it was a pity they had not sense enough not to play at all. He would not have been epigrammatic in that style had he witnessed the burlesquers and pantomimists of "The Fielding Club." It was because of their sense and intelligence that they were so efficient. In their strength and buoyant spirits and exuberant health, they looked immortal. Alas! some of them have passed from the stage-manager to the sexton. One or two, having the alternative put before them, quitted motley and pantomime forever, and took permanently to their office-duties. Two or three went in an opposite direction; they stuck to the stage, and more or less adorn it now, under their proper or under stage names. An odd fellow or so "got up a tree," as if that feat belonged to the harlequinade of life; but it is believed that their creditors saw less fun in the reality than in the pantomimic effect. In short, to quote Hood's "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Clapham College," —

> "Alack! They're gone a thousand ways!
> And some are serving in 'The Greys,'
> And some have perish'd young! —
> Jack Harris weds his second wife,
> Hal Baylis drives the *wane* of life,
> And blithe Carew is hung!"

We can only briefly refer to a few other clubs, some still, others till lately, existing. We may suppose that a member of "The Early Rising Association" has no affinity with the "Owls." The "One-o'clock Club" would no more understand a cricket-club than the members of the one could look like the members of the other. The "Early Risers" are members of one of those cricket-clubs. During the season they pitch their wickets at four o'clock in the morning, and play till seven, and then to business — pleasure with them taking the precedence. But work is their business of the day. Put the "Owls" by their side, the foul birds would certainly bear no resemblance to a man and a brother. The "Owls" used to meet at "The Sheridan Knowles," Bridge Street, Covent Garden. They sat without ever rising. Day and night some blinking member was to be found there making sacrifice of his faculties. It was not much to offer up; but by one saddened victim or another, the sacrifice was being continually made. The smoke of their sacrifice ascended from their pipes, and their libations were made in the very hottest of mixed liquors. We believe that all the "Owls" were utterly consumed — to the great relief of their friends.

Aspiring young imbeciles who call themselves by that name are probably only the much-shattered wrecks of the "One-o'clock Club," an association which was established for the lofty purpose of late drinking! The "One-o'clock" made ghosts of a good many of its members. If any of its paralyzed survivors could bear being taken down to the Serpentine at daybreak on one of these winter mornings, we should like to show them the club of hardy bathers there who take their plunge, though they break the ice for it, and then run across the park to breakfast at a pace that would take all the poor breath out of the poorer body of any survivor of a club like the "One-o'clocks."

We must say for the "Owls" that they did not originally intend to be permanently drinking. They fell into bad ways. Sheridan Knowles himself was, probably, never any thing more than the honorary patron of the club. Poor musical Augustin Wade, the composer of "Meet me by Moonlight," and the disposer of Mrs. Waylett, who gave melodious utterance to his ballads, was chairman of the club of "Owls" in its best days. These were when it met up stairs at the "Shakspeare's Head" in Wych Street — sacred ground, nevertheless, for it was the home of genius, and, according to some authorities, the cradle of *Punch*.

We will say nothing of "The Sublime Society of Beefsteaks," for Brother Arnold has written its history and sung its requiem. What a host of great people, home and foreign, used to assemble in a French eating-house in a dirty little street near Leicester Square, where the Foreigners' Club was held, and Mallet du Pau, Pozzo di Borgo, and our Vansittart were among the best talkers. We may wonder if "The Y Z's" of Liverpool have seen as *wise heads* among them as once met at "The Foreigners." Gone are the "Fabs," the "Fortnightly Associated Book Society;" "The Jelly Bags" in nightcaps are as extinct as Barham's "Wigs." "Our Club," whose number was once that of the "Forty Thieves," has never recovered the prestige it had in the days of Douglas Jerrold, while the "Cocked Hats," select in number, grow in hilarity as well as in "Archæo-knowledgy." The "Arts," or the *Upst-Arts*, as some wild wit called that club at its foundation, is, at least, existing. The "Civil Service" has a cheerful home — and a hospitable at "The Thatched House." Then there is a club so mysterious that we cannot learn whether its name is "The Sentry," or "The Century;" but its purposes are said to be very "advanced," in the well-understood political meaning of that word. By and by we shall probably hear a good deal of them. Meanwhile, we will close this paper with a quotation from Lord Campbell's "Life of Lord Thurlow." It will serve, at least, to show that modern club-ways were not the ways of the clubs of former days: "A.D. 1769. At that time, and indeed when I myself first began the study of the law, the modern club-system was unknown, and (as in the time of Swift and Addison) men went in the evenings for society to coffee-houses, in which they expected to encounter a particular set of acquaintance, but which were open to all who chose to enter and offer to join in the conversation, at the risk of meeting cold looks and mortifying rebuffs."

METZ REVISITED.

It is now just nineteen months since I first visited the then virgin fortress of Metz. In a little more than a year and a half what a stupendous change has taken place! Little outwardly seems changed in the town itself; there is the Hôtel de l'Europe opposite the room in which I write this letter, and it seems as if it were only yesterday that we stood and watched the two Baden officers who were brought in to Lebœuf there as prisoners on parole after the opening skirmish at Niederbronn. A Prussian dragoon officer's charger is being led up and down the courtyard now, and the horse's master is no prisoner to France. In the very hotel in which I write, Bazaine's staff had their quarters; and close by is the room in which the Marshal's nephew showed me the most beautiful maps of Germany, but was unable to produce any really good ones of the environs of Metz itself. Every thing seems the same, and yet all is so different. I go out for a stroll down the Rue des Clercs'— the Regent Street of Metz. There is the doorway under which I took refuge in order to see the Zouaves of the Imperial Guard pass. How the people cheered them! They had a battery of *mitrailleuses* with them, and every one crowded to have a look at the new and mysterious engines of destruction, which were to carry slaughter into the German ranks, and to aid the victorious French army in its "promenade militaire" to Berlin. Alas! the woods around Gorze and Rezonville and the rocky gorge between Gravelotte and St. Hubert but too soon re-echoed to the jarring sound of the *mitrailleusen*, and the white crosses there today mark the grave of many a tall fellow who got his death-wound from, may be, that very battery. Here is the Place Royale — and it is covered with Prussian recruits, hard at work at position drill. A few groups of Frenchmen are looking on at the barbarians, and their comments are curious to hear. "Look at them," said one old gentleman, with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole; "did you ever see any thing so droll? There, just look at that man lying flat on his belly to take aim. Is that a position for a soldier?" Ah, my friend, the men in the same uniform have done that same trick of skirmishing with pretty considerable success not far from here. "No matter," said another by-stander, "they work hard, these Prussians." "They are quite right," replied my decorated friend, who thinks it unsoldier-like for men to lie down to shoot, "for, you see, they will be tried before long."

Before quitting the men at drill, it is worth while remarking that in Metz the Prussians are evidently anxious to show the population that their drill-sergeants are not such ferocious beings as the French papers would fain make them out to be. The under officers are most mild in their admonitions to the men, and speak to them with all the politeness of Mr. Chucks, the aristocratic boatswain in "Peter Simple." Let us hope they do not reserve the oaths and blows which, as Capt. Marryat tells us, generally terminated Mr. Chucks's harangues until their men are back in barracks and out of reach of French, or rather Neo-German eyes. The Prussians do nothing without a purpose, and it is plain enough that a great effort is to be made between this and next October to convince the young men of Elsass-Lothringen that service in the German army is no such terrible matter, after all. Let us take a turn on the Esplanade, the favorite rendezvous in days gone by of the inhabitants of Metz. The afternoon is as fine as you can wish, and the air is more like that of April than of February, but there is hardly a single French man or woman to be seen on the pretty promenade. German, Prussian, Bavarian, and Saxon officers in every sort of uniform there are enough and to spare, but nearly all the civilians are German; a few German officers' wives, with their children and a sprinkling of German shopkeepers — some of them of the tribes of Israel and Judah — and perhaps half-a-dozen French people. Of these nearly all wear deep mourning. Likely enough they have to grieve for the loss of some relative; but the veriest German on the Esplanade must admit that there is cause enough in all around to make any Frenchman feel exceedingly sad. At one end of the promenade there is the statue of Ney, the *brave des braves*, to remind all lovers of France of past glories; at the other, Mont. St. Quentin, crowned by its impregnable fortress, towers grandly against the setting sun. As I lean over the parapet of the ramparts, and gaze at Forts Plappeville and St. Quentin, I cannot help thinking how often during the weary months of the siege of Metz poor Rossel must have looked on the same scene, with the bitter thought that those impregnable heights would but too surely pass into the hands of the enemies of France, without one last blow being struck — such a blow as desperate men, who know that they, and they only, can save their country, are alone capable of striking — in defence of the bulwark and key of France. Well might a man like Rossel be goaded to madness, and made ready to throw in his lot even with the madmen of the Commune, by such a crush-

ing calamity as the capitulation of Metz. For it was here, and nowhere else, that the fate of France was decided. Well do I remember, on the 19th of August (I had passed over to the enemy at the beginning of the month, the French allowing of no correspondence), hearing a Prussian officer say, as we stood looking at the French camps beneath Forts Plappeville and St. Quentin from the heights above Rozerieulles, "We have now driven back their only remaining army into Metz; and if we can only keep them there, we have conquered France. It is here, and not before Paris, that the campaign will be settled."

A stroll through the streets of Metz shows many a change. The first thing that must, I think, strike any newcomer, is the prodigious number of shops which are to be let, and the good-will of the business to be sold. Placards with "Shop to let," or "Business to be disposed of," meet one at almost every other door. And I should say that a good portion of the shops which are now open are kept by Germans. All the restaurants, with hardly an exception, have "Restauration," and "Wein und Bier," too, added to their French titles. Many shops, notably cigar and book shops, are, as I have said, wholly German, and are kept by German owners. Fo one can doubt that the French trading classes are emigrating largely from Metz. Had one not already known that this was the case, one could guess that it was, by seeing in Nancy numbers of the shops with "from Metz" after their tenants' names. And the spirit of the people? Well, there is no use denying it, the people do not seem at all inclined to turn good Germans. I had seen, as I have already written to you, a good deal of hatred of the Teuton on my way through the occupied departments. But it was as nothing compared with the absolute horror of the conqueror which is shown by the middle classes in Metz. They are extremely ostentatious in their patriotism, which they seem to think is best shown by glaring at every one whom they fancy to be a German, and giving the Germans the cold shoulder in every possible way. I am told that, as might be expected, none of the German officers here are admitted into French society; and that if by chance an inhabitant of Metz finds himself in the same room with a German, he instantly leaves it, and never puts his foot in the house again. All the attempts of the Germans to bridge over the great gulf which yawns between the two nationalities have hitherto failed completely on the admission of the victors themselves. It is the delight of the inhabitants, on days when one of the German military bands is expected to play on the Esplanade — the Rottenrow of Metz — to crowd round the orchestra previous to the arrival of the musicians, and then, directly the band strikes up, to disperse in every direction, leaving the Prussian officers, their wives, and friends, alone in their glory. Every Frenchman in Metz tells you, with patriotic delight, how the tricolor flag is still fixed to the top of the cathedral spire, and how the Germans have offered unavailingly large sums to any one who will remove it. It should be noted in passing that the said flag is so small as to be only just visible to the naked eye, and so exceedingly dirty that no one can tell, except with eyes enlightened with patriotic faith, whether it be the flag of France, Prussia, or Timbuctoo. I humbly confess, though gifted with a passably good pair of eyes, to having thought that this glorious banner was the weathercock when I first saw it.

The Prussians, however, intend shortly to put up a gold cross on the spire in its place — perhaps, on the whole, a more fitting symbol for God's house — and I have a shrewd idea that when the Germans once set to work in earnest they will soon have the tricolor down. Some of the grievances of the people are sentimental enough, but others are well founded, or at least appear to be so. Why, for instance, in the name of common-sense, are no foreign notes above the value of two pounds sterling allowed to circulate in Elsass-Lothringen? That Prince Bismarck should object to French notes one can understand, although one would have fancied that it would have been sufficient to have fixed a much higher limit to their circulation than fifty francs; but what, I ask, with all respect for German intellect, has the honest "fiver" done that it too should be sternly tabooed in common with all foreign paper money? Of course, no one would wish to make use of English notes as a rule, but it certainly does seem rather hard that one's landlord should be forbidden from changing an English note under a heavy penalty. Surely, the "Battle of Dorking" has not yet been fought, and the credit of the Bank of England is, may be, not inferior to that of the Bank of Prussia. I have never regretted the victory of Germany over France, except for one reason, viz., that if the French had taken the Rhine Provinces they would have introduced their excellent coinage there in place of those abominable kreutzers and groschen and pfennigs, which now dirty one's fingers and puzzle one's brains to such a degree. These horrid inventions of the Evil One have, of course, now invaded Lorraine; and as if they were not originally difficult enough to reckon, there is added the constant necessity of translating them into francs in all dealings here. The Germans, of course, make use of their own beautiful system in all their transactions; and I had a specimen of the way that Frenchmen are being taught their new duties. Yesterday, at the post-office, I went to buy a postage-stamp for England, and just as I got into the office I remembered that I was ignorant of the German for a stamp, so I asked in French for a "timbre." The clerk gave me one, and stated that I had "deux gros et demi" to pay. I humbly asked how much that made in French coin, not having any German money. I was thereupon informed in a German stage-whisper that I had better go to school and learn. Not seeing any school handy, I settled the matter by putting down a franc piece. What was my delight to find that my friend who had just hinted so rudely at the defects in my education was himself a little puzzled to hit on the right sum to give me in return. The next time I had occasion to go to the post I took care to talk German, and I find that I am received as politely as I formerly was rudely. It is said that it is a settled matter with the Germans here that every one must and shall talk German, and that they endeavor by every means in their power to annoy the inhabitants who cling to French.

The changing of names of places to their German equivalents puzzles the French not a little; and I heard a man at the station asking plaintively to have a ticket for Thionville instead of the one he had received for Diedenhofen, as the conquerors persist in calling that town. Some of the complaints of the French in this matter of the changing of French names into German ones are certainly groundless enough. For instance, I see by the papers that the Parisians are very wroth that the Germans are about to change the French names of the seven gates of Metz for German ones. When we call to mind how eager the French are to change the names of their own streets and public buildings after each of their periodical revolutions, it is really difficult to sympathize with them in their wrath against the Germans for doing in conquered Metz exactly what the Parisians do in Paris, whenever they upset a government. It should be mentioned, by the way, that, contrary to general report, the names of the outlying forts remain the same as before the capture of Metz, and it is not yet decided what they shall be called. It is thought, however, that they will be called after different German leaders and statesmen. Another French grievance in Metz is the heavy tax on letters to France, and the impossibility of prepaying letters to or from that country. This, however, will soon be remedied by the recently-signed postal treaty between the French and German governments. Many of the inhabitants, however, are candid enough to admit, when pressed hard, that the German post is "not badly" organized. The fact being, as every one knows who has ever had any practical experience of the two administrations, that the German post-office is one of the best in the world, and the French — especially since the war — one of the very worst. The delivery of parcels by the post-office is admitted to be an improvement. I know another post-office which takes charge of parcels, as well as the "Correspondenz-Karten," which almost every country in Europe except France has now adopted. But then France, as we know, is at the head of civilization.

MAZZINI.

ITALY has lost one more of her great sons. Kings and journalists did their best by persecution and calumny to make of Mazzini a cosmopolitan power, a chief of the Universal Revolution, but it was to Italy that he essentially belonged. It was her oppression that first kindled the fire in his soul, for her sake and on her territory that his greatest acts were done, in her and her destiny that he most ardently believed. Whatever else he was, he was before and beyond all things an Italian — one to whom Rome was Mecca, who believed that there, and there only, could the movement be begun which was to regenerate the world. It was on an Italian assembly sitting in Rome, and reigning by the full consent of Italians over the whole peninsula, that he expected the divine influence to descend which should make its proceedings as important to the world as the decrees of councils once were to Christianity, — which should make its laws the models for all human legislation, and its resolves the bases for the grand Code which should ultimately regulate our race. Perhaps of all men who have ever borne a great part in politics, Mazzini was most entirely patriot. Through forty years of incessant thought, teaching, and action, in hiding or at the head of a revolutionary government, an idol or a denounced fugitive, in all countries and by all roads, he pressed forward towards the same object, the transfer of Italy, once more united, from its foreign or semiforeign despots to the sway of a freely elected sovereign assembly, which, as he trusted or believed, would be guided by something difficult to distinguish from direct inspiration from above. That he changed his means frequently is true, and that he sometimes subordinated means to ends can hardly be denied, for he was that rare character, a practical ideologue. He had to fashion his tools as well as use them, and using when compelled materials like the Carbonari, the secret societies, and the Socialists, it is little marvel that he was himself believed for years to be the greatest of revolutionists, socialists, terrorists, the chief and soul of all the parties which Continental statesmen hold in such abhorence.

In truth, he was neither anarchist nor Jacobin, nor even revolutionist, but a calm and serene teacher and leader, a prophet possessed with a faith and absorbed in an object, who swayed men by the force of his ideas, the holiness of his life, and the unique loftiness of his character steadily onward towards an end which was not always theirs. Perhaps no man since Mohammed died ever held such ascendency over all with whom he came into habitual contact. It was at the lowest ebb of Mohammed's fortune, while living a proscribed rebel among his kinsmen, that the "Companions," as they were subsequently called, the men who had known him from boyhood, who saw him eat, drink, and sleep, who were hiding with him from an hourly-expected vengeance, who knew by every testimony that can impress men that his cause was lost, — acknowledged the great Arabian for the first time as the prophet of God; and Mazzini over and over repeated that marvellous experience. No reverse of fortune made him less powerful. No amount of disaster ever shook his companions' confidence. No man of all he must have trusted ever betrayed him. He passed through countries where to be discovered was to die, through armies of spies and police and political enemies, like a spirit clothed with the old gift of invisibleness to mortal eyes. This influence, rising in some cases to an ascendency such as has hardly been given to the greatest religious teachers, was employed unswervingly for his single end, and it was employed successfully. Cavour made Italy, but it was due to Mazzini, and not to Cavour, that such making was possible; that the idea of nationality had revived, that men accustomed from infancy to think of their next neighbors as foreigners had come to long for the unity of their nation, to believe that Italy was above her provinces, to postpone hatreds and jealousies and causes of division, some as old as civilization, many involved in their very creed, some few — like the difference of civilization between North and South Italy — fearfully real, to the one grand end, the restoration of Italy to herself. His writings, spread broadcast by secret presses, had popularized the new faith, his disciples had made it the first object of the Societies, he himself had converted the Italian leaders, till when the hour at last arrived, and Orsini's will had done its work on Napoleon's mind, and Garibaldi had driven the Bourbon to a fortress, and Cavour was ready "to strike quickly and strike hard," Italy was ready to take advantage of the blow, and become once more the nation she has since remained, a nation not grown to its full strength, not so full of nerve and fibre as Germany or England, but a nation still united, industrious, and free.

The idea of the powerless lawyer had penetrated an entire people, and Italy stood up unfettered and alive. In modern history no man armed only with spiritual weapons, strong only in his cause, his genius, and his character, has ever performed such a feat, or made so deep a personal impression on the history of mankind. To find a parallel, we must look back into the only history Englishmen cannot understand, and watch the men who, in defiance of circumstances and probabilities and every power which to men seems strong, have from time to time remodelled and revived the Roman Catholic Church. It is among the greater popes that we must seek for the analogue of Joseph Mazzini, the serene man, possessed of and by a faith, who could use all weapons, and mould all men, and disregard all circumstances; whose gentleness was as inflexible as other men's obstinacy; to whom earthly temptations had no meaning and earthly scruples no force; who could not pause, or change, or tremble, and who therefore at once achieved the lofty success and roused the undying hatreds which attend the course of the man who lives for an idea. Unstirred by the ordinary ambitions of men, and unaffected by their ordinary passions, an ascetic by habit rather than conviction, incapable of envy as of doubt, irresistible in his power over hearts, which he used only to further his great cause; personally as gentle as a woman, but for his ideas implacable as a statue; eloquent with the eloquence which can persuade an individual or a senate, yet averse to life in public; never induced even by his own genius to swerve for a moment from his appointed course; an immovable fanatic, with all the knowledge and all the tact of a finished grandee, Joseph Mazzini was what in the Roman Catholic ideal every pope should be. Years ago men who knew nothing of him except his name, but regarded him as a modern Marat, took delight in accusing him of cowardice, of provoking other men to dangers he never shared, and wondered why the taunt, so deeply resented on the continent, never stirred him even to a reply. They might as well have taunted Gregory VII., or Sextus Quintus, or any other man so placed that to his end, which alone he values, courage may be as injurious as fear, who has risen out of all that range of emotions into the serener atmosphere where men become as tranquil as the gods.

The political faults of Mazzini were all of the same type as his virtues, and may all be indicated in a sentence. He was as incapable of compromise as the Church whose greater chiefs he in mind so closely resembled. He could not accept those who differed with him, except as instruments. He no more in his heart tolerated the House of Savoy than the House of Hapsburg, or thought Italy perfect as a monarchy than as a prey to petty despotisms. His ideal was always with him, and latterly, we suspect, events had only deepened the force of his convictions. As a young man he had seen three visions, — the unity of Italy, the enfranchisement of Rome, and the rise of his half-inspired Assembly; and if, in spite of all probabilities, almost of all possibilities, of hostile kings, and victorious armies, and enfeebled peoples, two of the visions had come true, why should he despair of the third, or surrender any portion of his faith, or be false even in appearance to the mission with which he was entrusted from on high? He could make no terms, and he made none, and while his judgment on every other point grew cooler, and he saw and admitted the greatness of England, which he loved next to Italy, and saw and denounced the cruel selfishness of the

Commune, and saw and proclaimed the moral strength of Germany, he held fast to his first faith, and labored for the Republic as he had labored for Italy, and seemed to Italian moderates, as to many otherwise friendly Englishmen, an unappeasable agitator, a firebrand, who would destroy any institution of which he was not the author. He was nothing of the kind, not even a revolutionist, but an idealist who conceived himself to be burdened with a trust which he could not lay aside. Compromises were as sinful as bribes, truces as unworthy as concessions, and to every argument and every offer, whether pressed by statesmen, or urged by followers, or suggested by hearty friends, the sweet-natured, gentle-mannered, immovable old man answered as the Church which, if character were the equivalent of destiny, it should have been his fate to rule, — "Non Possumus. I cannot give away the heritage of the Lord."

FOREIGN NOTES.

LONDON *Fun* says it is a curious fact that in the East, *al kohol* is used by the women to color their eyelids. In England it is applied to the painting of noses.

ACCORDING to the *Correspondencia*, Señor Castelar has received twelve hundred dollars from an editor in New York for the first article of a series on the "Republican Movement in Europe."

THE *Börsenzeitung* of Berlin observes that the majority of the European States have now adopted the Prussian system of breech-loading cannon. Before the war this system was already in use in Russia and Belgium; France adopted it in the course of the war, and it is now about to be adopted in Austria and Italy. England alone still adheres to the muzzle-loading system.

THE *Journal de St. Pétersburg* gives some interesting details about the friendly alliance which has just been concluded between China and Japan. The two States have treated each other on a footing of perfect equality, and the material preponderance of China is only perceivable in Art. VI. of the treaty, which stipulates that the Japanese Government shall make its official communications to China either in the Chinese language, or accompanied by a Chinese translation. The treaty was concluded in the middle of November last. According to the *Journal de St. Pétersburg*, the treaty does not possess the character of an offensive and defensive alliance; the two powers only pledge themselves that neither shall give any assistance to Europeans in a war against the other power.

AN interesting historical relic, or rather a whole collection of relics, which it is impossible to replace, lately became a prey to the flames in the ancient city of Erfurt. There stands the Augustine monastery, in which Martin Luther lived and conceived his first idea of a reformation, converted at present into an orphan asylum. A fire suddenly broke out, and totally destroyed the most interesting part of the building, in which was Luther's cell, and also the room where he first gave shape to his great scheme. In these rooms, which have been up to the latest time shown to strangers as curiosities, Luther's Bible was kept with marginal notes in the reformer's own handwriting, together with the painting "Death's Dance" by Beck, and other valuable relics. All of these have been burned. The pecuniary damage is estimated at about sixty thousand thalers; the historical loss is incalculable.

APROPOS of the miracles which the bishop of Laval is making known to the world, the waters of Nanterre, near Paris, which were deprived of their virtues during the war, have now begun anew to work marvels under the auspices of St. Catherine. This miraculous water comes from an ordinary well enclosed within walls, surmounted by a statuette of the saint, and has the reputation of curing the most incurable of maladies. The curé of Nanterre has charge of the holy well, and derives from it an annual revenue ten times as large as his sacerdotal remuneration. The trade in this water is very curious. It is bottled, corked, stamped, and sold to believers in all parts of the country. The neighboring localities — especially St. Germain, the rendezvous of Englishmen — are sceptical; but hundreds of bottles are daily sent to the more fervent region of Brittany. La Champagne also consumes the miraculous water largely; Châlons, Rheims, and Vitry-le-Français being the curé's best customers. In the hot months of summer St. Catherine's well generally dries up; but it is said that at such times, in order to avoid disappointment, a neighboring fountain is resorted to for supplies equally beneficial. Well, we live — and don't learn!

The *Paris Journal*, the Bonapartist *confrère* of the *Pays* and *Ordre*, contains a long account of a tour made in the East End of London by Prince Charles Bonaparte, the Duc de Bassano, M. Filon, secretary to the ex-Emperor and writer of the article in question, and Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, who acted as guide to the party. "The journey was conducted in the most systematic manner," says M. Filon, who speaks of himself and his French companions as being deeply impressed with all they saw. The programme was indeed calculated to startle an uninitiated foreigner. It comprised a visit to the thieves' kitchen and lodgings at Shadwell, the penny "gaffs" at Whitechapel, where Prince Bonaparte went behind the scenes, — an inspection of music-halls where the singers emulate "West-end bloods." They walked through Ratcliff Highway, and entered the sailors' haunts, where *pseudo* negroes were singing songs never heard in St. James's, and where Italian and Maltese women were cozening "Jack ashore." But the last experience, the ex-Emperor's secretary tells us, was the most terrible and surprising. It consisted in a long inspection of the opium dens of Shadwell, notably that from which Charles Dickens got his idea of the famous episode in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." The characters scarcely seem to have moved since Dickens sketched them. There was the lascar lying in a stupor on the squalid bed, and the woman beside him, still pulling at the brass pipe.

APROPOS of the presentation of the freedom of the city of Stendal to Prince Bismarck, the *Spener Gazette* publishes a curious document, dated 1338, in which the diocesan Bishop of Halberstadt excommunicates the ancestor of the new honorary citizen, Rodolf von Bismarck, and threatens the whole town council and all in authority in Stendal likewise with instant excommunication, should they fail to deprive Rodolf of his civic dignity and banish him from the town. As a consequence, Rodolf von Bismarke was compelled to quit the town in which since that day his family have been formally a banished race. Prince Bismarck himself also refers to this incident in his family history. Visiting the sins of a former generation upon the present is a gentle rebuke which takes the form of a compliment. The Chancellor assures the town council of Stendal that he considers his elevation the greater honor for the slight put upon his ancestor. The most remarkable feature in the case is that the act condemned as an offence 534 years ago is in principle identical with the one now extolled as a meritorious deed, viz., the endeavor to emancipate the school from the Church, in the fourteenth century by founding a secularist school

in the nineteenth by introducing a Schools Inspection Bill.

An interesting anecdote about Mazzini appears in a new book just published in Paris under the title of "Le Dernier des Napoléons." Sir James Hudson, then British Ambassador at Turin, once requested Cavour to give an audience to an English traveller who had just arrived. The Minister received his visitor very early in the morning, as was his custom. After the usual courtesies had been exchanged, the "Englishman" described to Cavour a deep-laid plan which he had conceived for the restoration of Italian independence. Cavour was astonished at the boldness and thoughtful foresight shown by his interlocutor, and expressed his regret at not being sufficiently conversant with the English language to enter fully into all details of the scheme. The stranger then went over the whole plan in the purest and most elegant Italian. As he was taking his leave, Cavour said to him — "You talk politics like Macchiavel, and Italian like Manzoni. If I had a countryman like yourself, I would gladly give up to him my place as President of the Ministry. Pray tell me what I can do for you?" "If such a man as I were your countryman," was the reply, "you would sentence him to death. If you wish to show your appreciation of my advice, carry it out, and liberate Italy. So far, at least, the protection of Sir James Hudson will suffice for me." The stranger then left the room, first handing his card to Cavour, who read on it with amazement the name of Mazzini.

In a book called "La Police de Paris Devoilée," a curious sketch is given of the origin of public gaming-tables in the capital, and the corruption they encouraged. They were first started by M. de Sartines, Minister of Police under Louis XV., whose valet, the author takes occasion to inform us, had forty thousand francs a year. M. de Sartines established these seductive caverns, as they were called, on the specious pretext of assembling all the *chevaliers d'industrie*, so that they might be well known to his agents. A number of women of loose morality purchased the privilege of keeping these *tripots*: there was Latour, the daughter of the President d'Aligre's lackey; Cardonne, a washerwoman from Versailles, who was a mother at thirteen years of age; Dufrène, a flower girl from Lyons, and other ladies of the kind, who used to share the spoil with the "executioners," as the sharpers were then termed. There were fifteen of these caverns in various quarters of Paris; each table, "to give it an appearance of respectability," paid three thousand francs per month to the poor, and the houses were under the control of a cashier-general called Gombeau. Before these *tripots* had been long at work ladies of every rank solicited the privilege of setting up an establishment, and the ambassador of Venice, taking advantage of his inviolability, kept a very productive *tripot* in his private hotel. The working-classes, adds the author, were received and played in a place appropriately called *l'enfer*. The houses authorized by M. de Sartines remained open till the Revolution, and they were re-established by Napoleon, for what purpose may be easily imagined. That they improved the general morality of the country in the days of Louis XV. is very doubtful, notwithstanding that the tables passed into the possession of ladies of rank, who worked them by means of agents.

Young ladies who insist on going to evening parties when they are afflicted with colds, notwithstanding the insufficiency of their clothing and the inclemency of the weather, should read "A Case in Comparative Pathology" given by a correspondent of the London *Lancet*, from which they will see that a chimpanzee in the Zoölogical Gardens, by carefully following the directions of his medical advisers, and exhibiting an amount of common-sense — too often, alas! not to be witnessed in human circles, succeeded in warding off the consequences of an illness which, if neglected, would no doubt have been attended with fatal results. It appears that this animal, who, although barely two years old, is endowed with the intelligence of a monkey of riper years, caught a violent cold and cough during a frosty night in January, attended with loss of appetite, a high pulse, and other feverish symptoms. At first the monkey wisely restricted its diet, taking only grapes, orange-juice, and a little milk. As, however, the urgent symptoms increased, it was persuaded to take small doses of liquor of acetate of ammonia, with ipecacuanha wine and aromatic spirit of ammonia, every four hours, and also to wear a "linseed-meal jacket poultice" round its chest for an hour or two at a time, three or four times a day, at other times wearing a flannel band and a cloth jacket. Although it derived some relief from this treatment, yet in a day or two it became worse, and was at last reduced to such a state of weakness that it could only lie on its back or one side with its paws open, as if too exhausted to make any effort at all. Disliking its cough mixture, it was given ipecacuanha wine in its milk; but, the exhaustion increasing, a teaspoonful of brandy was substituted for the ipecacuanha wine, and added to its milk each time it took it. For some days it remained in a listless state, merely presenting one of its feet to any acquaintance who visited it, but evidently liking to be attended to and nursed. It is most gratifying to learn that a steady adherence to this treatment of poultices and brandy and milk resulted at the end of a few days in a change for the better; and, although for some little time it would take no solid food, except from the keeper's mouth, yet its appetite gradually improved, and in about three weeks, though much thinner and weaker than before its illness, it was in excellent spirits, and is now not only able to climb its ladder, but is "as lively as ever." If this young monkey had insisted on going out in the evening in a low dress, instead of remaining quietly at home in a "linseed-meal jacket poultice," the Zoölogical Society would probably have had to deplore its loss.

Theodor Goldstucker, the foremost Sanskrit scholar in the world, whose death was announced last week, was born in Königsberg, in Prussia; he began the study of Sanskrit, for the profound knowledge of which he has since become so famous throughout the world, under Prof. Peter Von Bohlen, at the university of that town. He continued this study under Profs. August Wilhelm von Schlegel and Christian Lassen at Bonn, where he was a contemporary of the late Prince Consort. He afterwards resided for some time at Paris, where he enjoyed the friendship of men of the greatest distinction, such as Burnouf, Letronne, &c. He then habilitated himself at the University of Berlin, where he began soon to display great scholarly activity. Alexander Von Humboldt formed already at that time a very high estimate of the capacities of the young scholar, whose aid, in several very difficult questions of Indian philosophy, he gratefully acknowledged in his "Kosmos." Goldstücker assembled round himself a circle of ardent young men, whom he succeeded in inspiring with his love for the language and the land of the Vedas, and many of whom have arrived at great eminence since as Sanskrit scholars. It was owing to his great love and devotion to his favorite science that, in 1850, he came to England, where he resided ever since, having soon after received the appointment as Professor to the Chair of Sanskrit at University College. The late Professor carried conscientiousness and modesty to such an extreme degree that the learned world will hardly ever know what it has lost through his death. His published works are very few, and the greatest undertaken by him, the Sanskrit Dictionary, which assumed under his hands the form of a gigantic treasury, in which the words of the printed as well as of the unprinted Sanskrit literature were to be recorded, will also remain *a torso*. The earliest work undertaken by Goldstücker was the translation into German of the *Prabodha Chandrodaya*, a theologico-philosophical drama, by Krischna Miçra, to which Prof. Rozenkranz wrote a preface. In 1861 he published as an introduction to a facsimile edition of the Manava-Kalpa-Sutra, an investigation

of some literary and chronological questions, which may be settled by a study of Panini's work, under the title of "Panini: His Place in Sanskrit Literature." Goldstücker also edited the text of the Jaiminiya-Nyâya-Mâlâ-Vistara, of which work four hundred pages in large quarto are in type. In 1866 Prof. Goldstücker started the Sanskrit Text Society, under the patronage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and under the presidency of the Duc d'Aumale. His very last labor in the public service, and one which he has left nearly completed, is a photo-lithographic facsimile edition of Patanjali's great commentary on Panini's Grammatical Sutras, called Mahabashya, for which the funds had been voted with great liberality by the Indian Government. We are indebted to *Trubner's American and Oriental Literary Rec ord* — a most valuable publication — for these facts concerning the great scholar.

THE Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* has been permitted to publish a long extract from the journal of Maj. Burne, Lord Mayo's private secretary, and from this we extract the following graphic passage, describing the Viceroy's murder: —

'On the party approaching the landing-place it began to get very dark. The convict authorities sent up a few torches to light them on their way, but the Viceroy ordered the torch-bearers to keep well to the front, as he disliked the smell and smoke. On reaching the huts near the landing-place, a line of men was observed drawn up on the left of the Viceroy and his party, under some convict overseers. These, Maj.-Gen. Stewart explained, were bearers of Maj.-Gen. Stewart's, whom he had selected and ordered over from Ross Island to carry the Countess of Mayo and her party up the hill the following morning. The Viceroy and his party passed this line of men at about a quarter to seven, and immediately afterwards reached the pier, which was a narrow one, with somewhat steep stone sides. When within about fifteen yards of the boat, Maj.-Gen. Stewart, with the Viceroy's permission, momentarily left his side to speak to one of the European overseers, standing by, with reference to some arrangements of the following morning. It was now quite dark. I was at that moment walking some paces to the left of the Viceroy; the armed escort was close to him on either side, and the remainder of the police and *jemadars* followed in the rear. Col. Jervois, Lieut. Hawkins, R.A., and the Viceroy's *jemadar* were the nearest to him in the rear, while the rest of the party were all following up at some paces distance. A few of the sailors of the *Glasgow* were sitting and talking at the end of the pier. The Viceroy, in order to reach the boat, took a few longer steps forward than usual, when, in an instant, a rushing noise was heard, and a man was seen fastened like a tiger on the Viceroy's back. The whole occurrence was momentary, and took place in almost total darkness. The assassin, who was a tall muscular Khyberee Afreedee, seemed to have the Viceroy in some manner immovably in his grasp, and inflicted the wound so instantaneously as not to give him time to turn round and defend himself. The whole party rushed on the assassin, and instantly secured him; alas, not till he had inflicted two mortal wounds. The Viceroy ran a few paces forward, turned to his left, and fell over the pier into some shallow water. I left the assassin and immediately ran to his Excellency's help while struggling in the water, and assisted him out. After conveying him to the steam launch, they made all haste to get to the *Glasgow*. It was a dreadful twenty minutes of agony for all present. Although none of the party could at the moment form any idea of the nature of the wounds, they saw a marked and alarming change come over his face after they had lifted him into the boat. Mr. Hawkins, Capt. Lockwood, and Maj.-Gen. Stewart supported the Viceroy's head, while I assisted the *jemadar*, rubbed his legs, and endeavored to keep up warmth. Others watched the wounds in order to stop further flow of blood, while all eagerly urged the sailors to press on with haste to the ship. Every moment was of value. We all imagined that the Viceroy had fainted from loss of blood, and we would have given our lives for a little brandy for him. But during these dreadful moments, on nearing the ship, Maj.-Gen. Stewart turned to me, shook his head, and said, 'I fear the worst.' The Viceroy's face had changed, but none of us thought he had actually breathed his last. He had not given one sigh or expression of pain from first to last, but he must have expired at the moment of Maj.-Gen. Stewart's exclamation."

PRIMROSE AND VIOLET.

I.

PRIMROSE and violet, down in the lane,
Trod by our footsteps so lightly of old,
I welcome you out of the earth again,
In your shaded purple and sunlit gold.

II.

Only — if only the warm spring sun
Brought back the dead who died with the flowers!
Ye are so many, and she was but one,
Who faded forever from earthly bowers;

III.

Closed her blue eyes as the violets slept,
Sank with the primroses into the earth:
None could awaken her, loud though they wept;
She will not joy in the flowers' new birth.

IV.

Primrose and violet! mine still in death
Those of your kindred she gave to me here;
Granting my prayer for her youthful faith,
And she had withered before they were sere.

V.

Yet I must live, and must live for the right, —
It is for her, and to see her again:
And you — ye shall be where she lies this night,
And die on her dead heart, as I would fain.

MULTUM IN PARVO. — Messrs. L. Prang & Co. have just published a sheet densely crowded with information that everybody desires to have always at hand. *Schem's Universal Statistical Table* contains the most important statistical facts relating to *all the countries of the world*, such as the area of each country, form of government and head of the same, population, expenses, debt, paper money, amount of circulation, standing army, navy, merchant vessels, imports, exports, chief produce, coins and their value in gold, weights and measures, railroads, telegraphs, capitals and principal cities, together with number of inhabitants, &c.

The number of interesting and noteworthy facts condensed here in so small a compass is almost incredible, and their arrangement is very convenient for reference and comparison.

A similar German publication, edited by Dr. Otto Hubner, in Frankfort, and upon which this is based, has run already through twenty yearly editions. The name of Prof. Schem, the American editor, is a sufficient guarantee that the work has been done thoroughly and conscientiously.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE gives luxuriance to the hair.

TESTED BY TIME. — For Throat Diseases, Colds, and Coughs, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years.

READ what Mr. H. G. Parker, editor *Saturday Evening Gazette*, says about "WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA."

ALL good grocers have the HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE. It is at once the cheapest and best article used as a relish that is made in any part of the world.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1872. [No. 16.

LE MINISTRE MALGRÉ LUI.

A CONTEMPORARY STORY.

I.

WHEN young Telemachus was undergoing his competitive examination for the kingship of Crete, one of the questions set him was to define a happy man, and the wise Mentor who stood behind to prompt him; conformably to a practice since abolished in competitive examinations, bade him answer that the really happy man was he who considered himself so. Admitting this definition to be correct, then M. le Comte Fortuné de Ris, deputy of the National Assembly, who rented a first-floor flat in a house of the Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris, where no cats or parrots were kept, was the happiest man out. He had every thing to make him happy, and sense enough to know it, — a handsome face, good figure, fine health, an income larger than people suspected, — though he passed for rich, — and no profession, save that of enjoying himself, which is a pleasant profession when one succeeds in it. In age, M. de Ris was two and forty, but looked younger; in complexion, florid and jovial; in stature, the same height as other Frenchmen. In a general way he was blithe-tempered, witty, and so thoroughly agreeable with women that he numbered more of them on the list of his intimate friends than would have sufficed for the vanity of ten less favored beings, even supposing these ten to have been covetous.

But M. de Ris was not happy because Nature had ordained it so beforehand, just as she settles for us whether we shall have brown hair or red. He was happy because for the conduct of his life he had laid down certain simple rules which experience had taught him gave happiness to others, and which he never transgressed. In the first place, he never spoke ill of people, but suffered them to think that he admired them sincerely all round: an illusion which did them no harm nor him either. In the next place, he always kept his word, — a surer recipe for contentment than many persons appear to imagine, though it must be stated that he avoided such rash promises as swearing to love one woman eternally, or vowing that he would never shake hands with such-and-such a friend again if he did this or that that was contrary to the public mood. M. de Ris's third rule was to render as many services as he could, and always to do so in such an enthusiastic way as to make the person obliged esteem that it was he, the recipient, who conferred the favor by accepting it, and that the donor was touched to the heart, overjoyed and proud beyond measure, at so much condescension. This, after mature reflection, was the only mode M. de Ris had been able to devise for preventing that each benefit conferred should become a cause of undying enmity. By leading persons to believe that in accepting his money and not returning it they were placing him under a lasting obligation, he had put matters upon a footing satisfactory and honorable to both parties. The count's fourth and most important rule absolute was to eschew politics.

Now this, for a deputy of the Assembly, was rather a knotty problem; but M. de Ris was not a deputy through any fault of his own. He had been returned in the winter of 1871, after the capitulation of Paris, when an assembly had been hastily convoked to meet at Bordeaux, and constituencies were selecting the most popular men they could find, without much reference to their tastes or their fitness. M. de Ris was nominated by the electoral committee of the department in which he owned a country seat, and had been returned out of hand. He was much chagrined by this result, which was communicated to him before he had yet left Paris, where, during the seige, he had fought with distinction as a commandant of Gardes Mobiles. His first impulse was to send in his resignation, and it is even said that his letter on this subject was ready signed and sealed; but somebody pointed out to him so eloquently that in times of trouble a man owes willing service to his country, and somebody else produced such telling arguments to show that a deputy need not know more about politics than any ordinary man, that M. de Ris gave in. He took his seat at Bordeaux in the very centre of the Assembly, — so centrally, indeed, that if you had drawn a string from Pres. Grévy's chair right across the chamber, you would have found Count de Ris at the end of it. This meant that he was a "neutral;" that between Henry V., the Count of Paris, Napoleon III., and the republic, he had no choice whatever; and that on every occasion where his vote was called for he intended recording it in such a way as not to compromise him. This was rather like tight-rope dancing, but M. de Ris's logic on the subject was unanswerable. "If I make a selection," said he, "before I know which of the four is going to win, I shall be obliged to adhere to it during the rest of my life under pain of being thought a renegade, which is absurd. The Count of Chambord is a prince of great honor, whom I venerate; the Count of Paris could hold his own in point of intelligence with any sovereign or president in Christendom; Napoleon III. was always extremely gracious to me, and decorated me with his own hand without my having ever asked for such a favor; the empress also is charming; as for the republic, to declare myself an anti-republican is to say that I don't believe we French are capable of governing ourselves, which is an opinion only good for foreigners." The party-whips endeavored to shake this neutralism by adroit flatteries, and the party-wits to undermine it by banter; but M. de Ris was impervious to flattery; and, when tackled by a wit, he put his case in a nut-shell by saying, "I know four ladies of equal beauty, — the Marquise de Rosecroix, who is a Legitimist; the Countess de Potofeu, who holds for Louis Philippe II.; the Baroness de Diamantelle, who is enamoured of the Napoleons; and Mme. Garrulet, the deputy's wife, who is a Republican. If I were to enlist on the side of one of these ladies, the doors of the other three would be closed to me; and that I do not want." Whereat the wit would laugh, and let M. de Ris alone. In France they always let a man alone who knows how to defend himself.

It should be mentioned in passing, that M. de Ris's independence was not quite the effect of political poltroonery, though a foreigner might have opined that there was a strong spice of this foible flavoring it. His was rather the eclecticism and sceptic epicureanism of politics. He thought there was something good to be said for every party, and said it. He also thought that to pin one's faith to a set of doctrines which may be as unwearable in a year as last twelvemonth's fashions, — to cast in one's lot with a particular dynasty or system which may be less long of life than a deciduous leaf, is the act neither of a clever man nor of a

wise one. There was a friend of his, who, towards the close of Louis Philippe's reign, had taken an undue interest in the Pritchard indemnity case. Every time the name of Pritchard was mentioned, this hot-headed patriot foamed at the mouth, rolled flaming eyeballs, and launched such fulminating declamations against the policy of M. Guizot, that he ended by exasperating a supporter of that statesman, who called him out, and wounded him so badly that his right leg had to be amputated. Alas! who remembers the Pritchard case now? The hot-headed and crippled patriot stumped through life, bitterly anathematizing the day when he was induced to part with his leg for a cause about which nobody cared a pin six months after it had been settled, and which went clean out of the public mind long before the victim of it had learned to do without crutches. This example had always struck M. de Ris most powerfully. He often thought of what it would be if he himself were to lose his leg in over-zealous debate; and though he was not a fearer of duels, having fought several without much detriment to himself or his adversaries, he caused the name "Pritchard" to be neatly set in red enamel on a locket which he usually wore at his watch-chain; and every time he felt tempted to take an excited part in politics he consulted this locket, learning thereby the great and prudent lesson that half the questions which set men by the ears are not worth the breath that is wasted on them. There was another excellent and cogent reason for M. de Ris's abstention, which was this: Rich, young, and clever as he was (for he was clever, and had been told it so often that he really had some excuse for being modestly conscious of it), he could not, had he joined a political party, have remained one of the ruck. He must have come to the front; and, had his party triumphed, he must have risen to power, which of all things in the world was what he most dreaded. As a private nobleman he could pick his society as he pleased; flit about from palace to green-room; be on intimate terms with princes and artists, opera-singers or bishops; lift his hat on a race-course within the same five minutes to a duchess and a ballet-girl; and, in a word, wherever he went, cotton with the pleasantest people, without feeling under any obligation to shake the hand of wheezy retired grocers because they were champions of the ministry, or listen to the emetic-like blandishments of semi-official journalists. Once a minister or an ex-minister, however, all this would be changed. Even if he had held office but a day he must go on stilts to the hour of his death, be on the alert about his dignity, and hold unimpeachably orthodox views as to the blending of liberty and order under a well-established government. This was why he so sedulously held aloof from every thing that resembled an opinion. This was why he always kept a quiverful of repartees ready for those who sought to insnare him; and this is why the head and front of his ambition amounted only to this, — to continue leading to his dying day the untroubled and amusing life he had lived ever since he was his own master.

However, it is not in the vastness of our wishes, but in the intensity of them, even when moderate, that lies the danger of disappointment; and we introduce M. de Ris on a morning of last autumn when there happened to him one of those grievous things which prove how utterly vain are all human calculations.

It was about nine o'clock. Wrapped in a velvet dressing-gown, the count was seated in his toilet-room, opposite a bright fire of beech logs, and looking out of the window to watch cosily the rime of October's frost being melted off the trees by the early sun. This was not in Paris, but at the count's country-seat, distant about two hours by rail from town, — an agreeable place, made up of mediæval picturesqueness and modern comfort, and situated in a district where revolutions and issues of tenpenny bank-notes had no effect upon the inhabitants. The count was staying there for a couple of days' rest between two visits to the shooting-boxes of indefatigable Nimrod friends; and, having arrived late the evening before, he had luxuriated in bed this morning rather longer than was his wont when within gunshot of well-stocked coverts. M. Narcisse, his confidential valet, entered with a tray bearing his master's chocolate, newspapers, and letters, and laid these things on a hand-table near the arm-chair. Then, this done, he said, with that lively and irrepressible tendency to converse which one had better not discourage in a French servant under pain of rendering him sulky, "What a morning, M. le Comte! I suppose M. le Comte intends going over the estate?"

"I suppose I must, Narcisse," smiled his master, showing not much disposition to move, but rather drawing nearer to the fire; and he took another glance at the window. "These rounds of inspection to poultry-yards and pig-troughs are rounds of tribulation, Narcisse. You must lay me out my thickest boots, the yellow gaiters, and the velveteen coat. I am not likely to meet anybody."

"Your neighbor, Mme. de Claire, arrived at the Château de Beaupré last night, M. le Comte," answered Narcisse, quite discreetly.

It was the forte of M. Narcisse, was discretion; for all which he was a brisk valet, with eyebrows, like two circumflex accents, which gave him a perpetual air of astonishment, also a trick of doing every thing in a headlong way, as if he were haunted by the constant vision of express-trains about to start without him.

"Eh? Mme. de Claire is at the Castle?" ejaculated M. de Ris, rousing himself completely at the name which his servant had pronounced, and casting a third and much more wide-awake glance at the window. "Ah! I see the sun is shining, Narcisse; so, instead of the velveteen, perhaps I may as well air that new shooting-suit I have not yet worn; and — stay — as to the boots, I won't have the thickest, — not the thickest of all, I mean — those with the nails — a medium pair will do."

M. Narcisse was just then bustling about the room at the rate of ten miles the hour, and setting out razors, strop, and shaving-brush on the dressing-table as if an imaginary guard had just rung the train-bell for an instantaneous departure. He finished his precipitate work to his satisfaction, and then vanished to fetch the suit that had never been worn and the boots that were not the thickest. M. de Ris, the while, left alone, and still thinking apparently of Mme. de Claire, gazed pensively for a short space into the fire. His reverie — which seemed to be a not unpleasant one — may have lasted a couple of minutes; then he turned to his chocolate and his letters, slowly stirring the one in its cup, and examining the envelopes of the others before opening them.

The count's gallant proclivities brought so many feminine missives into his hands, that there was nothing novel in the fact that four out of the seven letters on his tray should be in ladies' writing. There were two mauve envelopes, a primrose, and a pale blue one, all addressed in that cramped and pointed calligraphy which speaks of the hard sharpness of French steel nibs, these instruments seeming indeed specially designed by Providence to check the torrents of correspondence which would flow from a Frenchwoman's mind if only the native pens would glide more smoothly over the paper. M. de Ris read his letters attentively; and it looked as if they entertained him, for he was nearly three quarters of an hour over them. At the conclusion he took out of a Dresden bowl, shaped like a dog's head, enough Turkish tobacco to roll himself a cigarette, and prepared for the other epistles, one of which he recognized as coming from a friend who wrote with energy about Croatian questions, another as a tradesman's circular, and the third of which he now observed for the first time was not stamped but franked.

There must have been something very foreboding about the look of this last envelope; for at sight of it the count stopped half way in his cigarette work, and began with sudden but rapidly-growing apprehension to turn the letter over between his fingers. How had he come not to notice before that the envelope was one of those whitey-brown ones in which government correspondence is sent? that the post-mark was "Versailles"? and that the seal bore the private crest of an extremely great personage under the republic? He changed color slightly. What could it be? The Assembly was not sitting then, so it could not enclose a letter of convocation. The extremely great personage

was not likely to be issuing cards for a dinner-party at that time of the year; so it could not be that. He mused and mused; and the clouds gathered over his brow as over a sunny sky in April. Then he poured himself out a glass of water and drank it; and as strong men, in moments of emotion, like to be standing, he stood up and leaned against the mantle-shelf whilst he broke the seal.

This is what the whitey-brown envelope contained: —

VERSAILLES, *Oct.* —, 1871.

MY DEAR COUNT DE RIS,—

As you have heard, the ministership for the Cochin-China colonies has just become vacant, and I write without delay to offer you the post. It has given me very great satisfaction to observe how, amid the interested strife of parties, you have acknowledged no flag but patriotism, and have constantly seconded the government by your firm and enlightened votes; it has also been a no small source of pleasure to me to perceive that your excellent example has been followed by other members of the Assembly, who have grouped themselves round you, and now look up to you as their leader. In this time of national mourning, when the efforts of all good citizens should be directed towards the regeneration of their country, the qualities which recommend a minister are essentially those which you possess, — impartiality, amiability, and zeal for the public good; also, antecedents free from ties to any political factions or individual. I am well aware that in asking you to undertake duties fraught with great responsibility, and entailing a large sacrifice of daily time and anxiety, I am making a heavy demand, without having any adequate return to offer save the opportunity of widening your sphere of public usefulness. But I do not hesitate; because the more arduous the labor and the less the reward, so much the greater I know will be your tendency to accept. Trusting, therefore, that I may have the gratification of hearing an affirmative reply from your own lips at Versailles to-morrow, I beg you to believe, my dear Count de Ris, in the assurance of my high regard.

And here followed the signature.

Now, this was pleasant. As the crowning result of twenty years' careful strategy, it was worth commending to those who believe in the science of life. The count stood for a moment like a man who has turned up the two of spades when he wanted the ace of diamonds, and the unlucky letter weighed down his hand to his side as if it had been written on sheet-lead. He looked so stunned, that, on M. Narcisse re-appearing with the suit that had never been worn and the medium boots, that domestic gave a start, and exclaimed, "Dear me! Is there any thing the matter? Is M. le Comte ill?"

To which the count, shaking off his torpor, replied with an abrupt vehemence which made M. Narcisse's eyebrows stand up more circumflexly than ever, "Matter! Yes: every thing is the matter. Do you know what a minister is?"

M. Narcisse stood dangling the boots in his right hand, and pressing the clothes to his heart with his left arm. He appeared to turn the matter over in his mind, and then answered, "A minister, M. le Comte, lives in a mansion with sentries at the door; the newspapers cut jokes at him; he has a salary of a hundred thousand francs a year; and when a revolution comes he is obliged to escape in disguise."

"Yes, that's it, — escape in disguise," answered the count grimly, as this new feature in a minister's privileges recurred to him. "Joked at by the papers, and escape in disguise, — there you have it in ten words. Well, Narcisse, they want to make a minister of ME!"

M. Narcisse dropped both the boots, and in trying to recover them let go the clothes. When he had picked them up he looked very red, and with wonder-lit eyes said, "They want to make a minister of M. le Comte? Well" (here his voice broke into an excited gallop); "well, I hope monsieur will not neglect this opportunity of seeing that my brother Hyacinthe gets that post of Garde Champêtre which he has long been asking. Then there is my other brother, Jasmin, who was promised the military medal; and, as I often say, for a Government to promise and not to keep is to make men revolutionary: though, for the matter of that, I have no sympathy with the Commune nor with M. Gambetta, whom I think is just as bad; for, as I often say, when a man stirs up the elements of popular discord, which ought never to be allowed under a strong government, and places himself at their head, he is responsible for all the breakages. And I don't think, either, that the wife of my cousin Jacques was well served by the Indemnity Commission: for it is certain that the largest of her two pigs, weighing a hundred and eighty-seven pounds, and a perfect picture, was eaten by the Prussians, who never paid, being thieves; and, as I often say, for a Government to stand such things" . . . .

"Go to the devil!" burst in Count de Ris. "At least, go and order the phaeton round in half an hour, and fetch me some visiting clothes."

II.

Less than fifty minutes after the perusal of his letter, the count was driving up the avenue that led to the Château de Beaupré, the residence of his neighbor Mme. de Claire. He had taken the most irrevocable resolution not to accept the post offered him; and during the ten minutes' ride between his own house and Beaupré Park, he had pondered over a dozen different forms of declinatory replies to the great personage's despatch. What did they mean by offering him a post for which he was unfitted by taste, nature, and social training? He whipped his horses with such vigor, that John, his English groom, who sat behind him and was unused to this way of dealing with high-mettled cattle, wondered what had come over the "guv'nor." Certainly there was no other answer possible to such a proposal but a courteous and decided — yes, that was it, courteous and decided — no. Nevertheless the count wanted somebody to tell him he was quite right in his resolve, to pat him morally on the back, as it were, and assure him that nothing could be more reasonable and proper than his conduct; and this is why he called upon Mme. de Claire, of whose good sense he had the best opinion.

The Baroness de Claire was the widow of a nobleman considerably older than herself, who had died, leaving her a large fortune. She was twenty-eight, and a woman of great beauty and tact, who exercised a queen's sway over the whole department, and whom M. de Ris classed quite apart when dividing his feminine acquaintances into categories. If Mme. de Claire had been less graceful, less sweet-tempered, less eminently womanlike, she might have passed for a strong-minded woman; for her thoughts were not cast in those common-place moulds which fabricate thoughts by the hundred thousand on a uniform pattern for common-place people. But as something of the notion of ill-cut gowns, and down on the upper lip, attaches to the term "strong-minded," in reference to ladies, Mme. de Claire did not deserve the epithet. She was all that a woman should be; and if men could have coined a new word to express the blending of all that is amiable and good, with what is sensible and clever, they would have inaugurated it in her honor.

She was in a morning-room when the count was introduced, and exquisitely dressed in a *peignoir* of buff cashmere, with wide trimming of white lace round the edges, and loose sleeves, and a lace scarf round the waist. In the rich clusters of her black hair she had set a scarlet rose, and a small cross of black pearls that hung to a velvet ribbon served to show off the snowy outline of her throat. She was arranging flowers in a Japanese vase; and beside her, with her tiny dimpled chin resting on the table's edge, stood Mlle. Lucie, her daughter, a little mite of a thing four years old, who held her apron full of the dew-wet flowers, and handed them up one by one to her mother as they were wanted. There was an air of home and gayety about the tastefully furnished room which offered many a pretty knicknack for the sun to try its golden arrows on; and through the muslin curtains, which were closed to prevent the ingress of autumn wasps, who might have waged war on Miss Lucie, came a fresh, healthy scent of morning, with twittering of blithesome sparrows.

The servant announced "Monsieur le Comte de Ris,"

and Mme. de Claire held out her hand with one of her bright smiles.

"You are most welcome, my dear count. I only returned yesterday, and Lucie and I were just wondering together whether our good fortune would send us any visitors."

"You see before you the most perplexed of men," answered the count, raising her hand to his lips, — for one is sorry to state that Anglomania has not yet generalized in France that charming mode of salutation which consists in squeezing a lady's hand, and working it up and down like a pump-handle, — "the most perplexed of men, who comes to beg alms of you in the shape of advice," added he, proceeding to salute Mlle. Lucie, whom he lifted up and kissed.

"I dot a noo dol, une grande poupee avec bloo eyes, tu sais, monsieur," observed Miss Lucie, who, having a Scotch nurse and an English governess, spoke at times a very odd jumble of languages.

"Then Lucie had better leave us," said Mme. de Claire, with an apologetic glance towards the little thing, who was the miniature portrait of herself. "You will find her terribly noisy if she remains. Put down the rest of the flowers, Lucie, and make your best courtesy to M. de Ris.

"Oh! Lucie and I are old friends," replied M. de Ris; "she shall sit on my knee;" and Mlle. Lucie, who foresaw that her withdrawal might lead to an hour's spelling lesson in the company of Miss Thompson, the governess, protested: "Je ne talkerai pas, maman; j'écouterai tout ce que le monsieur says."

On that understanding Mlle. Lucie was allowed to sit on the visitor's knee and play with his watch-chain, where the name "Pritchard," embossed on the locket, soon engaged her undivided attention. Mme. de Claire took her place on the sofa opposite a tambour-frame, on which shone, half completed, one of those smart chasubles which French ladies fill their leisure by embroidering for the country clergy. M. de Ris then drew out the letter of the great personage, and handed it to the baroness, beginning at the same time to unfold his most painful story.

"Then it is true?" said Mme. de Claire, returning him the letter with a smile, after reading its contents, and making a slight inclination of the head, which might be construed into a congratulation. "I saw it announced in the papers, but it was only mentioned as a rumor."

"It is in the papers already!" exclaimed the count, in real consternation. "Then the matter is worse than I expected. They have done that in order to make it more difficult for me to refuse. But I shall not be caught for all that. I *will* refuse."

"You will refuse?" echoed the baroness, quite quietly, and working at her chasuble.

"Why? Is not such your advice?" inquired the count, a little astonished; and he unhooked his watch-chain to facilitate Mlle. Lucie's inspection.

"That must depend on the reasons you have to give," said she, raising her large, clear eyes, and fixing them on him interrogatively.

"P-R-I-T — Prit," broke in Mlle. Lucie, in a speculative whisper, "C-H-A-R-D — Chat, — Prit-Chat" — (here a pause). "Dat is zoor cat's name: le chat Prit?" and she softly nudged the count's elbow. "Dis moi de quelle color il est, black or tabby, ton chat Prit?"

The name of the missionary who was nearly being the cause of a war between France and England, lisped out from between Mlle. Lucie's small lips, acted like a clarion upon the distressed count, waking him to sudden eloquence. Mme. de Claire wanted his reasons: he gave them her. Quickly, and with that fervor which fires us all when we speak of our own hardships, he sketched the unruffled life he had led hitherto, and grew pathetic about the proposal that tended to transform him in four and twenty hours from the happiest man in all Paris into the most wretched cabinet minister of all Europe. It was like a shell falling upon a pleasure villa; a blight settling upon a tree; a drug mingling with wine, — any thing that was unexpected, needless, and unkind. Why had they not appealed to one of those men who are constantly running after appointments, like a certain edible quadruped after truffles? There were plenty of them encumbering the Versailles lobbies, — men who did not care for the jibes of the press, nor blink koo-tooing to grocer-politicians, and whose consciences were not sensitive to a peccadillo more or less when it suited the public good or their own. A minister should be a man with vigorous lungs, forward of speech, and impressed with the belief that Heaven had put him where he was, to sit upon the public like a hair shirt without paying heed to remonstrances. No man was fit to be a minister who could not shed opportune tears over his own civic virtues, his integrity, his disinterestedness, and yet fight with desperate energy whenever an attempt was made to unseat him. Nobody had ever seen a minister take his place in a cabinet with the private wish to be relieved from his emoluments as soon as possible. This would be a breach of faith towards one's colleagues, a precedent likely to create confusion and bring the ministerial office into ridicule. Thus argued M. le Comte de Ris for the better part of a quarter of an hour; whilst Mme. de Claire, continuing to embroider, listened patiently and attentively. Mlle. Lucie, less patient and attentive, slipped at an early stage of the argument off the count's knees, and went to fetch of the hearth-rug her Angora kitten, Minette, with a view to establishing points of comparison, by and by, between this much-favored cat and the count's own *chat*, Prit.

"And now," said the count, by manner of conclusion, "I do hope you approve of all I have said; for I mean to be guided entirely by your advice as to the way in which I ought to decline this unreasonable offer."

The baroness paused in her work and looked up.

"Well, there are two kinds of advices, my dear count; the first of which I may call 'constitutional,' for it consists in coming with a set of resolutions already framed in one's own mind, and asking sombody simply to ratify them. If it be constitutional advice you want, then I say that your pleas are very humorous, and that you cannot do better than follow your own inclination. Only I think I would go in person to Versailles, and state my reasons for refusing. It is more polite than writing. The other advice is the candid" . . . and with a slight smile Mme. de Claire bent over her chasuble again.

"Please give me candid advice," answered the count, after a moment's hesitation, and looking both resigned and miserable. "I could bear any thing from you, even blame."

"My candid advice, then, is, that you should accept the offer," said Mme. de Claire gently. "You say that you are dismayed at the unsettled condition of affairs? This is reason the more for lending your aid to calm us. You urge that you have not the qualities necessary for the post: that, I think, is excess of modesty."

The count looked crushed.

"You cannot, surely, think it is my duty to set myself up as a butt for all the journalists and coffee-house orators of this scribbling, chattering nation?" said he.

"Duty is a big word, and a man can only judge for himself where his duty lies. But, if every man of education and influence refused to serve his country, what would become of us?"

"I risked my life without hesitation," broke in the count, expostulating. "And I would give up every franc of my fortune to-morrow, if it could do France any good."

"Life and money are the two things to which men of your rank hold least," answered Mme. de Claire; "but supposing you were to sacrifice that for which you really do care, — a little of your time, your habits, some of your comforts?"

She glanced up at him gayly, almost coaxingly; and her manner of speaking was so sensible and feeling that he knew not what to say. In his inmost heart the conviction arose, that, having asked her advice so far, he was now bound to follow it; and this added to his embarrassment: but as she proceeded to review, in her musical voice, all the objections he had raised, and found a pithy, well-put answer to each, another sentiment overshadowed the first; and he began dimly to discern a career of useful labor and fame opening to him, where at first he had seen only gloom and annoyance. After all, he was a man of birth, whose

ancestors had at different times and in divers ways done service to the State; and he was the only one of his line who had set his heart's ambition on doing nothing. What was this but selfishness? He might veil his conduct under what paradoxes he pleased, his aversion to office was due to motives that were not very noble or very creditable. Of a sudden it occurred to him, that in arguing him out of his apathy, as she was doing, Mme. de Claire must feel a certain amount of contempt for a man who needed thus to be spurred on to duties which a spirited mind would have undertaken at once with eagerness and pride. This thought fillipped his Frenchman's vanity as with a whip, and he felt himself reddening to the roots of his hair. He was on the point of exclaiming that he saw it all now, and thanking his hostess for unsealing his eyes; but he was arrested by the reflection that he really and truly had no political opinions to use as a banner on commencing his official career, and this was certainly an impediment, for political convictions are not extemporized in a minute like puns or riddles. However, it was in quite an altered and appeased tone that he urged this new difficulty, and said, "If I only had a belief in some system or other! By rights, I ought to be a Bourbonist, but in that, party-faith is required, and a certain dash of fanaticism. To be an Orleanist one must needs believe in the panaceal virtues of parliaments, whereas parliaments have never cured any thing in France.

"If I took to Bonapartism I should be obliged to agitate for plebiscitums — Heaven help me! — as if our last plebiscitum were not enough!"

"Then be a Republican," said Mme. de Claire simply.

He started a little, for such a suggestion in Mme. de Claire's mouth was unlooked for. Was this the brilliant, courted baroness, whose husband's shield numbered so many quarterings that it looked like a harlequin's coat? He would have thought she was mocking him, but for her perfect gravity.

"Republicanism," she said, "is a word which we have converted into a bugbear because we have always associated it with noisy people. But why not try and make of it the government of France by all the most distinguished Frenchmen? I can scarcely myself, in these times, understand a man having any other aim. If it were possible to restore the loyalty of the people such as it was in the days when they worshipped the king, and touched his garments to be cured of diseases, then I should pray for the return of Henri V. But as this cannot be, and as the only kingship we seem able to tolerate is an expedient that has the bare name of royalty without any of its privileges or prestige, and which besides leads us into distracting revolutions every twenty years, why not adopt at once the form of government which agrees best with such theories as we still do respect? They are not many, but they are good: individual merit, equality, and the popular will."

He was quite surprised, though not disagreeably.

"I have often thought myself," he rejoined, "what a blessing it would be if we could sink our differences into a common system that would bring all parties into co-operation. But republicanism has never succeeded anywhere, not even in the United States, where it is corruption organized, and where it will collapse as soon as the country is peopled enough and respectable enough to wish for honest institutions. The constitution of England seems the utmost to which we can aspire, though I do not even see how we are to found that."

"Nor shall we," answered Mme. de Claire. "England is England, and the liberal papers there call the Queen 'her Most Gracious Majesty;' until our own opposition journals do the same, I cannot see what hope there is of copying a state of things which is based on religious reverence for the sovereign; it would be like trying to make a watch without the mainspring. As to republicanism," added she, with a touch of patriotic pride that was not without spirit, "I think we are a great nation enough, my dear count, to set precedents instead of following them. Republicanism has failed up to this moment because you noblemen, instead of regarding it as the government of all, have treated it as a mere party. You have given it over to be championed by all the most vexing people in the country, and then you complain of it having such unmannerly advocates! Why not be Republicans yourselves, and study to make republicanism properly understood? There is no form of government under which your influence would be greater or more respected. For, as you may suppose, I am not advocating a republic with Mr. Rhetorician this or Mr. Iconoclast that at its head, and a whole attendant train of supporters fresh from the tavern. That is the caricature of republicanism. My republic would be the rule of talent and merit under all its forms. No man should be exiled because he was a prince, nor excluded from the chance of honor because he was poor. There should be liberty of speech and pen for all; dukes and counts should bear their titles if it pleased them, though no more empty distinctions should be conferred, and the only difference between this republicanism and monarchy would be that instead of setting over us a privileged family to rule by dint of perpetual *coups-d'état* and amid constant panics, you gentlemen, who would make up two legislative chambers, should elect periodically the most eminent man among you to govern the country for so many years according to your directions. I am sure that under such a system as this, that is, with republicanism put under the safeguard of birth and genius, the fussy agitators who are now the high priests of the party, would be reduced to making themselves Royalists to attract public attention."

The debate, which grew more and more one-sided and more and more convincing to the one who played the passive part in it, was prolonged during a few minutes until interrupted by Mlle. Lucie, who, emerging from behind the sofa with the cat Minette in her arms, took it up to the count and laid it on his knees, saying with becoming seriousness, "Dis moi, is he aussi blanc que this, your cat Prit?"

"What does Lucie mean by your cat Prit?" asked Mme. de Claire, amused.

The count explained, laughing, to what uses he had put the clerical name of Pritchard; and then taking off his watch-chain completely, he wound it two or three times round Mlle. Lucie's plump and pink little wrist: it made a pretty bracelet.

"I have no further use for it now," he said; "and you must keep it, Lucie, as a souvenir of what your mamma did for an incorrigible idler, — taught him that we are here to work, and not always to please ourselves."

"Then I shall next hear from you at Versailles," observed Mme. de Claire, with an expression of very pardonable pleasure at the success her arguments had wrought.

Mlle. Lucie, one is compelled to state, had vanished behind the sofa, with a forefinger in her mouth and her eyes fixed upon her trinket, as if she apprehended being bidden to return it.

"I am like a knight you will have armed for the fray," answered the count, rising to go. "I have both sword and banner."

"And I am certain you will distinguish yourself in the lists," she rejoined kindly.

"I could not but act well," he said, "if I had always at hand an adviser like yourself."

His voice was somewhat earnest as he bowed.

She blushed very slightly, and he took his leave. On his way from Beaupré to his own park, and thence, an hour later, to the railway station, John, the groom, noticed that he handled his horses with much greater tenderness than he had done that morning. As for M. Narcisse, the valet, he noticed nothing; for having heard from the count's own lips that it was his intention to accept the seat in the cabinet offered him, that excellent servant was wrapped in meditation as to whether it would not be more politic, before urging the claims of his relatives on the Government, to solicit of that power (in his master's person) something for himself, — say a snug Bureau de Tabac in a good quarter of Paris, or a place on the customs with a furnished house, a salary of three thousand francs a year, and perquisites?

III.

When the appointment of M. le Comte de Ris to the ministership of the Cochin-China colonies became an au-

thentic fact, duly notified to the world in the columns of the *Journal Officiel*, the event gave rise to much discussion. It was at a critical moment, when the public mind, uncertain as to whether the Government were leaning towards monarchy or the opposite extreme, looked anxiously for the first appointment which should furnish a precise indication. As it was, the appointment furnished nothing, and was consequently, from the official point of view, an extremely clever move. Half the journals in Paris were convinced that the count was a Monarchist; the other half were equally persuaded that he was a Republican. Controversies of great bitterness, and in which much irony was lavished, were waged on this subject between rival prints; and then the newspapers of each inimical section took to fighting pleasantly among themselves as to which exact shade of monarchism or republicanism the new minister belonged to. This lasted a week, during which the illustrated sheets published portrait engravings of him, and the photographers stuck his *cartes-de-visite* in their windows at one franc apiece. Provincial and foreign journalists also called to beg for biographical details; and an "own correspondent" from New York appeared one morning at breakfast-time, to interview him through the nose, and ask whether he were any relation to Count de Ris, who had fought under Lafayette, and either beaten or been beaten by the English. Then, this inaugurative hubbub over, the public folded its arms, and waited patiently to see the Cochin-China minister at work.

This work was of necessity, at first, occult. As the Assembly was not sitting, no opportunity existed for a public display; and after the count had received his portfolio at the hands of the president, made his bow to Mme. Thiers, and exchanged visits with all his colleagues in the Cabinet, he had nothing important to do but to take formal possession of his two official residences at Versailles and in Paris. A certain degree of solemnity usually attends these installations, and the count found the whole staff of his office marshalled in dress-coats and white ties to receive him. Truth to say, he was not in very good spirits. He had felt sad on leaving his luxurious rooms on the Boulevard Malesherbes for the bleak apartments which the nation put at his disposal in the Palace of Versailles; and though M. Narcisse had assured him with some elation that no less a person than Louis XV. had once slept in the chamber where he was going to rest, this piece of glory had cheered him but slightly. Then a sigh had escaped him at beholding on a wall, as he drove along, the *Gymnase* playbill announcing the *Visite de Noces*. He had not yet seen this last play of Dumas; and if it had not been for his official dignity he should have been going to dine snugly at the Café Anglais that night, then afterwards to the *Gymnase*, and between the acts he should have gone behind the scenes to compliment Mlle. Desclée, and have a quarter of an hour's chat with Mlles. Pierson and Massin. He was, further, painfully impressed by the awe-stricken look which fell on the countenance of the sentry who saluted him as he alighted. He was not accustomed to see people so horribly frightened as this at his approach.

However, state is state, and the clerks in the reception-room looked very stately. There were clerks of every shape, magnitude, and denomination, — head clerks, first clerks, second clerks, third clerks, assistant clerks, supernumerary clerks, copying clerks; in short, more than the pen can enumerate; and all these clerks bowed like one clerk as he dawned magisterially upon their eyesight. To his left walked the under-secretary of state for the Cochin-China department, a middle-aged parliamentarian of great tongue power, who had been very strong on the estimates during its opposition days, but had somewhat neglected this branch ever since his own salary had been included in the budget. This fellow-worker acted as his master of the ceremonies, and whispered names as they sidled along. The count strove generously by his own urbane demeanor to provoke something like a sign of life and welcome on the starched faces of the sea of subordinates; but the effort was vain, and the chilliness of the whole scene so re-acted on him that he felt his back-bone becoming ironized like that of a provincial mayor who has received the honor of knighthood. At that minute he thanked Heaven that the photographers who sold him for ten-pence on the Boulevards were not behind to knock off a new set of portraits; for, catching sight of himself in a glass, he thought he had never looked so stiff and ridiculous. He had no leisure, though, to pursue his reflections on this topic any further; for by this time he had come to the end of the clerks, and reached a spot where stood, mingling with the clerks, and yet distinct from them, as who should say a steeple forming part of the church, and yet overtopping it, a man of venerable mein, with a smooth bald head, who made obeisance to him with humble yet collected courtesy.

Impossible to look more imposing than this hairless veteran, who resembled an image of Nestor, king of the Pylians, shaved and in modern garb. Deep reverence, not unmingled with dread, was observable in the parliamentary secretary's manner as he introduced him: "The permanent, irresponsible under-secretary. Monsieur Jobus."

The count had never heard of the permanent and irresponsible M. Jobus; but a man who has never heard tell of a sphinx is not the less moved at the sight of one. M. Jobus was the Cochin-China office in septuagenarian form. People in the outer world talked of the Cochin-China office, its doings, its mistakes; but they labored under a wrong impression. That office was M. Jobus; its doings were his doings, its mistakes were his — no, its mistakes were those of the parliamentary under-secretary, or of the parliamentary minister, both responsible. M. Jobus, as above said, was irresponsible. Ministries might fall, and dynasties go away by train, but M. Jobus remained where he was. Now and then the wrong-headed public would get up with the notion that things were being done at the Cochin-China office which ought not to be done; and there would be an agitation about it in the papers, then speeches about it in the legislature, finally splits about it in the Cabinet, resulting in the retirement of some Cochin-China minister and his parliamentary henchman. But after this matters would go on at the Cochin-China office exactly as they had done before, because, in dismissing the minister and his henchman, people had overlooked M. Jobus, which is as if the passengers of the ship that bore Jonah to Tarshish had thrown the captain overboard but overlooked Jonah. In dealing with the affairs of the nation, of the office, or with his own affairs personally, M. Jobus always seemed to bear in mind the golden fact that he was permanent and irresponsible. If anybody belonging to the office fell athwart him, M. Jobus visited him with his displeasure, and this is what would then sometimes happen: The person visited by the permanent irresponsibility of M. Jobus would appeal to M. Jobus's responsible chief; but as this gentleman, being not permanent but fleeting, seldom knew much or indeed any thing of office matters, he would refer back the appeal to M. Jobus for particulars; in other words, ask for M. Jobus's opinion on his own judgment. And this might happen several times over, so that frequently a person who held in his possession five or six epistolary condemnations from successive Cochin-China ministers would virtually possess but one reply, — that dictated and redictated by M. Jobus, who had acted in the matter as prosecutor, judge of first instance, judge of first appeal, and judge of final appeal. One is happy to add, however, that M. Jobus was a functionary highly appreciated by all who had ever been brought into harmonious contact with him. People had even been heard to speculate as to what the Cochin-China office would ever do if deprived of his services; for indeed, men like M. Jobus are not manufactured out of hand in a day. They can only be produced by a long, most delicately-nurtured and most carefully-guarded career of irresponsibility.

The count gazed for a few seconds at Monsieur Jobus as if an inward voice told him that here was an official of greater weight than appeared on the surface; then, by way of beginning an acquaintance, he said he would always rely on M. Jobus's zeal — at which M. Jobus bowed; that he put the greatest confidence in M. Jobus's abilities — M. Jobus bowed anew; and that he hoped often to have the pleasure of seeing M. Jobus again, whereupon there was a

rustling down the whole line of clerks, like the shaking of aspen leaves, set in motion by the wind. Somehow, the count could not help imagining there was a symptom of ironical mirth in this rustling. It reminded him of the diabolical notes which accompany the mild-worded serenade in *Don Giovanni*.

The presentation being over, the new minister was about to pass into his study; but the parliamentary secretary, taking alarm, whispered that it would be contrary to all usage not to make a speech. A speech — why a speech? What could the count have to say to all these gentlemen who were eying him as if he were somebody admitted on sufferance, and intruding, rather unwarrantably on the whole, into their comfortable midst? However, the hungry expression in the stare of the clerks, and the expectant air on the physiognomy of M. Jobus, told so plainly that without oratory of some sort the day's programme would be considered incomplete, that he stood still, and in a polite conversational tone said, —

"GENTLEMEN, — I shall not forget that which I am persuaded is the guiding maxim of your own conduct, that we are the servants of the public, and should make it a point of honor to discharge the duties confided to us in the fullest way we honestly can. If we bear this in mind, and are conscientious as regards the quality of our labor as well as its quantity, I have every hope that on the day we part, we shall do so mutually pleased with one another."

This was not quite the kind of speech that had been expected, and it caused a moment's astonishment. However, allowances must be made for a minister new to his work. The venerable M. Jobus started an applauding murmur; and all the clerks echoed the applauding murmur, the parliamentary under-secretary chiming in with a sonorous "Good, good," such as those he delivered in the House when official persons were holding forth. Nevertheless, the more did the venerable and irresponsible M. Jobus ponder upon the speech of his new chief, once the latter had withdrawn, the less did he like it. That reference to the public was singularly infelicitous. What had the public to do with the Cochin-China office? Other ministers, when they made inaugurative harangues, began with a compliment to their predecessors, which was a courtly custom and innocuous, that ought not lightly to be set aside. Then they extolled the institutions under which they were living, cautioned their hearers against the perils of anarchy, and wound up with the promise that they would be the fathers of all the clerks and subalterns in their departments. M. Jobus had seen full a score ministers come and go who had been fathers to the Cochin-China office; and this sort of eloquence wrought no evil. It was easily digestible, like good pastry, — very different from allusions to the "quantity" and "quality" of labor, the honest discharge of conscientious duties, and so on. M. Jobus fancied he felt something disquietingly hard under this speech. He had read of iron hands covered with velvet gloves; and, though he had never met with such a thing, he opined it must have some such touch as this. His usual peace of mind was far from restored when, an hour after the speech, the minister commanded his attendance, to learn from him the current business of the office.

He found the count already at work, opening despatches, and fresh-primed with information which the parliamentary secretary had given him. This parliamentary secretary made his exit as M. Jobus entered; and then the count, motioning his new interlocutor to a handsome and uncomfortable chair with an eighteenth-century back, listened with great patience, and with more than expedient interest, for a space exceeding two hours, to all that he had to say. Fresh ministers are usually inquisitive, but not, sighed M. Jobus, to this extent. The permanent irresponsible was surprised, taken aback, and gradually alarmed to the depths of his soul by the probing nature of the questions which the new minister put; by his minuteness in having every detail elaborately explained before passing on to the next one; by his evident intention, in a word, to master all the items of his departmental labors thoroughly, just as if it was he who meant to be every thing in the Cochin-China House instead of M. Jobus! The fact is, the count had not accepted office for his amusement; and, as often happens with men who have never done a stroke of work all their days, he was bringing to bear on his new occupations the reserves of energy accumulated during a life-time. Such men are a curse and a bitterness to any department where they introduce themselves. M. Jobus had seen no lack of ministers evince an ardor for reform on accession to power; but this was usually no more than a flash in the pan, a brief mania, that subsided under the temperate influence of official atmosphere: nay, it was one of the curious facts of M. Jobus's experience, that the more a minister had talked of reform before attaining office the less did he dwell on the subject afterwards, — which was perfectly natural; for when a man has waded through a certain amount of sloppy country to reach a given height, his chief pre-occupation on arriving is to change his boots, and to dismiss as soon as possible from his mind all the trying incidents of the journey. Besides, reforming ministers are generally taken up when they first come to power by the material comforts and dignities of their new position, — the being housed, and having one's letters posted at the expense of the tax-payer; the being able to say, "Put more coals on the fire, Auguste," without inward pangs as to coals costing sixty francs a ton; the wearing of gold-laced swallow-tails, and seeing pretty women in drawing-rooms wreathe their faces in smiles at one's approach, — with many other little nicenesses equally new and gratifying. But ministers of Count de Ris's rank and fortune, who have never had to bemoan the price of fuel and stationery, look upon power as a field for active exertions, which exertions, in the case of clear and comparatively young minds, are apt to assume a shape extremely fatiguing for those who are pressed into forced co-operation. M. Jobus had already had occasion to observe this during the occupancy of a marquis who had worked two private secretaries on to the verge of brain-fever, and during that of a viscount who had caused him, M. Jobus, much mental anguish by his love of statistics. But both these noblemen had, after all, confined their exuberant diligence to questions of great state interest. M. de Ris was the first minister whom M. Jobus had ever seen show that Frederick-the-Great-like disposition to interfere in those minutiæ of the office which M. Jobus had, theretofore, regarded as his private, sanctified domain.

"There seems to me to be a great many clerks," remarked the count, when he had pumped the irresponsible M. Jobus pretty nearly dry.

"Does your Excellency think so?" replied M. Jobus; for it was a rule with that esteemed public servant never to commit himself to a downright statement, either affirmative or negative.

"They struck me as very numerous. Could you give me any idea of their approximate number?"

"I could not venture to speak with any certitude, M. le Comte," answered M. Jobus, deprecatingly; the implied corollary being, "These questions really afflict me beyond measure, your Excellency."

"Well, I should hold it a favor, M. Jobus," said the count, "if you would kindly have a tabular list drawn up, stating the exact number of clerks, their salaries, the dates of their appointments, and the nature and amount of work allotted to each. At a time when France is bleeding at all her veins, you must agree with me, that not a centime ought to be spent more than there is any necessity for. And I take this opportunity of begging that you will direct those whom it may concern, that my personal expenses, firing, lighting, furniture repairs, and the wages of the ushers and messengers who specially attend on me, are not to be entered in the office accounts. I intend to defray all such myself. Thank you, meanwhile, for your very lucid information."

M. Jobus shivered from head to feet, and retired, not knowing, for the first time in his life, on what limbs of his venerable person he was walking. And that evening the news went forth through clerkdom that the new minister for the Cochin-China department was a man bent on innovation. If you can imagine a Cingalese rising amid an assembly of Buddhists, and declaring unexpectedly that the tooth of the fourth Boodh, Guadama, which all the faithful

worship with exemplary fervor, was cut from the tusk of a hog; or a mandarin of Pekin denying, in a conclave of his peers, that the constellation of the Great Dog appeared in the year 647 before the Christian era, and dictated his maxims to Confucius, you may realize the sort of consternation produced by this announcement.

IV.

The press got wind of the matter. That lively organ, the *Cigare*, announced that a strange sight was to be seen at the Cochin-China office: a minister who rose at unholy hours in the morning to work; clerks who were hushed, and attentive to their business, neither reading the newspapers in office hours, nor playing pitch-and-toss with francs, as the good old custom had been, but writing continuously and silently, and beginning to look pale from this unwonted exercise. It was further added, that people who now went to the Cochin-China office for information stood some chance of obtaining a civil answer. Nobody quite believed this last report, but still it was found entertaining.

It was the truth, however; and not only in this, but in other respects, the Cochin-China office had so far changed since the count's accession that the excellent M. Jobus began to feel as if he were a stranger there. He was thinning in a manner painful to witness; and besides his leanness, he was growing to resemble Shakspeare's Cassius in this other point, that he seemed to be thinking a good deal, as if there were schemes on his mind that needed ripening. He had submitted to the count, as it had been his custom to do with other ministers from time out of mind, certain names for gazetting to posts of emolument; but the count, instead of ratifying these nominations with a merely formal question or two, had taken time to consider the matter, saying he should suspend all appointments until the tabular list for which he had asked had been made out. This list was a long time coming. The count had appended to his first request a desire that it might include the names of all the *employés*, in any capacity whatever, who drew pay from the office. To this M. Jobus had answered, that a great many of the office papers had been destroyed under the Commune; that others were difficult to find, but that he would do his best; and so day after day went by without the famous list appearing. One morning M. de Ris had said very gently, but with a firmness that admitted of no reply, that he should expect the list on the morrow, at twelve o'clock; and of course the list had been forthcoming at that hour. But this is the way in which M. Jobus, an old and most blameless functionary, was being treated!

Another grievous thing was this. The count had, of course, brought with him a private secretary, a young gentleman full of Greek, and with eyes that looked as if they were going to jump out of his head; but he was entitled to a titular secretary, holding official rank and salary. For some days no such person was appointed; but on the morning when the list was handed him, the count, after an afternoon's study of this document, sent for a clerk, whom it so chanced the venerable M. Jobus viewed with disfavor, and who — though this must only have been a coincidence — had never earned a step of promotion in the course of fifteen years' service. The count had noticed that all the *précis* in this clerk's hand were admirably careful and intelligent; which was no wonder, for the clerk was probably haunted by some dream of M. Jobus's eye perpetually watching him for a first slip.

"This *précis* is by you?" said the count, as the clerk entered, and bent low.

"Yes, M. le Comte."

"You are of long standing in the office: how long must it be before you become a chief clerk (*chef de division*)?"

"It may be a hundred years, without patronage; less than a hundred seconds if your Excellency wishes it."

"Very well, monsieur; the first vacant chief-clerkship will be yours: meanwhile, you will act as my official secretary."

On the evening of this occurrence M. Jobus retired to his bed at an early hour, and, under doctor's advice, took a glass of brandy neat, in a basin of water-gruel.

The count's next move was to issue a minute with his own hand, stating that he regretted to perceive that the government stamp of the office was used to frank private correspondence. He was informed that clerks brought the letters of their families in their pockets, to despatch gratis, and were even in the habit of sending parcels through the pattern and book post franked. This was a manifest fraud upon the revenue.* It must cease, and for the future the frank would only be affixed by one of his own secretaries on letters duly authenticated as official. In the next place, the practice of despatching government *estafettes* upon private errands must be put a stop to. Mounted dragoons might be seen galloping at all hours about the streets of Paris, with brown paper parcels under their arms; and a clerk in the Cochin-China office was reported to have sent an unwrapped watermelon to his wife in this way, from Versailles to Paris, to the great astonishment of bystanders.† Dragoons were not armed and mounted to carry watermelons. In the third place, clerks were requested to remember that civility of speech was one of the duties of their condition. This last reminder followed close upon an event which had struck as much terror in the department as the fall of a thunder-bolt. An old officer of some sort, fresh arrived from Cochin-China, having applied at the office on a matter connected with arrears of pay or pension, had been received in the orthodox fashion, "tongue in cheek — we don't care — and call again" style. Unfortunately, the count had entered at the very moment when the veteran, twirling his hat disconsolately between his fingers, was being sent to the right-about by a handsome sprig, in a blue-striped shirt-collar, and a double eye-glass on the bridge of his nose. To the horror of all present, not excepting the veteran, the minister had cashiered the sprig on the spot; and then, baring his head, had asked of the old officer what he wanted.

It must not be supposed that M. de Ris was in any way blind to the cheerful amount of unpopularity he was storing up for himself by this manner of proceeding; nor was his life a very sunny one. Every morning he received dozens upon dozens of letters from old friends, asking for posts, official recommendations, favors, or calling upon him to assist in the redress of grievances in which, without knowing much about them, he had professed to sympathize in his non-ministerial days. These letters put his stoicism to a sore test. Three of them, taken at hazard from a single morning's post-bag, will give an idea of the rest.

The first was from the Legitimist Marquise de Rosecroix: —

MY DEAR COUNT, — In proof of the confidence our party repose in you, I ask you not to forget my young brother Gaston in the next distribution of diplomatic posts. Prevail upon Count de Rémusat to send him to a country where the society is good; an attachéship in London or at St. Petersburg is what he would like best. If there be no vacancy at either of these courts, I suppose one could be made for him, either by removing one of the present *attachés* or by creating an extra attachéship. This I leave to your discretion, but trust you will get the appointment gazetted at once, — say next week. Since I am writing, I must tell you that the prefect in our department is a shocking man. He is one of those promoted by that horrible M. Gambetta. Pray induce your colleague at the Home Office to discharge him. I think the post would suit the Baron de Sansleson, who is a distant connection of ours, but not rich. I will speak to the baron about it, and tell him that you will arrange the matter.

Believe, my dear count,
In the best wishes of yours faithfully,
CLOTILDE DE ROSECROIX.

P. S. — You have probably some post in Cochin-China that will do for the brother of our *curé*, a very worthy man. I will send him to you to Versailles that he may choose for himself.
C. DE R.

* In 1868 M. Vandal, Directeur Général des Postes, estimated at over 1,000,000 francs (£40,000) the yearly loss to the revenue from illegal franking. It must be remembered that the paid government *employés* of all grades in France number more than 120,000.

† Fact.

The next was from an old school friend:—

My dear Fortuné,—Your blooming out into a minister is an unexpected godsend. This is what I should like: a substantial governorship in the colonies, which I could hold without going out there, pending a vacant prefectorate worth having. The salary would tide me over present difficulties, which are considerable by reason of unpaid rents; besides, it looks bad at this moment not to be serving one's country. I beg to remind you also that I am only a Knight of the Legion of Honor; my appointment to the governorship would be a good pretext for promoting me to the rosette.

With best respects to your excellent Excellency,
Yours affectionately,
Raoul de Plumeauvent.

The third note came from Mlle. Cabroile, of the Théâtre des Folies Gauloises, and may as well be transcribed in its terse, original, and artistic orthography:—

Mon chair Conte,—Maintenant queue vous voilà ministre, j'espaire que vous allez vous o. q. p. sans rétard de plasser mon coussin Jules. C'est un imbecille de la plus belle·o qui n'a jamai rien fait de bon à la maisson ce qui est émilion pour une famile qui se raiespecte. Ossi ce qui lui fodrait c'est un poste de 6 à 8,000 francs ousqu'y n'y aurait pas traup à faire ni d'argens à gardé crainte de désagrémens. Je vous salu avecq raispect et vous enbrasse de tout queur car on mattend pour la répétission du "Prince Poireau" où j'ai un rôlle de laiegume.

Toute à vous,
Ta Cabriole.

Of Mlle. Cabriole's claims the count could dispose by a few bank-notes sent in a bouquet; but how put off the old school-friend who wanted to be a governor, and the marquise, whose brother was for an attachéship? It needed all the new minister's self-control to resist the temptation of doing a little harmless jobbery on behalf of those well-loved persons; but he did resist: for the Frenchman who has got astride the hobby of performing his duty immaculately, is a being whom there is no unhorsing, attack him from whichever point you will. Nothing could be firmer set than the count's lips, as he sat in his study and marked with a bold R, which stands for Refused, all the letters that appealed to him on grounds purely personal. M. Narcisse, his valet, scarcely knew him again, and half fancied that some devilish enchantment had changed his master in a night, leaving nought of him but the outer cuticle. For gall and wormwood had it been to M. Narcisse, when, on venturing to sound his master about that little place in the customs, he had received the freezing reply, "Ask me for what money you want, either for yourself or your family; but do not presume beyond that." M. Narcisse had not presumed beyond that, for there are certain inflections of the voice which warn one off like a spiked gate; but every time he entered his master's presence, and saw him conning over and taking notes from a portentous manuscript folio, which was none other than the hardly-won Tabular List, he said to himself that this was the cause of all the mischief, and he wished that document at the other side of Jordan; as, no doubt, did many another denizen of the office, especially M. Jobus.

M. Jobus, however, was on the watch. He knew that it was not mere idle reading, this daily study of the Tabular List: and that as soon as the count had learned conclusively that there were three times more clerks than there was any need for; that posts had been created both at home and abroad, which were as good as sinecures, and which had no other possible object but to lodge some *protégés* or kinsmen of M. Jobus: when he had learned all this, and a good many other strange things, then there would be a storm. M. Jobus foresaw it mentally, and he was taking his precautions, as a man unfolds his umbrella; nor had he long to wait. The storm did burst, and broke with violence. One morning the count told M. Jobus that he intended recommending the government to dismiss two-thirds of the *employés*, home and foreign, of the Cochin-China office; but that in considering which officials should be dismissed, and which retained, attention would be paid to length of service,—the claim which M. Jobus seemed to have most disdained, seeing that all the names on his list were mixed up in inextricable confusion, promotion appearing to have fallen on no principle whatever, save that of repeatedly advancing certain names, and repeatedly passing over certain others. M. Jobus protested at this that he was honest and irresponsible, and the debate was of long duration. It ended by the count's declaring that he would abide by his resolve; whereat, had he not feared that it would be accepted, M. Jobus would most certainly have tendered his resignation. He did better. He bowed, and said it should be as his Excellency wished; but in his cold eye it was easy to read that there was a declaration of war.

And what a war! Let us pass swiftly over the incidents of that tragic contest. The new minister, in seeking to inaugurate departmental purity, had forgotten that innovation is a weapon which, if not carefully shouldered, kicks as well as hits; in assailing M. Jobus, he had committed the further blunder of supposing that he was only attacking a man, whereas he was buffeting a principle. This is always the way with amateurs, be it in art or politics. Who plashes his yellow ochre and vermilion so gaudily over his canvas as the amateur painter? Who thunders so headlong at a fence as a gentleman rider? Who bawls with such histrionic ire as the amateur actor? Who rams his head so triumphantly against a stone wall as the amateur politician? Institutions, alas! are not things that we can go forth to do battle against with our naked fists; and M. Jobus, the permanent and irresponsible, was an institution. He was ubiquitous, was M. Jobus; he had ramifications; he extended to branches and nooks of the commonwealth where there was no expecting him. There were Jobuses in the press, Jobuses in the army, Jobuses in the church, Jobuses in society; each public office had its Jobus: for whether Jobuses by name, or by connection, or by intermarriage, or by ties of interest, gratitude, or duty, they were all Jobuses, every man of them, and held together tightly, rising up at the sound of the war-note like a gathering of Scottish clans, and presenting, not a bold battle front, but an invisible array of ambuscades, from out of which they shot, whistling their arrows from behind rocks, out of copses, from everywhere. The minister began to be attacked by the papers,—not the large political journals, but the light skirmishers of the press, which, in Paris, have most influence. The *Cigare* observed that his trousers were ill-cut. Now, every man has his foibles, and the count's was to like well-cut trousers; so he felt the squib keenly. In society it was said that his charming manners of former days were quite vanished; that he had grown a bear, and was becoming mad; some ladies, always kind, invented that his father had died in a lunatic asylum. In the *cafés*, it was reported that he had only accepted office because he was ruined, having squandered all his fortune in debauchery. Among pious circles, people asked whether it were true that he was privately married, but that his wife was a person of disreputable life, who had fled from him to drink. When a man goes to war with the Jobuses he has not many bruises to show; but he is covered all over with stains, as if a million of flies had settled on him.

The warfare had not gone very far, however, before the great personage, who had been the count's patron, was apprised of it. He had selected the count, of all men, on purpose to avoid these disturbances, and it was rather hard that the sagacity of his choice should be so soon belied. Nevertheless it was probably not too late to repair matters; so he sent in hot haste to bid the culprit, that is, the minister, come and see him at once, to talk over the business.

"So your cog-wheels are not working quite smoothly, my dear count?" he said, in the friendly tone of one who should remark, "The governmental machine is a difficult one for a young hand to manage; but I know what it is, and will advise you."

"I am in great trouble with my department, sir," answered the Cochin-China minister. "I have discovered abuses there which I should not have deemed possible; and I have been at work on a comprehensive scheme of reform, which I intend submitting to your Excellency, and to the council, at an early date." The great personage making no immediate reply, the count proceeded to recapitulate

what we already know, and a great deal more that we do not know, and which can be no business of ours, being only members of the public, and consequently debarred from the right of prying too closely into official secrets, which should always be respected. Whilst he spoke, the great personage, who was standing on his hearth-rug, with his back to the fire, kept the glasses of his gold-rimmed spectacles fixed on the carpet, and a slight frown sketched itself between his eyebrows, and he seemed to be musing, "How fallacious are appearances! Here is a man we relied on to be soft and affable with everybody, to make us friends, and to let things in general be; and here he comes, stirring up a war amongst our own people, just as if we had not enemies enough as it is."

"I do not say that right is not entirely on your side," he replied, in that measured tone which those only can conceive who have ever heard an experienced statesman speak. "Indeed, your conduct in this affair quite bears out the high opinion I had formed of your political aptitudes, before inviting you into the ministry. But, my dear count, there are cases where we must act with extreme caution. M. Jobus is a very valuable servant; he has been in his post, I think, almost half a century; and half a century is a long time. Then we could not introduce reforms into one department without doing so in all. It would look as if the ministers were trying to outbid each other in public favor, which would be most undesirable. Again, the reforms you suggest would require money, a great deal of money, and we can afford none: the budget is the subject of my most anxious cares. I lay awake from thinking of it, last night."

"But it is precisely because the budget is so overcharged that I wish to reform and retrench," exclaimed the perplexed count. "It cannot surely want money to stop waste; to dismiss people who are doing nothing; to abolish posts that are sucking up gold that is so precious."

"To abolish posts is always a serious matter," answered the great personage, lifting up his coat-tails, and speaking with gravity. "We could not dismiss anybody, you know, without compensation. Two millions of francs would be necessary in your department, alone. Twenty millions if we generalized your scheme. Where is all that to come from?"

"Two millions — twenty millions!" echoed the count, aghast.

The great personage followed up his advantage: —

"I admit that all you urge is very forcible, — most forcible. What you tell me of despatches of great value remaining unnoticed; of officials in foreign service being snubbed for conveying information, or for suggesting inventions or improvements; of salaries remaining accumulated in M. Jobus's hands, and of *employés* being afraid to draw them lest doing so should hinder their chances of promotion, — all that is very striking and very new to me. But it is not good that the public should be led to suspect these things, my dear count: it produces a bad effect. My great aim at this moment is to found an enlightened republic; and we have need to be united, for our enemies would catch, with pleasure, at any rumors of departmental abuses. Abuses of this nature should always be reformed *en famille*, quietly. By and by, at some future time perhaps, when we have a great deal of leisure on our hands, we will inquire into all this, and operate gently. Meanwhile they talk of the clerks in your department striking work: this, of course, must be prevented at all hazards. As a personal favor to me, my dear colleague, make friends with your people; and, as regards M. Jobus, the best policy, you will find, is to be forbearing; for, as I have said, he has really held his present post almost fifty years!"

The clock on the mantle-piece struck twelve.

"That is luncheon time," broke off the great personage gayly. "You will stay and try some Yeddo wine that has been brought me by the Japanese ambassadors — very curious — it tastes like Malmsey."

After tasting the Japanese Malmsey, the count walked back to his office. In passing the Boulevard de la Reine, he could not restrain a shrug at the thought of the mob who had swept, rabid and hungry, along there, eighty years before, to bring Louis XVI. and his wife to Paris, saying that once the "Baker" was in the capital, bread would follow. Somehow he fancied that at that date the irresponsible Monsieur Jobus, already in the flesh, and already permanent in his department, must have been watching the proceedings from behind a curtain, and chuckling to himself that it was a merciful, though mysterious dispensation of Providence, that the people, in performing revolutions, should always light upon the wrong culprits. Then he pictured M. Jobus, reading of the execution of Louis XVI. in the *Moniteur Universel*, looking on from his window at the flight of Charles X., figuring as spectator at the downfall of Louis Philippe, raising his hat to the Empress Eugénie on her way to the railway station on the 4th September, 1870, and repeating to himself, after each of these catastrophes, "It is certainly a great comfort that I should be permanent and irresponsible."

He imagined that the sentry who saluted him, eyed him askant, as if reflecting, "You're a poor creature." A black dog, — perhaps M. Jobus's dog, — sitting on his hind quarters in the yard, beside a gray dog, set up a bark at his approach, and appeared to be saying, "That is the man who thought to uproot M. Jobus;" at which the gray dog was seized with a prolonged fit of hilarity. He wrote a lengthy and dejected letter to Mme. de Claire, confessing all his troubles, his deceptions, his despondency. He explained that he had done violence to his nature to seem other than he was, to be puritanical and unbending, and that it had all broken down. He thought of the talisman "Pritchard," which he used to wear on his locket, and felt it would be wise to have a new locket, emblazoned with that same motto. What, indeed, did discussion or worry on political matters lead to? Government and policy were always the same, for Government and policy were M. Jobus.

She answered, "Persevere; but there is no need for puritanism. Be yourself. Results are not attained in a day; and, as for M. Jobus, I suppose he will yield to Time, like other crumbling monuments."

V.

So M. de Ris persevered, not by attacking M. Jobus, but by letting him alone. The great personage had given him to understand that the shortest cut towards abolishing M. Jobus would be to found an enlightened republic; so he devoted his energies to the enlightened republic, devising by day and night how such an institution might best be raised. The time for opening the session was fast approaching; and the large political papers, as already observed, had not assailed the Cochin-China minister on the clerk question, from not knowing accurately, as yet, to which party he belonged. They were waiting. If he turned out a Monarchist, the Republicans would lead the assault by taking the part of the poor ill-paid clerks, whom it had been sought to turn out of house and home without indemnity, whilst bloated, over-paid officials (i.e., himself) revelled in anti-democratic splendor, &c., &c. If, on the other hand, he proved a Republican, then the Monarchists would open their batteries upon him by lamentations over M. Jobus, who was an institution of the past, and had been persecuted solely on that account.

The count resolved to embody his views in the form of a programme or constitution, which he should submit to his friends in the cabinet, and then advocate publicly, whenever he had a chance, in order that no doubt whatever might remain as to what his sentiments were.

This project of constitution began to absorb all his leisure. He read treatises of political philosophy,— Plato, Stuart Mill, and essays in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He took in English periodicals, he sought out Englishmen and Americans in society, and sounded them as to the charters of their respective liberties. Mr. Washburne procured him a copy of the *United States Constitution;* Lord Lyons presented him with Hallam and a *fac-simile* of Magna Charta. The clerks in his office began to breathe. The terrific spell of work that had fallen upon them when

that direful tabular list was being drawn up, loomed backwards in the distance like a forgotten nightmare. They found time to read the news of their country, play pitch and toss, and crack walnuts during office hours, as in the good old days; and save that they continued to be civil to the public, nothing was changed from what it had been of yore. The young gentleman in the blue-striped shirt-collar and with the double eye-glass was even re-instated in his cane-bottomed chair and his emoluments, on expressing contrition for the past, and promising not to put his tongue in his cheek for the future. The count had never been brusque with his subordinates, even when the reforming fever was most strongly on him. He was always courteous and unassuming; but he now fell perceptibly into his old manner of letting things drift as they listed, and judging them all with a smile. He bought a new locket, with the name "Pritchard" embossed rather larger than before, and in rubies, to be more conspicuous; the use of it was to keep his temper within bounds whenever he held interviews with M. Jobus. That gentleman continued to rule and be useful, as in his palmiest days. To be sure, when there was an appointment to be filled up, the count endeavored to select the best man that he knew; but he had sent his hobby, Puritan, to its stable, and was determined not to risk quarrels with lady or other friends for the empty satisfaction of being treated by everybody as a Jack in office. Thus, his school comrade, M. de Pleumeauvent, obtained the governorship he wanted; Mme. de Rosecroix was promised a post for her brother; and when a minor vacancy arose for which he knew of no eligible person, he abandoned the nomination to M. Jobus, who always knew of somebody. Needless to add, that watermelons began to travel once again through the streets under the custody of dragoons, and that cork-soles, heaps of newspapers, and novels were despatched about the country with the government frank, as if nothing had ever happened to check the practice.

In this way time flew by until the opening of the session, a day or two after which M. de Ris completed his plan of a constitution, and had it neatly copied out on foolscap by his secretary, skilled in *précis* writing. It was a bright December morning when, with the document in his official portfolio, the Cochin-China minister went to attend the cabinet council where he intended producing it.

There was to be a question put to the Cochin-China minister that afternoon, by an honorable member of the right, who wished to know whether it were true that a post of dignity in Cochin-China had been bestowed upon a convict who had escaped from the hulks (i.e. to a republican who had been transported to Cayenne for his opinions under the second empire, and had fled thence). As the count would have to vindicate his appointment, he had conceived that no opportunity could be more fitting for a public profession of his new faith; and he explained this his astonished colleagues, who, not having come prepared to hear a new constitutional programme read to them, sat in blank dismay round the council-board when the count drew out his manuscript, and perused it aloud with evident satisfaction.

PROJECT OF REPUBLICAN CONSTITUTION FOR FRANCE.

1. Two Chambers, viz, a Senate elected by the Councils-General, and comprising certain *ex-officio* members, and a legislative body of three hundred members, elected by universal suffrage, for a term of three years.

2. The Senate to be renewable by thirds every two years, so that the term of office of each Senator shall be of six years. The *ex-officio* members of the Senate to be the President of the Republic on leaving office; ex-cabinet ministers of five years standing; the Chief Judges of the Cour de Cassation, Cour des Comptes, and Tribunal de Commerce; the Procureurs-Généraux of the Cour de Cassation and Cour des Comptes; a member elected out of each of the five classes of the Institut de France; the Doyen and sub-Doyen of the Faculty of Medicine; the Archbishop of Paris, and four prelates elected by the Episcopacy; and the three senior Generals and Admirals on active service.

3. A President of the Republic elected by the two Chambers for a term of seven years, and not re-eligible.*

4. Complete separation of Church and State.

5. Liberty of the press and of public meeting

6. Trial by jury in civil cases, where desired by either of the suitors; and abolition, in criminal cases, of "l'instruction secrète."

7. Municipal independence; each Municipal Council to elect its own Mayor.

8. Appointment of Prefects for a term of five years, subject to good behavior; and abolition of all sub-prefectorates.

9. Compulsory military service for all able-bodied citizens.

10. Compulsory education.

11. Payment of such Senators and Deputies only as shall make an affidavit that their income is below twenty-five thousand francs.

12. Establishment of divorce, and simplifications of the marriage laws; men to be considered of age at twenty-one, instead of twenty-five, and free to marry at that age without sanction from parents.

There were some three score more articles that followed the above, which were only the more prominent items of a programme that embraced reform and re-constitution, in all its branches, — the recasting of the judicial system alone absorbing a couple of dozen paragraphs. Never had the members of the cabinet twirled their pens so disconsolately over their blotting-books. Why was this new Cochin-China minister always breaking out in fresh places after this fashion? Most rueful of all to behold, too, were the Republican ministers. If this programme were pushed to a division in the cabinet they could not well help supporting it; and this must lead to a trial of strength, after which one or other section of the cabinet must retire. And they were all so comfortable where they were, and the compromise system, that had been in force for a year, had worked so well; and there really was so little need for sensational programmes, or for reform in any shape! An icy silence followed the reading of the document, and the great personage sitting at the head of the table wiped his brow despairingly with his silk handkerchief. The count had not quite been able to understand the silence, but he understood the handkerchief; one has not been a man of the world all one's life for nothing. He rose with an agreeable, though very superficial smile, and said their Excellencies would have time to think about it. Then the council being over, he went out and drove to the House.

But he knew that his days in the Cabinet were numbered, perhaps even his hours. If not sacrificed by the compromise proclivities of his colleagues, he would retire of his own free will; for what could he do in a cabinet where every effort of patriotism on his part was rebuffed? It must be noticed that the count, being a Frenchman, was little imbued with the parliamentary spirit, based on mutual concessions, and the strong pull, the long pull, and the pull altogether system. He was little able to perceive the ludicrous feature of a minister arriving with a constitution on foolscap, and demanding all his colleagues to swallow it entire, under pain of cabinet dismemberment. He did not stop to inquire what it would come to if every minister drew up a constitution, nor how far government would be possible, if each minister absolutely refused to consider office tenable unless all his schemes were submitted to by the rest. He entered the House, and made a very freezing answer, in fifty words, to the honorable member who wished to know about the Republican who had escaped from the hulks. Then, with his portfolio under his arm, he went to walk about the Galerie des Tombeaux, which acts as principal lobby.

A minister inspires so much respect to the French mind that deputies uncovered themselves right and left as Count de Ris passed, and many pressed forward to give him news of the Count de Chambord, or of the Count de Paris, or of Chiselhurst, hoping that such might please him, and perhaps induce him to make a statement indicative of Mon-

* M. de Ris's idea in fixing seven years was probably this. That during a term of four years a President has scarcely the time to give full play to his abilities; besides which. Presidential elections in excitable countries should not be too frequent. Seven years is a term neither dangerously long nor inconveniently short. A French President however, should never be re-eligible, for re-election in France would be the certain prelude to monarchy.

archist tendencies. M. Gambetta, also, having somehow heard that he had got to loggerheads with his colleagues, came and shook his hand very cordially. But the count was not thinking of Chiselhurst, and he had but a moderate faith in M. Gambetta. He was looking for some man of sober sense, by conversation with whom he could refresh his excited mind. He stumbled across an English newspaper correspondent, who was skurrying along with a note-book in one hand, an umbrella in the other, and a field-glass at his side. He knew this gentleman, and stopped him.

"If you wished to found a republic in England, monsieur," he asked, "how should you do it?"

"We have a republic," smiled the correspondent: "every country where freedom exists with a respect for the law is a republic. The style of the person who nominally governs matters little."

"Then, how do you define republicanism?"

"It is indefinable," answered the Englishman; "but is practicable to those who hold to substance instead of shadow."

The correspondent vanished, he and his field-glass; and the minister walked on until he came to the model of Bayard's tomb, where, scribbling notes in a book resting on the head of that warrior, stood a *chroniqueur* of the *Cigare*, M. Timoleon Tartine. It was M. Tartine who had written that the count's trousers were ill-cut. He would have escaped if possible; but the count had taken him unawares, so he brazened it out.

"I know I have been attacking your Excellency," he laughed; "but I had a grudge against your tailor, an old enemy of mine."

"You shouldn't attack those who are for freedom of the press, as I am; besides, trousers are not politics."

"They are French politics," answered M. Tartine; "but," added he in huge disgust, "freedom of the press, who cares for that, M. le Comte? Every day of my life, and of a Sunday in church, when I go there, I pray for a press-law which may make of journalists something higher in the social scale than they are now. Some years ago, I held my head high; I had been twice imprisoned, and every line I wrote was gold. Now my editor tells me every day that he didn't quite like that last article of mine. And why? Is it that I write worse? Not I; but four years ago it was despotism; and as you dared not say much, every thing that you did dare say was listened to, even when it was bad grammar. Give me back despotism and Ste. Pélagie; that's the only enjoyable government for a *chroniqueur*."

The minister laughed. "France and England: there we have them. It will perhaps be an up-hill work to rear an enlightened republic with such caryatides as M. Tartine." He had got so far in his soliloquy when a silver-chained usher touched him on the arm and handed a card, — "A lady desires to see your Excellency."

The card was Mme. de Claire's, who wished for places in the strangers' gallery for herself and Miss Lucie. She was in her brougham in the courtyard, and had come very bravely dressed in the hope of hearing M. de Ris speak. So she said, smiling, whilst Mlle. Lucie held out her tiny gloved hand. He told them it was too late, for he had in all likelihood made his first and last speech as a minister.

"And why?"

He explained briefly, and she listened with her large, liquid eyes so open that he could see himself in them. He felt a little ashamed of himself for having so poor an account to give of two months' power. "But it was not power," added he apologetically. "It has been like stiff ploughing on a hard land, which I now see is sterile. It is no good casting Republican seed there."

"Oh, if only I had the chance!" she exclaimed, naïvely, and then checked herself, blushing.

But the words were out, and he was not slow to profit by them.

"I might try again," he said, looking at her, and speaking cheerfully, yet with earnestness, — "if" — he paused for a word, and said in a lower voice — "if the power were made lighter to me by being shared."

She did not ask, "Shared with whom?" nor was her expression so discouraging that he felt it necessary to tell her. The Boulevard wits in Paris say that Madame la Comtesse de Ris will make an excellent Republican minister, when her husband takes office again; for, on the whole, he thought it better to resign for the present. Every time he took his seat at the council-board, his colleagues looked apprehensively at him, as if they feared he was going to draw a new constitution from his pocket, or, worse than all, suggest some new reforms.

A MUSCULAR HYPOCHONDRIAC.

WELL-MEANING moralists, and young curates, and, in fact, all persons addicted to the abuse of metaphorical language, are a little hard on feminine beauty. They can never touch on the vanity, brevity, and superficiality of things in general without pointing their dull platitudes by the most unfair allusions and comparisons to the fair sex. No doubt the perfect bloom of "all those endearing young charms" is soon impaired; but beauty is not the only thing which culminates to decline. Other charms than those of beauty have a scarcely less ephemeral duration. The charms of muscle, for instance, the glory of the calf,

> That play of lungs inspiring, and again
> Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
> Swift pace or steep ascent no toil, —

all these are things which endure in their glory and perfection but for a season, — a base sea-side season. Why, then, can we not have a little variety in our teacher's parables? Why not leave the epidermis of the fair, and have an occasional tilt at the muscle of the strong? Granted that our dear enslavers may be none the worse for an occasional reminder that their empire is limited — in time, for it is fleeting; and in space, for it is but skin deep. But, O Hercules! do not our "barbarized athletes" need a word in season too? Possibly the ball-room belle sets too high a value on her charms, and is too deeply cast down by their decline; but not her emotions, when she feels she is a budding "wall-flower," not the depression of the gentleman in Wordsworth, "who daily travels further from the east," not the forlorn misery of the love-sick Guppy, can approach the pathetic desolation of the athlete, who feels that he is increasing in the *wrong* place. To feel that the days are at hand in which he shall no more emulate the baboon on the trapeze, or the flea on the vaulting bar; that he must soon abjure the rectangular delights of standing at ninety degrees to a chair; that he can no more hang on to a bar by his toes or the back of his neck; that, in short, he must soon abandon the high pedestal, from which he has hitherto contemned his less fortunate, because flabbier fellow-creatures, is to feel reduced to the level of a retired pugilist, whose example he may almost as well follow, and open a public-house. Henceforth, nothing can effectually assuage the melancholy of the ex-gladiator; but such transient gleams of sunshine as gild his blighted life are when he is judge or starter at some athletic meeting; but even then he feels that he is only a sort of male chaperon, and the reflection is full of bitterness.

I do not thus borrow the language of the preacher because I have felt in my own case how bitter it is to retire into private life. Personally I am not muscular, nor ever was. I have always been able to pass a fifty-six pound weight without the slightest desire to push it up from the shoulder; I have always been perfectly continent in the matter of dumb-bells and Indian clubs. To scull from the barges to Sanford, with an occasional fantasia in a scratch four, was the extent of my powers and the summit of my ambition. I was rather thinking of — or at — my old college chum, Joe Rullock, with whom I was spending a few days a short time since. In our old Oxford days, Joe was to me a sort of self-appointed committee or keeper, considering it his mission to interpose his brawny person between me and all sorts of imaginary dangers; and so, in course of time,

I came to play an academic Phil Squod to his Capt. George; I used to steer him to Iffley, to measure his throws with the hammer, or take his times when he ran at the Marston ground. In short, he loved me because he looked on me as so helpless and feeble, — though I am not really feebler than Dr. Beddoe's average man, — and I loved him that he did pity me. I did, indeed, sometimes endeavor to protest against his mild and benevolent despotism, but he always calmly waived me off with, "Pooh! my dear fellow; leave it to me; you know you are not strong." What made my tame acquiescence in this bondage the more ridiculous was, that I was Joe's senior in years and standing. It was, therefore, but natural that, when I put on my gown, I should leave my protector behind me. But this natural course of events annoyed him greatly, and caused him as keen a pang as a hen who rears a duck feels when her *protégée* takes to the water. But I went my way, and left Joe in a halo of cricket, and long throws, and tremendous puts, living a life of incredible hardship on raw meat, but perfectly recompensed by his inches round the chest, and his generally lumpy and tuberous condition, and the unanimous commendations of the sporting-press.

Ten years elapse between the prologue and the next act. I had been serving my country in India, and Joe had retired to his comfortable patrimony, where he settled down into a model squire. From time to time reports reached me, through *Bell's Life*, of his prowess in cricket; and occasionally he favored me with a letter. But after a while, without any diminution of kindly feeling, our correspondence fell through, and the notices of my friend in the oracle became rarer and rarer. At the end of ten years, I came home on leave for twelve months; and I lost no time in getting to Ashlins, where Joe gave me the warmest of welcomes. He had developed into a magnificent specimen of an Anglo-Saxon, deep in the chest, broad in the shoulders, firmly set on long, massive thighs, with a full yellow beard rippling over his honest, serious, sun-browned face. His figure, perhaps, was verging on the portly; but, as yet, he was safe from any curter epithet than portly. He wrung my hand with his old remorseless gripe, and patted me on the back with the old Oxford air of protection; so that I felt at home immediately on the old footing of the feeble dependant. I observed, too, at luncheon, that my friend's old prowess with the knife and fork still clung by him. Huge slices of beef crumbled beneath his molars, like corn in a mill; and quart pewters, the trophies of his legs and arms, streamed with bright ale. Afterwards, he smoked his venerable meerschaum, with that deliberate and grave enjoyment of which none but physically powerful men are capable. Luncheon over, a walk to the covers was proposed; and we were soon immersed in that discursive chat, dear to long-parted chums. Unfortunately for our quiet enjoyment, a five-barred gate threw its malignant shadow across our path. I need scarcely say that I had no more imagination *apropos* of a five-barred gate, than Peter Bell of a yellow primrose. And I have my private opinion that Joe also had, by this time, got into a way, when alone, of walking through gates, when possible, rather than vaulting over them. On the present occasion, however, the association of ideas, I suppose, was too strong for him; for he put his hand carelessly on the gate, and — struck his knee heavily against the top bar.

"Foot slipped," explained Joe; and again he went at the gate, with the same result as before. A shade of annoyance crossed his face, as if it were a humiliation to have to take a run at such a mere *bagatelle* as five feet six. He felt, however, that he had gone too far to recede with honor; so he took a run, and again succeeded in heavily banging his knee. The saddening conviction now began to dawn on poor Joe's mind, that he could not get over the gate at all. The truth was horrible, but irresistible; and the moan of the fallen athlete was as touching as Wolsey's lament to Cromwell. "Oh, hang it! Tom," he said, with a mournful shake of the head; "this is too sickening! This is the approach of the sere and yellow with a vengeance. I give you my word, I once got over six foot seven at Mac's. And now I have to sneak over five foot six like a girl in petticoats! No offence meant to you, you know, because you never were strong. But to slip through one's six ages into the slippered pantaloon by thirty-five! But it's all those confounded gymnastics."

"Confounded gymnastics;" and from those lips! I could not believe my ears. No. The pope might deny his own infallibility, and Bass might advocate a Maine Liquor Law; but Joe Rullock, the mighty gymnasiarch, the hero of a hundred "grinds," * the unwearied haunter of the palæstra, could never give the lie to his whole past life, and deny his own gymnastics.

"Come, Joe," I said, soothingly; "you're riled, old fellow. You must be chaffing about the gymnastics."

"I tell you," he repeated, with solemn emphasis, "it's those cursed gymnastics. They bring you into an unnatural state of training and muscular development; and the consequence is, that you break down twice as early as other men. Look at me: at five and twenty I was a sort of Milo; at five and thirty I am a wreck."

It was no use trying to argue Joe out of his position; besides, I had no wind to spare for talk, as it was all I could do to keep up with this poor wreck, striding along at five miles an hour. But, not being a wreck myself, I soon began to exhibit symptoms of distress at this rapid pace, whereon Joe graciously proposed that we should sit on a gate and chat. Being anxious to divert him, if possible, from the unhappy train of reflections in which he was evidently indulging, I started a hobby that I hoped he would deign to ride. "Made any long scores lately, Joe?" I inquired.

"What at?" snapped Joe.

"Why, cricket, of course."

"Cricket! Do you think a man can make a score with a pot like mine? No, sir; I'm too fleshy for that sort of fun; too fat, sir. Do you know that I weigh fourteen stone seven? And what have I to thank for it? Those infernal gymnastics. They put on great lumps of muscle at high pressure, which, directly you return to a natural, normal life, turn to fat."

I tried to assure the poor fellow that his case, as yet, was by no means desperate — that he was far from a Banting; but he would not be comforted.

"I tell you, I ought to know best, Tom. It has been coming upon me some time now. I had long had some uneasy suspicions on the subject, but I was brought up sharp about two years ago. I was taking a team to play the opening match of the season with the Stalkshire Hedgehogs. Well, sir, when I came to put on my bags, I found I had precious hard work to draw them on; my thighs seemed to be in tights, and the buttons altogether refused to meet. At first, I thought they had shrunk in the wash; or possibly I had got a pair of my brother's, by mistake. But when I tried another pair, I found it was still the same; and then I realized the stern fact, that I was growing a pot. Since then, I have seldom played, except with our own fellows; and I shall give it up altogether next season."

This failure of my best-meant efforts dismayed me excessively, for I saw that I had to deal with a perfect hypochondriac on the subject of muscular atrophy. He persisted in regarding himself as a shattered athlete, and was perpetually "facing the infernal facts," as he phrased it. The slightest thing set him off; he would go off on the very faintest scent. For instance, when his eldest boy, as fine a lad of eight years old as ever a man called son, was brought in after dinner, I stumbled on the unlucky remark, "that he was a perfect little athlete." Joe was down on me like a knife.

"Don't talk like a fool, Tom. Do you want to vitiate the the poor little fellow's mind already? I once caught that boy playing with a dumb-bell, and I gave him a good licking for it. And if ever," he continued, sternly fixing the boy with his eye, "I catch Joe on the bars, or playing the tomfool in any such way, I'll skin him! Remember that, Joe; for I mean it. Gymnastics have caused your poor

* "Grinds," college slang for athletic sports.

father misery enough, without wrecking the happiness of his son. I am no heathen, to sacrifice to Moloch."

"Come, Joe," I said; "you seem uncommonly bitter against your old love. But be a trifle more explicit; let us hear the whole of your impeachment of gymnastics. You seem to me to be as violent now in your denunciations of them, as you were formerly unreasonable in your devotion to them. Come, now; what harm have they done you?"

"Well, in the first place," grunted Joe, "they have broken my wind."—I thought of the five miles an hour, but was silent.—"At the slightest exertion, or quickening of the pace, I begin to blow like a grampus. I tried to get up Mont Blanc last year; had to give it up at the Grands Mulets. If I go in for swimming, I knock up after half a mile."

"Well, but even if this is so, how is it due to gymnastics?"

"I'll tell you. In the first place, as I said before, they put on muscle that with the least inaction becomes fat. But, besides this, only consider what fooleries we go in for when we are at it! We get into a perfect lather of perspiration; we immediately shove our heads into a basin of cold water, or get some fool like ourselves to pour a can of cold water down our backs. Of course, the perspiration is violently arrested, and the system chilled. The result is, that we thicken the bronchial tubes, we derange the action of the heart, we become asthmatic, and extremely susceptible of cold."

"Well, I admit the first count, old man. You are, comparatively — very comparatively — speaking, broken-winded. What next?"

"Well, in the next place, you never yet knew a fellow go in heavily for athletics who did not damage himself by overstraining some part or other. You knew Dupoids of Balliol,—magnificent fellow! seen him throw the hammer one hundred and twelve feet;—well, he strained his left breast, and feels it ever since. Long, the mile-runner, brought on varex, and wears an elastic stocking; Doolan, the spurt-runner, went into a consumption; my cousin Jack, who won the sculls, has to wear a truss. I sprained the right pectoral muscle when I was playing some stupid antics on the trapeze, and directly the cold weather sets in, I am never free from pain in the damaged part."

"Proven!" I exclaimed, anxious to check his reminiscences of disabled heroes, which threatened to become lengthy. "You have made good your second count. You are damaged; in point of fact a screw,—a broken-winded screw. What next?"

"Besides all this," continued he, "I am quite convinced that strong training makes a man heavy, somnolent, and stupid. Plato, who, to my mind, is about the only fellow who ever understood the subject of education as a system founded on reason, is quite right in saying that physical and mental training cannot go on simultaneously. Mark Pattison, too, is tolerably well on the spot in what he says about the mania for athletics. Only, you know, he is a weakling, like you; and a man does not like to be put right by a fellow that he could smash."

"Well, but the Greeks," I objected, "certainly made gymnastics an integral part of their education."

"True," replied Joe; "but, in the first place, the Greeks began their physical education at a time when the mind is best fallow, and brought it to an end in good time. Whereas our fellows grind on the river, or in the gymnasium, at the very crisis of the mind: they burn the candle at both ends. Besides, the gymnastics of the Greeks went on an entirely different principle from ours. Theirs were systematic, and, so to speak, generic: ours are haphazard and special. They cultivated the harmony of the whole body: we only develop particular parts; our fellows only aim at putting on lumps here and there. One fellow goes in for rowing, and puts a lump on his forearm, and another behind his shoulder-blades. Another fellow goes in for dumb-bells and parallel bars, and puts a lump on his biceps. Another goes in for running or jumping, and puts a lump on his calf. But there is nothing systematic; it is all chaotic and idiotic."

"Well, I suppose you must have it your own way," I said. "I will 'write you down an ass,' if you like. Let me see: that makes a broken-winded, asinine screw. Anything else?"

"Yes: there are the moral annoyances and vexations of finding out that you are perpetually losing the faculty of doing some absurd thing or other, that no one in his senses feels the least desire to do. You saw to-day how I lost my temper, because I could not vault over a five-barred gate. It was the same thing the other day at an athletic festival at Westwich. I was fool enough to let them humbug me into going in for the hammer—'just to show the rustics how to throw it.' Well, sir, one of my own tenants' sons threw six feet further than I did. But come; we've had enough of this; pass the port. A few pounds of flesh more or less can't make much difference now. No more? Then let us go, and have coffee with Annie."

"Just another minute," I pleaded. "At this rate, we ought not to take any exercise at all."

"I never said that. Take exercise in plenty;—cricket, row, ride, shoot, skate, fence, box, so long as you can do so without leading an unnatural life. But if any one wants you to go into training for any of these things, to knock off your pipe, to limit yourself to some absurd pittance of fluid *per diem*, with your throat as dry as the Sahara; to variegate your skin with a crop of boils, or to live at the mercy of some brutal trainer or some pigmy cox., take my advice, and do nothing of the sort. It is better to remain an abortion like you, Tom, than to break down like me. But come up stairs, and then we'll have a pipe."

THOMAS BUSBY, MUS. DOC.

THERE is a story of a country clergyman observing of rejected addresses, that he could not understand why they had been rejected; they seemed to him very good addresses. And a certain critic of the period is reputed to have said of "Gulliver's Travels," that he thought the narrative interesting, but rather improbable in regard to some of its details. It is plain that, in the judgment of many lookers-on, satire must often miss its mark. Indeed, when it is of a comprehensive kind, one can no more expect that its every shaft will tell, than that every shot fired from a *mitrailleuse* will cause destruction. In both cases, some waste of force, and some failure of plan, are almost inevitable.

A great satirist invests with importance the objects of his satire. However severe may be his usage o them, he yet kicks them up stairs, as it were. Pope has really embalmed in the "Dunciad" the poetasters and witlings he sought to exterminate. But for him, we should know nothing of them. In lieu of the vitriol that destroys, he poured upon them, in truth, the spirits of wine that preserve. Fame clings to them from the fact that they were deemed worthy the furious attack of one so famous.

James and Horace Smith were not satirists of the Pope school. Avowedly they designed but to raise "a harmless laugh" at the expense of the more eminent and popular writers of their time. Some of these even — Rogers and Campbell, for instance — were passed over from a feeling that they did not present sufficient opportunites to the caricaturists. And throughout their undertaking, the joint authors were intent upon producing inoffensive parodies, rather than acrimonious satire. As a rule, therefore, we must not look in their pages for the kind of ridicule that confers long life upon its victims. Something like this has happened, however, in two or three cases. Effusive Fitzgerald, and his benedictory verses, would perhaps long since have been forgotten, but for the burlesque of his muse by the Smiths. The Hon. William Spencer's name as a poet would scarcely have survived, if the humorous travesty of his style and sentiments, commencing with the line, "Sobriety, cease to be sober," had not been written. Spencer himself, "in comic confidence at his villa at Petersham," said to Horace Smith, "It's all very well for once, but don't do it again. I had been almost forgotten, when you revived me; and now all the newspapers and reviews ring with 'this fashion-

able and trashy author.'" And a third bard, mainly remembered now by the parody of his verses in "Rejected Addresses," was a certain Thomas Busby, Mus. Doc., concerning whom we propose to make some brief mention.

The arrow sped at Dr. Busby was the one failure of the satirists. He could thereafter claim fame, both on the score that he had been thought worth aiming at, and that he had been missed. But he was, in truth, too vast and too dense a butt. He had already clothed himself so completely in ridicule, that there was no room for any one to add more. What can the satirist do against a man who has more than sufficiently satirized himself? The doctor's own writings, as the *Quarterly Review* remarked at the time, "for extravagant folly, tumid meanness, and vulgar affectation, set all the powers of parody at utter defiance." Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh*, said of the address, "Architectural Atoms," which the Smiths had ascribed to Busby, that it appeared to be "far more capable of combining into good poetry, than the few lines we were able to read of the learned doctor's genuine address." Did ever satirists before over-estimate the merits of their subject, or parody so mildly as to raise less laughter than the thing parodied?

Yet this Busby, apart from his distinction as a butt, was a person of some note in his day. Absurd almost to craziness, he yet had fair title to respect on the score of his abilities and accomplishments. Born at Westminster, in 1755, he had studied music under Jonathan Battishill, at that time a famous composer of anthems, catches, and glees, who lies buried by the side of Dr. Boyce, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Busby became organist at the churches of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street, and St. Mary, Newington; produced oratorios at the Haymarket and Covent Garden Theatres; published selections of music in a serial form, such as "The Divine Harmonist" and "The Beauties of British Song." In 1800, the University of Cambridge conferred upon him his degree of Doctor of Music. He supplied the accompaniments to the popular melodramas of "A Tale of Mystery" and "Rugantino," and the music of the opera of "The Fair Fugitives." He published a grammar of music, and a new musical dictionary. Moreover, he produced a translation of "Lucretius," which was thus cruelly announced by one of the newspapers, in the register of births: "Yesterday, at his house in Queen Anne Street, Dr. Busby, of a still-born Lucretius."

It was the doctor's delusion that he was a poet. He was continually pestering the newspapers with his effusions. He especially prided himself upon his prologues and occasional addresses to theatrical audiences. Elliston, who had become manager of the Surrey Theatre, humored the doctor's foible, enlisted his services, and designated him "the laureate of the Surrey stage." In evasion or in defiance of the restrictions of the licenser, and the privileges of the patent theatres, Elliston had produced Macbeth as "a grand ballet of action with music," &c. He was only entitled to perform "burlettas;" but he contrived to embrace the whole British drama in that mysterious form of entertainment. Dr. Busby provided a prologue to this ballet of Macbeth. It was a curious composition, which, reciting that "with nature and the energies of man, the reign of poesy and song began," enumerated all the great dramatists, from Æschylus to Shakspeare, and concluded with a reference to the peculiar difficulties of the Surrey management: —

> Though not endowed with fullest powers of speech,
> The poet's object we aspire to reach;
> The emphatic gesture, eloquence of eye,
> Scenes, music, every energy we try,
> To prove we keep our duties full in view,
> And what we must not say, resolved to do;
> Convinced that you will deem our zeal sincere,
> Since more by deeds than words it will appear.

Many other addresses were afterwards written by Busby for Elliston; the great manager and his proceedings supplying sufficient themes for the poet. "They contributed to each other's fame," writes a critic; "it was a joint policy of immortality;" and it was noted at the time that, although Kean was the first actor who talked of "his secretary," Elliston was the first manager who, for his own greater glorification, specially retained the services of a bard.

Occasionally, it would seem, however, that Elliston, unable to commit to memory the rhapsodies of Busby, or preferring his own impromptu ingenuity as a speech-maker, would pause in the middle of the doctor's address, and conclude with an oration of his own contriving. Something of this kind happened at the opening of the Surrey, in 1810. The first poetry lines of the managerial address were Busby's; but presently Elliston was found to be delivering, in his happiest manner, his own florid prose. "The poetry was conventional, the speech was special," writes Elliston's biographer; "and though the unhappy rhymester was sadly shorn on the evening in question, he had the satisfaction of viewing himself at full length in the newspaper columns of the following morning."

When the committee of management of Drury Lane Theatre publicly advertised in August, 1812, for an address, to be spoken on the opening of the new building on the 10th of October, be sure that Dr. Busby availed himself of the opportunity to exercise his muse. It does not appear, from the terms of the advertisement, that any reward was offered for the most successful poem. But, no doubt, an understanding prevailed that the chosen bard would be duly recompensed. Nearly a gross of addresses was sent in, each in obedience to the provisions of the invitation, "sealed up, with a distinguishing word, number, or motto, corresponding with the inscription on a separate sealed paper, containing the name of author." These addresses, "some written by men of great, some by men of little, and some by men of no, talent," were all rejected. At the last moment a prologue was supplied by Lord Byron, a member of the committee. Probably it had been from the first intended that his lordship should be the poet of the occasion.

Of the numerous discarded bards, Dr. Busby was the most angry and disappointed. Fully convinced of its surpassing merits, he had made sure of his address being chosen before all others. Moreover, as though expressly to aggravate the sufferings of the poets, no intimation had been afforded them of the fate of their manuscripts. It is even probable that many of them had attended the theatre on the opening night, in expectation of hearing their own verses delivered from the stage. The rejected candidates might surely have been spared this mortification. And the managers would have saved themselves from considerable inconvenience, if they had been more alert to consult the feelings of the slighted authors. Lord Byron's address was recited by Elliston, in the dress of Hamlet, on the opening night, and was repeated after the first play, on nine or ten subsequent evenings. There was a murmuring in the air, and a leaven of discontent among the audience; but there would seem to have been no serious manifestation of feeling, until the night of the 14th of October; when, immediately after the performance of "The Hypocrite" had concluded, an unknown gentleman rose in the pit, and addressed the audience with great earnestness. One of the actors appeared upon the stage, in accordance with the custom of that time, to announce the entertainments of the following evening. He was compelled to retire, having failed to make himself heard. The attention of the audience was engrossed by the speaker in the pit, and great confusion prevailed. The gentleman was waving a paper in his hand, and was therefore invited by his neighbors to mount to the stage, and address the house from that advantageous position. This counsel the unknown followed: when in front of the footlights he was met by Mr. Raymond, the stage-manager. Both addressed the house and each other, without either making himself heard. The spectators laughed, cheered, and then hooted. Meantime, the figures upon the stage were seen gesticulating and interchanging profound bows, after the manner of Noodle and Doodle, in the burlesque of "Tom Thumb." Eventually, the stranger was somewhat violently removed from the stage by two police-officers. This arbitrary proceeding excited great disapprobation. The concluding performances of the night were subjected to grave interruption. The stage-manager was

summoned, and was loudly hissed upon his entry. He endeavored to explain that he had only acted in accordance with the duties of his office; he had but removed "an unknown person," who had attempted to disturb the representation; and he appealed to the house to know if it was regular or desirable that any one should quit the pit and appear on the stage to recite an unauthorized address. A measure of peace was restored, but Mr. Raymond left many of his auditors unconvinced of the propriety of his treatment of the "unknown person," who remains unknown to this day.

A more stormy episode was in store for the following evening, relative to a rejected address. The entertainments consisted of "The Rivals" and the farce of "Turn Out." Upon the termination of the comedy, Dr. Busby rose from his seat in the boxes, and, bowing repeatedly to all parts of the house, commenced a speech. For some minutes the tumult was so great, friends and foes were alike so vociferous, hisses and plaudits were so intermingled, that not a sentence could be heard. By his more immediate neighbors, however, the speaker was understood to say, —

"I am Dr. Busby: a lover, a member of the drama, and a friend to the theatre." (Loud cheering, hisses, and cries of, "Hear him!") "Ladies and gentlemen, by some I may be blamed for taking this method of addressing you, as being humiliating to a gentleman; but I can see no greater impropriety in speaking from the public box of a public theatre, than from a forum, or from the hustings of an election." (Cheering and disapprobation.) "Ladies and gentlemen, for the talents and qualifications of the right honorable, noble, and illustrious lord who wrote the address which you have heard this night recited to you, I have the highest respect." (Applause and hisses.) "It is well known that for several weeks the committee appointed to manage the concerns of this theatre have, by public advertisements, courted the exertions of the literary world to prepare an address, to be spoken at the opening of this truly magnificent structure. This was, on their part, noble and praiseworthy; but it must be allowed, on all hands, that, however right they have been in intention, they have most lamentably erred in judgment."

The noise now became so great that the doctor was unable to proceed for some minutes. Presently, he went on to say that the number of persons who condescended to furnish addresses had exceeded one hundred, he believed; and those who thought that out of such a number a better could not have been selected, did not think so highly of the poetical talent of the country as he did. Among them it might be taken for granted that some were very fine. He himself knew of four or five answering to that description. Here arose loud cries of, "Your own and your son's were among the number."

The orchestra now commenced playing, and drowned in music the voice of the speaker. Presently, he was further interrupted by the performance of the farce. Between the acts, he made an unsuccessful attempt to renew his speech. The audience was divided in opinion. Some were for hearing the doctor, some for hearing the farce. The actors ventured upon appropriate "gags." Dowton, who played "Restive," charged against a misjudging world, "which had rejected many of his works of genius, that he had sent twenty most noble addresses to Drury Lane Theatre, none of which had been accepted by the committee. He had, therefore, determined to go to the playhouse himself and recite them." This sally was received with great laughter and applause. And a verse of the song of "Turn Out," sung by Knight, in the character of Forage, also excited great amusement: —

> Poor poots must often turn out, turn out;
> Poor poots must often turn out.
> And though often they wait,
> Expecting their fate,
> They discover, too late,
> Like the rest, they must quickly turn out.

But the doctor was not to be dismayed or silenced. The farce over, he again presented himself to the audience. "I have a strong, a powerful motive," he said, "for requesting your attention. I am a friend to this theatre. I wish to open the way to superexcellence; to bring forward strong and powerful talent, instead of letting it sink into oblivion. Gentlemen, I am a friend to merit, and more especially to modest merit. My son is now in this house, with an address which I had prepared for the opening of the theatre; and nothing would bring greater pride and satisfaction to me, than that he should be allowed by the managers to rehearse it on the stage, if you will give him leave."

This proposition was greeted with prolonged applause. But suddenly the speaker was roughly seized by two Bow-street officers, and dragged from the boxes. The doctor fought gallantly, and by sitting down on the stairs, and grasping the banisters with all his force, he greatly hindered the efforts of the constables. A crowd was collected, and chivalrously took the part of the oppressed. The officers were hustled down the stairs, while their victim was borne in triumph upon the shoulders of his friends round the corridors, and reinstated in the boxes. Smoothing his ruffled plumage, and gaining breath, while the house cheered him again and again, the doctor resumed his speech. He was understood to state that he was now the champion of the rights of play-goers; as much a freeman as a conqueror; and he should now give the house an opportunity of hearing such a monologue as they had seldom heard. (Cries of, "Bravo!" and, "Go on!") He acknowledged their kind partiality with more than common gratitude, for more than common compliment to his muse; but he had now to mention that if they were as sincere as he was, in their desire to hear his verses, they must hear them from his son, who was sitting in the pit, and who knew the monologue by heart.

Mr. George Frederick Busby, the doctor's son, now mounted to the stage. At the same moment, Mr. Raymond reappeared. In obedience to the wish of the house, he soon withdrew, however, intimating that the management had no wish to interfere with the efforts of the reciter. Mr. Busby, jr., then began the address. But his voice was small, and the uproar was still great. With difficulty could the opening lines be heard: —

> When energizing objects men pursue,
> What are the prodigies they cannot do?
> A magic edifice you here survey,
> Shot from the ruins of the other day.

Then came interruptions, hisses, cries of, "Silence!" and laughter. The speaker was inaudible, but he persisted with his task. Thereupon he was, in his turn, addressed by a loud-toned gentleman in the boxes. "Mr. Busby, I would advise you to go home, if you cannot make use of a stronger voice. You ought not to presume to get on that stage to detain the company, if you cannot speak so that we may distinctly hear; and I must tell you, that not a word of what you say can be understood here, from the smallness of your voice, however large and elegant your ideas may be."

The young gentleman claimed further indulgence, and for some little time longer he was permitted to proceed with his monologue. But still he could not make himself heard. The house now took to groaning and crying, "Go home!" At length he desisted, and retired from the stage, leaving his address still in part unheard. So terminated a scene that was wonderfully absurd, and must have been also irresistibly laughable.

The doctor published his address in the newspapers. He was not to be convinced of its inferiority. At his own house, he gave private recitations of it, with readings from his translation of "Lucretius," refreshing his audience with tea and bread and butter. Satire was powerless against such a poet. The Smiths' parody fell flat. Even the parenthetical address, by "Dr. Plagiary," which Lord Byron hastened to publish, was felt as somewhat superfluous, — a thrice slaying of the slain. The opening lines ran thus: —

> "When energizing objects men pursue,"
> The Lord knows what is writ by Lord knows who.
> "A modest monologue you here survey,"

Hissed from the theatre "the other day;"
As if Sir Fretful wrote the "slumberous" verse,
And gave his son "the rubbish" to rehearse.

The address was directed to be spoken "in an inarticulate voice, by Master P., at the opening of the next new theatre. Stolen parts marked with inverted commas." But it was hardly worth while to accuse the doctor of plagiarism, or to consider him with any degree of gravity. He was not a foeman worthy of Lord Byron's steel, or of any one's steel; or, indeed, of steel at all, employed aggressively. He could be safely trusted to make himself more than sufficiently ridiculous.

THE PRINCE OF TARENTE'S LOVE-STORY.

Among the least known, but certainly not the least interesting, of the many memoirs left us by the contemporaries of Mazarin, are those of Henri-Charles, Prince of Tarente. The writer was the heir of the great house of Tremouille, than which there was not a wealthier or a nobler in old France. The head of the family was duke and peer. He had even some pretensions to royalty, through his descent from Frederick of Naples, a monarch who had died deposed towards the beginning of the sixteenth century. These pretensions were of value, inasmuch as they enabled the Tremouilles to assume the addition, Highness, which placed them on a level with the multitudinous sovereign princes of Germany; and, therefore, above all that was merely noble in France, or elsewhere. Thanks to this addition, the Tremouilles mingled blood with royalty, until they were akin to every crown in Europe. But their proudest alliances, or, at least, those in which they ought to have taken most pride, were contracted a little lower. For instance, the Prince of Tarente's grandmother was the daughter of William the Silent; his mother was the sister of Marshal Turenne; his grandfather's sister was the grandmother of the great Condé; and his aunt was the noble lady who defended Latham House. Thus, wherever he looked for a near relative, he found a heroine or a hero. Nor were his ancestors less distinguished. They were all full of valor and loyalty, and most of them warriors and "die-hards." One of them fell, under sixty-two wounds, at the battle of giants (Marignan). Another was "the great cavalier without reproach;" the man who won more victories, and uttered more brilliant epigrams, than any of his time; he who coined the glorious phrase, "A field of battle in a just cause is the bed of honor;" and who, closing his career as a soldier should, died at the age of sixty-five, while interposing his breast between his king and the German lances on the field, where France lost every thing but reputation.

It was natural that the child of such a race should manifest the aspirations of a warrior at an early age. But the Prince of Tarente was a youth of feeble constitution, and an only son besides. Instead, then, of acceding to his wishes, his parents retained him in leading-strings much longer than was customary. At the age of eighteen, when court and camp were thronged with youths no older than himself, some of whom had already begun to play a brilliant part, he was still under the control of a tutor, and treated in all respects like a school-boy. Wearied of this thraldom, which to him seemed positively ignominious, he determined to abscond; and early in 1638 he found an opportunity. Both parents were absent, the duke in one of his governments, and the duchess in attendance on the queen; while he was left with his tutor in Paris. Money however, was necessary; and he, the heir of countless millions, had not a sou. But from this difficulty he was extricated by his valet, Roussel, whom he had taken into his confidence, and who contrived to scrape together one hundred crowns. With this small sum in their pockets, and a bundle on each of their shoulders, they stole out at nightfall, and afoot, looking not unlike a couple of travelling artisans. Two leagues from Paris they took post for Dieppe, which they reached next morning; and almost as soon as themselves arrived one of the numerous couriers which the duchess had despatched in all directions in pursuit; for their flight had been discovered immediately. The governor of Dieppe dared not arrest such a personage as the heir of Tremouille without a formal warrant, — a document which had been quite overlooked in the hurry. It was not likely to be long delayed; but meanwhile something had to be done; and the governor did that something in the style of a born official. Rightly surmising that the prince was bound for Holland, he issued an order forbidding any shipmaster of that country to give him a passage. This was effectual, so far as it went; but it did not go far enough. There were other routes to Holland beside the direct one, — a fact which the worthy governor does not seem to have suspected until it was thrust rather disagreeably under his notice. While his men kept sharp watch over all the Dutch vessels in the harbor, the prince went quietly on board an English one that happened to be getting under weigh, and in twenty-four hours more was landed safely in Devonshire. From thence he hurried to his aunt, the Countess of Derby, in London, where his unusual exertions threw him into a fever that confined him for two months. On his recovery he resumed his journey, reaching the Hague without further accident.

From the Hague he communicated with his parents, who very wisely made the best of the matter. It was clear that he was resolved to be a soldier. It was equally clear that, if not allowed to fight under his great relative, he would seek another and probably more dangerous service. So, instead of complaining, or taking measures likely to render him uncomfortable in Holland, they did their utmost to fix him there. The duchess undertook to allow him thirty thousand livres a year; and, in concert with her, the duke requested the Prince of Orange to give their son an office that would establish him in the country: which the prince did. De Tarente, however, was soon fettered to the Low Countries, by a tie far stronger than any twined by interest or glory. Military enthusiast as he was, he contrived to lose his heart long before he won his spurs, — the object of his attachment being the eldest daughter of the Prince of Orange.

By this time the campaign of 1638 was over, and De Tarente had no chance of getting his head broken that year. But, in return for his disappointment, he was included in the brilliant company that escorted Prince William of Orange to be married in England. "We set out to embark at Hoelvoetsluys," writes he; "but the contrary winds compelled us to panse at the Brille. After lingering there for two weary days, I could not refrain from returning to bid a second farewell to Mademoiselle d'Orange. Hardly, however, had I reached the Hague, than the wind changed, and I was obliged to retrace my path at full speed. Setting out at daybreak, I soon reached Maaslandsluys, a place separated from the Brille by an arm of the sea, which, at ordinary times, may be crossed in about three-quarters of an hour. Here I found only one small boat, which was manned by a single seaman. The sea was rough, and the craft crazy; but, having no choice, I embarked with Beaugendre, my sole attendant on that occasion. A short distance from the shore the waves ran so high that the boatman, though accustomed to these waters from infancy, grew apprehensive, and proposed to return. But, being anxious to reach Hoelvoetsluys before the fleet put to sea, I would not hear of this, and we continued our course. The wind increased every instant, until it blew a violent storm; the boat became altogether unmanageable, and we were in great danger. Giving us up for lost, our Dutchman began to howl with all his might, and continued to do so until he could howl no longer. He then very calmly lowered the sail, and allowed the skiff to drift. How we kept afloat in that tumult of winds and waters is more than I can conceive. Myself and my attendant fell on our knees, and our howling companion, who hardly knew what he did, followed our example. Having finished my prayer, I made use of the little Flemish I knew to remind the boatman, who was nearly helpless with fright, that Providence prefers to aid those who do something for themselves. As a practical

comment, I ordered him to spread the sail again, while I took the helm. This manœuvre was not a happy one. I was far from being an accomplished pilot, and the boat under my direction bobbed about in the most extraordinary manner. The wind, however, soon put a period to my nautical display, by snapping the mast in two, and dashing the sail down on us. The catastrophe soon followed. While we were floundering under the sail, the boat upset, and pitched us into the water. What happened during the next few minutes is a mystery to me. All was dash, splash, darkness, and confusion. At last I shook my head clear of the spray, and found that we were all three clinging to the same side of the boat. Here we floated about, up to the neck in water, and expecting every moment to be our last. Beaugendre unclasped his mantle, and proposed that we should try to save ourselves by swimming. It was some time before I could make out what he meant, for the wind blew one-half of his words out of hearing, and the billows swallowed up the rest. When I did understand him, I showed him the futility of such a scheme in the midst of a tempest, and so far, not less than two leagues from the shore. Indeed, it was only when lifted on the crest of the waves that we could catch a glimpse of the buildings. A sudden gust now righted the boat; but before we could get in, another overturned it again. This happened three times over. At length, it resumed and retained its proper position; the wind gradually subsided, and in three hours more we reached the Brille." The escape was a narrow one. Still it was an escape, and De Tarente was rather pleased than otherwise that his romantic impulse had led him into so much peril. Three or four days afterwards he found himself in London, not at all the worse for his ducking.

During his stay in the British capital, he involved himself in a quarrel which was far too characteristic of the period to be omitted. The Dutch company was distributed all over the city, the young Frenchman being assigned a lodging in Arundel House with his principal, while another near relative, Count Henry of Nassau, was quartered elsewhere. The latter, however, not liking his billet, transferred himself to Arundel House, where he appropriated an apartment intended for De Tarente. The latter thus describes what followed:—

"I remonstrated with Count Henry, who replied with haughtiness. A quarrel ensued, and we drew our swords, but were immediately separated. Monsieur de Brederode carried off my antagonist, and I retired to my chamber. No sooner had Prince William heard of the dispute than he sent for us both, and made us promise to forget the past. I, however, had no wish that the matter should end thus. I consulted my friend D'Harcour, who was captain in the regiment of cavalry which Prince Frederick Henry had bestowed on me. 'This,' said I, 'is my first affair of honor; and I had rather be blamed therein for rashness, than praised for circumspection.' D'Harcour replied that he would be very willing to bear my challenge to Count Henry; but that to do so with effect it would be necessary to await the termination of the festivities, and to find another pretext. As to the original subject of quarrel, he showed me that it would be a mistake to revive it, since I would thus compel Prince William, who had attempted to reconcile us, to take part against me; and in that case I must inevitably be excluded from the rejoicings. I thanked my friend for his advice, and promised to follow it very exactly. On the evening of the wedding-day, I happened to meet Count Henry at the house of a lady of quality. There were many guests present, and a great rush followed when the party broke up. Expecting this, I designedly placed myself behind the count. The pressure compelled him to push me rather roughly, but of course quite unintentionally. It was, however, precisely what I desired. Telling D'Harcour that I had now the requisite pretext, I described my conduct. He approved of it, and the moment the ceremonies were over, bore my challenge to the count. The latter excused himself, declared that he had not the slightest wish to insult me, and flatly refused to fight. He added that he was ready to explain the cause of his refusal, which he afterwards did in the presence of many. I was waiting his reply, in the house of the Marquis Vauville (the French ambassador), where D'Harcour repeated it before a large company. Next morning we were both placed under arrest, and some censure was passed on my youthful heat." So terminated our autobiographer's first essay in the art of duelling made easy. The second, as we shall see, he found a little sharper.

Family matters drew De Tarente a second time to England, in 1639. There he was again attacked by fever; and before he could recover, the campaigning season was over. On his return to Holland, he embraced Protestantism, which had been the creed of his childhood, and was still that of his mother, and from which, indeed, his father had but recently seceded. We do not, for a moment, question his sincerity on taking this step. Men, however, are easily persuaded when inclination seconds argument. And Mademoiselle d'Orange was a Protestant of the Protestants.

He made his *debut* in war in 1640, much like his Uncle Turenne; that is, carrying a pike in the ranks. It was the good old custom of the Orange princes thus to train their relatives for command by first teaching them to obey; and the result was many excellent captains. Nothing of importance occurred that year. During the next, the young Frenchman commanded a regiment of cavalry, and did good service at the siege of Genep. He particularly distinguished himself by his strict attention to details; conduct as unfashionable with young soldiers then, as it is now. He, however, had no reason to be dissatisfied with it. After the capture of Genep, his regiment occupied an advanced, and therefore dangerous, post. For this was peculiarly the era of great partisan feats, and an isolated corps was always liable to surprise. The prince was fully aware of his risk, and for four days and nights was unsleeping. Not a straw could move in his vicinity without attracting his attention. Fatigue at length brought on a serious illness; and he retired to Bergues, leaving his major, who was much less vigilant, in command. Two days afterwards, the Spaniards swooped down on this officer and carried him off, with the greater portion of his regiment.

The next campaign was opened by De Tarente with a duel, which we shall allow himself to relate: "We were encamped at Rhimberg, when I was challenged by Prince Radzival, whom I had occasionally seen in my visits to the queen of Bohemia. The prince was remarkably assiduous in paying court to that royal lady, whom he affected to regard as his mistress (Elizabeth Stuart was then forty-seven). One day he thought it right to be offended, because I had taken a place near her which he wished to occupy. He requested me to surrender it, but with a tone and manner so overbearing that I could not comply. Our dispute alarmed the queen, who sought to reconcile us, and even made us embrace in her presence. I was persuaded that the affair would go no further; but, unfortunately, some mischievous people spread a report that my countrymen, who were numerous at the Hague, would twist the occurrence, if it remained as it stood, to the glorification of their country, and to the detriment of Prince Radzival. No sooner had this report reached the prince than he hastened to the camp. I accepted his defiance, and it was agreed that the encounter should take place with swords, about a quarter of a league from where we lay. We met, as appointed. D'Harcour, my second, measured the weapons, and found that my antagonist's blade was the longer, by at least half a foot. The prince immediately offered to exchange it for mine. As I would not agree to this, the question was decided by lot, which gave each of us his own weapon. We fought on horseback, and the combat was soon over. I dealt Prince Radzival a thrust which merely pierced his shirt. He replied with another, that would have been as harmless, had I been better armed. A guard would have arrested and turned his stroke; but my sword had none. His point, therefore, pierced my wrist, and, running along my arm, ripped it open right up to the shoulder. I dropped my sword and fell. Some of the prince's people raised me, and tied up the wound, while others hurried in search of a surgeon. Fortunately for me, they had not far to seek. One named La Sage happened to be at hand, and saved my life

by his diligence. To stanch the blood, which flowed in torrents, he was obliged to take up several veins and arteries, — an operation which I found intensely painful. He renewed the dressings in another hour, causing me even more agony than at first. Nevertheless, I slept soundly that night; and three weeks afterwards, I was on horseback at the head of my regiment, ready to charge a body of two thousand cavalry, which threatened the quarter of the camp where I was posted." The prince's memoirs make no further mention of duelling. We may presume, therefore, that this encounter blunted a little, the rather too keen edge of his sense of honor. As to his wound, it did not prevent him from keeping the field until the close of the campaign, nor from sharing in the next. But when the armies went into quarters, towards the end of 1642, it was still unhealed, and even compelled him to spend a month at the waters of Barege. From Barege he proceeded to Thouars, where his parents were then residing. "But," he writes, "I resumed the route for Holland as quickly as possible; for hardly had I reached Thouars than I found that my father intended to wed me to the sole heiress of the last duke of the name of Rohan. This young lady was decidedly the greatest *parti* then in France. I, however, was too strongly attached to Mademoiselle d'Orange to form any other engagement. Nor was it long before I found means to stifle my father's project, completely. My friend, D'Harcour, had a cousin who was in confidence of the De Rohan. By my direction, he wrote a letter to his relative, in which he acquainted her that my affections were already bestowed. This letter was shown, as I intended, to Mademoiselle de Rohan; and it is not difficult to conceive its effect on a spirit so proud." An explanation with his parents followed. "Mademoiselle d'Orange and myself," he informed them, "have long understood one another. We have the same tastes, the same inclinations, the same sentiments. And she has vowed that she will never wed another." The duke and duchess were perfectly satisfied with their son's choice, and at once proposed in form for the hand of the young princess. They anticipated little difficulty in obtaining it. The two families were on a level in point of wealth, descent, and pride; and they had already intermarried. Hardly half a century before, the greatest of the Orange princes had bestowed his daughter, without reluctance, on a Duke of Tremouille. Times, however, as the suitors were to find, had greatly altered since. While the claim to the Neapolitan crown had ceased to be much regarded, the long possession of the foremost office in the republic had taught the members of the House of Orange to look upon that office as their property. It was substantially regal. They considered themselves, therefore, quite on a level with royalty, and adopted royal ideas in all matters marital. All this, however, was only in its infancy. And when the Prince of Orange replied to the Tremouilles,— in the usual style of those days of chaffering and bargaining for courtly brides,— that his daughter's hand was reserved for the son of a king, or for an elector, at the very least, they were far from considering that reply as conclusive.

It was true that, at this very moment, there were two other very high-born rivals in the field. One of these was the Prince of Wales. But the state of England, where civil war was then raging, rendered his pretensions of little consequence. A more formidable competitor was the Elector of Brandenburg. He, however, though afterwards to be termed "The Great Elector," was at that period supposed to be a mere puppet in the hands of those who happened to possess his confidence. And for this confidence there were then two claimants. Of these, his mother, an energetic woman, was known to be exceedingly adverse to the Orange alliance. It was advocated, indeed, by the favorite Borsdorff. But the latter was far from wielding the paramount influence with which he was afterwards credited. Thus nobody could guess how the elector would finally decide. On the other hand, besides recommendations, which were neither few nor light, De Tarente was a relative, a prime favorite, of the good-natured Frederick Henry, and a fast friend of the young Prince William. Mademoiselle d'Orange, too, was largely gifted with the obstinacy of her country. Himself and his friends, therefore, considered it of the less consequence, that the Princess of Orange, who was a very unsentimental dame, should declare herself strongly in favor of the elector.

The first results of the proposal made by the Tremouilles were not favorable to the lovers. The Princess of Orange had yet to learn how far the love-making had gone. Still she thought it her duty to divide the pair as much as possible, and to treat the gentleman with marked coldness. "This change," he states, "was soon noticed. There are always people at court who do not scruple to advance themselves at the expense of their neighbors; and Mademoiselle de Portugal was exactly such a person. She was the granddaughter of that Don Antonio who had been despoiled of his kingdom by Philip II. of Spain, and whose son Emmanuel had married Amelia, sister of Frederick Henry. Without fortune, or any settled position, she was the humble servant of her aunt, and gladly followed the directions which she received to watch her cousin. So well, indeed, did she play her miserable part, that I could never find Mademoiselle d' Orange for one moment alone. All confidential conversation being thus interdicted between us, we resorted to writing; and soon found a safe medium for the conveyance of our correspondence. This medium was Mademoiselle Hanau, another companion of the young princess. Being the sister of the reigning landgravine of Hesse Cassel, with one of whose daughters the Electress of Brandenburg desired to wed her son, she was completely in the interests of De Tarente; and besides taking charge of his letters, kept him well acquainted with all that went on at the Hague.

Thanks to the obstacles thrown in its way, the suit of the Elector of Brandenburg progressed but slowly. Young Tremouille, therefore, rejoined the army, when the fighting season recommenced, with little anxiety. In the course of the campaign he met with an odd adventure. The troops were encamped in the neighborhood of Ghent, and the prince had charge of the outposts, where he discharged his duty with his usual scrupulous attention to minutiæ. "Returning one morning to my quarters," he writes, "I found that the brigade was on the point of marching away. I threw myself on my bed, dressed as I was, and slept about an hour; until, in fact, I was roused by a general blast of trumpets. No sooner were my eyes fairly open, than I saw the village curé enter the room. I learned from him that the plague was in the hamlet, and that the prince had just ordered it to be evacuated. He added that he verily believed the house in which I had taken up my quarters to be one of those infected, and that, if I thought fit to have it searched, I would find concealed therein the dead bodies of its late master and mistress, which the sudden arrival of the army had hindered their friends from interring. The curé was right. My servants pulled to pieces the bed whereon I had just been reposing, and there, stowed away in the mattress, they found the two dead bodies." The siege and capture of Hulst followed without any occurrence worth special notice. This closed the war for the year. The troops were then distributed in winter quarters, and De Tarente accompanied the Prince of Orange to the Hague; where, as he observes, he was destined to suffer much annoyance.

We must now go back a little. Shortly after the armies took the field, the Princess of Orange received a hint of her daughter's secret correspondence, and took measures to obtain a full acquaintance therewith. These measures were not very creditable; being, in fact, precisely such as are supposed to be confined to the scoundrels of our modern sensational novels. One day, during the heat of the fighting, Mademoiselle de Portugal, taking advantage of the temporary absence of her cousin, entered her apartment, attended by a clever locksmith. Certain locks were then carefully opened and as carefully refastened, after certain letters had been abstracted. The locksmith and the lady afterwards vanished, leaving not a trace of their handiwork behind them. The letters, of course, were handed over to the Princess of Orange; and she was not delighted with their contents. They revealed a state of things of which, up to

that moment, she had not entertained the slightest suspicion; and which threatened to interfere very seriously with her projects or the aggrandizement of her family. They gave evidence in every line that matters had gone as far between her daughter and her lover as they could fairly go. And besides, the letters were not flattering to herself. "In some of them," explains the writer, "I besought Mademoiselle d'Orange to make a confidant of her father, of whom she was the favorite child; in others I spoke of the ease with which I expected to obtain the consent of Prince William, her brother; and in one or two I complained sharply of the proceedings of the princess, her mother." In what spirit the latter perused these complaints we are not informed; but it is not difficult to conceive. She did not fly off into a towering rage; such exhibitions were foreign to her temper. She determined to have her "revenge" in another and more useful way, as we shall see. The princess handed the letters to Prince William, who received them with the remark, that he should know what course to take when he had gone through them with calmness. "His reply alarmed the princess," says De Tarente, "and she began to fear that he was a party to our purpose. Nor was she altogether mistaken. That night, when every one was asleep, the prince entered his sister's chamber. Thanks to the skill with which the theft had been effected, she was still ignorant of the loss of her letters. Prince William began with reproaching her for concealing our engagement from him. He told her that he was my friend, and that he would gladly assist us, provided she gave him her full confidence. Thinking that he spoke thus merely to obtain an avowal of her secret, she declared that he was mistaken, and that she had nothing to reveal. He pressed her again and again to be sincere; said that he knew more than she suspected; and repeated his offers to serve us if we would only allow him. 'But,' continued he, 'if you will persist in making me a dupe, I warn you that I will oppose you with all my power.' Nothing, however, that he could say had any effect on her obstinacy, and both growing angry, they parted with much bitterness. As the prince quitted the room, he drew one of my letters from his pocket and showed it to his sister. She ran to her drawers, discovered her loss, and then comprehended the full extent of her error. She sent her maid after her brother, who refused to return. Going straight to his mother he agreed to second all her views. When Mademoiselle d'Orange apprised me of what had passed, I blamed her for withholding from her brother the confidence he demanded. She, however, made light of his threats, never doubting but that she would be able to regain him by means of her friend, Mademoiselle Wilhelmine de Nassau, to whom he was tenderly attached." She was a little too sanguine! A member of the House of Orange was seldom known to abandon the side which he had deliberately taken.

On arriving at the Hague, at the close of the campaign, De Tarente was subjected to much annoyance. The Prince of Orange was reserved to him, the courtiers avoided him, and he was in a great measure excluded from the palace. An attempt was even made to remove him altogether, by giving him an uninviting command on the frontiers. This scheme, however, he met and vanquished with sharp decision. Taking advantage of his military position, he forced an interview with Frederick Henry. An explanation followed. He found that those who had stolen his letters had not scrupled to falsify them. An odious description had been given of many of them. Detached passages had been communicated to the Prince of Orange. Some of these were inventions from beginning to end, and to others such additions had been made as were considered most adapted to excite his indignation. "He cited two or three of these passages," says De Tarente, "which were not in my letters. I demanded that these letters should be produced, adding that if there could be found in them but one of the paragraphs of which he complained, I would consent, not only to forego his favor, but to suffer the most rigorous punishment he could impose." The Prince of Orange admitted the justice of the demand, and sent for the letters in question. Of course, he did not receive them, for the simple reason that they had never existed. This he saw very clearly, and completely exonerated De Tarente. The latter then spoke of his hopes. Frederick Henry heard him patiently, even with kindness. His reply was not encouraging, but neither was it a prohibition. "You are my friend and relative," said he, "and would not wilfully oppose the welfare of my house. You are aware of the offers that have been made for my daughter's hand, and you cannot be astonished if I should prefer one of these personages to even yourself."

The lover now endeavored to soften the princess. "But," he says, with a strength of expression unusual to him, "she spouted all her fire upon me. During the two long hours of our interview she spoke of nothing but steel and poison. Neither excuse nor submission could make the slightest impression on her. Her mildest and most consolatory remark was spoken as I quitted her. And that was, that she had not sufficient strength to vanquish her resentment; but that, should I change my conduct, she would beseech Heaven to give her grace enough to pardon me."

De Tarente next had an interview with Prince William, who received him in a way peculiar to himself. "Whenever I attempted to broach the matter I had at heart," sighs the unfortunate youth, "he interrupted me with some remark altogether irrelevant. I could never make him understand me. Our conversation was a tissue of shreds and patches; and when we separated, neither of us could remember a syllable of it, or had the slightest idea of what it was all about."

All the hopes of the lovers were now centred on the intrigues of the Dowager Electress of Brandenburg. The latter worked incessantly to effect a union betewen her son and the Princess of Hesse Cassel, but without success, because unseconded by Borsdorff. This gentleman, like all his class, was avaricious and corrupt. The highest bidder commanded him. His foible was well known, but her Highness of Orange was the only one who, in this instance, made any use of it. The result was that Borsdorff gave his fiat for the Orange alliance. And in meek obedience thereto, the great elector packed up his portable magnificence and betook him by comfortable stages to the Hague. Mlle. d'Orange vowed to hate him eternally. Her conduct did not falsify her vow in the slightest particular. She was positively rude to the suitor. The great elector, however, was neither fastidious nor sensitive. He was assured of the consent of everybody else of consequence, and he cared little or nothing for that of the lady. There was no shaking his purpose, no disturbing his solidity, no exciting a spark of generous or even ungenerous warmth in him. His heavy courtship was not to be defeated. It was calculated to sustain the wear and tear of the longest siege, and to exhaust the most obstinate resistance.

The campaign of 1645 opened. Ill at ease, De Tarente took the field with the Prince of Orange. The latter displayed unmistakable signs of insanity. He made the most astounding movements, and, indeed, showed himself quite incapable of conducting the most trifling operation. Now took place the singular scene described by Marshal Gramont. The marshal had been explaining his views respecting the projected siege of Antwerp, and the prince had heard him with great attention to the end. "Then," says De Gramont, "he took my hand and trotted me twice round the room without saying a single word. Coming to a dead halt, he exclaimed, 'My friend, if you would like to dance a "courante à l'Allemande" with me, now's your time, or never!'" Seeing at once that he had to do with a man beside himself, the Frenchman danced the *courante* to the best of his ability, made his bow, and withdrew. From that day forth the great warrior was nothing but a cipher.

The battle of his feelings had by this time laid De Tarente on a bed of sickness. And when his fever was at its height the Princess of Orange absolutely and literally forced her daughter to the altar.* "The ceremony," re-

* Thus, Louise de Coligny, grandmother of the princess, became the ancestress of William I., King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany. The victor of Sedan is the heir of the victim of St. Bartholomew's Eve. Singular!

marks the lover, "was a sad one. And it was rendered even more sad by the reluctance of the child, than by the malady of the father."

The last hours of that father were at hand, and De Tarente was a witness of them. It was he who, with the boldness of true friendship, first apprised the dying man of his danger. "He took my hand," relates De Tarente, "and wept. I introduced Gontals, a minister of Delft, who was in attendance. The prince then sent for his daughter, and told her that he died with regret because he had married her against her will. He survived a few hours longer, and breathed his last, regretted of all who knew him. His death deprived me of all wish to settle in Holland. I gave Mlle. d'Orange the advice of a true friend. I represented that she would render herself the most miserable woman in the world if she lived at variance with her husband. And I showed her that in her new home, surrounded as she would be by strangers, she could have no resource beyond his esteem." The new electress departed for Brandenburg, not very greatly edified. And a few months afterwards a damsel of Hesse-Cassel, — she who had aspired to the place now filled by the daughter of Orange, — was wedded with magnificent ceremonies to that disconsolate lover, Henri-Charles de la Tremouille, Prince of Tarente.

A FRENCH CLAIMANT.

THE following extraordinary case of successful imposture, although it occurred upwards of one hundred and seventy years ago, is sufficient to show not only how easily the unthinking portion of mankind may be induced to believe statements of the most preposterous character, and how readily they lend their support to claims which bear on their surface the marks of invalidity and falsehood, but also that men of acknowledged talent, whose whole lives have been passed in sifting and weighing evidence, may be duped by a clever, cool scoundrel, who is in possession of a retentive memory, and an unlimited stock of audacity and perseverance.

In most instances of criminal impersonation, an extraordinary resemblance between the genuine and *soi-disant* individual has first suggested and then supported the fraud; but in the case of Pierre Mêge, the hero, if he may be called such, of the following story, no such likeness existed. It would be difficult to find two persons more dissimilar, in face, form, character, and education, than the noble and cultivated Sieur de Rougon, and the ungainly and ignorant French soldier who undertook to act his part. Yet the impostor, in one court of law, gained his case, and entered upon the full enjoyment of the property, in the face of evidence which declared that the person he claimed to be was dead and buried.

Scipion le Brun de Castellane, lord of Caille and Rougon, was married, in the year 1655, to Mademoiselle Judith le Gouche. Both were Calvinists, and the husband was one of the most earnest members of that sect. Their place of residence was Manosque, a town in Provence; and their family consisted of five children, — three boys and two girls. The two younger sons died at an early age; but the elder brother survived until he was thirty-two. The baptismal register of the Calvinists having been lost upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the date of Isaac's birth could not be verified from this source; but any doubts on this point were set at rest by an entry in the journal of M. Bourdin, his grandfather, with whom Monsieur de Caille and his wife resided. This entry proves Isaac's birth to have taken place on the 19th November, 1664. In 1679, Madame de Caille died, and, by her will, she made her surviving son, Isaac, her heir, and gave her daughters legacies; leaving, however, a life-interest in the whole of her property to her husband, who determined to give his now only son an education suited to the position he was destined ultimately to fill.

On the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, the family were obliged to leave France, and settled at Lausanne, in Switzerland, canton of Berne. Here one of the daughters died in 1686, and the grandfather in 1690. In the year 1689, a law was passed in France giving to their nearest Catholic relatives the property of those Calvinists who were fugitives from the kingdom on account of their religion. Monsieur de Caille remained faithful, and preferred sacrificing his estate to abjuring his creed. His property was claimed by Madame Anne le Gouche, the sister of Madame de Caille, and the wife of M. Rolland, Avocat-général to the Supreme Court of Dauphiné. It was, however, ultimately decided that the estate should be divided. Property producing an annual rental of twelve thousand francs fell to a Madame Tardivi, another relative; whilst Madame Rolland's share brought in a rental of only two thousand five hundred francs.

Monsieur de Caille's eldest son, who was known as Monsieur de Rougon, appears to have been of very studious habits, and devoted himself to the study of literature and science. Indeed, severe application was supposed to have greatly aggravated the disease to which he ultimately fell a victim. He died of consumption, on the 15th February, 1696, at Vevay, in the presence of his father and others; having thus reached the age of thirty-two years.

On the death of her nephew, whom she had intended making her heir, Madame Rolland, who had no children, and who, it is to be remembered, remained in France, made over for the benefit of the poor of Manosque, the house which had been Monsieur de Caille's family residence, together with property producing seven or eight hundred francs a year; and gave as her reason for making this bequest, the death of Isaac le Brun de Rougon, her nephew.

In the month of March, 1699, a soldier (*soldat de marine*) appeared before Monsieur de Vauvray, *Intendant de la Marine* at Toulon, and stated that he was the son of Monsieur de Caille. His history, as he gave it, was as follows: He had always had the misfortune to be on very bad terms with his father, in consequence of his indisposition to study, and the preference he manifested for the Roman Catholic religion. His father had hated him; and at Lausanne, where the family had retreated, the ill treatment he had received became unbearable. In order to escape from his father's violence, the soldier alleged that he had fled the house several times, and at last he had been placed in close confinement. Through the assistance of a servant, he was enabled in December, 1690, to effect his escape; and to avoid recapture, and to be enabled to embrace the Catholic faith, he determined to return to Provence. On the road thither, he was captured by some Savoyard troops, who pressed him into the service; but he was subsequently taken prisoner by a portion of a French army, under the command of Monsieur de Catinat, to whom he divulged his real name, and by whom he was furnished with a passport to return to France. He then entered the militia of Provence; and one day, whilst on guard at the governor's house, his eyes fell on a silver bowl, bearing the arms of the De Caille family, which his father had sold with the rest of his plate, when leaving France for Switzerland. He was so moved by this circumstance, that he at once burst into tears; and on being asked the reason, said, "I have very good reason indeed to weep;" at the same time showing a seal, upon which the same arms were engraved, in order to show that he was nearly related to those to whom the piece of plate had originally belonged.

The militia having been disbanded, our soldier went to Marseilles, where he said he made the acquaintance of one, Honorade Venelle, the wife of Pierre Mêge, with whom resided her mother and her two sisters-in-law. The picture he drew of these women was far from complimentary. They were of doubtful character, and had not even the outward appearance of being respectable. With Honorade Venelle he formed a *liaison* of a criminal nature, — in fact, according to his story, it was arranged between them that he should, in the absence of her husband, impersonate him, and on all occasions should assume the character and act the part of Pierre Mêge. He did so. As Pierre Mêge, he had received and paid away money; as Pierre Mêge, he had settled money upon Honorade Venelle; as Pierre Mêge, he had enlisted for service in the galley *La Fidèle;* and as Pierre Mêge, he

had been discharged, on the force to which he belonged being reduced. In 1697, he again joined, — always under the name of Pierre Mêge; — and on his enlisting, he added the *sobriquet Sans-regret*, which the man whose name, the soldier alleged, he merely assumed, had, it was subsequently ascertained, made use of on five similar occasions.

Such was the story which this remarkable soldier gave of his antecedents. The name of the person who first brought him under the notice of Monsieur de Vauvray was La Violette, a carpenter by trade, but who at one time had been a valet in Monsieur de Caille's household; and about this time, there appears to have been a marriage arranged between the soldier and La Violette's sister; but this match was broken off, probably as being hardly in keeping with the character of one who claimed to be a scion of an old aristocratic French family. At all events, the proposed union did not take place.

Monsieur de Vauvray, the soldier's superior, who was a devout Catholic, considered it his duty to pave the way for his subordinate's admission to the true faith. He therefore laid the matter before the Jesuits: and the result was, that a short time afterwards he was enabled to be present at the formal abjuration of his *protégé*, made on June 10, 1699, in the presence of the Vicar-general of Toulon.

On this solemn occasion, the soldier stated that his name was *André d'Entrevergues*, son of Scipion *d'Entrevergues*, lord of Caille, and of the late Madame *Susanne* de Caille. He gave his age as twenty-three, and said he could neither read nor write. This apparently opened Monsieur de Vauvray's eyes; it at least aroused his suspicion, for he expressed himself unable to believe that the son of a wealthy man of rank should never have been taught to read or write, although he might, as he alleged, have quarrelled with his father on account of his lazy habits. The report of the abjuration was noised abroad. Monsieur de Caille was communicated with at Lausanne; and in answer he stated that *his* son, the Sieur de Rougon, had died, on Feb. 15, 1696; and a proper certificate of the death was forwarded to Monsieur de Vauvray. It now transpired that the name of Monsieur de Caille's eldest son was *Isaac*, and not *André;* that his mother's name was *Judith*, not *Susanne;* that his age would have been thirty-five, and not twenty-three, as he was born on Nov. 19, 1664, and finally, that the family name was *Le Brun de Castellane*, and not *D'Entrevergues*. Monsieur de Vauvray, interested as he had been in the temporal and spiritual welfare of the soldier, now thought it high time to have him arrested; and after a correspondence with the ministers of the king, he was handed over to the civil authorities, and lodged in Toulon jail. All depositions and documents bearing upon the case were ordered to be given up to the registrar of the criminal court. The soldier demanded that he should undergo an examination; and it was evident he wished to take advantage of scraps of information which he had only gained since his arrest. He now said that he had never known his right name, but that his father had invariably called him D'Entrevergues de Rougon de Caille; and he altered his age from twenty-three to twenty-five. He denied ever having seen or known his godfather or godmother, and affirmed that he was only six years old when he left Manosque; albeit it was well known to many that Monsieur de Caille's son was twenty-one when the family left their native country. He again declared he could neither read nor write; and alleged as a reason for never having learned, that his eye-sight had been too bad to admit of it. He neither knew the names of the streets of Manosque, nor the position of his father's house in that town; and he could describe none of the rooms in it. He said his father had three instead of five children. He could not describe the appearance of his sister. He knew neither the color of her hair nor her height. He said his father's hair and beard were black, and his complexion dark, and that in stature he was short and corpulent. Now, the Sieur had in reality brown hair, a red beard, and a pale face. The claimant could give no description of his aunt, Madame Lignon; yet she had lived with Isaac le Brun at Lausanne. He could neither describe the stature, features, or hair of his grandmother, who had taken refuge at Lausanne; nor could he remember whether there were other residents in the house where his father lodged at Lausanne, besides his family; and, finally, he knew nothing whatever about the friends and relatives of the family at Geneva.

The judge of the criminal court, before whom this examination took place, ordered that the depositions should be forwarded to Monsieur de Caille and the nearest relations. The soldier had them sent to Madame Rolland and Monsieur Tardivi, and even to many persons who neither held the estates nor knew any thing of the family. Madame Rolland answered by endorsing the statements made by Monsieur de Caille in reference to her nephew's residence in Switzerland, and his death on Feb. 15, 1696.

The criminal court now issued an order that the soldier should be taken to Manosque, and other places, and confronted with those who could speak positively to his identity one way or the other; but at this juncture Monsieur Rolland, who had come to Toulon on behalf of his wife, obtained permission to proceed against the soldier as Pierre Mêge, and accordingly this was done. Twenty witnesses swore that he *was* Pierre Mêge, the son of a convict in the galleys; and some of them said they had possessed an acquaintance with him extending over twenty years. Others, with as great a certainty, swore that he was *not* Isaac, the eldest son of Monsieur de Caille, with whom they had been fellow-students.

It might have been supposed that this evidence would have utterly disconcerted any impostor. But the countenance of the soldier expressed little besides firmness and courage; and many saw only in his calm and self-collected manner a determination to win back his own in spite of every thing, and notwithstanding the fact that appearances were, for the time, greatly against him. He demanded that he should be confronted with Monsieur Rolland in the presence of his judges. He charged that gentleman with having attempted to poison him whilst in jail, and he succeeded in thus exciting the sympathies of the public in his favor. Finally, he demanded that the order of the court, that he should visit the places where Isaac le Brun was known, should be carried out. After much delay, he was taken to Aix, and on the road, an attack, instigated, the prisoner alleged, by Monsieur Rolland, was made upon him by three men, who put a pistol to his head, and tried to compel him to escape; and his keeper swore to the truth of this statement, and said that he had to come to his rescue. This part of the story was never thoroughly cleared up; but at the time it certainly strengthened the soldier's case.

Monsieur de Caille, who, it must be remembered, was all this time in Switzerland, and unable to attend the trials personally, on account of the laws against Calvinists in France, signed a deposition on Jan. 6, 1700. He simply affirmed that his son Isaac died on Feb. 15, 1696, and that, being neither bereft of the common feelings of humanity nor of those of a father, he should have requested his relations to inquire into the matter, had he any cause whatever to doubt the fact of the occurrence; but as he had seen his son die, such a doubt did not exist. Monsieur de Caille at the same time gave full power to an attorney to prosecute the impostor for a criminal offence, before the supreme court of Provence.

By an order of the court, the prisoner was then removed to Toulon, to be tried, and to receive a final sentence. This decision did not appear to disconcert him in the least. He always expressed himself with certainty as to the ultimate result of the trial, and said he was sure that if his father, the Sieur de Caille, could see him, he would recognize him, and that parental tenderness would lead him to own him. Those around him saw no signs of wavering, no hesitation, no nervousness, nor any mark of imposture.

At his trial, however, which was proceeded with at Toulon, he maintained a most rigid silence; and his cause had to be read out, as for one who was in reality dumb. This behavior was no doubt greatly against the prisoner, but apparently did not affect the issue of the case. He was charged with impersonating a man who was dead — in it-

elf a capital offence; but he appealed from the whole riminal proceedings, and demanded that he should be llowed to prove before the parliament of Provence who he as. After further delay, this was allowed. Both sides et vigorously to work to collect evidence. The soldier as taken to Manosque, to Caille, and to Bougon. Many ersons recognized him as Isaac de Castellane; and after hese journeys, which were almost triumphal in character, he soldier had found upwards of one hundred witnesses ho were prepared to swear to his desired identity.

On the other hand, Monsieur de Caille's side undertook o prove: First, that his eldest son died on Feb. 15, 1696; econdly, that the soldier was not his son; thirdly, hat he was Pierre Mêge. Monsieur Rolland tried hard to nduce the parliament to delegate the powers of a magistrate *in partibus* to some one resident in Switzerland, who hould take the depositions of witnesses in reference to the esidence and death of Isaac le Brun, at Vevay, as it was wing to this weighty evidence not having been given beore a judge of the French courts, that it had not been leemed fully admissible; but this course was violently pposed by the soldier's counsel, and the case was brought o a conclusion without Monsieur Rolland having gained is point. The soldier renewed his attacks upon Monsieur Rolland; accused him of tampering with the depositions, nd brought experts, who swore that the alterations were n his handwriting; charged him with erasing other porions with corrosives; accused all his witnesses of perjury; nd, by the aid of his own band of followers, he was, after ifteen sittings, and another examination, declared to be the on of Monsieur de Caille.

The public joy at this decision was immense. Merchants nd shopkeepers, farmers and laborers, alike left their work, and added to the dense throng that had assembled round the court and choked up its approaches since the arly morning. The judges were drawn home by the mob; nd it was as much as one of them could do to prevent hem carrying him off on their shoulders.

Three weeks afterwards, the soldier married the daughter of Monsieur Serri, a physician who had furnished the expenses of the trial; and the young lady being related to three of the judges who had given their votes in favor of her husband, it was alleged that a knowledge of the proposed alliance had influenced them in their decision. However this may be, the soldier obtained Monsieur de Caille's property. His first act was to drive forth the residents in Madame Rolland's private poorhouse, which had originally been his father's residence. This was particularly noticeable, because, on a visit he had paid some time previously to this institution, he had remarked, when looking up at the windows, "You are within, whilst I, the heir, am without; still I will not unhouse you." A short time afterwards, the soldier had his picture engraved, with these words under it: —

ISAAC LE BRUN DE CASTELLANE,
Seigneur de Caille et de Bougon.
Aged 37 years in 1707.

Below, again, were verses, of which the following is a free translation: —

Since childhood's days, my life was dearly bound
By Fate's capricious chains, which gall and wound.
Away from me my natal right they'd keep,
Who deemed me helpless in the grave-bound sleep;
But Heaven, defender of my injured right,
E'en through the tempest, points the port in sight.

Monsieur Rolland was ruined by the adverse judgment, but did not give up the struggle. He at once took the necessary steps to obtain a reversal of the decision, and obtained leave to bring the matter before the King's Council; and he was strengthened in his hope of ultimately gaining the day by the fact that Honorade Venelle, the wife of Pierre Mêge, who had kept silence during the trial, now came forward, and positively declared the soldier to be her husband, to whom she was lawfully married in 1685. Such a declaration, however, giving, as it did, the lie direct to the judges' decision, induced them to order her immediate arrest; and she was confined in jail at Aix. On the case coming before the council, Monsieur de la Blinière appeared for Monsieur Rolland and Monsieur Sylvain for the soldier; the result being that the judgment of the Provençal parliament was reversed by a majority of thirteen members, and the case ordered to be sent before the parliament of Paris.

This reversal wrested the property from the hands of the soldier, and a favorable termination to another and entirely new trial could alone restore it to him. He had, however, gained one grand point. His life was no longer in danger, as the French law did not admit of any one being twice put on his trial for the same capital offence, and the decision of the judges of the parliament of Provence, given in his favor, after criminal proceedings had once been commenced against him, removed him from a position of great peril.

The scene of the struggle was now removed to Paris, and it was before the parliament of that city that the case was to be more fully investigated and a final conclusion arrived at. The counsel employed on behalf of the soldier was again Monsieur Sylvain, and, in addition, Monsieur Terrasson, who was well known at the French bar as an able and eloquent lawyer, and an upright and conscientious man. Monsieur de la Blinière again appeared for Monsieur Rolland.

There probably never was a case in which such hard swearing and counter-swearing took place, or where the counsel on either side appeared more thoroughly convinced of the righteousness of the claims of their respective clients.

On behalf of the soldier, it was urged that his steady, uniform adherence to his story, throughout the case, was greatly in his favor; and it was denounced as absurd to suppose that a man without brains, education, money, or any kind of resources, would have dared to take a name to which he was not justly entitled. It was argued that such a proceeding would require powers of intellect and memory that would have been nothing less than superhuman. The soldier's marriage with Mademoiselle Serri was adduced in his favor; as it was pointed out, with some apparent show of reason, that he would not have been fool enough to have married again whilst his first wife was alive, and thus run the risk of a second criminal prosecution should she choose to give evidence against him. Numberless witnesses again gave testimony in his favor. Esprit Martine deposed that she had nursed Monsieur de Caille's son, and had weaned him. Her account of what he was like tallied exactly with what the soldier then was. She detailed the scars which Isaac le Brun had upon his body, and similar marks were found upon the soldier. She swore positively that they were one and the same person.

Catherine Regnière also swore to having nursed Isaac, and said she recognized him the very moment she set eyes upon him, upon which occasion she had been unable to restrain her tears. She gave a clear description of the various cicatrices which Isaac le Brun had on his body, and concluded by swearing that the soldier was the same being she had nursed.

Catherine Pierron, another nurse, recognized him by his eyes, his thin legs, his matted hair; and she swore in an equally unhesitating manner to his identity as Isaac le Brun de Castellane.

Louise Maudette, in whose care Isaac had been placed after he was weaned, also gave an account of the scars which the soldier bore, and declared she recognized him as Isaac by his cheek-bones, which were "just like those of the boy she had once charge of."

Monsieur de Mongastin, among many others, declared that, after putting a great number of searching questions to the soldier, his answers satisfied him that he was the man he claimed to be.

Twenty-four servants swore to his identity; and a host of other witnesses, without saying positively that he was the son of Monsieur de Caille, testified to the remarkable resemblance he bore to that person. According to these witnesses, Isaac le Brun de Castellane had always promised

to be tall. He had a slouching figure, with large, bony, and prominent shoulders. He was pot-bellied. His skin was white; his hands were long and clammy. His legs were the same size all the way down, and in addition he was knock-kneed. He was very thin, and had a sickly and delicate complexion; but want and toil had served to harden him. He was ugly, and very disagreeable; his head was buried between his shoulders. His hair was coarse, black, and lank. His face was long; his forehead projecting and irregular. His eyes were small, deep-set, and watery. His temples and cheek-bones were large, and his cheeks were hollow. His nose was flat, his chin sharp; his mouth large, and filled with black and ugly teeth. Naturally, his complexion was pale, and he rouged his face, to avoid looking like a corpse. His voice was like a woman's. His appearance contemptible. The general expression of his face was idiotic. He had the manners of a clown, and the gait of a fool. He had a scar on the left eyebrow, caused by a stone thrown at him; scars beneath both eyes, produced by the incision of a lancet. At his birth, his ears were attached to his head at the outer edges in such a manner as to make it necessary to separate them with a razor. He had marks of scrofula on his neck and legs, and a tumor beneath the knee, which had been punctured thrice. As a child, his great toe was lanced for inflammation, caused by the nail growing into the quick. His nurse had cauterized his left leg. At the back of his head there was a large pointed bone, which protruded in a very remarkable manner. His father, grandfather, and uncle, had each a similar peculiarity, which, indeed, was hereditary in his family. Finally, the son of Monsieur de Caille resembled his mother chiefly in his nose and the lower part of his face. He resembled Mademoiselles le Gouche and St. Etienne, his cousins; but above all, he was like Madame de Lignon, his aunt, and Mlle. la Coulette, his cousin. Such was the description of his person. As to his mind, he was, it was alleged, stupid, and rarely spoke without making some silly remark. It was found impossible to teach him either to read or to write. He was brutal, passionate, quarrelsome, without feeling, and always ill-treated children of his own age. He had a cringing aspect, and the manners of a groom, and fled from the society of respectable people to enjoy that of scoundrels.

This description was flatly contradicted by Monsieur Rolland's witnesses; and the soldier's counsel urged that, as Monsieur Isaac de Castellane could not have two noses, two mouths, in short, two faces and two bodies, his was the right portrait. Witnesses were brought who stated that Monsieur de Caille was never at his son's death-bed at all. Others swore that Isaac never could read or write; and to show that this was nothing extraordinary, several instances were cited of persons of good position who were then in the flesh whose education had been left in the same deplorable condition. Other instances of persons who had forgotten to read after they *had* learned were proved, in order to meet the evidence of those who appeared to remember that Isaac's learning had reached thus far.

Many witnesses swore that the soldier in no way resembled Pierre Mêge, in stature, features, complexion, or voice. The attacks upon Monsieur Rolland were resumed. He was denounced as a mendacious conspirator, in league with the other members of the family. The evidence in the depositions of Monsieur de Caille was ridiculed as being utterly worthless, coming from a man who had fled from his country as a heretic; and it was urged that the majority of his relations were not to be believed for similar reasons.

On the other hand, Monsieur de la Blinière's witnesses knew nothing whatever of the numerous peculiarities said to have been visible in and upon Isaac le Brun. According to their testimony, Monsieur de Caille's son had fine eyes, a well-formed nose, a small rosy mouth, a remarkably well-formed face, and a beautiful complexion. His figure was slight, but firmly and compactly built. He carried himself well, and had a most pleasing expression of countenance. His manners were winning, and his disposition kind. He was a man of high character, and extremely liberal-minded. He was well-informed, full of wit and vivacity, yet at the same time gentle and unassuming. He spoke French perfectly, and was devoted to the exercise both of body and mind. He was much attached to his own profession of faith, — was pure in morals, fair in his dealings. In fine, he was a scholar, gentleman, and Christian.

Four of Isaac's tutors deposed to his having learned to read and write, and to his having studied Greek and Latin at college. Duly attested certificates, signed by the French minister at Geneva, from five different professors, set forth that Isaac le Brun had attended their lectures at Geneva during three years. As it had been urged that he had forgotten to read and write, Monsieur de la Blinière pointed out that the soldier had denied ever having been able to learn to write.

With regard to the proofs of Isaac de Castellane's death, certificates were produced from the magistrates at Vevay, establishing the fact. Other depositions were also forwarded, after having been authenticated by the authorities of Berne and the Marquis de Puysieux, the French ambassador in Switzerland; amongst others, those of Monsieur le Sage, the minister who attended Isaac le Brun on his death-bed; of Monsieur Second, in whose house he lived; of the doctor, surgeon, and chemist who attended him; of the watcher who had been placed over his body, and who had laid it out; of the undertaker who had prepared the corpse for burial, and placed it in the coffin; and of several others who had attended the sick man during his last illness, and who had subsequently followed him to the grave. Monsieur de Caille further obtained the evidence of twenty-nine other witnesses, who had known the deceased at Lausanne, and who gave an accurate description of the illness that had eventually carried him off, and of his general appearance. Three of Isaac le Brun's aunts gave similar evidence; and the vicar of the parish of St. Louis at Grenoble deposed that he was present when Madame Rolland received the news of her nephew's death in 1696. This was the principal evidence brought forward in proof of the death of Isaac le Brun; and certainly most people would consider it sufficiently convincing; and in the end it proved so. Other proof, however, was forthcoming to show who the soldier in reality was; and this was subsequently placed beyond doubt. Honorade Venelle came forward and swore unhesitatingly that Pierre Mêge was her husband, whom she had married in 1685, and with whom she had cohabited until 1699. Her reasons for keeping so rigid a silence since she first heard of her husband's villanous proceedings were perfectly valid and comprehensible. Had she attempted to verify his statements, her position would have been that of *particeps criminis;* on the other hand, had she given information as to who he really was, she would in effect have been signing his death-warrant, and she determined to let things take their course, the more so as her position as a married woman was not imperilled until the marriage of Pierre Mêge with Mademoiselle de Serri. Her evidence, coupled with that of many other witnesses, established the identity of the soldier as Pierre Mêge, who had enlisted seven times in the French army; against whom a warrant for violence against a clergyman had been issued; who had three times abjured his religion; and who had been guilty of many other vile actions.

In this extraordinary case, which stands at the head of the French *causes célèbres*, no less than three hundred and ninety-four witnesses, who had almost all seen and known Isaac de Castellane, were examined on the impostor's side. Of these, one hundred and ten either swore positively that the soldier was the son of Monsieur de Caille, or that they believed him to be such. Of these one hundred and ten witnesses, twenty said that the impostor resembled Madame Rolland, although not the slightest likeness existed between the two. Sixteen were convicted of falsehood out of their own mouths. One extraordinary fact was elicited during the trial: the journal of Monsieur Bourdin, Isaac de Castellane's maternal grandfather, contained an entry of the names of the five different nurses who had attended his grandson when a child; and these did not correspond with either the Christian or surnames of those examined during this trial; and it was proved

that one of them, Martine Esprit, could only have been seven years old at the very time she swore she suckled Isaac le Brun.

On behalf of Madame Rolland, one hundred and eighty-four witnesses were examined: of these, thirty-eight swore that the soldier was not the son of Monsieur de Caille; seven, at the Toulon trial, swore the same. All these witnesses agreed with those at Lausanne and Vevay, in their description of Isaac le Brun. One hundred and thirty witnesses swore that the soldier was Pierre Mêge, whom they had known — some fifteen, others twenty, and, again, others twenty-five years. At the Toulon trial, nine gave similar evidence. They showed themselves to be thoroughly conversant with his history to the most minute details. Many of his comrades and superiors in the army, never doubted for a moment that he was the same Pierre Mêge; in fact, on all sides, from those who had known him well, and those who knew but little of him, the cry came that he was no one else but Pierre Mêge.

It is to be observed that the whole of the members of the family of De Caille rejected the soldier as an impostor from the very first. Only one relation, who had never seen Isaac le Brun, said he believed in him; but this statement was afterwards withdrawn. Amongst the witnesses of the soldier, there were twenty beggars, subsisting on charity at Manosque, and sixty workmen and peasants, who were unable to read or write. Amongst the witnesses on behalf of Madame Rolland, more than two-thirds were burgesses, lawyers, gentlemen, or clergymen, many of whom had studied with Isaac le Brun.

On the 17th March, 1712, thirteen years from the date upon which the impostor first came forward, the supreme court of Paris decided that he was not the son of Monsieur de Caille, but was Pierre Mêge. He was again thrown into prison; but the unfortunate Mademoiselle Serri, with whom the impostor had gone through the ceremony of marriage, after the absurd decision of the Provençal Parliament, commenced a suit, conducted by Monsieur Jylouin, in which she sought to obtain an order to oppose the judgment, which made her marriage illegal. This delayed a prosecution for bigamy against Mêge, which was to have been at once proceeded with; but before Mademoiselle Serri's case had been terminated, death had summoned him before a higher tribunal.

Although it is difficult, within the prescribed limits of a magazine article, to give a faithful account of such a protracted trial, we have endeavored to do so. Much of the evidence has, of course, necessarily been omitted, together with the able speeches of the counsel; but enough has been said to show that boldness and effrontery are principally needed for successful imposture, and that the clearest and most unimpeachable evidence is sometimes scarcely sufficient to combat successfully the fraudulent designs of those who possess such qualities.

DANGER FROM LIGHTNING.

When we hear that so many persons are struck by lightning in the course of a year, we are apt to regard the danger from lightning as greater than it really is; and thus the feelings of awe and terror which many experience during the progress of a thunder-storm are too often increased. In reality, the danger to which we are exposed during such storms is far from great, more especially in towns. It is well that this should be known, because the effects produced on persons of nervous temperament by the vivid flashes of lightning and the resounding peals of thunder, are sufficiently painful, without that additional and even more distressing terror which the apprehension of real danger commonly produces. Instances have been known of death being occasioned by the dread which a thunder-storm has excited, when the seat of danger was in reality several miles away.

There are, however, persons, not otherwise wanting in courage, who experience an oppressive sense of terror — apart from the fear of danger — when electrical phenomena are in progress. The Emperor Augustus used to suffer the most distressing emotions when a thunder-storm was in progress; and he was in the habit of retiring to a low vaulted chamber under ground, under the mistaken notion that lightning never penetrates far below the earth's surface. Maj. Yokes, the Irish police-officer, — a man whose daring was proverbial, — used to be prostrated by terror during a thunder-storm. We cannot doubt that, in these instances, nervous effects are produced which are wholly distinct from the fear engendered by the simple consciousness of danger.

We have said that the danger is small when a thunder-storm is in progress. If we consider the number of persons exposed during a year, in England, to the effects of lightning-storms raging in their immediate neighborhood, and compare with that number the small number of recorded deaths, we shall see that the *probability* of being struck by lightning is very small indeed. The danger we are exposed to in travelling along the most carefully regulated railway, is many times greater than that to which, under ordinary circumstances, we are exposed when a thunder-storm is raging around us. Yet, in cases of this sort, men do not reason according to the doctrine of chances; nor, indeed, is it desirable that they should. There are measures of precaution which, small though the danger may be, it is well to adopt. In a railway-carriage, it would be foolish to let the mind dwell upon the danger to which we are in reality exposed, since we can do nothing towards diminishing it. But it would be as unreasonable to neglect precautions in the presence of a heavy thunder-storm, merely because the danger of being struck is small, as it would be to neglect the rules which regulate powder-stores, merely because the instances in which fires have been caused by carrying cigar-lights in the coat-pocket, or by wearing iron on the sole of the boot, are few and far between.

We have mentioned one precautionary measure adopted by the ancients. The notion that lightning does not penetrate the earth to any considerable depth, was in ancient times a wide-spread one. It is still prevalent in China and Japan. The emperors of Japan, according to Kæmpfer, retire during thunder-storms into a grotto, over which a cistern of water has been placed. The water may be designed to extinguish fire produced by the lightning; but more probably it is intended as an additional protection from electrical effects. Water is so excellent a conductor of electricity, that, under certain circumstances, a sheet of water affords almost complete protection to whatever may be below; but this does not prevent fish from being killed by lightning, as Arago has pointed out. In the year 1670, lightning fell on the lake of Zirknitz, and killed all the fish in it, so that the inhabitants of the neighborhood were enabled to fill twenty-eight carts with the dead fish found floating on the surface of the lake. That mere depth is no protection, is well shown by the fact of those singular vitreous tubes called fulgurites, which are known to be caused by the action of lightning, often penetrating the ground to a depth of thirty or forty feet. And instances have been known in which lightning has ascended from the ground to the storm-cloud, instead of following the reverse course. From what depth these ascending lightnings spring, it is impossible to say.

Still, we can scarcely doubt that a place under ground, or near the ground, is somewhat safer than a place several stories above the ground floor.

Another remarkable opinion of the ancients was the belief that the skins of seals or of snakes afford protection against lightning. The Emperor Augustus, before mentioned, used to wear seal-skin dresses, under the impression that he derived safety from them. Seal-skin tents were also used by the Romans, as a refuge for timid persons during severe thunder-storms. In the Cevennes, Arago tells us, the shepherds are still in the habit of collecting the cast-off skins of snakes. They twist them round their hats, under the belief that they thereby secure themselves against the effects of lightning.

Whether there is any real ground for this belief in the protecting effects due to seal-skins and snake-skins, is not

known; but there can be no doubt that the material and color of clothing are not without their importance. When the church of Châteauneuf-les-Moutiers was struck by lightning during divine service, two of the officiating priests were severely injured, while a third escaped, — who alone wore vestments ornamented with silk. In the same explosion, nine persons were killed, and upwards of eighty injured. But it is noteworthy that several dogs were present in the church, *all of which were killed*. It has also been observed that dark-colored animals are more liable to be struck (other circumstances being the same) than the light colored. Nay, more; dappled and pie-bald animals have been struck; and it has been noticed, that after the stroke, the hair on the lighter parts has come off at the slightest touch, while the hair on the darker parts has not been affected at all. It seems probable, therefore, that silk and felt clothing, and thick black cloth, afford a sort of protection, though not a very trustworthy one, to those who wear them.

The notion has long been prevalent that metallic articles should not be worn during a thunder-storm. There can be no doubt that large metallic masses, on or near the person, attract danger. Arago cites a very noteworthy instance of this. On the 21st July, 1819, while a thunder-storm was in progress, there were assembled twenty prisoners in the great hall of Biberach jail. Amongst them stood their chief, who had been condemned to death, and was chained by the waist. A heavy stroke of lightning fell on the prison, and the chief was killed, while his companions escaped.

It is not quite so clear that small metallic articles are sources of danger. The fact that, when persons have been struck, the metallic portions of their attire have been in every case affected by the lightning, affords only a presumption on this point, since it does not follow that these metallic articles have actually attracted the lightning-stroke. Instances in which a metallic object has been struck, while the wearer has escaped, are more to the point; though some will be apt to recognize here a protecting agency rather than the reverse. It is related by Kundmann, that a stroke of lightning once struck and *fused* a brass bodkin worn by a young girl to fasten her hair, and that she was not even burned. A lady (Arago tells us) had a bracelet fused from her wrist without suffering any injury. And we frequently see in the newspapers accounts of similar escapes. If it is conceded that in these instances the metal has attracted the lightning, it will, of course, be abundantly clear that it is preferable to remove from the person all metallic objects, such as watches, chains, bracelets, and rings, when a thunder-storm is in progress. If, on the other hand, it is thought that the lightning, which would in any case have fallen towards a person, has been attracted by the metal he has worn, so as to leave him uninjured, the contrary view must be adopted. Mr. Brydone considers that a thin chain attached in the manner of a conductor to some metallic article of attire, would serve in this way as an efficient protection. Our own opinion is, that, in general, metallic articles belonging to the attire are not likely to have any noteworthy influence, but that such influence as they do exert is unfavorable to safety. We may agree with Arago, however, that "it is hardly worth while to regard the amount of increased danger occasioned by a watch, a buckle, a chain, pieces of money, wires, pins, or other pieces of metal employed in men or women's apparel."

Franklin recommends persons who are in houses not protected by lightning-conductors, to avoid the neighborhood of the fire-place; for the soot within the chimney forms a good conductor of electricity, and lightning has frequently been known to enter a house by the chimney. He also recommends that we should avoid metals, gildings, and mirrors. The safest place, he tells us, is in the middle of a room, unless a chandelier be suspended there.

His next rule is not a very useful one. He recommends that we should avoid contact with the walls or the floor, and points out how this is to be done. We may place ourselves in a hammock suspended by silken cords; or, in the not unlikely absence of such a hammock, we should place ourselves on glass or pitch. Failing these, we may adopt the plan of placing ourselves on several mattresses heaped up in the centre of the room. We do not think that such precautions as these are likely to be commonly adopted during a thunder-storm, nor does it seem necessary or desirable that they should be. We have not even the assurance that they greatly diminish the danger. A stroke of lightning which fell on the barracks of St. Maurice at Lille, in 1838, pierced the mattresses of two beds through and through.

That glass is a protection from lightning is an opinion which has been, and perhaps still is, very prevalent; yet there have been many instances tending to prove the contrary. In September, 1780, Mr. Adair was struck to the ground by lightning, which killed two servants who were standing near him. The glass of the window had not only offered no effective resistance to the lightning, but had been completely pulverized by it, the frame-work of the window remaining uninjured. Again, in September, 1772, lightning pierced through a pane of glass in a window on the ground floor of a house in Padua, "making a hole as round as if drilled with an auger."

It seems to have been established that if a thunder-storm is in progress, a building is in more danger of being struck when many persons are crowded within it, than when few are present. This points to the danger of the course sometimes followed by the inmates of a house during a thunder-storm. They appear to think that there is safety in society, and crowd into one or two rooms, that they may try, by conversation and mutual encouragement, to shake off the feeling of danger which oppresses them. They are in reality adding, and that sensibly, to any danger there may be. "There is," says Arago, "a source of danger where large assemblages of men or animals are present, in the ascending currents of vapor caused by their perspiration." Like water, moist air is a good conductor of electricity, and lightning is attracted in the same way — though not, of course, to the same extent — by an ascending column of vapor, as by a regular lightning-conductor. It is on this account, probably, that flocks of sheep are so frequently struck, and so many of them killed by a single stroke. Barns containing grain which has been housed before it is quite dry, are more commonly struck by lightning than other buildings, the ascending column of moist air being probably the attracting cause in this case, as in the former. When we are overtaken by a thunder-storm in the open air, precaution is more necessary than within a house. It is well to know, especially when no shelter is near, what is the most prudent course to adopt.

It has been stated that there is danger in running against the wind during a thunder-storm, and that it is better to walk with than against the wind. One should even, it is said, if the wind is very high, run with the wind. The *rationale* of these rules seems to be this: a current of air is produced when we run against the wind, the air on the side turned *from* the wind being rarer than the surrounding air. A man so running "leaves a space behind him in which the air is, comparatively speaking, rarefied!" Lightning would be more likely to seek such a space for its track than a region in which the air is more dense. An instance is recorded in which, during a gale, lightning actually left a conductor which passed from the mast of a ship to her windward side, in order to traverse the space of rarefied air on the ship's larboard side.

It is quite certain that trees are very likely to be struck by lightning, and, therefore, that it is an exceedingly dangerous thing to stand under trees in a storm. No consideration of shelter should induce any one to adopt so dangerous a course. The danger, in fact, is very much greater when heavy rain is falling, since the tree, loaded with moisture, becomes an efficient lightning-conductor. For similar reasons, it is dangerous to seek the shelter of a lofty building (not protected by a lightning-conductor) in a thunder-storm. One of the most terrible catastrophes known in the history of thunder-storms occurred to a crowd of persons who stood in the porch of a village church, waiting till a thunder-shower should have passed away.

In the open air, when a heavy thunder-storm is progressing, and no shelter near, the best course is to place one's

self at a moderate distance from some tall trees. Franklin considered a distance of about fifteen or twenty feet the best. Henley also considered five or six yards a suitable distance in the case of a single tree. But when the tree is lofty, a somewhat greater distance is preferable.

The reader need hardly be reminded, perhaps, that the necessity for taking these precautions only exists when the storm is really raging close at hand. When the interval which elapses between the lightning-flash and the thunder-peal is such as to show that the storm is in reality many miles away, it is altogether unnecessary to take precautions of any sort, however brilliant the flash may be, or however loud the peal. It must be noticed, however, that a storm often travels very rapidly. If the interval of time between the lightning and the thunder is observed to diminish markedly, so that the storm is found to be rapidly approaching the observer's station, the same precautions should at once be taken as though the storm were raging immediately around him. So soon as the interval begins to grow longer, it may be inferred that the storm has passed its point of nearest approach, and is receding. But the laws according to which thunder-storms travel are as yet very little understood; and it is unsafe to assume that because the interval between flash and peal has begun to increase after having diminished, the storm is therefore *certainly* passing away. It must be in the experience of all who have noted the circumstances of thunder-storms, that when a storm is in the neighborhood of the observer, the interval between the flash and the thunder-peal will often increase and diminish alternately several times in succession. It is only when the interval has become considerable, that the danger may be assumed to have passed away.

FOREIGN NOTES.

At Milan a dramatic novelty, entitled "Beethoven," has lately been performed with success.

A Vincennes photographer advertises: "Babies taken and finished in ten minutes;" which is rough on the rising generation.

Victor Hugo is to receive a franc and a half a line for his new romance, "Peuple Souverain."

The death of Señora Bonita Moreno, in a village in Estramadura, at the age of eighty, is announced. She and her sister were the *prime donne* who introduced Italian operas into Spain.

In its news from the Diamond Fields, the *Cape Standard* says that diamonds are drugs now, and that drugs are diamonds: that is to say, a very small quantity of quinine is worth a big precious stone.

The *Illustrirte Zeitung* states that for the prizes instituted by King Ludwig for the best dramatic work, to be performed at the Munich Volkstheater, fifty-one pieces have been sent in.

Mr. Disraeli is said to be at work upon another novel, which will be published before the close of the season.

It is said that Mr. Swinburne has written a poem on the death of Mazzini, which will appear in one of the April magazines.

Five of the leading Paris publishers are making efforts to secure the copyright of "The Memoirs of Talleyrand," which will shortly be given to the world, and published in five languages simultaneously.

The following is the balance-sheet of the Cairo Opera for the season just passed: Receipts, 277,000 francs; expenses, 1,000,000 francs; deficit to be made good by the Khedive, 723,000 francs. Opera doesn't pay in Cairo.

The author of that wonderfully successful child's book, "Alice in Wonderland," and of the equally popular one published this year called "Through the Looking-glass," who writes under the name of "Lewis Carroll," is Canon Lightfoot, of Christ Church, Oxford.

Charles Reade and Anthony Trollope are at work on a humorous drama for one of the London theatres. The subject chosen for dramatizing is Mr. Trollope's "Ralph the Heir," which was published in *St. Paul's* about a year ago. There is one superb comedy character in the novel, — Mr. Neefit, the tailor.

At Geneva, this summer, on the occasion of the Congress of Schoolmasters, to be held in that city, July 27 to Aug. 5, there will be exhibited a collection of school manuals, maps, plans, globes, school furniture, and other materials used in the work of instruction, not only in Switzerland, but in other countries as well.

At Paris they are seeking to repair the loss of the library of the Hôtel de Ville, burned during the last days of the Commune, by collecting a new one at the Musée Carnavalet. This is said to contain already a great many works, among which are as many as two thousand volumes relating to the Franco-German war, and the communal insurrection.

Rizk Allah Hassoun Effendi, the well-known Arabic poet, author of the "Tarîkh al Islâm," &c., has established a printing-press in England, for the production of standard Oriental works. The types, which have all been cut under Hassoun Effendi's personal supervision, are very elegant, and much more simple than those ordinarily in use.

The world can boast of at least one man who was insensible to political ambition. An old sergeant-major named Leroy died lately at Lyons, after refusing to avail himself of an opportunity to become a legislator. Leroy was elected for Lyons in 1849, but would not accept the mandate, preferring the less dangerous but more tranquil occupation of a gardener, which he fulfilled to his death.

At a sale at the Hotel Drouot, of the collection of stringed instruments left by the late M. Durand-Dubois, an undoubted Amati-violin was sold for 810 francs, and a magnificent alto, by Stradivarius, for 4,800 francs. This last had been brought several years back from Italy by M. Tarisio, a dealer well known to the luthiers of Paris and London, and was purchased from him by M. Vuillaume, the violin-maker, who disposed of it to the late owner, now deceased. The present possessor is M. Maulaz, an amateur, of Paris, well known for his extensive accumulation of fine instruments.

A good story is told of M. Taine. Max Muller, it is said, went to the dining-room of a hotel in Oxford, and there saw Taine sitting with a dish of roast beef and vast quantities of buttered toast. The learned German was surprised at the combination, and at the large quantities of the toast. "Is that a French dish?" he asked. "No," said Taine; "but they keep on bringing it to me, in spite of all I can say to the contrary." "What did you ask for?" observed his friend. "Why," replied Taine, "I keep telling them to bring *pottertos*, and each time they bring me a fresh dish of toast." Mr. Taine's pronunciation of "potatoes" was so much like "buttered toast," that the astonished waiter could not be blamed.

The treasures of Notre Dame, which already comprise a number of precious objects, are about to be increased by the addition of a veritable historical relic, in the shape of the cossack worn by Monseigneur Darboy on the day of his death. It is a violet vestment, well worn, stained with dirt and blood, and showing distinctly the marks of bullets. The curious, who visit the church of Notre Dame, may now see the cassocks of the three archbishops of Paris, who died by assassination, — of Monseigneur Affré, killed on the barricade of St. Antoine; of Monseigneur Sibour, killed in the

church of St. Etienne du Mont; and of Monsigneur Darboy, killed in the prison of La Roquette.

ALL Paris is at present laughing over a clever smuggling device which the vigilant French *octroi* men have just detected. The heavy duties on spirits have of course made the smuggling sisterhood (most of the smuggling nowadays is by women) doubly eager to bring into Paris an extra quantity of the precious liquors; and this they have accomplished in a most ingenious manner, viz., by wearing zinc corsets," provided with rotundities which can easily contain four or five gallons of brandy." For a time the trick succeeded admirably; but at length the officers began to be suspicious of the magnificently developed busts, which contrasted oddly in some of the ladies with the "inadequate necks and faces." A staff of female searchers was enrolled, and the cheat discovered.

ONE of the most striking features in French political persecutions is their surprising thoughtlessness. "Alarmed," says a Paris paper, "by the number of Communalists who have been set at large, the Préfecture de Police has just decided that all men having taken a part in the insurrection of 1871, shall be debarred from exercising the professions for which a police license is needed; such as cab-driver, commissionnaire, scavenger, hawker, &c." It is difficult to perceive what can be the object of such an order as this, unless it be to drive the liberated men into rebellion again. By all accounts, the Communalists do not find it very easy to get employment in private houses; but if they are to be prevented from earning their bread honestly in public careers, what is to become of them? It looks as if M. Thiers hoped to settle the "question sociale" by starving all the troublesome classes into emigration.

PROF. HEINRICH WEISHAUPT, of Munich, author of several treatises on lithography, and one of the inventors of chromolithography, he having produced the first chromolithographs in Germany, at the time when Engelmann was doing the same thing in France, writes as follows to a gentleman of this city, who sent him some specimens of the publications of L. Prang, & Co.: "These exquisite productions of American color-printing, from the world-renowned establishment of Mr. L. Prang, are of very great interest to me; and I have seen from them that they do indeed by far excel the best European color-prints. It is obvious that this process has reached the highest summit of its development in America, and in view of such perfect reproductions of oil paintings it only remains to be wished, that the classical works of our most eminent German and other painters be widely distributed by these means, so as to aid the cause of general intellectual culture, and of a true love for art." Prof. Weishaupt being an expert in these matters, his testimony is certainly very flattering to L. Prang & Co., and ought to convince all who persist in lauding European chromos and decrying those published by the firm just named.

SPEAKING of Dr. Shelton Mackenzie's "Life of Scott," the London *Spectator* remarks: "The enthusiasm of our friends on the other side of the Atlantic about some of the literary celebrities of 'the old country,' is giving us some very good books. Such is a work which we noticed two or three months ago, — Mr. Hunnewell's 'Lands of Scott,' — and such, though of a less elaborate kind, is the volume before us. It gives, taking Lockhart's life as its basis, in a moderate compass, as good a biography of Scott as we have seen. The criticism is appreciative, without being extravagant; and the writer avoids the idolatry of his subject, which is the too common fault of biographers. At the same time, he has carefully collected all available materials, employing some that have not before been published." "Dr. Shelton Mackenzie," says the Liverpool *Daily Post*, in quoting the above paragraph, "was formerly connected with the Liverpool press, and is now the editor of one of the most distinguished newspapers in Philadelphia. He excels all the men we ever knew in his perfect knowledge of modern literature and modern authors. He knew the whole story of both minutely; and, when necessary, he could relate the facts connected with them succinctly, forcibly and elegantly. As we knew him well, we are delighted to see from this notice that he still retains, in great perfection, his intellectual vigor."

A FRENCH inventor has patented an apparatus for swimmers; but we think that any frog might bring an action against the man for infringement of a device secured to the batrachians by endowment of nature. For the hands he has a large membranous fin, which is held in its place by loops passing over the fingers and a strap around the wrist. The surface presented to the water by these fins is so large as to add greatly to the effectiveness of the strokes of the arm, but not so large as to exhaust the muscular power. Their effect is to reduce very much the effort required to swim without them. But the greatest ingenuity is displayed in the form and fitness of the fins for the legs, which are attached to the ankles, and are so formed that they act upon the water, both in the movement of bringing the legs together and throwing them back. They act so finely in "treading water," as swimmers call it, that one can really walk, if not on the water, at least in it. The difference between swimming with this apparatus and without it, is very much like the difference between rowing a boat with the handle and the blade of an oar. The old swimmer has no trouble in using the fins at first trial, and is surprised to find with what ease he can swim without exhaustion. He easily swims twice as fast with the apparatus as without it, and he can sustain himself for hours upon the water, or swim miles with it.

THE WIND IN THE STREET.

A COUNTRY wind is in the street;
'Tis blowing soft, 'tis blowing sweet;
How fresh it falls on cheek and eyes!
'Tis kissing us from paradise.
Oh, it has travelled sea and height,
On thymy flowers, the red and white,
O'er golden gorse, and rosy bells
That spread their splendor to the dells;
It slumbered all a perfumed night
On hundred hues of blossoms bright;
And shook its wings in glowing skies
Where lost in blue the planet dies;
And sped away to farm and fold,
All touched with morning's early gold.
It rustled through the leaf-hung deeps
Where'er the shy-eyed squirrel leaps,
And out on grass and plough in line,
With song of birds and low of kine;
And now 'tis in the mist blue street,
But newly thronged with passing feet!
Why blows it here so light and glad
On many a forehead dark and sad?
It is that God's immortal love,
From radiant plains in heaven above,
Has suddenly, in pity, come
To visit man's o'erwearied home,
And breathes a breath of hope and life
On scenes of sorrow, care, and strife.

BURNETT'S COLOGNE WATER wins for itself a favorite place on the dressing-table.

A COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT, requires immediate attention, as neglect oftentimes results in some incurable Lung Disease. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will almost invariably give relief.

READ what Mr. H. G. Parker, editor *Saturday Evening Gazette* says about "WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA."

THE first hotels in the country and the most respectable restaurants use, as their guests require it, the famous HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE. It is conceded to be the finest relish for the table.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1872. [No. 17.

ENGLISH WEDDINGS, AND WEDDING PRESENTS.

IT is a matter of unquestionable notoriety, that all marriages are made in heaven; and it is equally certain that the beautiful descriptions of them, which we read, must be due to celestial correspondents. Such choice of words, such felicity of arrangement, such grace of epithets, could not emanate from any inferior source; and the future historian will best gather from these chronicles the condition of the English language in our day, and the manners and customs of those who spoke it. We shall not, perhaps, be accused of unnecessary repetition, if we call attention to the subject. The sun is shining, and peculiar interest is excited. The bridegroom is accompanied by his friend, who is officiating as groomsman, and who is qualified by frequent service for the efficient discharge of the multifarious duties which are attached to the position. At precisely thirteen minutes and a half past eleven they alight at the church, saluted by the acclamations of the crowd, the excitement of the bystanders, and the symphony of bells. When the door is opened, four and twenty perpetual curates and prebendaries, deans and archdeacons, begin to assist one another. The scene increases in interest, until the climax is reached, when the bride enters, leaning on somebody's arm, and supported by her bridesmaids, supplied with jewelry by a neighboring firm, which thus has the good fortune to secure eight advertisements of its goods. The religious ceremony is performed with peculiar solemnity, unbroken, save by the fidgeting of the groomsman; the benediction is pronounced, and on repairing to the vestry, the formalities of registration are gone through, — a part of the ceremony which is often described in language worthy of Burke. After this, the party repair again to a mansion or residence, where a sumptuous *déjeûner* is prepared, and numerous covers are laid; a mysterious but interesting process. It is here that English oratory is displayed to its best advantage; and graceful tributes are paid on all sides, characterized by good taste, by brevity, and fluency. The peer forgets his pomposity, and the fact that nobody listens to him elsewhere; the groomsman feels that the lightest part of his duties has come, and all regret the close of his remarks. At precisely four minutes past two the bride and bridegroom take leave of their friends, and seek the seclusion of a country-seat.

Meantime, the "friends" separate, and the correspondent is enabled to furnish those advertisements which all read with interest, if not with excitement. The enumeration of the presents and of the names, both of their eminent manufacturers and of their donors, fills columns, and affords invaluable opportunities for fine writing. The "members of the domestic household," called sometimes by profane and illiterate people servants, contribute something difficult to carry, and impossible to pack. It is interesting to know that the flowers were not the production of nature, but were expressly supplied for the occasion by the floral manufacturer; nor is the name of the pastry-cook wanting, who made the indigestible compound termed a "bride-cake." A few years more, and we shall be told the incomes of the guests, their ages, and the construction of the ladies' petticoats. It may be that publicity is thus ostentatiously given to the names of those who contribute towards the future *ménage* of the happy couple, in order that the standard may be raised, and that the donor of a water-bottle may shrink from appearing in the same list with the donor of a diamond bracelet. That aim, however, has not yet been realized, and the list of objects is as varied, and as free from all connection with each other, as the words which make up a page of Johnson's Dictionary. The company is a medley one; sugar-basins and aneroids, an antique pair of bellows, the Zoölogical Gardens faithfully represented in ormolu, a musical-box, a sketch mounted as a fan, fifty travelling articles to make locomotion impossible, a basket of snowdrops, and nine addresses on vellum, congratulating the bridegroom on the examples he has to imitate and on the wisdom of his choice, quite unreadable from the magnificent flourishes with which the initial letters abound, and signed by the schoolmaster and schoolmistress in behalf of the scholars. Were the bride and bridegroom endowed with ostrich-like digestions, they might find some use for these articles. As it is, they often prove the most unmitigated nuisance, a misery alike to him who gives and to him or her who receives. It occasionally happens that the announcement of an engagement, instead of recalling the fact that two people are perfectly certain of being happy for life, that the cares of this world are over for them, and that a beautiful account of their marriage will appear in the newspapers and enrich the literature of the country, only suggests the painful thought that a present must be given, and, in order to be given, must be bought. To explain the grounds for this impression would be impossible; a slight relationship exists between the victim and one or other of the engaged pair, and the persons about to marry are going to live in London, possibly in a large house; it may be that the intending giver received at some former period a perfectly useless and now blackened object, too dirty to make its appearance again in the world of rubbish, and that he feels bound to reciprocate the attention. "Human nature," says a great authoress, "is so well disposed towards those who are in interesting situations, that a young person who either marries or dies is sure of being kindly spoken of." Whatever may be the cause, the dilemma remains the same. Much mental agony is undergone, increasing as the interval before the marriage becomes shorter. Some prudent persons have a stock of objects always on hand, one of which they forward upon receipt of the intelligence; and thus they may have the good fortune to send the first of the fifteen inkstands which follow. She who hesitates is lost; now helplessly bemoaning her condition, now peering uneasily into shop-windows, and finding that every thing costs seven pounds, when she is prepared to spend only four. Her sense of her unfortunate position daily grows in intensity, and she may next be seen sitting in a shop, with a choice selection in front of her, amongst which are a blotting-book covered with excrescences of brass like a portmanteau, a miniature helmet, two shepherdesses of modern Meissen, a silver-gilt machine for brushing away crumbs after breakfasting in bed, a gentleman in ormolu looking into a windwill about the same size as himself and of the same material, both containing cavities in their insides for matches, the discovery of which would occupy a lifetime. What a choice is here! The biggest fool of her acquaintance has just ordered the silver-gilt machine, which costs thirty pounds, so she takes the windwill with a sigh of relief, and sends it as a little object to remind her friend of the happy hours they have spent together.

Her friend sends in return a little note, assuring her that she will always value it, reflecting that it is a just requital for the ormolu porcupine stuffed with pins which she had presented on a previous occasion. But the donor and the windmill are not destined to lose sight of one another just yet. It is bad enough to see the rubbish in the shop, but there is some excuse for the production of these costly and worthless trifles. What the dogs are in the East to the streets, the givers of modern wedding presents are to the trade, — the scavengers of refuse; what is too dirty, too useless, too ugly for other purposes, they absorb; but it is too hard to be called upon to look at it again when exposed to view in the drawing-room of the unfortunate girl whose future life is to be spent, or supposed to be spent, in its contemplation. There are entertainments of divers kinds and degrees of dulness; but the entertainment which is given for the display of the objects we have described is without an equal. Neatly arranged upon the tables in symmetrical order lie these specimens of English taste, "several hundreds in number," slips of paper being attached to them recording the names of the givers. Here the lady and the windmill meet once more, regretfully perhaps, for some kind friend announces that she only gave two pounds for the candlesticks opposite; another has picked up something for thirty shillings, which produces a sublime effect, and the name of the shop where similar objects can be procured is whispered in secret. There is a pleasing equality evinced in the display; her Grace and the housemaid think the same thing "beautiful," and probably spend the same amount of money upon the object of their admiration.

The custom of giving wedding presents, as it now exists, is a social tax which, though paid by every one, is only paid grudgingly and on compulsion. It represents neither affection nor interest, and is not productive of the smallest profit to any save the tradesmen whose wares are sold for the purpose. Its counterpart can only be found in the custom which existed a short time ago of giving leaving-books at Eton. The fashion was exactly analogous; little boys gave them to big boys, to whom they always had been, and to whom they continued in after life, complete strangers, subscribing themselves their "sincere friends on their leaving Eton." The head-master submitted to the custom at a smaller cost; wise in his generation, and being an elegant classic, he had published, or privately printed, a quarto edition of some Latin author, which, it is needless to say, nobody ever wanted, and no one ever bought. This peculiarly useless volume was exchanged for the sum of ten pounds, deposited in some corner of the room by the boy who was bidding good-by, whence it was generally supposed that the head-master ultimately took it. This pleasant mode of escaping the tax was, unfortunately, not open to those who paid for the leaving-books presented by their sons to their sincere friends, and who not unnaturally considered that the annual expenditure of fifteen or twenty pounds was hardly compensated by the possession of some scores of soiled copies bound in yellow calf. What these books are to the library, wedding presents are to the ordinary furniture of a house. What is to be done with the windmill? Should the first opportunity be seized for getting rid of it, there is the risk that its donor will tenderly inquire after it. It cannot be given away after the lapse of six months; for its color is gone, and it looks as if it might have been present at Hilpah's wedding to Shalum. The poor thing eventually finds a shelter and a home in some spare bedroom of a country house, where damp and dust hasten its decay. Sometimes it is destined to a harder fate. One swallow does not make a summer, and the gift of a wedding present does not insure the celebration of a marriage; the engagement may very possibly be broken off, and one of the consequences is the return of the windmill to its unhappy and original possessor, whose feelings on its re-appearance we forbear from commenting on. If the State would include wedding presents among the assessed taxes, and fix a definite sum to be paid at the beginning of each year, great relief would be experienced; the government would, of course, realize a profit, and a large sum would still remain to be distributed as marriage portions. The present inequality would be remedied; for, as it is, those who never marry at all (and their number is daily increasing) receive no return for their original outlay; but on the institution of the tax this need no longer be the case. Single women, on attaining the age of forty-five, might, on condition of subscribing a declaration setting forth the extreme improbability of their marrying, and their aversion to that condition, receive the sum to which they would have been entitled on marriage. Widows, on the other hand, would get nothing under any circumstances, being exhorted to remain contented with the ormolu of the first marriage. During the interval before the adoption of this plan we have but one remedy to propose. Surely the old shoes which are now so lavishly thrown away at the departure of the bride and bridegroom, are capable of conversion into some valuable substance; which cannot be predicated of wedding presents. Let, therefore, the next "groomsman" set a bright example, and deserve well of society and the oppressed; as the carriage starts, let a shower of aneroids, barometers, bellows, candlesticks, vases, mosaics, and antiques, gracefully fall and flutter around it. Thus we feel sure that a "peculiar interest would be excited," while the struggles of the crowd to possess objects which to their inexperienced eyes might seem capable of being exchanged for a shilling would give additional animation to the scene. The prevalence of this custom might be expected to modify to some extent the present fashion, the chief compensation for which must be found in the advantages which result from a study of the pages of the *Court Journal*.

THE PRIZE-FIGHTERS AT HOME.

THE recent "gallant fight in the London district," which has resulted in the death of one of the boxers, reminds one of the details of a few visits paid within the last six months to a well-known haunt of the Fancy. This establishment was constantly advertised in certain sporting journals. The proprietor had been in the ring himself, before he sought the dignified retirement of a public-house in a back alley. The manner in which the special attractions of the tavern were announced was quite artful in its open-hearted hospitable terms. There was a promise of unlimited glove battles between the "Bermondsey Slasher," the "Teddington Tiler," and other well-known practitioners of the noble science. Add to this, the attraction of music, in the shape of "Mr. Horner, of mandolin celebrity," and surely there was every thing to be had at "The Blue Goat" that a gentleman of sporting tendencies could desire, in order to pass an agreeable evening. The bar of "The Blue Goat" is very unpretending in its furniture. You see no wonderful wigs there, no stately waitresses, no lavish display of golden cordials and colored glasses. The lady behind the counter of "The Blue Goat," is rather rough in style and vigorous in air; she draws the beer with a muscular tug, she administers the gin with a business-like haste, which gives no encouragement to her customers to converse with her. Passing by the bar, you enter the drinking and musical *salon* of the "Goat." If you have arrived early, say eight o'clock, the place is comparatively deserted, save by mine host, who sits, not at the top, but at the side of the room, in a chair resembling the retreat into which a hall-porter retires when not on active duty. Mine host does not strike you as having much of the bull-dog look about him. On the contrary, he wears his nose like ordinary people, nor is his forehead villanous, or his jaw square. He is conversing in a low tone to a very red-eyed, spindled man, who never misses an evening here, and who is a bootmaker, chiropodist, and admirer generally of the Ring profession. It is only common courtesy for you to exchange a greeting with mine host, and to invite him to drink. You glance at the decorations of the apartment. It is a perfect Valhalla of defunct dogs, who have been famous for killing rats. They are hideous creatures, for the most part, and are not

improved by the glare of the gas upon their fierce, prominent glass eyes.

The door opens, and a man enters with a half apologetic, sneaking gait, taking off his hat, and slinking into a corner. Mine host glances at him, and beckons him up. "You may have a pot, Jack," he says: "there'll be a job for you to-night;" whereupon Jack is silently and respectfully grateful; and when the drawer brings the pewter measure, he retires with it again, in the meekest fashion, to the end of the room. "Good man, sir, is Jack," remarks the ex-bruiser: "he's gettin' a little stiff now, but he's handy enough for the most of them yet." A question elicits the information that Jack is of the Ring, but can very seldom have a chance now in consequence of the expletive police, and the expletive difficulty of getting gentlemen, as they used, to come forward to back him. He made his living by sparring, mostly, and "doing housework by the odd job." Jack — in full, let us say, they call him Jack the Slogger; for by an analogous title is he at this moment distinguished — didn't seem to be a person who would command a householder's confidence to the extent of being intrusted with odd jobs on the premises; but that he might engage voluntarily in a little night-work on a back-kitchen window of a suburban villa, appeared highly probable. He was exceeding clean, and shorn and shaven with a completeness that imparted to his cheek the look of the jowl of a pig on a hook in a shop. His eyes were ferrety and furtive, his ears small and pointed; he had huge hands, and a big frame; but there was the drayman's puffiness in his frame, the puffiness brought on by scanty food and plentiful beer. The next arrival was a gigantic soldier of the Guards, a superb specimen of an animal, with a pair of eyes as soft and innocent as those of a cow. Then follows Prof. Brown (Professor of Physical Culture), and a whole string of good company. "You see that gentleman, sir," remarks the host in a solemn whisper to me: "that gentleman is Prof. Jones, the cleverest man with his daddles that ever stood in the ropes." The professor did not strike me as a Hercules: he was rather dwarfed in stature, indeed, and limp and narrow-shouldered in build; but his hands were as long as the hands of a gorilla, and the professor had won his repute by his faculty for "painting a face," as an operation of the Ring is playfully termed,— the said operation implying a power in the artist to slash and score his adversaries' visages, while his own length of reach prevents reprisals. Soon after the entrance of the professor, the "mandolin celebrity," who had been drinking stout with the soldier, began a prelude upon his instrument, which he twanged with some skill and considerable emphasis. He was called upon by the chairman for a song, and struck up at once a Christy Minstrel ballad, which was loudly applauded. It was then, it would seem, the custom for any one to offer to oblige; and Tom Nobble, facing the president of the evening, volunteered. Tom was as like an illustration out of a book of the typical fighter, especially the illustration of the "Chicken," in "Dombey and Son," as any thing could be like another. Before he commenced he was asked by the pugilistic cobbler what he would wet it with; and having decided upon wetting it with gin and water, of all songs in the world, he chose for performance "Let me kiss him for his Mother." There was something half ludicrous, half pathetic, in the countenance of Mr. Nobble, his eyes squinting aloft at a sentimental angle, his voice harsh and hard, as he asked to be permitted to kiss him for his mother, to touch his youthful brow, etcetera. The audience were respectful, attentive, and evidently pleased with the text of the ditty. Now, this is a curious fact, and may be stated for what it is worth, in mitigating our contempt and disgust for the boxers and their calling. About a dozen songs were sung in the course of the evening, and every one of them was of a perfectly harmless and innocent kind. The comic ballads of the music-hall were evidently not in vogue or in favor with the Ring. "The Wearing of the Green" was given in excellent voice and point by an Irish railway porter, who is a sparring notoriety; and an individual of that class, occasionally described in the papers as possessing an "American appearance," repeated, or rather delivered, a dozen verses in the Southern States interest, with a correctness of elocution that was indeed remarkable. This gentleman was an emissary, I understood, from the New-York Ring to the London Centre.

"Now, sir, if you follow me up stairs, we'll have a few games with the gloves," — and accepting the invitation at once, we walk after the host or president, whose chair is occupied by the man of "American appearance." Up stairs, one was ushered into a part of a chamber divided from the main apartment by a large bench. Inside the bench were two men stripped to the waist, with boxing-gloves on their hands, attended by the fighting cobbler and Tom Nobble. I was supposed to occupy a state box; for before business commenced, five or six rather fast *viveurs* about town entered the enclosure, which was so placed as not to be visible to the gallery or pit attached to the narrow arena into which we looked. The men with the gloves were Jack the Slogger and the Guardsman. They shook hands, or rather gloves, with each other; "time" was called by Jack, and the bout commenced. At first it consisted in little more than dodging and feinting; but the Slogger having managed to plant a very neat blow on the jaw of his antagonist, the latter warmed to his work, and both "got together," and had so vicious a tussle of it that there was tremendous applause from the spectators. This went on for four or five rounds; and at the fifth or sixth, at the word, "Finish this time, my lads," from the experienced Mr. Nobble, there was a tremendous display of energy indeed, both combatants snorting and snarling like angry mastiffs, and looking as if they would wish to try conclusions in another place. At the conclusion of the performance — the fight was won by the soldier — the winner threw his hat or cap on the floor first, and his late adversary followed suit. The "swells" cast to the gladiators shillings and florins or sixpences, and a thin drizzle of copper descended from the region of the vulgar. The money was gathered up by the soldier; and going down to the lower room immediately afterwards, I saw him amicably dividing the spoil with his adversary, though the good faith of the encounter was evident enough in the puffed lips and swollen eyes of the late combatants. There were seven or eight sets of similar exhibitions, with little or no variety except the excitement caused by the constant "slipping down" (falling when he had no right to fall) of a black boxer, and the awkwardness of a tyro who caught a dreadful glove-pummelling from a dexterous youth. The sufferer was constantly advised "to stop the next 'un with his head" by the outside spectators. It could not be said, on the whole, that there was any thing absolutely bad or vicious in the quality or conduct of the evening's entertainment, from first to last. But we must bear in mind that it is in such places that the fights are started and promoted, and it is to be regretted that "gentlemen" should frequent them, and be induced perhaps to subscribe for a sum to enable a couple of the Fancy to contend with clenched fists. Indeed, the personages present at the display here shortly described were just of the type and class of Connor and Callis. What greatly tends to support the Ring, even as it is supported on its last legs, is the recognition of it still as a sport or pastime. In a weekly journal, for example, I read the following, under the inscription of "Gallant fight in the London district, between Tom Callis and Jack Connor, for fifty pounds:" —

Round 18. Connor, determined not to let his opponent have any peace, set about him viciously, and quickly fought him down with both hands 19. Callis was getting weak; and seeing this, Connor rushed at him, and delivering some stingers with both hands, sent his adversary to grass in doublequick time.

This is a part of a spirited and animated record of the first act of the prize-fight; the second instalment of which concluded by the catastrophe which recalled to my mind an evening at "The Blue Goat."

THE PORTUGUESE IN AFRICA.

THE knowledge which the ancients had of Southern Africa was soon lost to the world; and up to the time of the conquest of Northern Africa by the Saracens, its eastern shores had not been visited by Europeans beyond the Straits of Babelmandeb, and on the west they had sent no ship farther south than the limits of Mauritania. For six centuries after the occupation of North Africa by the Saracens, naval enterprise was almost unknown to Europe; but during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Portuguese and the Spaniards made themselves famous by maritime adventures. It was Prince Henry of Portugal, a nephew of our own Henry IV., who stimulated and directed this spirit of daring in his countrymen. At the beginning of the fifteenth century, this prince, while engaged with his father in an expedition against the Moors of Barbary, obtained information which led him to think, first, that the boundaries of the Portuguese dominions might be greatly enlarged by the acquisition of territory in Western Africa; and, second, that a new way to India might be found by sailing round Africa, and so might be secured for Portugal the vast stores of wealth which had hitherto been at the exclusive command of Genoa and Venice. And, in 1415, he sent out an expedition consisting of two small ships to western Africa, and thus inaugurated that wonderful series of geographical enterprises which terminated in the exploration of the whole coast-line of Africa, and the discovery of the long-sought passage to India. The prince did not live to see these great deeds accomplished: he died in 1463, and it was not until 1498 that Vasco de Gama reached the coast of Malabar, and thus won a reputation amongst navigators only second to that of Columbus.

By the achievements of De Gama and his predecessors in this "great drama of discovery," and by the conquests of Alberquerque, and others who succeeded him, the Portuguese obtained vast possessions, both in Western and Eastern Africa. The southern portion of the continent they did not occupy; for then, as now, it was eminently an agricultural country, peopled by tribes of rude hardihood; and it offered, therefore, but few temptations to men who were urged by a desire to obtain power, and to make wealth speedily; but in the east and the west they were supreme. Nor were their possessions confined to the coasts. By degrees, they obtained much land and important positions in the interior, partly by pushing forward their military establishments as opportunities offered, but chiefly through the instrumentality of their missionary priests, whose patriotic ardor was not less than their religious enthusiasm, and who, while striving for the conversion of the natives, were equally zealous for the aggrandizement of the Portuguese throne and nation. And for a time, it seemed as though Portugal would rise to the height of her grand opportunity, and build up in Eastern and Western Africa great colonial empires. But the present position of the Portuguese in Africa affords an illustration of the sad results of opportunities neglected and power abused, perhaps without a parallel in the world.

Of the Portuguese in Western Africa I have no personal knowledge: but from information which I have received from Dr. Livingstone, and others who knew them, I am very sure I do them no wrong by saying, that in no respect do they differ from their countrymen on the other side of the continent; and their personal acquaintance I have been privileged to make.

In Eastern Africa, the Portuguese profess to hold the whole coast from Delagoa Bay to Cape Delgado, and important establishments and towns which extend for hundreds of miles inland along the course of the River Zambezi. Theoretically, their form of government is excellent. There is a governor-general of Mozambique, having under him the governors of Quillimane and Inhambane, on the coast, and Sena, Tete, and Zumbo, on the Zambezi; and subordinate to them are lesser notabilities, — Commandos they are called, — who occupy positions as rulers of districts that have not yet been raised to the dignity of provinces. In alliance with these officials there are said to be judges and magistrates for the due administration of law, and a sufficient military force to protect the colonists from the incursions of the tribes of the interior. The instructions which the governors, major and minor, receive from Portugal, express in high-flown language the most exalted sentiments. Never were the blessings of civilization and Christianity more eloquently set forth; never was the duty of extending such blessings to the barbarous heathens more urgently enforced. The laws are faultless. True, they recognize the right of the Portuguese to enslave the Africans, when moved thereto by the necessity of the colony; yet the provisions which regulate the conduct of the master towards the slave are so admirably framed with reference to the well-being of the slave, that by them the slaves are shown to be far better off in all things than their brethren who are not in bondage. Theoretically, nothing can be better than the position, the policy, and character of the Portuguese in Africa. Take the account which they give of themselves, and you could but say of them, Here is a highly-civilized and Christian people; the worthy possessors of a glorious heritage, potent for good, great in that spirit of enterprise which makes light of difficulty and overcomes danger, using their grand capacity to develop the resources of the land, and to raise in the scale of humanity the barbarous races that have been brought under their power or within the scope of their influence.

And now for my experience of them.

When Livingstone brought the River Zambezi, and its suitability as a commercial highway to the interior, before the world, the Portuguese promptly declared that they were its legitimate guardians; and that they had established at its mouth a military force, a custom-house, and all other appliances of civilization, for the protection of their rights and the encouragement of commerce. When I entered the Zambezi this is what I saw: a flag-staff, from which flaunted the flag of Portugal; a rectangular house, that would have been dignified by the mistaking it for an English cow-shed; and a few huts, such as the natives build. Of buildings, domestic or governmental, nothing more. The house was for the officer in command; the huts for the common soldiers, and such other people, male or female, as belonged to the settlement. The military consisted of Senhor A., the officer in question, a Portuguese sergeant, and six natives, who were dressed in blue cotton uniforms, and armed with old muskets. I did not at first meet with Senhor A.; but when I made his acquaintance, he did honor to himself and his government by donning his uniform and parading his troops. The display was so amusingly absurd that I could scarcely refrain from laughter. The Senhor's perceptive faculties were large: he saw my difficulty, he divined its cause, and instead of resenting it, he sympathized; for after he had dismissed his soldiers, he held out his hand, and said, "You are amused at what you see. Well you may be. If I were not what I am, I should be amused too. The position is very absurd." Before I left the country, I saw much of this man. He was a gentleman by birth, and had been well educated. He knew something of Latin and Greek, spoke English, French, and Italian fluently, and was a fair mathematician. But he was a ruffian according to common report. In Portugal, by his reckless disregard of the conventionalities of life, I heard that he gained for himself an evil reputation; and to escape more unpleasant consequences had been obliged to migrate to Africa, where he was hated and shunned. I have, however, no reason to think that he was worse than many in Portugal, who, with more discretion, managed to keep position; and in most things I found him infinitely the superior of the majority of his countrymen in Africa. His great offence with them was that he spoke of things as he knew them to be. He prided himself upon this, and on one occasion said to me, "I am a blackguard, it is true; but in that I do not differ from my countrymen in this vile land; we are all blackguards together. But in one thing I do differ from them: they pretend to be better than they are; they are humbugs, hypocrites, all you like that is mean. I am not with them there. I hate humbug, and it

is natural that humbugs should hate me. I care not. I take their hate as a compliment to my greater integrity."

From this man I obtained much information upon the position which his countrymen now occupy in Africa. In reply to my inquiry as to what hold they had upon the land, he said, "Upon the land we have no hold. We have a few important positions on the coast, and a few unimportant places on the Zambezi; beyond that, nothing. Mozambique is our capital; in itself it is strong: for defence, it is impregnable against all assaults from natives; and it might be as powerful for offence, but it is not. We are powerless beyond the precincts of the city. We cannot venture inland twenty miles from Mozambique, without the consent of the natives. They are once more the masters of the soil, and they shut us up at will in our stronghold. Quillimane is better placed: the tribes about are more docile, and we are more free to move at our pleasure from thence. Yet our power is but small; and, were it not for the barrier which the Zambezi interposes, Quillimane would soon be destroyed by the Landeens (a branch of the Zulu Kaffir race), who keep all on this the south side of the river in a state of terror, and impose tribute upon us at will. Inhambane is always in peril from the natives: we cannot keep a foot of ground beyond it. Sena is in ruins; Tete is powerless; and at Zumbo you will but find the site of what was, in the days of our prosperity, a considerable town."

I inquired of the position of the Commandos, who were said to govern the land in those parts that were not immediately under the cognizance of the more regularly constituted authorities; and his reply was, "Humbug again! There are certain men, it is true, who have made themselves powerful, here and there; but, with one exception, they are in the position of rebels. There is Senhor V., for instance, who inherited from his father some money, and more than a thousand slaves. He is a man of enterprise; and, not being content with the ordinary life of Quillimane, he armed many of his trustworthy slaves, and made an expedition towards Angoxa. He had to do some fighting; and, being better armed than the natives, he did not fight in vain. He gained territory, built himself a stockade, and, by force and by fraud, has become a great man. His will is law; and his followers obey him, and only him. But he has no wish to break with the government, and the government has no wish to break with him. He has free scope to do as he pleases; and the land he may gain is formally secured to him and to his successors for three lives, free from all taxation. This transaction is recorded in the archives of the government as another triumph of law and order, as another proof of the greatness of Portugal; whereas V. is irresponsible; he does as he will; and if he were to die to-morrow, as his influence is purely personal, the old state of things would again prevail; our authority would not be recognized in any way. V. is not a rebel, but the others who are said to occupy his office are; and they are the centres of a state of things which realizes hell upon earth. There is Mariano and Belchioro. (It was Belchioro's marauders who murdered Capt. Faulkner last year.) They are infamously notorious. They live amongst slaves, and the natives whom they have subjected to their will, and who now pander to their desires. They outrage all law, human and divine, unchecked. They plunder the tribes, and they destroy where they are resisted. Their quest is ivory and slaves, by means of which they procure from their agents in Quillimane and Mozambique, who are generally government officers, wine and spirits, and such other things as their vices and wants make necessary. Sometimes they quarrel with one another, when they are near neighbors, or encroach upon each other's preserves; and then they urge on their fighting-men, as your countrymen, I am told, urge on bull-dogs, to tear and destroy one another; and the daily strife of these slave partisans keeps the whole country in turmoil, and ultimately depopulates it, — for both parties plunder and make slaves of the natives. The fact is, these Commandos are the captains of slaving and robbing hordes. They do incalculable mischief, and they make havoc of the land. Through them good government is impossible, for they keep the country, far and wide, in a continual state of anarchy and bloodshed."

Of course, it is only in such a land as that, and where slavery had thoroughly demoralized the people, white and black, that such a state of things could exist. Inordinate self-will, and all the worst vices which can infest humanity, almost invariably are manifested in men who dare to regard their fellow-men as property, in the same sense that we do a horse or a cow. I can quite imagine, however, that at no time was slavery in our own colonies, or in the Southern States of America, so utterly brutalizing in its effects as in the Portuguese African colonies; for, of all the forms of slavery which have cursed mankind, that which is constituted by the Portuguese in Africa, their philanthropic declamations to the contrary, is the most brutal. And before I left Senhor A., I had a very fair illustration of the truth of this. One day I saw him superintending the punishment of a slave-boy, whom he kept to wait upon him, and who had been guilty of some act of disobedience. The punishment was severe; it was a whipping, inflicted by a strong man, — the Portuguese sergeant, in fact, — with a three-thonged whip, each thong consisting of a plait of three strips of buck-hide. I remonstrated with the Senhor upon the brutality of this punishment. He took it in good part, but maintained, as a principle which cannot be set aside, that, wherever slavery is, the discipline, even under the best of masters, must be more or less brutal, and the results demoralizing both to master and slave, especially in countries where the masters form, as with the Portuguese in Africa, a very small minority. "You cannot," said he, "treat a slave in this land like a free man; do so, and he will rise against you or run away. You must keep them under by the whip, and any other means that suggest themselves, until they are reduced in mind and soul to the condition of dogs, and live only for you. You see that man?" pointing to one of his slaves, a stout-bodied, sturdy-looking fellow, who was at work near the house: "well, that fellow gave me a great deal of trouble when he first became my property. He was brought down here fresh from the hills. He is an Achowa, and, like all of his tribe, had some independence of character. The Achowas make good slaves when they are well broken in; but, out of five, you are fortunate if you get one moulded to your will, for the process kills them; that is, they will die rather than submit to you as unreservedly as is needful. This fellow at first was sullen and disobedient, — thought of his home on the hills, his wife and children, may be. Well, that was nothing to me: he had become, through the operations of a perfectly legitimate traffic, my property; for though the law prohibits the exportation of slaves, it permits slavery, and consequently the buying and selling of slaves amongst ourselves. So, when he was disobedient, I whipped him; when he ran away, as he did more than once, I made every effort and spared no expense to recover him, as it will never do to let a slave escape, — better kill him, — the example of a successful runaway is so pernicious to the rest. At last he gave me so much trouble, and was the cause of so much excitement amongst my other slaves, that I ordered him to be beaten in a way that I hoped would kill him; and his punishment was severe enough to kill any but a *brutos-negros*. You shall see. Come here you ——!" called out the Senhor, to the man in question. The fellow came; and his master turned down his loin-cloth, which in shame he had carefully tied over large scars in his loins, and I saw from them how horribly he must have suffered. "Well, that man would not die," continued the Senhor. "Life was strong in him, as it is indeed in all of the Africans. But the whip had at length cleaned the mucous from his brain. As he got well he became cheerful, went to work without a murmur; and, having made up his mind to his position, determined to get to himself as much pleasure out of life as he could. So one day he came to me, and said, 'Master, give me a wife: it is bad for a man to have no woman to light his fire, cook his food, and make him happy.' I had no spare women at that moment, and this I told him."

"'Will you give me a woman when you have one?' asked he.

"'Certainly: I shall be sending ivory to Quillimane in a few days, and I will have women brought in return,' said I.

"'That is good! I will at once build a house for her,' was his joyful response.

"I received three women, in exchange for my ivory; and as I was examining my purchase, the Achowa came up and, looked at them. Presently he said, 'Master, you promised me a wife: will you give me one of these women?'

"'Certainly; take which you please.'

"'May I have this one?' taking hold of the hand of the youngest and best looking.

"I gave consent, and away he went with her, light of heart. Time passed; the wife became ill from maternal causes. She was not then able to cook the Achowa's food, light his fire, and make him happy; and the man was evidently getting back into his old state of mind.

"'What ails you?' said I. 'Do you want another whipping?'

"'No, master, no; but the woman you gave me is ill; she can do nothing for me. I am worse off than if I had no wife,' was his reply.

"'Then why not take another wife?'

"'May I?' said he with animation.

"'Surely. There is So-and-So: take her.'

"And he took her. But she was not the last; for having, on a journey he undertook for me, picked up another girl, he, with my permission, took her to wife also. And but lately, with my consent, of course, he has taken to a fourth. I passed by his hut the other day. One woman was in the house, nursing her baby; another was preparing the evening meal; another was threading beads, and making a necklace for him; and he was sitting at the feet of the fourth, who was dressing his hair. He looked up at me, as I passed, as much as to say, 'It is all right, master. I am content. I shall not run away again.' It was necessary to give this man the whip first, but now the women will keep him quiet. Should they not,—well, he must have the whip again; for he is a valuable fellow, and I don't mean to part with him easily. Of course, it is better to have children, and educate them to your use; but we cannot always wait for that, and we cannot always afford to buy those who have been trained: we must purchase the raw material, and work it up ourselves; and the process, truly, is not elevating to master or slave. I am not naturally a cruel man. I do not use the whip, unless it be necessary; but the misfortune is, it is necessary,—always necessary. I do not disguise that fact; others do; but, take my word for it, I am no worse than any other of the masters in this land."

"But have the masters the power to punish their slaves as they think proper?" inquired I.

"By law, no; practically, yes; that is, in all the outlying settlements, for the law reaches not beyond the shadow of the governor's house. If I lived at Quillimane, or Mozambique, or at Tete, I should have to be discreet; for unless I was at friendship with the governor, he has the power to make me uncomfortable, if I took the law into my own hands. But even there, unless you are at enmity with the authorities, you can get your slaves whipped according to your will, and without incurring the responsibility of your own deeds. The law says, The master who has cause to complain of his slave must bring him before the magistrate, and prove that he is guilty of offence; and then the magistrate shall award the punishment, which shall be administered by the proper officers; but that law was made at Lisbon; it lost its efficacy before it reached these parts. Ask the magistrate to dinner; tell him you want a slave whipped. 'Very good: I will send my men to you to-morrow; tell them what you wish done, and they will do it,' would be his reply. And if that be the state of things at the centre of authority, what will it be in localities far removed from it? Just what you see here, or worse, as you will judge for yourself."

Upon one other point I interrogated my informant, and that was upon the efforts made to Christianize the natives. This, at one period, was a strong point with the Portuguese. In Prince Henry's time, and long after his death, their zeal for religion was not less than their enthusiasm for geographical enterprise. No expedition left Portugal without a consignment of missionary priests. And so successfully did these good fathers labor, that in Western Africa whole tribes became professed Christians; and in the east, though the results of their self-sacrificing labors were not so considerable as in the west, they made many converts. I myself have seen, nearly five hundred miles in the interior, the ruins of a large missionary establishment, which had once been the centre of a considerable Christian population.

"Efforts to Christianize!" said he: "none are made. We have a law which has much significance. It says, 'It is not lawful to make any Christian a slave.' And the result is, there are no Christians amongst the natives. In the palmy days of the slave-trade, it would have been bad policy to have allowed the missionaries free scope: they would have baptized the people *en masse*, and cut off our supplies; and, as we could not restrain them, we got rid of them. There has been no missionary work out here for more than two hundred years. The converts died out, having no one to look after them; or their Christianity was not recognized, and they were enslaved with the rest. It was not convenient, you will perceive, to have native Christians. Our priests nowadays, as missionaries, would as soon think of baptizing a pig as a native. Now and then, however, there is a sort of baptism, and on a large scale." And here the Senhor chuckled at the recollection of what he was about to tell me. "Some time since, a friend of mine wished to migrate to another part of this country, which could only be reached by sea. He had some slaves that he was desirous of taking with him. The exportation of slaves under any circumstance is illegal. All natives who leave any of our ports are required to produce a certificate of baptism, which of course is conclusive in favor of their being free men, seeing by law no Christian can be a slave. Manifestly, this is a difficulty; but such difficulties, in this country, are easily surmounted. And this is the way in which my friend got over his difficulty. He was staying with me, and I invited the priest to meet him at dinner. We plied the father with brandy, until he was nearly drunk, and then apprised him of the obstacle. 'Is that all?' said he. 'Do not trouble: I will smooth the way for you.' And he smoothed it by going to the shed, where the slaves were sleeping, throwing a lot of water over them indiscriminately, and then certifying that he had baptized them. Of course, the slaves were none the wiser for what had been done; and the certificate, when it had answered its purpose, was destroyed. That," concluded the Senhor, "is the only mission-work I ever knew performed by any of our priests; and I leave you to judge of its efficiency."

During a period of three years I had abundant opportunity of proving the veracity of the Senhor's statements; and where personal dislike had not led him astray, my experience showed them to be trustworthy. But he by no means exhausted the subject upon which I write. Of the operations of the slave-trade, as carried on by the Portuguese, Livingstone and others have written abundantly. Some, I know, have thought their accounts too highly colored; but it is not so. It is impossible to exaggerate the misery and suffering caused by this iniquitous traffic. Wherever it penetrates, villages are burned; men, women, and children are killed or enslaved. I am not a sanguinary man; I abhor bloodshed; I have signed petitions for the abolition of capital punishment; yet I would unhesitatingly sign the warrant that should doom to death by rifle or rope the men who, daring to call themselves Christians, pursue this abominable trade. This is not fustian, but the simple expression of a genuine indignation which I cannot but feel, after having witnessed the horrible results of the slave-trade as carried on by the Portuguese.

But though the slave-trade may have received a fitting exposition, the domestic life of the Portuguese in Africa has not, that I am aware of, been delineated; and I shall best describe one phase of it by a brief detail of my own experience in the house of a Senhor B——, with whom I was of necessity for a short time cast; for his mode of living was like unto that of most of his countrymen, who had establishments either on the delta or the banks of the Zambezi. Senhor B—— was about thirty-five years of age, but looked

much older: for vicious indulgences had played havoc with his constitution, and prematurely aged him. In this he did not differ from many more; for either from congenital disease, or from the effects of their own depravity, most of the Portuguese in Africa are miserably, hideously afflicted. The Senhor had a farm on the banks of the Zambezi, and occasionally made expeditions for ivory and slaves. He was also "a man under authority," being intrusted by the Government with magisterial powers. He was not of pure blood, but the darker tint in his veins was scarcely visible. His establishment consisted of two houses — one for himself and family, the other for himself and guests; two or three store-sheds, sheds for slaves, and the usual arrangements for goats and sheep. His family consisted of the Senhorina, for the time being, a native woman, the daughter of one of the head men amongst the Colona of the neighborhood, and several children, by various mothers, who called him father. (The Colona, be it said, are the descendants of the original owners of the soil. They are free men, but have submitted to the Portuguese. And for the privilege of occupying the ground on which they live, they are so heavily taxed, and have to render so much personal service, and are in other ways so exposed to exaction and ill-usage, that their condition is scarcely better than that of the slaves.) There were about two hundred slaves on the establishment, most of whom were women and children. Of the women, some were employed about the house, others in the field; of the men, but a few were field-laborers, some were canoemen, and others had special vocations, — were skilled in the use of the gun, were not averse to fighting, and were the unhesitating instruments and trusted agents of the Senhor in all his adventures.

The Senhorina was but a girl in years, and of all the African women I have seen, the most attractive in personal appearance. On my arrival she received me without embarrassment, and was evidently unconscious that I saw in her position any reason for constraint. Of the Senhor she seemed to be in great awe, and his manner towards her was hard and imperious; it contained no recognition of the woman, as such, but only of the inferior creature, who existed by his will, and for his gratification. And this I found was the almost invariable treatment which the Senhorinas received from their lords and masters. In return, she was not gentle with the slaves, and I noticed that with them the Senhor was scrupulously careful to uphold her authority.

The furniture of the establishment was scarce in quantity, and rude in design; but there were indications of wealth in piles of ivory tusks; and a certain barbaric comfort was given to the place by a somewhat profuse display of leopard-skins.

Our food consisted of fowls, excellently dressed, in various ways, goat, sheep, rice, and vegetables. Bad tea, worse coffee, but very good wine and spirits, of which the Senhor had a considerable store. The Senhorina did not feed with the Senhor: she took her meals in her own apartment. Towards the evening she would put on her best apparel: she dressed as native women dress, only in costlier material and with more elaboration, and sat with the Senhor and myself while we smoked in the summer-house. She was a heathen, and with no ideas beyond those of her own race; yet she was simple in nature, and faithful in disposition; and, if the Senhor did not tire of her, she would be content to abide with him. Should she be discarded, unless he made arrangements for her to go to some one of his friends, she would return to her own people, and become the wife of a man of her own tribe. Her children, if she had any, would remain with the Senhor; and generally such children are well provided for by the father.

The moral tone of the whole establishment was as low as it could be. I was never in an atmosphere of greater depravity. From the Senhor to the youngest slave, just emerging from babyhood, you could distinguish nothing but foul minds, you heard scarcely any thing but foul words, and saw little else but foul deeds. It seemed as though these people were encircled with evil of the worst conceivable form, until its essence had moulded itself into their very natures, and they had become the embodiments of unmitigated, uncontrolled wickedness.

But to every depth there is a deeper still; and of this I had an illustration before I left Senhor B. One morning a half-caste, evidently well-to-do in the world, brought a present of fruit and other things to the Senhor; by whom he was received in a manner that, had not the other been in some way in his power, must have given offence. When this man had gone, I said to the Senhor, "You did not treat your friend very civilly."

"Friend!" was his exclamation: "he is no friend of mine,—he is a murderer!"

I was eating one of this man's oranges, and, upon hearing this, dropped it as though it had been hot iron.

"And yet you received his presents! Why not arrest him?" said I.

"This man is not the chief offender: his brother actually committed the murder, while this man did but consent to it, and looked on while it was done. The brother is in hiding, and these presents are made to cause me to shut my eyes to his whereabouts. But I bide my time."

"And pocketed the presents!" I might have answered to this reply; for while the Senhor was talking, he turned over the oranges, and from the bottom of the basket brought out a small calico bag, from whence came a metallic sound, as he put it into his jacket pocket. As he was not willing to give me the details of this crime, I resolved to become acquainted with them through other channels; and it was not long before his major-domo, a gossiping old African, between whose brain and the tip of his tongue there seemed to be a perfect bond of sympathy, put me in possession of them. Said he, "Listen, Senhor, and I will tell you all. The two brothers lived together on a farm not far from here, just round the bend of the river. The elder, not the man that was here yesterday, took a Senhora from the Colona who live near to him. She was young and strong and well; but he is never well, always ill with a sickness that poisons his blood. The mother of the Senhora did not like him; she refused his presents for her daughter, and did not wish that she should go to him: but he took her; and then the mother in her anger cursed him with many bad words. Soon after, the Senhora becomes ill, and she remains ill until her child is born. The child is like its father, full of sickness, and dies in a few days. The mother of the Senhora tells all people that the sickness of her daughter and the death of the child is the fault of the father; he swears that it is because of her curse, and vows that if the next child be the same as the firstborn, he will be revenged. Time passes, Senhor; another child is born, in a worse condition than the other, — so bad that the father, when he saw it, threw it into the river. The mother of the Senhora is still very angry: she makes use of many bad words against the Senhor; and he declares that she has bewitched him, and will kill her. He and his brother watch for her; they catch her; they tie her to a tree, and beat her until she is nearly dead; then the Senhor, the brother of the man who came here, unties her, drags her to the river, and throws her in. No more is seen of her, for the crocodiles are plentiful. All this is true, Senhor, very true."

"But how was this all discovered?"

"Some Colona heard the woman's screams, saw her beaten and then thrown into the water, Senhor."

If this were an exceptional case of crime, and if Senhor B——'s establishment were of an exceptionally bad character, I should not have brought them forward; but they fairly illustrate the condition of things as exhibited in the domestic life of most of the Portuguese who occupy isolated positions on the delta and the banks of the Zambezi.

I was personally much obliged for the hospitality of Senhor B——; yet I was thankful to leave him, for when I was again amongst the unsophisticated natives I felt I was within a purer moral atmosphere.

In the towns a somewhat better state of things prevails. The proprieties of life are not shamelessly outraged, and outwardly law and order are maintained. Before I left Africa, I had the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with Tete, Quillimane, and Mozambique. I went

to Tete with a friend, who was striving as a geologist to enrich the realm of science. I was engaged in the interests of another kingdom. We had to walk nearly two hundred miles, through a difficult country, somewhat infested with wild beasts, before we reached our destination. Tete is the head-quarters of the slave-trade, and I took with me several men who had been rescued by myself and friends from the slave-dealers, as they were being taken to Tete; and never have I had a greater proof of confidence than that given by those men, who with full knowledge of the character of the men of Tete, volunteered to accompany me.

When we came in sight of the town we halted, to make ourselves presentable to the inhabitants of so important a place; and, to my surprise and amusement, my native allies arrayed themselves in calico trousers, which they had made on the road. Now, I know there is no essential connection between Christianity and trousers, and nobody but a fool would think there was; but in that part of the world there is between trousers and freedom. No slave is permitted to wear trousers by the Portuguese; and when my men entered Tete with us, they proclaimed themselves free men by their nether garments. My friend had been to Tete before, and upon a trying emergency had received much kindness from a merchant there; for frequently you find in these Portuguese great generosity, existing with an utter absence of principle; and to this man's house our steps were directed. We were made welcome; and, not having room for us in his own home, he assigned to our use an empty house, of which he was the owner.

Tete is situated on the south bank of the Zambezi, and is backed by Mt. Caroera, a hill of sandstone, destitute of all vegetation, and about three thousand feet high. The houses are large, well built, and of stone. The fortifications are contemptible. The soil in the town and about the town is brown and barren of verdure; but cattle were feeding upon the stunted herbage by the river-side. The Tete merchants generally come from Goa, or are the descendants of Goa men. As a rule, they have but little capital, and they make desperate ventures to realize a fortune. Sometimes they succeed; more frequently they fail. One man was pointed out to me who had become an infidel because Providence had not favored his attempts to get rich. For a time all went well with him. Ivory was gained, and found a profitable market; slaves were obtained for little, and disposed of for much. Then he gathered his strength for a crowning effort, and visions of ease, and plenty in Europe, delighted him. He ventured all he had in the world, and more, for he borrowed money from his friends. He took with him an army of retainers, and plunged into the interior. For a time all went well with him; but success made him imprudent; he plundered where he might have bought; he seized with violence men, women, and children, where he might have had them in barter; and when he was returning, laden with spoil, he found his way barred by the hostility of the natives he had made his enemies. In the conflicts which ensued, he lost all his booty, his slaves and retainers were killed or dispersed, and he hardly escaped with his own life. He returned to Tete a ruined man, sick and wounded; and, in disgust with Providence, renounced Christianity, and, with other fools, said in his heart, "There is no God."

Tete is a garrison town, and the soldiers were of three classes, — natives, Europeans who are convicts, and Europeans of good character. The officers were Europeans, and, for the most part, gentlemen.

There were but two or three European women at Tete, — the wife of the governor, and the wives of one or two of the soldiers. The half-caste women were more numerous, and bore a bad reputation.

The Governor of Tete was not popular: he was a reformer, and too much of a gentleman for the majority of the inhabitants. He enforced law, and made nefarious practices difficult; and he was hated accordingly. Hatred begets the desire for revenge; and, in revenge for being compelled to act justly, one merchant swore he would seduce the governor's daughter, and nearly succeeded in doing so. Altogether, his position was a very unenviable one, for a more reprobate set of desperados than the generality of the Tete people it would be difficult to find.

The last incident in my life at Tete it is difficult to forget. We were to commence the return journey on the morrow. I gave my men a goat, in order that they might feast with the friends they had made. They feasted in the yard at the back of the house we occupied. I had dined with the governor that night, and on returning to our house found my men in a state of indignation. The cause was this: they had invited a boy who fetched them water to partake of their good cheer. He was the slave of a peddling huckster in the place, who, hearing of what his slave was doing, came to the house, and caught him in the act of eating a piece of meat. He seized him by the throat, and nearly strangled him; he beat him about the head and face until he was not recognizable; he threw him down and jumped upon him; and wherefore? Because he had dared to eat animal food. Said he, when he went away, after throwing the child apparently lifeless into a corner of the yard, "I told him not to eat meat. He shall not eat meat. Meat makes the creatures proud."

The child revived, and so far recovered during the night as to be able to be removed. And some of my men took him across the river, placed him in hiding, picked him up next day, and brought him on with us; but, being too injured to walk at once, they made a rough kind of palanquin, in which they helped him forward.

The time came for me to leave Africa, and I was again at the mouth of the Zambezi, where a ship was expected to take off any Englishmen who were ready for departure. For weeks I watched for this ship, less anxious for myself than for a friend with me, who was all but dead with fever. The ship came, and my friend's delight, when from my shoulders he saw it approach, was excessive; but not seeing our signal, she sent in no boat; and then his heart was nearly broken, as he beheld her sail away again. To give him a chance of life, I resolved to take him up the Zambezi again as far as Mazaro, a distance of a hundred miles; and from thence, by way of the Naquaqu River, proceed to Quillimane, where I hoped to find some vessel which would convey us to some port more within hail of English ships than the Zambezi. We had been the guests of Senhor A. He helped us in every way he could, and, finding that I had no money, forced upon me thirty pounds out of fifty pounds of pay he had just received. I was able to return it before I left Quillimane, and with it letters of introduction to friends, in case he should ever try to leave his wretched life in Africa, and wanted the opportunity to make a fresh and a better start in England. Poor fellow! my hopes for him were not realized; for soon after I left, he was removed to Mozambique, where he died.

The general appearance of Quillimane is far from displeasing. The houses are backed or surrounded by gardens, in which are orange and other trees; and groves of cocoanut palms, judiciously planted, give to the whole place that peculiar charm which that tree alone imparts. Yet upon all there seems the spirit of ruin and decay. Everywhere you see symptoms of that deterioration of character, that indifference to honest, manly pursuits, which is invariably associated with slavery. Of the past of this place, it were scarcely possible to speak: it has had terrible antecedents. Outwardly, however, the present life of Quillimane seems less obnoxious than I had been led to expect. There are several respectable families in the town, and they are sufficiently influential to give tone to the rest. I became acquainted with the priests: they were men of very inferior capacity; and from what I saw of them I had no difficulty in believing, with Senhor A., that virtuous precept from their mouths would be sheer mockery.

A small ship which traded between Quillimane and Mozambique was almost ready for sailing when we arrived. We took passages in her, as at Mozambique it was almost certain that we should soon fall in with one of the British cruisers. We slept on board the night before she sailed, and early in the morning four soldiers, accompanied by a civilian, who used an umbrella to shield his person from the rays of the rising sun, brought down a slave to the

whipping-post, which was not far from our moorings After binding him to the post, the soldiers, two on and two off, as they tired, beat him with rods made of hippopotamus hide, a single blow from which seems almost sufficient to ruin an ordinary muscle. I counted more than five hundred stripes, and then, — "He is dead," was the careless comment of one of the passengers standing beside me. He may have been, I do not know: I dare say he was, for this passenger was doubtless a good judge of such matters; but I do know that as I looked on, I thought, — What a good thing it would be to send the master (the man with the umbrella) as well as the slave, to meet at one and the same moment the consequences of their acts in the regions of eternity. And I felt angry, God forgive me! that I could not take this act of vengeance upon myself.

I came to Mozambique with every disposition to think favorably of it. For twenty days we had knocked about the Mozambique Channel, in a dirty little ship, filled with dirty men, whose minds and habits were as foul as their persons. I had been compelled to endure bad food and worse accommodation; for having to choose between a a pestiferous berth below, in company with men who excited nausea to look at them, and a corner of the deck, where I might sleep like a dog in a kennel, I chose the latter. I longed for land, and with it release from my vile imprisonment; and when we sighted Mozambique, I rejoiced greatly. Mozambique certainly is the most important monument of the bygone glory of the Portuguese in Eastern Africa; and as you approach it from the sea it still seems invested with an atmosphere of grandeur. But "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view," for the Portuguese neglect drainage; and it is impossible to regard as beautiful any place or thing from whence proceeds the most abominable odors. There is at Mozambique a semblance of power and an affectation of commercial energy. But considering the advantages of its position, the many years it has been in the possession of the Portuguese, and the monopoly of trade which they have jealously held, the result is most contemptible. The export of slaves being illegal, one source of profit is lost to the people of Mozambique; yet instead of exerting themselves to develop the revenues of the mainland, one of the richest and might be most productive districts of this part of Africa, and to the furtherance of a legitimate trade, they scheme to evade the law, to keep up an illicit commerce in human beings, and will risk life and fortune in this not frequently profitable traffic; for it is rarely that a cargo of slaves from Portuguese territory escapes the vigilance of our cruisers. When I was at Mozambique, four large Spanish ships were off the coast, nominally for rice, in reality for slaves, which were ready for shipment at various stations; but so closely were they watched by our ships that they not only failed to secure their cargoes, but two of them were seized, on suspicion of being slavers, and were condemned as such. I do not venture to tax the Portuguese officials with connivance in these cases; yet I have heard it said repeatedly, by men who were avowedly interested in such ventures, that without their connivance the trade would be absolutely impossible; and without the bribes which they receive on such occasions, it would be impossible for them to acquire the wealth with which they are frequently known to retire from office.

We had not been at Mozambique long before a man-of-war came into port, the captain of which received us on board; and never felt I more proud of my nationality than when first I stood on the deck of that ship.

As Mozambique faded from my view, I thought, what a gain it would be to the cause of humanity if the Portuguese in Africa could be suddenly blotted from existence, even though no other civilized power occupied their places for centuries to come. That they can for long maintain their present position, seems very improbable. Since I was there they have lost much territory and prestige. Bonga, a native chief, and the son of a man who once sacked Tete, but was himself afterwards defeated, has improved upon his father's proceedings, and has utterly destroyed Tete and all other Portuguese establishments thereabouts. In vain have troops in great numbers been sent from Europe to recover the position: all attempts to do so have failed; the Portuguese have been again and again ignominiously beaten. They now hold nothing but their places on the coast; but from Quillimane they may be driven any day by the Landeens; and so contemptible are their defences elsewhere, that the crew of a single British man-of-war would be amply sufficient to dislodge them from every other position.

I saw in the papers, lately, an announcement that the Portuguese were making a road to the diamond diggings from Inhambane, in the hope of drawing trade to that place. The country about Inhambane has great capacity; cotton might be grown there to any extent, and many other things also that are in general demand and fetch high prices; but I trust no Englishmen will be deluded by the above announcement to make trial of this Portuguese road, for if they do they will surely repent it. The Portuguese in Africa are not given to road-making, or to any other occupation that requires hard work, manly energy, and patient endurance. I have not misrepresented them: as I found them, so I have described them; and my description will, I fear, hold good of them, wherever in Africa they may be found.

LITTLE POLLY PILKERTON.

Old Pilkerton — old by virtue of his being Polly's father — kept a saddler's shop in Long Acre. He was the third generation which had dealt in pig-skin, and had been duly apprenticed to his father, who, in his turn, had served his own father, and had been dutifully instructed in the art and mystery of making saddles. The Pilkerton saddle had a good name, and the artists who built them knew their own work. The shop was excellently kept, — a pleasant, large room, smelling of new leather, glittering with new bits, curbs, and snaffles, and ornamented with a finely-carved head of a horse, upon which the Pilkerton head-stall, worked curiously and with a multiplicity of stitches, was exhibited to perfection. Herein old Pilkerton received his customers, gentlemen of large estates, masters of hounds, young heirs, who took an interest in hunting and in horses, and fair ladies, who would step from their carriages to see their side-saddles built.

Pilkerton was a handsome, dark man, on the right side of forty-five, bald-headed, well-shaven, and with a neat black whisker. His manner was that of a sound, honest English tradesman. Quickly deferential in taking orders, firm and manly in pointing out what could and should be done, and of that kind which generally won its own way. "Leave that to me, sir," he would say. "I have worked in leather more than five and twenty years; and I know what can be done with it."

The saddler was a widower: his only daughter Polly, rising twenty, had been well educated at the Misses Blumberry's establishment, near Bedford Square, was an adept at music, and had carried off two or three prizes in French. On the whole, she was superior in accomplishments to the general run of tradesmen's daughters, and was soberly religious, being a Wesleyan, and a Sunday-school teacher.

As a rule, tradesmen who mind their shop find that their shop minds them, and have at their banker's plenty of money to fall back upon in the rainy day. But there are exceptions. Pilkerton was one. He was, just as the story opens, subject to a run of ill-luck. His banker had "broken;" and, in breaking, broke some hundreds of smaller men into little pieces. The old saddler, however, weathered the storm. The shop did not look less bright and workmanlike, but it had less stock in it; Pilkerton was in debt to his leather-seller, had to send in his own bills at an earlier date; and, instead of a clerk, Polly, who never saw her father's customers before, came into and ornamented the little glass case which served for a counting-house, and kept his books.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies. Pilkerton the saddler tried to hold his own; and seeing a contract from a great house for saddlery, sent in — and blessed his luck when he got it!

The great Earl of Sangpur, a military nobleman, who devoted himself to his regiment, — the Redlegs, a dashing light cavalry corps, — determined to astonish the world. He had invented a new demipique saddle; and, as the Government looked coldly on it, had obtained from his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief the great favor of presenting the whole regiment with new saddles. H.R.H. looked upon this craze with a kindly pity; but the earl had proved himself a household soldier to the backbone, and had once added twenty pounds per man to the regulation price of the horses of the regiment. Sangpur was beloved by the men, but hated by his officers, whom he put to all manner of expense. "What does a fellah," he once said, "do in my regiment with less than three thousand a year?" and the question was unanswerable.

Messrs. Moses, Macbeth, & Co., the well-known army clothiers of St. James's Street, took the contract. English society will not allow the real workers to do such large jobs without a middle-man. Moses, Macbeth, & Co., thereon sent round to various saddlers, and Pilkerton — whose name stood very high — was selected to carry out the order of "seven hundred and fifty saddles, as per sample."

"We've got the best man in the 'orld, mi lud," said little Moses (a red-headed Israelite, with a Roman nose and a heavy mustache, dressed in the most perfect civil-military costume). He had originally been a tailor at Chatham, but had prospered — in *spite* of two bankruptcies, which ill-natured persons said made his fortune.

"Who is he?"

"Pilkerton, of Long Acre."

"He'll do," said the earl, who knew the saddler's fame in the hunting-field. Why then did he not give the order to Pilkerton? This is one of the mysteries of trade.

"We've got to find him the money," said Mr. Moses, with a jeer. "These good workmen are so poor."

"You can draw, Mr. Moses, when part of the order is executed," said the nobleman kindly.

Moses, Macbeth, & Co., did draw; poor Pilkerton did not. Like an old-fashioned tradesman, he liked to have his money in a lump, and had a pious horror of prepayment. His spirits rose with his luck, and he worked bravely at his contract.

The Wesleyan minister, under whom little Polly Pilkerton sat, was the Rev. Samuel Stoker; a pious man, who did not disdain to sport an American degree of D.D. Dr. Stoker had prospered, lived in Bedford Square, had a son who was in a good position in the Metropolitan and Provincial Bank, and a daughter who, when poor Pilkerton lost his money, tried to help Polly by taking music lessons from her. Miss Stoker was very stupid, but very good natured; and Polly was delighted. So was young Samuel Stoker, who delighted in his second name of Keach, — Keach Stoker, Esq., — he was named after a celebrated divine, who had expounded the prophecies.

Keach Stoker was fond of music; went every Saturday to the Crystal Palace concerts, and returned so late that he was never seen at his father's chapel. It is a way with clergymen's sons, as well as with those of pious nonconformists. Sally Stoker, named Sarah after the wife of the patriarch, and born in days before D.D. ornamented her father's name, mourned over this; and the preacher himself improved the occasion in his celebrated "Lectures to Young Men," on what Keach called profanely the "Double Event;" that is, on "Making a Bank in both Worlds." But Keach dressed fashionably, rose in his bank, shook his head when any one talked about marrying, said he was a beggar on five hundred a year, — and so he was a beggar, in slate-colored kid gloves, splendidly-cut trousers, a glossy hat, and unexceptionable boots.

This did not — this miserable state of poverty, I mean — hinder him from making covert love to Polly. When Polly gave her evening lessons, Keach, who was more than suspected of having been seen at theatres and promenade concerts, managed to stay at home, to the great delight of Sally and the D.D. He even joined in family prayer, carefully kneeling down on a scented pocket-handkerchief. He was a universal favorite, this young fellow; so sober, so staid, yet so awake to all the doings of the world. His father, in spite of his absence from chapel, and his presence in a new very high church, where he could leave before the sermon, looked upon him with high favor.

Keach, on his part, coached his father up on the state of the funds; and had he advised Pilkerton, would have saved him from his losses. When the D.D.'s congregation, upon the conclusion of a ministry of twenty years, presented him with a silver teapot and six hundred sovereigns, Keach took his father aside, made him spend all the six hundred in "Egyptians," and in two months after sell out at a premium which made six into eight. Then he split the eight into two parts, and divided them equally between "Russians" and "Turks;" both went up, the first the more rapidly; and when Dr. Stoker thought fit to retire, Keach congratulated the pater, as he called him, upon having a neat little "thou," — a pet abbreviation with city men for a thousand.

"You were quite right to sell just before dividends, pater. 'Egyptians' don't stand quite so well *ex div.*"

"I don't touch the interest," said old Stoker: "it smacks of usury."

"Quite right, sir," said Keach, paring his nails: "I will tell you always when to sell out, and when to buy in." "Why not?" he whispered to himself: "it will come to me some day."

So Keach Stoker, Esq., rising at his bank, and beloved at home, prospered with everybody except Polly Pilkerton. The reason was not far to seek.

Almost every evening, except on those of the music lessons, young Benjamin Mansell, who also sat under the great Stoker, and made his boots, came round ostensibly to talk about the leather market and the price of skins, but in reality to look at Polly Pilkerton. Old Mansell and old Pilkerton were boyhood's friends; but the saddler, consorting with a higher class of customers, had learned to look down on the bootmaker.

In his "line" Mansell was as good a workman as Pilkerton; so there could be no reason for this show of pride. But when has pride a reason? Old Mansell, a thoughtful man, like his son, and bootmakers in general, smoked his pipe, thought that his friend "showed a stiff upper lip," and said nothing. Young Mansell, on the contrary, felt the slight, and would have resented it; but he was over head and ears in love with Polly. Love makes a man swallow a good deal. Ben thought that he was not fine enough, and therefore improved himself, both mentally and as far as bodily adornment went. He was a fine, manly young fellow; thoughtful and observant, and determined to win his way. He did not take a bad way to do it. Polly observed his improvement, put his motives with the unerring perception of women when they are themselves concerned, down to the right cause, and liked him all the better for it.

"I can't think why you encourage that young shoemaker, Polly?"

"He is a bootmaker, father — and we are but saddlers."

"Bootmakers and shoemakers are all the same — 'snobs!'" said old Pilkerton bitterly. The loss of his money had made him very cynical; and his darling wish was to marry his daughter to a man who was not only rich, but above his own station in life.

"Snob or not," said Polly, coloring at the insult, "he is more polite to you than Mr. Keach Stoker."

Both were thinking of the same person at the time.

"Ah! that *is* a man!" said Pilkerton, with gusto. "He's sure to rise in the world."

"I hope he will," said Polly, tossing her head. That same evening she consoled young Ben by going out to walk with him, round Russell Square and down by what old Pilkerton called the "Fondling." She had a will of her own, this Polly.

"'Tain't quite a proper place for a young lady to walk, it's so lonely," said her father.

"Law! — and you and mother used to go a courting round there when London wasn't half so full," said Polly, with a laugh, holding up her face for her father to kiss. "I can take care of myself; and Ben and I have walked and

talked together since we were ten. He's so clever, and so fond of poetry, and tells me such pretty things."

This was true. Ben was an enthusiast; never talked of himself but when he had read some noble book or poem; and he was always reading, and spouted it out to Polly — sometimes the people thought the young couple quarrelling: they had not come to *that* yet; they had not even made love.

But if Ben had puzzled his long head for a week, — and he was no fool, — he could not have hit upon a better way to catch Polly. When he recited, in his grave tones and manly voice, and his good reading, — taught him more by his own heart than by the "Penny Elocutionist" he took in, and the quarter he spent at a Mechanics' Institute elocution class, — Polly insensibly connected herself with the heroine, and Ben, as the nearest male creature at hand, as the hero, and her pretty eyes turned on his often glimmered with dewy tears under the gas-lamps. Ah! those happy autumn walks! happy Russell Square! happy "Fondling!" — then so appropriately named. "I say, Ben," said Polly, taking hold of his arm so closely that it made him shiver delightfully, "tell me more about the 'Patrician's Daughter' — when Mildred won't have him, and she's in love with him all the time, you know — How stupid women are: are they not, Ben?"

"No, Polly: how can I think so, when you can take all the points so well! They are *not* stupid. They think with their hearts."

"That's why they break them so often, putting 'em to an improper purpose. But, Ben, if a Miss Mildred — wasn't it Mildred? — rejected you on your being a — a — not a patrician, you know — what should you do, Ben?"

"I should break mine, Polly, if I loved her as I can love."

"How's that?" said Polly, with a feigned funny little laugh.

"With all my mind, with all my heart, and with all my soul," — here he gave Polly's arm, quite mechanically on his part, a tremendous squeeze, and the same delicious shiver ran through her frame, — "and my neighbor as myself," said Ben; "that's in the Church Catechism, which Dr. Stoker preaches against, Polly."

"Is it?" said Polly. The tone of her voice was strangely altered. "Gracious! there's ten o'clock, Ben! How late it is! What *will* poor father say?"

Somehow Polly felt rather guilty that night.

II.

The old saddler worked away at his contract, early and late, and took so much trouble that each saddle was indeed furnished "as per sample." Seven hundred and fifty saddles take a good deal of work and leather; and work and leather have to be paid for.

Pilkerton was too proud to unburden himself to Moses, Macbeth, & Co., and it would have been of little use had he done so. He followed a well-known custom, and made use of a little paper instrument: he, in the slang of Mr. Keach Stoker, "flew a kite," drawing upon his old friend Mansell, who was a "warm" man, so far as a few hundreds can make one warm, for "value received." Mr. Mansell carried out the fiction like a man and a brother tradesman: some "gentlemen" in the city discounted the bill, and Pilkerton was furnished with cash. Still, although the bootmaker had obliged his early friend with the use of his name, Pilkerton did not think it any more proper that the bootmaker's son should marry his daughter.

There was, therefore, some little coolness when Polly came home; but the saddle contract was so nearly done, the money was so sure to be paid, and the saddler was too full of hope to be very full of anger.

So father and daughter found the time go very pleasantly. Polly thinking of the "Patrician's Daughter," and admiring her Ben when he recited "Romeo and Juliet," while the father stuck closely to work with his men, paying them liberally too, until the whole seven hundred and fifty demi-pique saddles were delivered to Mr. Moses, who looked somewhat coldly at them before Mr. Pilkerton, but was loud in his praises of the work to Lord Sangpur.

Had the saddler heard the words uttered by the Jew to the nobleman, he would have been full of praise if not of pudding. However, the work merited all that was said by Moses, Macbeth, & Co.; better saddles were never delivered, and my lord drew a cheque for the balance due on the spot.

Messrs. Moses, Macbeth, & Co., did not go and do likewise. They well knew the value of money, and sent poor Pikerton wearily back, with hardly a sovereign in his pocket. He had exhausted all his own money, and the bill as well; and sat down, miserably enough, to wait. His contract had taken up his whole time; he had even offended some of his best customers; and he sat in his almost empty shop, lately so full of bustle, with his strong, muscular hands spread idly before him.

"You're dull, father, to-day," said Polly, apparently as gay as a lark.

"Idle men generally are dull."

"Law! *you're* not idle: why, you are always at work. All work and no play, you know; why don't you go and smoke a pipe with old Mr. Mansell?"

"I shall be thinking of that bill — comes due next week," sighed Pilkerton.

"Never mind: I've got all our accounts out, and if they would only pay up"—

"Ah! but my customers are all out of town; and that man, Moses; I never saw a Macbeth about him."

"What a funny name — that's the same name that Ben talks about so beautifully," said Polly to herself. "They must pay, father," she said aloud. "It was a ready-money job, and at a ready-money price."

"Ah!" said Pilkerton, "I do wish they would think so. You see, gentlemen of their persuasion have not got to do as they would be done by."

"No: Ben says, they 'do, or else they would be done,'" whispered Polly. "I don't much like them. But there are good amongst them. Hallo! here's the postman, father — with a cheque."

Pilkerton hurried forward, and trembled as he took a lawyer's letter. He stammered, hardly knowing what he said: "I can't have made a mistake with that fresh bill of mine: it hasn't come due; and this isn't a writ, is it, Polly?" Poor old fellow! he was too innocent of those useful bits of paper.

"Heavens, father! what is it?"

He had torn open the letter, and one glance at it was enough for him.

Messrs. Moses, Macbeth, & Co., could not pay him the money, but they did the next best thing they could: they put his debt in a schedule.

"O Polly! Polly!" said the poor man, big drops gathering on his bald head — "bankrupt!"

"You, father!"

"Worse: the something Jews! I shall be sold up, stock, lock, and barrel, frame and flap, headstall and crupper!" Then he sank on his stool, and, taking up his leather cutting-knife, threw it on the floor with such force that it shivered like glass, the blade flying out of the door and nearly cutting a dog's tail off. Then the good man — and he was good — swore a great oath that he would never work more.

"Be a man, father," said Polly, trembling at his great rage, and yet somehow admiring him.

"Be a man!" said he: "yes, and work for these desperate cheats, — these fellows who take contracts, screw you down to the last penny, and then, aided by the law, cheat you out of that. These men who live in great houses, upon the fat of the land and the lives of the poor. Be a man! be a slave! by heavens! the fellows who slouch about and won't work are right, after all. How many an honest tradesman and his family have been brought to misery and starvation by such as these! Many a tender gal, and many an honest, hard-working mother, Polly — thank God! my wife's gone."

"O father, father! I never heard you say so before.

What wicked men they are! May God forgive them! But, father, are you sure this isn't their misfortune?"

"Sure!" said the father; "when it's the third time. My mates warned me to look sharp. Old Mansell did; and he knows a thing or two."

"Will you get any thing, father?

"What! when the lawyers have done their worst, and had their pickings? No: do you suppose, Polly, as those gentlemen work for their own families, or for their creditors? Why, they are as glad when there's a bankruptcy as an undertaker is when there's a funeral coming off."

"How bad the world must be, father!"

"Well, it is not a good one — just now. About half a crown in the pound is all that will come to me."

"Just the eighth part!"

"Little better than the tithe of mint and cummin," said the saddler bitterly.

"And will that aid you? When does the bill come due?"

"In a week: the bankruptcy *may* be settled in six months."

"Why don't you go through the court, too, father?" said Polly, with a sudden inspiration.

"What, I!" said the old man, a gleam of humor sparkling in his eye — "what, *I*, Polly? No: I'd rather go and rot in prison, and be a journeyman again, and make saddles. My right hand hasn't forgot its cunning: let the worst come to the worst, I'll earn a crust for my gal."

"O father! dear old father!" cried Polly, "come into the back shop and let me kiss you: you're all a man, father, and you always were."

These good people, although so shaken to their bases that they were quite subdued, and spoke almost in a whisper, were not without a secret sustenance of hope. Polly counted up all the silver spoons, ran in and out her little glass case, and added up the bills again to try and make them a pound or so more, in case she had made a mistake against themselves. Sought Mr. Keach Stoker, and asked him what was to be done when a bill became due: upon which he said, "Meet it like a British tradesman."

"But what if you can't, Mr. Keach?"

"Well, then, you may perhaps" — he was going to explain about renewal; but Mr. Keach had a small opinion of a woman's knowledge of business, and was silent for a time; then he said, "The bill's dishonored; for, of course, one's friends have been applied to."

Polly blushed and remained silent: she had it upon her lips to ask some help of Keach, but her heart failed her. As for the banker's clerk, he knew all about the failure of M. M. & Co., and knew very well that his father's old friend and disciple was put in great straits thereby. He loved Polly after his fashion; was jealous of young Mansell; but, having his own little game to play, would not hold forth his finger.

He, however, took care to warn the divine against lending money.

"You are too generous, father," returned the son, with a slightly-perceptible sneer, wholly lost on the preacher. "It is not to be expected that a man who subscribed a guinea to your testimonial should borrow a hundred. You *may* have such an application."

"By my word," said Dr. Stoker, a day or two afterwards, "Keach, you are a prophet."

"Keach also among the prophets," said his sister.

"Father means *profits*. I have put all his money in the 'Greeks,' and they are moving up. You have not a penny to play with."

"You guess what I was about to say," said the D.D. "Old Pilkerton came to me, and wanted to borrow money."

"Like his impudence," said Keach. "What next, sir?"

Sally Stoker turned pale. She was about, at Polly's instance, to preface the same request. "O father!" she said, "you could have done it. He is a most honest man."

"But a falling one, sir," said Keach. "And, remember, never catch at a falling knife, or a falling friend. 'Tis a Scotch proverb, and indicative of that shrewd and cautious people."

"Poor old man!" said Sally. "Don't you remember father, when he was much richer than we are, how he befriended you, and stood by you in the controversy about the sons of Noah?"

"Bother the sons of Noah, Sally!" said Keach. "Are we not befriending him by taking music-lessons?"

"They are worth every penny we pay, Mr. Keach," said Sally indignantly; and she hurried from the room, to have a good cry. Sally was the only one who felt for her friend.

In the mean time the poor old saddler and his daughter fell from hope to hope deferred, and from that into a profound melancholy, as the time drew near. To almost the last moment, he was ready to trust to any broken reed of hope, rather than have his bill and his name dishonored. He would have applied to his friend, old Mansell, and have urged him to renew his bill; but he could at present only scrape together a few pounds, his debts seemed to be accumulating, and Stoker's almost severe rejection, accompanied with some of that religious advice which is so singularly unpalatable when offered without any relief of his petition, quite unnerved him. He *could* not apply elsewhere; and he sat down to wait, as the Roman in his dungeon sat down to meet the assassin who was sent to despatch him.

"We must be sold up, Polly. If old Mansell chooses to put the law in force, what am I to do?"

Polly was almost as hopeless as her father. The only cheerful person about her was young Ben, who quoted generous bits of stage-plays and poetry, and always declared, that, by a poetical justice, the good man, nine times out of ten, came up all right in the play.

"Ah! but the play isn't the world, Ben: I've heard say it's a great deal worse."

"No, it isn't, Polly. You shall go to it when we are married."

"Don't talk so, Ben," returned Polly. "How can you? It's hard-hearted, it is, Ben; and father so troubled and cut up. I wish it was all over."

"What, the marriage, Polly?" said Ben dryly.

"No: the dreadful bill, you cruel wretch, you. There's one comfort," she said, flashing at him an indignant and reproachful look: "you'll have to marry a beggar."

"Law!" said Ben, "is that all? She'll never be a beggar when she's my wife, and God gives me strength and health. Polly, don't cry. If that was all, it would be well. And if I had thousands now, Polly, they should be yours."

"I wish you had, Ben," cried Polly, with a gulp and a sob.

"I don't. I'd rather you'd take me for nothing. All for love, Polly; for true love. It is the best thing in the world, and never wears out."

And then, with true delicacy, born of his poetic temperament, Ben so comforted Polly that while he was there, at least, the young girl felt brave and comforted.

In the mean time Mr. Keach tried to press his suit; which was not of the kind of cloth that Ben's was, and offended Polly mortally. He, as Polly might have well known, might have helped her; but he made her love, in his obscure hints, a condition, and Polly flung away from him in disgust. And yet what a power has money! Polly's two lessons to Miss Sally Stoker produced some fifteen shillings a week; and this was the gold and silver band which held Polly to her engagement, and also to enduring Keach's presence.

That gentleman himself, mortified by Polly's refusal, gloated over the coming misfortune of her father; all the more so, as he had found out by ocular demonstration that Polly had preferred a plebeian young bootmaker to an aristocratic banker. The notion that they who made sound boots could be preferred to those who took care of other people's money in banks — which sometimes cracked, and let the money run out — was, he observed to himself, absolutely revolutionary.

"I'll be revenged," said Keach to himself. "I'll put a spoke into his wheel."

When one is awaiting a great trial,— and to the honest saddler this was indeed one,— the sooner it is over the better. As the time approaches, a sort of desperate courage

is given one; and poor old Pilkerton, who would be a broken man on the morrow, was absolutely a brave and ready one, on the evening before the fatal day. He balanced his books, made every thing as clear as daylight, performed the place of a boy, and swept up the shop and polished the snaffles and curbs himself, as if, with the presentation of the bill, one of the commissioners in bankruptcy and a file of policemen would walk into his little shop, and declare him ruined.

"Now, father, it's all ready," said Polly ruefully, with a sad smile. "Ready, if they come at six in the morning."

"Umph! they are bound to present it before twelve."

"Don't talk of it, father. Let us have some tea." It was a little past six o'clock. Old Pilkerton was as obedient as a child. Polly led him in, and poured out his tea, and stood up to say grace. Now all was to pass from him, the old man looked round the comfortable room with a sigh and a groan, and thought how dear it was to him. His home had never looked so well before, — so homely, yet so neat and comfortably warm.

"We thank Thee for this, our daily bread," said Polly, with tears in her voice.

"We have wept, and we have not been comforted; we have prayed, and we have not been answered," said old Pilkerton savagely.

"Don't, father," said his daughter imploringly. "Gracious! what's that?"

Rap, rap. How both started. It was the postman, who was in the middle of the shop, with a registered letter. With trembling fingers Polly signed for it, and took it in. "What's this, father?" she said.

"Nothing; some pertikler order for saddles, with drawings; them swells think every thing belonging to them valuable."

It was just one week before Christmas Day: for bills will come due, through feasts and fasts,— except on the free days and the new Bank holidays,— and sometimes new saddles were made up as presents; so the old man was not, perhaps, so far out.

"Let me open the letter, if it's business," said Polly, forcing a cheerfulness, and sitting down, after closing the glass door of the parlor. "How nice and red and warm postmen do look. Do you like your tea, father?"

"Pretty well, my dear; perhaps it's the last we may have. Yes, they are drawings."

"Oh, my! Oh! father, dear father, look here." She opened the letter, found two stiff cards, which caused the old saddler to utter his remark, and then, unwinding the string which bound them pretty tightly, opened six new, crisp, charming-looking pieces of copperplate engraving worth at least fifty pounds each, for they were bank-notes.

When old Pilkerton fully comprehended that they were real, he laid down his bit of bread and butter, smoothed his hands upon his apron, and fell down on his knees, crying, "God forgive me for my wicked haste." Then he gave way to a torrent of tears, in which Polly joined him, laughing and choking in the meanwhile, with one hand round his neck, or sometimes patting his back, while she said, "Cry away, father: it will do you good."

Christmas came and went; the bill was paid. Old Pilkerton wanted to rush at once to old Mansell, waving his notes over his head; but Polly told him to bear himself like a man, — to change some of the notes, and to await the clerk.

A very gentlemanly young man called, and presented the bill, just about twelve; whereon Pilkerton took him into his glass cupboard; and Polly — "My clerk, sir," — produced the money from the desk, and it disappeared at once in a black leathern pocket-book, chained round the young gentleman's waist. Then the old man got his bill, and, when the clerk was gone, tore it into fragments, and vowed he would never take a contract nor draw a bill again. His shop was not shut up. A customer, more thoughtful than the rest, paid his bill, and put our old saddler in possession of some ready money; and, to Keach's disappointment, Polly got another engagement, and determined to give up her friend Sally Stoker — after finding out that it was not, as old Pilkerton long protested that it must be, that generous man the D.D. who had furnished the money.

"That's a mystery, father," said Polly; "and we will rake the money together, bit by bit, to pay our generous benefactor when we find him."

"It's mysterious; it's providential. So was that old bad debt, turning out so wonderfully a month after. That gave us a hundred towards it, Polly."

"Ben said we should be helped," said Polly. To which the father gravely replied, "Benjamin Mansell was right — for once in his life." It was curious that the opposition he had shown to that young man had not decreased, nor the admiration he felt for Keach Stoker.

It was more than a week after Christmas that Polly, meditating still upon the grateful mystery which had saved her father's credit, and perhaps his life, hurried away home from giving a lesson at her new pupil's. The weather suddenly changed; and Polly, who had brought no umbrella, found herself obliged to stand up for a regular London downpour. She had scarcely adjusted her clothes, looking most ruefully on some spots on her neat and handsome silk dress, meanwhile grasping her music-roll in her hand like a policeman's baton, when Mr. Keach Stoker came upon the scene. Polly could not refuse his offer of a shelter. Keach was delighted.

He talked of every thing; then led up to races. There had been some steeple-chasing in the South; and he had understood that an acquaintance of theirs — he would not say friend — had dropped something on the race.

"Dropped something. What is that?"

"Lost some money."

"Who was it?"

"Why, nobody less than Mr. Mansell, the bootmaker."

"Poor old gentleman!" said Polly.

"'Twasn't the old: it was the young."

"What! *he* take to racing — her Ben. And he lose money at racing — large, heavy sums, when her father was suffering!" Polly's head was, as she afterwards said, in a whirl.

"Are you sure of this dreadful accusation, Mr. Keach?" said Polly sharply; for to her a gambler was a creature to be ever avoided.

"We're close home; now I will leave you; so sorry," said Keach, as they approached the door, rejoicing that he had planted a wound that would rankle: "sure, Miss Pilkerton. Oh, yes! we men of business are sure. I was told of the name (Mr. Keach belied himself); and on the 18th of December, — settling day, — young Mansell, who had been saving up money, drew the whole out — six ponies" — .

"What are ponies, sir?"

"Ponies? oh! I forgot; six fifty-pound notes — for I paid it him. Good morning — evening, I should say."

The arrow sped; and a wondrous effect it had upon Polly. In she rushed to the shop; in again to the little parlor, and fell upon her knees, crying, "O father! father! I've found out who our benefactor is" —

"Hush, child! there's that bothering young Ben in the shop, a waitin' upon some pretence or another."

Out rushed Polly, dragging in Ben, astonished and alarmed. "What is it?" he asked.

"Ben," said Polly beseechingly, "promise me you will never tell me a falsehood."

"I never did," said Ben, "and never will."

"Then you sent the three hundred pounds" —

"And saved my honor," cried old Pilkerton, taking hold of both his hands.

"And won my heart," said Polly, falling on his neck, and kissing him.

"Well," said the struggling hero, rather ruefully, and blushing at his secret doings having been found out, "I thought I'd won that before, and I wasn't going to be beholden to money; for isn't a heart of gold worth more than a bag of gold, Polly?"

"You shall have both, Ben. One you've got, you darling; and when we've paid you the money, you shall have the other. And, Ben," said the earnest girl, her heart

bounding with joy, "I'll work my fingers to the bone before" —

"I'd rather have them as they are, Polly," said Ben, seizing her pretty hands, and covering them with kisses; and provided you and the governor are willing, I'll take them to-morrow."

* * * * * * *

Would you be surprised to hear — the form of question is original — 1. That Polly married Mr. Ben Mansell, and that old Mansell came down on the occasion.

2. That Lord Sangpur came to congratulate Mr. Pilkerton on the new saddles of her Majesty's celebrated regiment, the Redlegs, and hearing then and there of his misfortune, vowed to make it up to him somehow, and really did so.

3. That Messrs. Moses, Macbeth, & Co., finding many tough customers in their third bankruptcy, paid in full, and got it annulled.

4. That Messrs. Pilkerton & Mansell are celebrated saddlers by appointment to H. M. the Q—— and H. R. H., &c., &c.

5. That Mr. Keach Stoker was a little too venturesome with the "Greeks," and that the funds of those islanders let the D.D. in. If you are, I must have told my story very badly.

FRENCH MANNERS.

THIS is not a propitious moment to talk about French manners, for it is difficult to disassociate manners from character; and French character has not come out successfully from the bitter tests to which it has been subjected by the events of the last eighteen months. But, in considering the main features of home-life in France, manners cannot be omitted: they occupy too important a place to allow us to pass them over: however delicate, however thorny be the task, it cannot be avoided. To postpone it, would be useless; to attempt it now is rash, and perhaps even unfair. Still, rashness may be faced; while, with care and honesty, it is not impossible to guard against injustice. We may attain the latter end by extending our examination of the question over the last twenty years, instead of limiting it to actual facts: in that way we may reach an average on which we can more or less rely, and shall, at all events, avoid the exceptional arguments which a study of purely contemporaneous history might provoke. And yet, even then, we cannot ignore the fact that, as national manners are a result of national dispositions, as they are a national manifestation of national tendencies and thought, they must he regarded with some mistrust and some suspicion, if character — the source they spring from — should be found wanting in times of supreme trial. Whatever be our sympathies for France, whatever be our admiration of the great qualities of its people, whatever be our desire to believe that certain present aspects of their nature are but temporary, we cannot force ourselves not to see those aspects; no bandage which friendship and good-will can tie before our eyes can shut out the glare of their shortcomings now; no effort of affection, no allowance for special provocation, can blind us to the moral and political defects which the France of 1871 has wilfully exposed to the gaze of Europe; and consequently, in some degree, at least, to the bearing of those defects on an appreciation of its manners.

It can scarcely be seriously urged that manners involve a purely social, surface question, and are unaffected by the deeper principles of action which guide nations as a whole: even the most frivolous of women would hesitate to define them as a merely external form; consciously or unconsciously, they would own that the roots of manners lie far away, below the outside habits of daily life; while all serious thinkers will acknowledge that they are an essential and individual property of races, and that they serve to indicate the various interior dispositions of those races, just as form and color constitute the apparent distinctive marks which characterize each organic and inorganic object round us. It is this great truth which renders it so difficult to discuss French manners at a moment such as this. And this is not the only obstacle in the way: prejudice, and comparison with our own customs, may lead us to one opinion; the seeming evidence of what we take to be facts and consequences may conduct us to another; personal preferences and attachments may incline us towards a third. In such a maze of contradictory elements, safety — if any there be — lies solely in a strict pursuit of what looks like truth; and even then, with all the exactness and all the prudence which it is possible to employ, we may get radically wrong in the result.

One consolation — though it is scarcely the right word to employ in such a case — is, that the French themselves are, just now, as incompetent as we are to determine their condition with certainty and precision. But we, at all events, have the advantage of impartiality. We seek no satisfaction in the dissection of their ways; we have no pride to gratify, no faults to hide, no excuses to invoke; the matter has no direct influence upon us. We have but one object, and that a fair one; we want instruction; and we try to take it from the French, because they offer it to us in a shape which we do not find elsewhere. This motive may, perhaps, legitimize the rashness which was just now alluded to; this end may, perhaps, excuse the effort to analyze French manners, in the midst of the greatest crisis to which any modern nation has been exposed. It is, however, an attempt in which partial failure is almost certain, and in the realization of which every assertion and every argument must be accompanied by the reservations and the restrictions which the nature and the position of the subject imperiously impose.

And it is the more essential to begin by these expressions of hesitation, because we cannot confine the discussion to any particular class of manners; if it be undertaken at all, it must touch upon all which is most striking in what we see. We cannot restrict it to details of social intercourse, or to mere forms of courtesy and of worldly *convenances*. If we did so, we should fall into the very error against which we have been arguing, and should deprive the subject of nearly all its teaching. The conduct of French people, in society, or visits, or at balls, is but a small part of the question; its real interest lies in the nature of their habitual attitude towards each other in the current relationship of life; in the product of that attitude on the nation as a whole; in the indications which it affords of the causes which bring it about. The study is, perhaps, less difficult than it at first appears; because the French are generally so demonstrative that they supply ample ground for observation, and do not hide away what we are looking for; but it is far from easy, and can only be approached with the avowal that it will be incompletely made, especially within the limits of the few pages of an article.

The first great feature of French manners, the one which strikes new-comers most, is, incontestably, the form in which the influence of women is exerted. That influence is by no means universal in its action; at home it is very powerful; but, in this generation, it rarely reaches out of doors. Woman's reign is almost absolute within the four walls of a drawing-room, it is undisputed in family direction and in the management of children; but the cases are rare indeed where it extends to public questions of any kind. The French woman is essentially a woman; her objects are almost always feminine; she does not seek to go beyond her sphere; she understands her mission as one of duty in her house and of attraction towards the world; she is generally very ignorant of politics, and of all dry subjects, and shrinks from any active part in their discussion. Of course there are exceptions by the thousand; but the rule is, that she voluntarily abstains from interference in outside topics, whatever be their gravity or their importance. She may have a vague opinion on such matters, picked up from hearing men talk round her, but the bent of her nature leads her in other ways; her tendency is towards things which satisfy her as a woman. It naturally follows that men do not give her what she does not seem to want. They consult her on matters of mutual interest; they ask for and often follow her advice in business; but, in nine cases out of ten,

no husband would allow his wife to tell him how to vote at an election, or what form of government to support. This distinction is infinitely more remarkable in France than any analogous condition would be in England, because of the existence there of several rivals to the throne, and of the consequent splitting up of the entire nation into adherents of each pretender. Yet even this exceptional position does not induce French women to become politicians. Some few of them, of course, are so, and fling themselves with ardor into the cause they have adopted; but, fortunately for the tranquillity of their homes, the greater part of them have wisdom enough to comprehend that their real functions on the earth are of another kind. The exceptions are mainly found amongst Legitimists, who are small in number, but resolute in conviction; and Republicans who, though fewer still, are infinitely more rabid.

This abdication of interference with the destinies of their country, this frank abandonment of questions which, in our present state of civilization, are everywhere supposed, theoretically at all events, to be under the control of men, enable French women to acquire special force in the direction of those elements of life which pertain essentially to their sex. As a compensation for the restrictions which they accept on one side, they receive autocratic privileges on the other; but they use those privileges generously and well, for the greater good of their generation. They do not attempt to avowedly work out intellectual or moral ends,—their acknowledged aspirations seldom take that form; but they do seek to soften and to gild, to govern by charm and by attraction, to win men to their firesides by the bribe of elegance, of gayety, and refinement, to tempt them away from other tempters by the satisfaction of their higher tastes and of their better natures. Organized as society is now, women can scarcely find a more useful part than this to play: it lies well within their means of action; it is exactly suited to the habitual shape of their ambition; it is the true *rôle* of a wife, a mother, and a lady.

Feeling thoroughly the nature and the object of the functions which she undertakes, the French woman applies her whole energies to their discharge. She knows that she is, above all, a civilizer; and she employs her utmost vigor, her full invention, to attain her end. She surrounds herself with every help which can contribute to the result she seeks; she calls both truth and fiction to her aid. Stimulated by her vanity, lured on to new attempts by the recollection of past successes, she insensibly converts her drawing-room into a theatre, in which she is the great actress. And who shall blame her? Who shall presume to cast the first stone at her? In what lies her sin? Let us ask ourselves, honestly if we can, what the world needs from its women; let us put aside our own fancies and our own habits for a moment; let us forget our prejudices while we try to judge; let us look at this case as the French themselves do. And, if there be any among us who can go further still, let them lift their measurement to the highest social use of women, and test them by the pleasure they induce. We are not talking of pure duties here, we are not considering the abstract side of life; we are contemplating only its external aspects for the moment, though presently we will try to recognize what these aspects hide. No fair observer will accuse a French woman simply because she pleases: jealousy and envy may stoop to such an argument as that, but experience leads us to acknowledge that that very faculty is the most admirable which a woman can possess. Where the right of criticism comes in is in the examination of the means by which she pleases: there we have our full privilege of commentary. Those means are open to discussion by all Europe, on the one condition that we state them truly. And such a discussion is particularly in its place here; for the manners of a country offer no element more important than the composition of the measures which women employ in order to maintain their influence and hold their ground.

No one who has any knowledge of the form which modern life assumes will dispute the fact, that, in all European countries, men go less and less into society, and seek their satisfactions more and more away from drawing-rooms. This is as true of England as it is of France; but French women struggle more resolutely than ours do against the growing danger. They see instinctively, that, if it goes on developing as it has done during the last twenty years, there will come, some day, a thorough dislocation of the bond which, until new temptations rose, held women and men together in the pursuit of mutual enjoyment. With the practical judgment which is one of their high merits, many of them have set to work to fight against outside competition. They have not contented themselves with lifting up their hands and mourning over the decadence of men: pluckily, and with a will, they have accepted battle, and are carrying it on with all the weapons they can forge. Let us bear this well in mind during our examination of the nature of those weapons, and of the uses to which they are put; for, in such cases, it may not unreasonably be urged that the end justifies the means.

The word coquetry expresses inexactly and insufficiently the attitude of the French woman at her fireside: there is as much of pure nature in it as there is of art; and furthermore, the word coquetry needs interpretation. To, most of us it conveys the idea of the direct pursuit of admiration or of love, and of the calculated handling of all the artifices which may seem to serve that object. That is the meaning we should find in dictionaries, and it is the right one to apply to the majority. But to those who have tunnelled through the coquetry of certain French women, and have closely examined its geology, the word becomes susceptible of a far higher sense; for it then comes out that, in not unfrequent examples, it implies the defence of general rights and privileges, rather than the desire of personal successes. It is for this, in a considerable degree, that many French women wilfully attract, that they persistently seek to charm. For them victory lies in winning men away from other allurements; in reconstituting what was once society; in re-asserting the undisputed supremacy of their sex, as the true source of joy. When this is the prize of the strife, the coquetry of French women becomes impersonal; their blandishments are not intended to vanquish you for themselves, but to drag you to a system which they essentially represent, to a theory of which they are the incarnation. If we admit such a point of view as this,—and in many cases it is the right one,—coquetry becomes a merit, seductive wiles assume the character of honest combat, insidious temptations acquire the aspect of justifiable homicide. It is not so always: the mass seek simply to draw homage to themselves, without caring one atom about the royalty of their sex. But for either category, especially for the latter, the position is surrounded by grave dangers. French women are too often fingering two-edged swords; they are too often risking their fluttering wings against the flame they fan; and even if the heart remains unattacked, even if duty or pre-existing love should cover it with an impenetrable breastplate, vanity at all events has no defence, and takes naturally to itself the glory of every triumph gained, even if it be for the common cause. These perils are manifestly grave, but the consciousness of their existence sits lightly enough on natures which are accustomed to them. French women do not admit that, at the best, their lives are often passed in narrow escapes: they are blinded by long habit. In one sense it is as well that this should be so; for they could not possibly attain the brilliant temerity which they exhibit, if the neighboring precipice were always before their eyes. As for vanity, most of them rather like it; they take it as a recompense for their labor, as a solace for their devotion to a cause: they have their own approval, and that comforts them. The same might be said of other women besides the French.

But where the real *femme du monde* is unrivalled outside France, is in the admirable dexterity, the catlike grace, the consummate intelligence, with which she wields her arms. Concentrated in her "manners" all the varied elements of her coquetry come out. Her every bow is critically measured, according to the person to whom it is addressed, and the effect which it is intended to produce. From the low, slow, sweeping courtesy with which, on a first introduction, she salutes a woman of high rank, through the long, delicately-

graduated scale of forms of recognition, down to the familiar nod and extended hand with which, without rising from her sofa-corner, she greets her male friends, each movement implies a thought, each variation telegraphs a meaning, each shade suggests the nature of the reply which she expects. The way in which the proffered hand is held, tells you unmistakably whether you ought to respectfully press it, or to reverently kiss it; the fashion in which the head turns towards you as you come in, the quantity and the quality of the smile, say, as distinctly as if it were printed in large letters, "Tell me I am charming;" or, "I don't care what you think;" or any thing between these two extremes. The underlying wish can be expressed, the secret object can be shown, the exact degree of permitted intimacy can be indicated, all by manner. In their mastery of this unfathomable science, French women possess a power which scarcely any other than themselves can even comprehend. They well know the strength it gives them, and they mature it with the profoundest care. It would, however, be a great error to suppose that this power is all acquired, — that it is nothing but a fruit of long-studied, well-developed coquetry: the better sort of French woman is born to it; it comes to her with her mother's milk; it is in her nature; all she does is to re-enforce it by the arts and aids which experience successively places at her disposal. The rapid play of physiognomy, the trembling of the eyebrows and of the corners of the mouth, the twisting of the shoulders, the nervous oratory of the fingers, the suggestive movements of the feet, all these forms of speech — for such they are — belong to her by right of birth: she does but regulate their expression. With such infinite and varied language at her disposal, she is not obliged to open her lips to speak: ideas and sentiments and desires pour out of her without words; her manner is half her eloquence.

But they are not all like this. As with most other products, they have their categories, their classes, their degrees. Thus far we have looked only at the highest types, at the most perfected examples; below them stretch away vast areas of decreasing skill, of lessening charm, ending in the bottom strata, with the worst form of contrary development. Awkwardness, stupidity, and vulgarity can be found in France in tons: those unattractive attributes exist there in lamentable abundance; but it is a peculiarity of the country that they do not necessarily depend on rank, or even on education; they appear to be as instinctive in their victims, as are the brilliant properties we have been roughly sketching in the luckier individuals who possess them. Manner can be, to a great extent, acquired: it may be copied, it may be struggled for, it may be put on as if it were a dress; but to be absolutely complete in its working out it must be innate in its origin. And yet, true as this may be, the French enjoy a singular facility, so proper to themselves that it may be regarded as a monopoly, which enables them to partially compensate for indigenous insufficiency. They have the faculty of imitation. To take one example, which is familiar to us all, what can be more striking than the manners of the Paris shop-girls, as a whole? It cannot surely be pretended that they are all born with the tone they reach. Many of them must be so: for we see amongst them such admirable types that they can only be explained by indwelling tendencies and natural dispositions; but the greater part of them pick up, by nothing but contact and adaptation, the external characteristics which generally belong to their superiors. Of course they do not climb beyond conventionalities of mere form, — they do not attain to the supreme subtleties which are found only on the topmost round of the high ladder which leads to perfection, as it is understood in France; but they scramble to an altitude which suffices amply to enable them to please us; they show us what can be done by copying; and they seem thereby to prove, that, amongst their countrywomen, absence of reasonably good manners should rather be attributed to a personal incapacity for appreciating them, than to any absolute impossibility of acquiring them. This explanation, if it be a right one, would lead us to suppose that there may almost be a sort of preference for vulgarity in certain minds, and that its existence is a consequence of free election, rather than of incurable deficiencies. However extravagant such a proposition may look at first, there is probably some truth in it; for, otherwise, it would be difficult to explain how it is, that, with all the means of improvement which are at their disposal, there should be so many vulgar women in France; and especially why they should carry their vulgarity to the prodigious pitch they often reach. It is possible that the very excessiveness of their national capacity in one direction provokes a violent recoil the other way if that capacity is not wisely guided; and that the same feline ways, the same ardent demonstrativeness, which aid a French lady to compose her admirable manner, are distorted into exaggerated coarseness in cases where the sentiment of their right uses does not exist. This does not tell us, however, why that sentiment should be absent in some natures and present in others; but, as we are not likely to be able to find any answer to such a question, we had better prudently leave it alone; it is beyond our ken.

Between these two extremes lie the average women of France. They are generally agreeable, sometimes rather *manièrées* and pretentious, sometimes very simple and unaffected, rarely shy or timid. A total self-possession, a calm indifference, which looks as if it sprang from long experience of the world, but which, ordinarily, is produced solely by the habit of other people, which they acquire in childhood, are their great features. They go in and out of a crowded room, they receive a dozen strangers, they talk, they laugh, with an appearance of unconsciousness which renders it difficult to suppose that they are coquetting; and yet a vast number of them are acting on a tiny scale, though without any special object beyond a vague desire to please. The necessity of attracting is in the Gallic blood: it may be controlled by the deep sentiment of one absorbing duty; it may be temporarily suppressed by other more urgent needs; it may be modified in its expression by the thousand accidents of position; but it is at the bottom of all French women's hearts, though it comes out in so many varied forms that it is not always easy to recognize its presence. There is something which strangely influences men, in the idea that almost every woman they meet wishes to make them like her; there is an unseen flattery in such a thought, but its action is none the less real because it is not evident to the eye. The woman, often half unconsciously, conveys to the man the notion that it would be agreeable to her to be made love to, partly as a pastime, partly as a homage which is due to her: the man knows, nineteen times out of twenty, that he will be forgotten directly his back is turned, and that some one else will take his place, with identically the same result; but that certainly does not prevent his doing what is more or less expected from him during the quarter of an hour he is there. So the two go on, for no harm's sake at all; and a week afterward one says that Monsieur X. is an agreeable man, and the other that Madame Z. is a charming woman. Within limits such as these, — and in the immense majority of cases this is all which happens, — the French system has great merits: it stimulates grace of language, it provokes expression, it brings out courtesy and good manners, and it offers a powerful antidote to the poisons which are working on most men's minds from the opposite direction.

The measures employed to attain these ends have been alluded to already in general terms: we will now try to specify some of them more exactly, so as to see, as clearly as a few examples will permit, how French manners are composed. Here, however, we must cease to talk of women by themselves: we must look at men as well; for, though their side of the subject is less attractive, it makes up half the whole. And we must descend into certain trivial details, into trifling forms and habits; otherwise the sketch would give outline without shading. It may seem useless or absurd to gravely state, that, at a dinner-party, the lady of the house is the first to leave the drawing-room, and heads the procession to the table; but even in such a fact as that there is a meaning; for it shows that, in French eyes, she is on her own ground, and therefore merits the homage which is due to every woman in her right place. The husband, on the contrary, comes last; because, as a

man, his duty is to yield precedence to everybody he receives. When dinner is finished, every one returns in the self-same order, arm, in arm the mistress and her cavalier first; the husband and his companion bring up the rear. And why do all come back at once straight into the drawing-room? Why is there no separation of the sexes, no division into male and female talk? Because the women will not have it; the men obey them, not unwillingly indeed, but because they find it pleasanter. In many houses, especially in Paris, even the excuse of smoking is not allowed to divide the guests: cigars are lighted in the drawing-room; the very women offer matches, so determined are they that men shall not abandon them. And, after all, this is right in principle: the objection to tobacco is only personal; and whenever its smell is not insupportable to themselves, women show sound wisdom in suppressing the purely theoretical objection that a drawing-room is not a place to smoke in. But whatever be the concessions which she makes in order to fulfil her first duty of keeping society together, no French woman who respects herself will permit concessions to degenerate into liberty. No Frenchman will dream of showing less deference to the women round him, or of less strictly observing forms, because he is allowed to smoke in the company of diamonds and white dresses. In questions of this sort, the French show remarkable tact. Impertinent and *entreprenants* (there is no English word for that) as they often are, with women that they do not know, they rarely attempt to profit by the familiarities which the modern system of life permits amongst people who meet on a footing of recognized equality. On both sides there is a sentiment of measure and propriety which is not often forgotten; the result is, that cigars authorize no license, that natural *abandon* produces no disrespect. The material attitudes of the men prove this: there is no lolling about, no carelessness of position, no neglect of the observances which are habitually practised in the presence of women. And yet there is but little ceremony, in our meaning of the word. The people do not sit straight, they do not forbid themselves to move; immobility is not supposed to be *comme il faut* — quite the contrary; there is a perpetual shifting of the body, especially of the arms and legs, a constant adaptation of physical action to the ideas which are being expressed, an unceasing working of the features. All this gives singular animation to French society, but it is all regulated by the unwritten code which fixes "manners." The absence of self-imposed restraint creates a freedom of which we have no idea; but the presence of courtesies which no one would be permitted to neglect maintains a politeness which we but rarely attain. Who ever saw a wooden French woman? She may sometimes be ungainly, but she is always thoroughly alive. Even her affectations do not become namby-pamby; the sentiment of vitality is all over her; it leaps out in every thing she does; but with all her vehemence of movement, she never forgets that she is a woman, and never fails to exact what is due to her as a woman.

There are, however, many details of life, or rather of customs, in which feminine action is not specially expressed. Such are, for instance, amongst others, the announcements of deaths and marriages. In these there is no distinction of the sexes. The circulars which are sent round to all acquaintances (newspaper advertisements are not employed in France for such ends as these) contain, in one case, the names of the father and mother if they be alive, and in the other those of all relations, to the third degree. A *billet de faire part*, as these documents are called, is couched in invariable language, whatever be the position of the senders. For a marriage it always says, in inverted duplicate, "Monsieur and Madame A. have the honor to inform you of the marriage of their son, M. Charles A., with Mademoiselle Julie B." And, in another sheet, "Monsieur and Madame B. have the honor to inform you of the marriage of their daughter, Mademoiselle Julie B., with M. Charles A." If you are invited to the wedding, the two printed notes contain the additional sentence, "and beg you to be present at the nuptial benediction, which will be given to them in such a church on such a day." For a funeral the shape is different; the *billet* is in this form: "You are begged to be present at the funeral-service and burial of M. N., who died on the 9th instant, at the age of fifty years, after receiving the sacraments of the Church, which will take place on the 11th instant, in the church of ——, his parish, at eleven o'clock precisely. From M. A., Madame B.," and so on through twenty, thirty, or forty names, as the case may be, "his father, mother, wife, children, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, cousins, second cousins," and various other forms of connection. If it be a notification of the death, without an invitation to the ceremony, then the wording is: "M. A., Madame B.," and all the others, "have the honor to inform you of the painful loss which they have sustained in the person of M. N., who died on the 11th instant," &c.; "their son, husband, father, brother," and so on. Births used to be notified in an analogous way; but the practice has died out during the last thirty years, and no notice is now given of the arrival of new children. Most people attend the weddings to which they are convoked: everybody goes to funerals; nothing is allowed to stand in the way of the latter duty, which is considered absolutely sacred, as being the last sign of sympathy you can offer. This is why French funerals present such long processions; why several hundred people may often be seen marching bare-headed behind a hearse, to church or to the cemetery. It is a touching custom, and everybody joins in momentarily with its object, by uncovering as the coffin passes. All these things, however unimportant in themselves, are signs not only of habit but of feeling. They show how much the French associate themselves, externally at least, with each other's joys and sorrows; how every opportunity of demonstration is seized upon and utilized; how the manners of the nation reflect the sentiments which guide it, or which, at least, are supposed to guide it.

The organization of balls, visits, and receptions is materially the same in France as in other European countries; the form of invitations is the same, but answers to them are somewhat differently composed. The formula usually adopted in reply to an offered dinner is: "M. A. remercie Monsieur et Madame B. de leur gracieuse invitation, et aura l'honneur de s'y rendre." And here, lest the little detail should pass unobserved, it is necessary to draw attention to the fact that A., in speaking of himself, writes "M.;" while in mentioning B. and his wife he says, "Monsieur et Madame," at full length. This distinction is invariably employed by men; it is a necessary courtesy. Women, on the contrary, always describe themselves as "Madame," without abbreviation. That is a woman's right: it indicates that her sex puts her in a position of superiority; that she has to receive honors, not to offer them.

One of the highest merits of the French system of manners is, that it tacitly lays down the principle that all persons meeting in the same house know each other, without the formality of introduction. Any man may ask any girl to dance, or speak to anybody, at a private party. This in no way extends to public gatherings, where the guarantee of supposed equality which results from the fact of knowing the same host does not exist. But in drawing-rooms the rule is absolute: everybody may talk to everybody. This is an intelligent and most practical custom; it facilitates conversation; it dispels all awkwardness towards your neighbor; it melts cold natures; it makes it possible to pass a pleasant hour in a house where you do not know a soul; it gives a look of warmth and unity to a room. No one is obliged to sit gloomily and in silence between two repelling strangers. If you want to speak, you are sure of a listener. Of course, people are often regularly introduced to each other by the master or the mistress, especially at dinner-parties; but in those cases the object is to put a name upon them, not to authorize them to converse; for that act no permission is required. The French have such a need of talk, and generally they talk so well, that it is easy to understand how this rule grew up; but the explanation should not be limited to that one cause. Sociableness

is quite as real a necessity for them as chatter is; and the first condition of its practice is that all needless barriers should be suppressed between persons of the same society; so, for this reason, too, liberty of acquaintance has been adopted indoors. Its effect on manners, strictly so called, is to polish them still further; for though you have the indisputable right to begin a conversation with a lady next to you, whom you have never seen before, you can only do so on condition of employing all the most respectful shades of attitude and language: you cannot jump into intimacy with her, and can only profit by her presence provided you show yourself to be well worthy of it. Between men these obligations are naturally less strict; though they continue to exist in a great degree, and involve the use of courteous forms, and of much more ceremony than is necessary between previous friends. The principle which temporarily equalizes all the people who are united under the same roof has other applications besides this one. It is a consequence of the self-same theory which obliges men to raise their hats when they enter a railway-carriage, or an omnibus, or a waiting-room, or a shop, or any covered place where they find other people. It is the same feeling which leads them to bow respectfully to every lady they may encounter upon a staircase; and, if she does not return the courtesy, you may be sure from that single fact she is not a French woman. These acts, and others like them, are very civilizing; they add much grace to life; they induce external consideration and respect for others; the style in which they are executed gives you an instantaneous and generally correct idea of the entire manners of the performer. This brings us to that infinitely grave question, — a Frenchman's bow.

There are many theories on this deep subject; there have been many professors of the noble science of salutation; there are, even in these degenerate days, differences of opinion as to the exact nature and ordination of the movements which compose a bow; but the generally adopted practice of the best modern school is after this wise; When you meet a lady that you know, you begin, four yards off, by calmly raising your outside arm, right or left, as the case may be. There must be no precipitation in the movement, and the arm must be maintained at a certain distance from the body, with a sort of roundness in its curve and motion; that is, it must not come up too direct, and especially not too fast. When the hand arrives at the level of the hat-rim, it must seize it lightly, slightly, with about half the length of the fingers; it must slowly lift the hat, and slowly carry it out in air to the fullest length of the gradually-extended, straightened arm: but not in front; it must go out sideways, horizontally from the chest, and on a level with the shoulder; this part of the operation must last several seconds. Simultaneously the hat must be turned over, by a calculated gradual movement, in exact proportion with the progress of its passage through the atmosphere, so that, starting perpendicularly with the crown upwards, it may describe a complete semicircle on its road, and reach the extreme limit of its distance at the precise instant when it has become upside down, and the lining gazes at the skies. At the instant when the hat is lifted from the head, the body begins to slightly bend, the inflection being so organized that the full extent of curving of the spine shall be attained concurrently with the greatest distance of the hat. A slight respectful smile is contemporaneously permitted to flicker furtively about the corners of the mouth. Then the hat comes slowly sweeping back again, its inward motion presenting the exact inverse of its outward journey; the back grows straight once more, the smile disappears, the hat resumes its accustomed place, the bow is over, the face grows grave, and you, the author of that noble act, murmur within yourself, "I think I did that rather well." But, if the lady should stop to speak to you (she alone can determine whether conversation shall take place out of doors), you remain bareheaded; the arm is slowly dropped till the now forgotten hat hangs vacantly against the knee; the back continues somewhat bent; and when the talk is over, — when, with a half-courtesy and an inclination of the head, the lady trips away, — the bending of the body becomes profound, the hat starts off once more to the full distance which the arm can cover, but at a rather lower altitude than before, it executes a majestic, radiating sweep through space, and then goes on to the hair, and all is over. Written description renders the whole process somewhat absurd, but the impression is very different when the act itself is contemplated. Modern manners offer scarcely any form of deference so grand, so thorough, so striking in its effect, as a really well-executed bow. English people are rarely able to judge it rightly, for their notions and practices on the subject take so different a form that the Frenchman seems to them to ridiculously exaggerate when he superbly waves his hat all round him; but, on the other hand, the British fashion of salute is miserable and contemptible in Gallic eyes, and is, especially, utterly inexpressive of the courtesy and the homage which men ought to manifest towards women. In France the very boys know how to bow; and though the nation exhibits every sort of degree of capacity in the matter, from the highest to the lowest, the dogma that bowing is a really important function is believed in almost everywhere.

The children are generally well-mannered; they are seldom rough or boisterous; their almost constant contact with their mothers and their mothers' friends gives them, from their babyhood, a glimmering of the sort of voice and attitude which ought to be adopted before strangers. There are exceptions in any quantity; vulgar parents usually make vulgar offsprings, but the mass of boys and girls — particularly the latter — are fairly well-behaved, and do not show loutishness or stupidity when spoken to. One of the great causes of the ease with which, as a whole, the French act towards each other, lies in this early training. A boy of ten knows perfectly that if his father meets a lady in the street, and stops to speak to her, his own duty is to take his hat off and to stand bareheaded. He knows that it would be rude to shake hands with anybody, man or woman, without uncovering; his mother tells him, his father sets him the example, so it seems quite natural to him; he does it simply, without *mauvaise honte*. In the same way, he learns to be cool and self-collected, even if any thing occurs which draws attention to him in a crowd. If he drops his book at church, and has to leave his place to pick it up, he does not blush: he sees no reason why he should. The girls do not giggle and look foolish if their hair comes down, or their hat falls off: they re-arrange themselves with perfect calm and self-possession, utterly unconscious that any one is looking at them, and indifferent if they know it. From these early habits they grow up to regard all ordinary movements as being permissible in public. This is why a French woman takes off her bonnet and smooths her hair before the glass in a railway waiting-room or a restaurant, or regulates her skirts, or puts in order her baby's inmost clothes, before fifty people. In her eyes all such things are so natural, so matter of course, that she has no kind of motive for making any fuss about them; she does them just as if she were at home; and she is right. The advantage of being educated with views of this sort is immense; the views themselves are wise and practical, and their realization has a marked effect on the development of simplicity and naturalness in manners.

As for the indoor tone of families, — that is to say, the behavior of their members towards each other, — it is hardly necessary to say that it varies in France, as it does everywhere else, with their social position, and with the quantity of affection which unites them. No law can be laid down in such a case, no general principle can apply to the infinite shades of conduct which exist amongst thirty-eight millions of people. As a rule, the love of home is universal amongst the French, and it provokes a good deal of harmony and relative gentleness; but that is all that can be said with truth. To pretend that, as an entire nation, they exhibit delicacy, courtesy, and politeness towards each other, in their intimate relations, would be an evident and needless exaggeration; but to recognize that the prevalence of warm attachment between persons of the same kin induces consideration for each other, and consequently softens the average of manners, is reasonable and just. The French are

essentially a loving race; they are emotional and demonstrative: it would be therefore contrary to the probabilities which result from those two facts if they were found to be hard and harsh, or even negligent, in their home attitude. Their usual disposition is to seek to give pleasure; and they manifest the desire, wherever it exists, by tenderness of form, by exactness of attention, by mutual forbearance. There is much respect towards parents, much expansion towards old friends, much sympathy in joy and sorrow. The sterling old British theory that the French are "superficial" and "so insincere," is utterly false of their home-life. Even as regards the ordinary relations of men and women, it would be difficult to show that they are less sincere than other nations round them; but indoors you see them as they are, warm-hearted, affectionate, with all their feelings on the surface. So far anybody can look on and make an opinion for himself; but where observation fails in nearly all of us is in small detail, in delicate distinctions, in subtleties which often are only recognizable after long contact, and, even more, after acquiring, by that contact, the power of just appreciation. Many of us are incapable of judging questions such as these, because we do not possess the faculty of perception; others, more numerous still, need time and teaching to enable us to detect the finer shades of meaning which are conveyed by manners which are new to us. Their language is at first imperceptible and impalpable: by degrees it becomes distinct; a habit of it forms itself within us; it assumes a more and more attractive guise; until at last, by long experience, we grow to like and cordially admire what, in the origin, we either could not see, or, if we saw it, disliked and disapproved. It would be folly to attempt to define, by verbal description, the thousand trifles which compose this element of manners; it cannot be passed over without allusion, but no attempt to deal with it in writing could possibly succeed.

It is more easy to say that, as a rule, the French do not dress regularly for dinner, as we do; that pleasant habit is limited to a very few houses. Notwithstanding the great and sudden increase of wealth during the last twenty years, and the consequent large augmentation of the class which could dress if it chose to do so, the old system remains in force, little fitted as it is to the smart furniture and gilded walls of modern rooms. On that point we beat the French; but they get ahead of us again in their constant and precise observance of courteous customs towards acquaintances. Every departing visitor is accompanied, if it be a woman, to the drawing-room door by the mistress, and to the outer door by the master or his son; if it be a man, the lady of the house does not pursue him, but her husband does. No one is transferred to the care of servants, or abandoned to his own resources to find his way out as best he can. They offer us a good model, too, in deference towards old people; and especially in the form in which that deference is manifested. Again, they are far away our masters in the courtesies of language, and in the infinite dexterity and readiness of their compliments. Their *esprit* is so full of *à propos* that they are rarely baffled by a difficulty; they twist out of an uncertain position by a well-imagined phrase. This may be illustrated by an example. The old Duc de Doudeauville (better known in Charles X.'s time as Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld) was a type of the *grandes manières d'autrefois*. He was a superb specimen of a gentleman, and was looked upon as almost the last representative of the great school of manners, which faded away with legitimate royalty. He was slowly coming down stairs one afternoon, from a visit, when he met a youngster of twenty, bounding up, three steps at a time, to the drawing-room, which he had just quitted. Both stopped short. The duke, by right of age, stood against the wall; the boy, four stairs below him, stood against the banisters. Both bowed low, both were bareheaded, neither would pass the other. "Je vous en prie, monsieur," said the duke, waving his hat towards the first floor. "Jamais, Monsieur le Duc," replied the other. So they might have stopped till now (this happened in 1855), if, after the fifth or sixth invitation from the old gentleman, the young one had not solved the difficulty by an inspiration. With a smile, and bending to his knees, he stepped up, saying, "J'obéis, Monsieur le Duc; l'obéissance est le premier devoir de la jeunesse." That is what the French call "saving the honor of the flag;" but it is not everybody, even in France, who would have invented the solution. This story shows how close is the connection between manners and language, and how difficult it is to be complete in one, without thorough command of the other. The best manners may be paralyzed by want of words; there are positions from which they alone cannot extricate, and which need a ready tongue as well as graceful physical forms. This element of the subject must, however, be considered by itself, at another time; the influence of language is too large a question to be discussed incidentally.

The attitude of Frenchmen towards each other is a separate subject; it presents, on the whole, a different character from that assumed by the women, or by society in its mixed nature. There is a good deal of the same varnish, of the same veneering, of the same external courtesies, especially between slight acquaintances; but as the object is not the same, as the desire to please does not exist between men as it does between the sexes, it follows, naturally enough, that there is less reality, and consequently less sincerity. Here the old accusation of wilful sham, which has been so often brought against French manners, is well founded; for the men adopt in their mutual relations a series of forms apparently indicative of respect, of sympathy, of deference, while no such feelings, or any thing approaching to them, are in their hearts. And though this same charge applies, in less degree, to other people than the French; though some sort of falseness is inevitable in that part of our conduct towards each other which we call manners; though, after all, no one is deceived by mere seeming signs, because every one is well aware that they cover no solid substance, these signs are so developed in France, they occupy so large a place there in the outside of life, they constitute so striking a feature of the national aspect, that the contradiction between what they look to be, and what we know they are, becomes particularly glaring. This contradiction assumes more importance still when it is measured by the moral results by which it is now surrounded. The considerations which were indicated at the commencement of this article assert themselves with special force when they are applied to men alone. In women we are tempted to excuse frivolity and surface pleasantness and the shallowness of ceremony. In them those insufficiencies are perhaps inherent to the part they play; and, furthermore, they atone largely for them by charm, and by the solid service which they render in struggling, by every means, to hold society together. But for men none of these excuses can be invoked. Men represent other objects, other duties: men constitute the nation, in its public sense; and if we find the nation palpably demoralized, — not only without principles or convictions, but almost without even opinions, — we are justified in regarding men, in this question of manners, with a suspicion that we do not extend to women. If every thing else in France stood on a solid basis, if religious faith were even general, if political convictions existed for other than individual purposes, if there were such a feeling as mutual respect, if we could perceive the great moral ties which hold a nation together, then it might be fairly urged that the sham of excessive courtesy between men is a valueless exception, and that the regular practice of public virtues and the recognized community of action for great ends take away all importance from it. But we see, or think we see, that, on the contrary, the sham of what we call exaggerated manners, is but part of an entire system of unreality, in which professions, almost everywhere, supply the place of acts; in which duty, self-sacrifice, and earnestness are nearly undiscoverable qualities. This is why we are forced to ask ourselves, unwillingly enough, if there be not absolute harm in what we might otherwise regard as only an attractive weakness; this is why the manners of the men of France may possibly deserve to be classed amongst their national defects.

This, however, is such delicate ground, the faculty of appreciating its nature and its dangers varies so widely with

the accidents of position and of personal prejudice and experience, that it cannot be approached without excessive precautions, or without reserving for everybody the fullest right of difference of view. It is but an opinion — one opinion — that can be expressed here; that opinion may be totally incorrect; but circumstances, unhappily, seem to justify it. And yet, one shrinks from the assertion that a system which contains so much that is winning and pleasant, so much that seems to soften and unite, is really, after all, nothing but rottenness, as so many other French theories have proved themselves to be. If nearly every thing had not broken down during the last two years, it would have been easy to defend the ostensible deceits which make up so much of our neighbors' manners. Until 1870, the subject was one of those of which it may be urged that "la forme couvre le fond;" but, with all good-will and sympathy, that cannot now be said. Absence of convictions seems to be so essential an element of French character to-day, that manners take their place with all the rest, and come in for their share of the mistrust with which we cannot help regarding the entire moral condition of the country. Viewed in this light, the question loses it special nature, — it becomes one of the elements of the whole position, and should be measured by the same rules that we apply to other and graver questions. Where all, or nearly all, is failure, — where national action has sunk below the standard which we find elsewhere, and which, allowing for variations of shape and detail, we thought we had thus far found in France itself, — the manners of the men cannot be abstracted from the mass; we are forced to take them as one of the external signs of an inner state, not as the special manifestation of pure courtesies. If what has been already said about the closeness of the tie between character and manners is really true, — and it is difficult to see how the argument can be disputed, — the value of manners necessarily falls with that of character; we cease to be able to consider manners as a distinct and separate subject, depending on itself alone. The women we can put aside; they have their uses and their purpose; we can also admit and approve the studied deferences which the men generally show towards women, for it may be taken as the evidence of justifiable and even necessary or useful hómage; it is when we look at the men alone, that the difficulty stands out in all its force. When men, after bowing to the ground, and employing all the delicacies of speech and compliment, all the flatteries of form, abuse each other directly they have parted, they can scarcely expect lookers-on to regard them or their manners with much confidence, now that their other public doings partake of the same illogical unreality. It is almost refreshing to observe — and the fact should be insisted on as a hopeful sign — that in certain cases, simplicity, naturalness, and even a shade of roughness, are coming into use, as if the better class of minds no longer consent to go on shamming. Ceremony is still the rule, the almost universal rule, but exceptions are creeping out; and without defending for one instant the adoption of indifference or coldness, or the complete abandonment of the elaborate forms which once constituted great manners, it may, at all events, be suggested, that the particular position of France at this moment does authorize, amongst the men, a lessening of the practice of general deceptions towards each other.

The whole moral interest of the matter lies in this part of it. Even if the manners of the women are open to some criticism, from the higher points of view, at all events it may be urged that they are not really more illusory than they are elsewhere; and that any blame which they may deserve, is merited about equally in other countries. But excessive courtesies between men, who neither like nor respect each other, are, in this generation, peculiar to France; and it is difficult to invent an argument in their defence. Why are such courtesies put on? What are they intended to express? What real meaning do they hide? Of course, it may be said, and with much truth, that such exaggerations are not universal; but it cannot be denied that they constitute the ordinary rule amongst educated persons, and that foreigners have the right to look at them as constituting a normal habit amongst the better classes. That being so, do we go too far in thinking, that the sooner the better classes abandon mere forms, which may now be classed amongst other useless deceits, the sooner will they begin, so far as this particular evidence of their character is concerned, to grow towards reality and principle? There was a time when mere forms were a necessary element of polished education; but the entire organization of society has become so changed, that no argument of necessity can be invoked in our time. People are now free to be what they are like; there are still abundant laws which regulate the conditions of our contact with each other; but as those laws are everywhere drifting towards naturalness and simplicity, the maintenance of meaningless ceremony can no longer be defended. And yet it can scarcely be expected that a manifest change of manners will be one of the consequences produced by the recent disasters of France. If those disasters had brought about results in other and graver questions, we might speculate on the effects which they might be expected to induce in this comparatively trifling detail of pure forms. But as, so far as we can see, France has "forgotten nothing and learned nothing" since the summer of 1870, it would be absurd to suppose that any real change will arise in the external fashions of its men.

For the women we can scarcely wish for change. When we know them well, when we have grown to them by habit, we cease to feel, or even to perceive, the peculiarities which strike us at first sight; we forget our prejudices, we accept the exaggerations which shocked us when we were newcomers. It is then, and only then, that we can fairly judge or accurately compare; it is then that we become able to appreciate that intensely French thing, "charm;" it is then that we can measure the degrees and sorts of pleasure which the manners of the higher types of French women are capable of provoking. The political condition of a country, however bad it may be, cannot be urged as a motive for the abandonment of graceful courtesies between men and women, or as an argument against the arms which some French women employ with such singular dexterity. But as against the men alone, the situation may be differently viewed: there we may appeal to all our old theories of frankness, sincerity, and honesty, and may, not unfairly, urge that amongst the elements of the moral renovation of which France has so much need, the manners of the men will gain by a return to truth.

Viewing the subject as a whole, and renewing the reservations which have already been expressed, it is evident that there is a marked contradiction between French manners and the moral state which the grace and courtesy of these manners, if they were real, would necessarily imply. But this is in no way a modern fact. Those manners, since they first were formed, have co-existed with the moral defects which we observe to-day; there has been no change in either; French character, French qualities, French shortcomings, have been the same for centuries. Recent events have brought them into vivid light, but those events have not created them. History shows us, if we look at it with that object, that the race has been what it is since Louis Treize was king. The absence of correlation between the inner state and its outward manifestations has existed since manners were invented: there has always been the same polish on the surface, the same absence of convictions underneath. This generation inherited the contradiction, and has perpetuated it; the blame which it deserves is limited to that. It found itself in presence of a tradition — a winning, softening tradition — whose entire aspect was agreeable, which was handed onwards by its ancestors as one of the prides of France; it took it, and it kept it, without asking whether it expressed the truth. The question now lies between reality and charm; old habits and old preferences are so strong, that charm will probably retain its place; for the whole race must change its nature before it will own that reality is a higher merit still.

NICOLAS POUSSIN.

ANDELY, in Normandy, was the birthplace of Nicolas Poussin. Andely is a small town, of some antiquity, having grown out of the ruins of a monastery burned by the Englishin 1170, and is now called Grand Andely; forming, together with Petit Andely, a neighboring hamlet, the *sous-préfecture* of Les Andelys. Poussin, born in 1694, was four years younger than Simon Vouet, the favorite painter of Richelieu and Louis XIII. Vouet was the master of Le Sueur, who, escaping his hands, blossomed into uncertain and brief-lived beauty; but he formed Le Brun, the high priest of Louis XIV. art, and is therefore commonly called the founder of the French school. It is true, indeed, that Vouet trained the decorative painters of the age of Louis XIV.; but the belief that he is, therefore, the father of French painting, can be held only by those who maintain the Catholic theory, which ignores the movement of the Renaissance, and sees in the wars of religion the salvation of the State.

In histories of modern art, Poussin is always ranked with the Italian school. But the quality of his genius is even more essentially French than that of Le Brun, and both these men descend in as direct a line from France of the sixteenth century. In them we have surviving proof of the division of the land. Le Brun, and his precursor Vouet, are the exponents in art of triumphant authority; but the lost hopes of the Renaissance linger in the breast of Poussin. In him revive the dying embers of that quivering flame which the reactionary party had well-nigh succeeded in putting out on the soil of France. "E non ci si pensa quanto sangue costa." In the elevation of mind which sustained the solitary Poussin, in the uncertain beauty too soon extinct with the life of Le Sueur, we see the only fruit borne by a tree on which we early count a thousand blossoms. A wealth of power was put forth when France gave birth to the great enamellers of Limoges, the great glass painters, the great sculptors, painters, architects of the Renaissance. To name Courtois, Lionard, Pinaigrier, Clouet, Cousin, Goujon, De Lorme, Bullant, is to name but a handful amongst a multitude. This is the plant which was cut down; and in its place, well befenced and guarded, flourished the gaudy parasite of courts, from which a vain cultivation received the apples of Sodom.

Is it possible that Poussin, a born Frenchman, could wholly escape from the influences which were paramount in his native country? An answer to this question can only be obtained from a critical examination of his work. The first thing which strikes us, when we come in contact with it in any large quantity, is its strangely uneven quality. Much, of course, which bears his name is spurious. At Munich, for example, two paintings in the Pinacothek have long been attributed to him, in spite of protest. And a good two-thirds, at least, in most portfolios of so-called Poussin sketches are probably forgeries. But it is difficult honestly to be very positive. Judgment in these matters is swayed by a thousand ill-appreciated causes, physical conditions render our perceptions less or more sensitive, so that to-day we condemn, and to-morrow we hesitate. Intimate acquaintance with work of indisputable genuineness is our only safeguard; watermarks, quality of paper, choice of medium, may sometimes furnish negative proof, but they can never be relied on as the sole support of unqualified assertion. And even when possessed of well-founded knowledge, we may not be quite assured, for the powers of the most highly-endowed man are subject to mysterious fluctuations. In the case of Poussin there is, too, unusual difficulty; for in every large collection of his work, drawings occur which serve as connecting links between the genuine and the spurious. Their mere presence confuses the distinctness of our impressions, and makes it almost impossible to draw a line with precision, and say, "Here the true end, and the false begin." Yet the work which he has bequeathed to us claims not to be left undefended to such as may find their interest in foisting amongst it any rubbish of dry classicality, or emptiness of sacred subject; and until some sifting process has been accomplished, his reputation must suffer daily. The sentiment represented in Germany by "Noch ein solche haben die Franzosen als grose meister eingeschmuggelt," is so far just that it is based on knowledge of the poverty of the work exposed as Poussin's in their galleries and museums. To this rule there are, however, exceptions. The "Dionysos and Midas" at Munich is one of Poussin's masterpieces. At Vienna, the gallery of Prince Lichtenstein contains several charming examples; and the Albertina collection has many good drawings by the master's hand, amongst which is one chalk sketch of remarkable beauty.

Perhaps the quality which most individualizes Poussin's conception of man is his intense sense of the sympathetic union of humanity and nature; it is this bias which is always leading him to dwell with pleasure on the classical conceptions of the faun and satyr, and which lends a peculiar coloring to his treatment of Bacchic processions. "Dulce periculum est, O Lenæe! sequi deum Cingentem viridi tempora pampino." Children, instinct with the most fearless joviality, inextricably tangled in a wild wreath of dogs, goats, and flowers, press through the forest underwood, careering after old Silenus, more drunk with the excitement of mad frolic than their leader is with wine. They look as if they derived nothing but the most innocent enjoyment from his tipsy merriment. One of these children, fatigued into sleep, is the subject of this chalk sketch in the Albertina. The drawing is perfect in its way, spontaneous, and full of charm. The green vine-leaves still cling about the heated temples, ripples of gurgling laughter still dimple the childish cheeks, lingering shadows of wild excitement heighten the deep abandonment of the whole attitude, and render even more sensible the resistless collapse of exhausted nature weighing down the rounded limbs. The simple means, too, by which this is achieved, are characteristic of Poussin, whose severity never loses charm, and whose simplicity lies above a half-hidden spring of luxuriance. A few choice lines fall on the paper with faultless precision and grace. And this sketch lies amongst masses of drawings, some of which appear to have equal claims to authenticity, but none of which, in point of beauty, will bear comparison with it for a moment.

These drawings, even in character of subject, are wholly different; they give us for the most part Scripture scenes, treated from a feebly classical point of view, executed in pen-and-ink, slightly washed with the brush. Instead of the unhesitating intention with which the chalk stroke sweeps along, a faltering wiry line encloses ill-defined forms. Still, something seems to forbid the rejection of the entire mass as spurious; and the question arises, Was the genius of Poussin, like that of Le Sueur, chilled by his subject? Take, for example, a nude study by Le Sueur, *rein objective dargestellt*, and set it by the side of a drawing by him of some Carthusian monk in prayer. Whereas in the one you have the full bloom of artistic pleasure, in the other you are sensible of effort made to receive and convey an impression, in fulfilment, as it were, of a set task. The sentiment of the devout ascetic is foreign to the sympathy of the artist. In the art of the seventeenth century, no heat of religious fervor vivifies these emaciated forms. Here and there, should such a growth appear, it is but sporadic, and indicates no general state of feeling. Nature had re-asserted herself, and the day (then, indeed, somewhat overcast) had dawned when the man who worshipped with his age honored the principles of life. Perhaps this theory might explain frozen feeling and chilled fingers; but in many of these drawings there is something worse than mere constraint: there is nervous uncertainty to be accounted for; and Poussin, in his indisputably genuine work, is never wanting in steadily-sustained aim. "The Finding of Moses," a drawing which has been made popular by autotype, is certainly an inferior work. It is absolutely devoid of geniality, and looks as if Poussin had gone to school with Vouet, in some hour when Richelieu had ordered off the unwilling Louis XIII. On every line lies the iron weight of the century, ungilded by its later magnificence. Dignified, formal, *pseudo* classic, eminently scientific, it has nothing which would be called in modern cant "interest-

ing;" but the subject is definitely conceived, firmly grasped, and rendered with an unerring hand. Every fold of drapery is put in with a brush which advances in the assigned direction with unrelenting energy. There are no mistakes, no corrections, no erasures; but a manifest purpose of creation is manifest throughout.

At first, so marked a difference in mere technical excellence would seem to condemn forever all doubtful work. It would be well for Poussin's reputation if it were so. Much, indeed, bears his name falsely; but much which seems a disgrace to his fame is, it is to be feared, genuine. Poussin has done a great work; but he has no right to be called a great master. Born amidst the convulsions which closed the sixteenth century, his youth flourished, as it might, under the shadow of the stone which France had rolled to the mouth of her own grave. Grave well guarded, but not by angels. From the dull provincial lessons of Varin, at Beauvais, he fled to Paris. There his genius, wedded to the teaching of Duchesne, produced work which was but a dubious hybrid; which not inaccurately represents the sterile and exhausted character of the age. After restless wandering, he found at last, in Rome, some semblance of that creative joy which was banished from the land of his birth. The great days were indeed gone; but some reflection of their brightness lingered yet. Poussin, aged thirty, learned of Domenichino and Andrea Sacchi, — Sacchi whose name must ever stand high on the roll of the Roman school. The severity and simplicity of Sacchi's style, his skilled design, his enthusiasm, his learning and cultivation, accorded happily with aspirations which were natural to Poussin. From this moment he began to trust in others, and to have confidence in himself. At first, in this period of his second pupilage, he executed much which possesses as little individuality as his earlier work. Drawings exist, in which he seems to have incorporated his impressions of the Umbrian school. Then comes the time represented by such compositions as "The Finding of Moses," many points in which indicate that he is still laboring under difficulties occasioned by imperfect mastery of technic. And at last dawn the days which give us the "Dionysos and Midas" of Munich; the "Bacchanalian Dance," and "Bacchanalian Festival," of the English National Gallery. His development had been slow and uncertain; and his earlier work of no value except as illustrating his career. Society, in the age of Louis XIV., whatever were its vices, had one conspicuous merit, — its character was strong enough to give a marked tone to the art of the day. But when Poussin was young, it was otherwise. The Frenchmen of his time held no faith, no hope, no interest, in common. It had come to be felt in France, that the strivings of thought, searching after the hidden significance of forms, brought nothing but ill to the State. It was felt that mental effort should be directed properly to the investigation of these forms alone. In the domain of letters, "truth has often trembled on the verge of law;" but the evil tendencies of unfettered thought are not so obvious to the eyes of State police, in the world of art; and Spain, perhaps, is the only country which has taken a hint from Plato, and placed her painters under legal censorship. In France, Poussin was alone, but free. Within the safe limits of the accidental, he could not rest; for, lying on their borders, he saw a heavy cloud of mystery, and knew that the courts of the temple were without the sanctuary. For him, the past was no mere wardrobe, from which he might supply himself with a varied succession of the costumes best fitted for representation; but a veil through which the actual became visible, — a veil whose thin folds did not obscure the eternal sameness of human life, but rendered its features more strangely beautiful.

And here it is to be noted, that when Poussin issues into final and triumphant exercise of his own powers, his national characteristics assert themselves in full force. He is French in selection of form. The clear, defined, spare, and supple shapes of his nymphs betray their kinship with the Diana of Anet, with their world-renowned sister of the "Fontaine des Innocens," modelled by Goujon in such unmysterious mystery of refined accentuation. He is French in color, with an instinctive preference for modulations in the highest key, — that key in which a skilled player caught a never-to-be-rivalled note of piercing clearness, the delicate harmony of the *faience* of Oiron, which we call Henri II. In this triumph of French art, the very limit is approached which separates pale, subtly-refined color from that which is thin and harsh. If we set it beside the gorgeous magnificence of Urbino, its strange white, and fitful gleaming yellow, and weird magic threadings of black, cry to us like the pure notes of the "sharp violin," piercing the full-throated richness of the "sacred organ." He is French in sentiment. No suggestive mysticism, no sombre deeps, attract him. "Gerade die tiefe so einsam ist als die hohe," says Jean Paul. But the obscurity of the bottomless abyss cannot allure the typical French mind. If it require solitude, let it be the loneliness of mountain-tops, with their sharp, thin air, and boundless horizon. He is French in treatment of subject. He can be dignified, yet not dull; licentious, yet not coarse. The common, vulgar aspect of a common, vulgar incident does not exist for his eyes. Four good-for-nothing little vagabonds, robbing an orchard, are transformed into four thievish Cupids, who climb, and eat, and squabble over their booty, with more than mortal grace and greediness. The orchard is a garden, and the crabbed apple-trees are trees from a child's dreamland, whose lithe boughs sway under the weight of heavy, golden fruit. Again, the pathetic sorrow of a band of children, lamenting their lost playfellow, is moulded by his imagination into a lovely poem. A veiled figure closes the palace-gates, and over the threshold passes the mournful funeral procession of a little dead Love. The child-corpse is borne aloft on the shoulders of his weeping companions, to an immortal shrine, in the far-shining temple of the gods.

Thus Poussin holds a refining charm; every thing sordid and mean is transmuted by its touch; even death is but a transparent shadow, through which shines the light of life. His day is a day of paradise; south winds blow amidst eternal fruit and blossoms; the cruelty of the beast is but strength; the merriment of children a perfect joy; the satyr, lurking in secret shades, comes forth to make fast the link with man. And when the noon of revel is past, and twilight falls, the hush is sacred; it brings the hour of the elders, who, clad in white, glistening robes, pass along the valleys, holding solemn converse of that which has gone before, and shall follow after.

"NO LIVING VOICE."

"How do you account for it?"

"I don't account for it at all. I don't pretend to understand it."

"You think, then, that it was really supernatural?"

"We know so little what Nature comprehends, what are its powers and limits, — that we can scarcely speak of any thing that happens as beyond it or above it."

"And you are certain that this did happen?"

"Quite certain; of that I have no doubt whatever."

These sentences passed between two gentlemen in the drawing-room of a country-house, where a small family party was assembled after dinner; and in consequence of a lull in the conversation, occurring at the moment, they were distinctly heard by nearly everybody present. Curiosity was excited, and inquiries were eagerly pressed as to the nature or supernature of the event under discussion. "A ghost story!" cried one; "oh, delightful! we must and will hear it." "Oh! please, no," said another; "I should not sleep all night — and yet I am dying with curiosity."

Others seemed inclined to treat the question rather from a rational or psychological point of view, and would have started a discussion upon ghosts in general, each giving his own experience; but these were brought back by the voice of the hostess, crying, "Question, question!" and the first speakers were warmly urged to explain what particular event had formed the subject of their conversation.

"It was you, Mr. Browne, who said you could not account

for it; and you are such a very matter-of-fact person, that we feel doubly anxious to hear what wonderful occurrence could have made you look so grave and earnest."

"Thank you," said Mr. Browne. "I am a matter-of-fact person, I confess; and I was speaking of a fact; though I must beg to be excused saying any more about it. It is an old story; but I never even think of it without a feeling of distress; and I should not like to stir up such keen and haunting memories, merely for the sake of gratifying curiosity. I was relating to Mr. Smith, in few words, an adventure which befell me in Italy, many years ago; giving him the naked facts of the case, in refutation of a theory which he had been propounding."

"Now, we don't want theories, and we won't have naked facts; they are hardly proper, at any time, and at this period of the year; with snow upon the ground, they would be most unseasonable; but we must have that story, fully and feelingly related to us; and we promise to give it a respectful hearing, implicit belief, and unbounded sympathy. So, draw round the fire, all of you, and let Mr. Browne begin."

Poor Mr. Browne turned pale and red, his lips quivered, his entreaties to be excused became quite plaintive; but his good-nature, and perhaps, also, the consciousness that he could really interest his hearers, led him to overcome his reluctance; and, after exacting a solemn promise that there should be no jesting or levity in regard to what he had to tell, he cleared his throat twice or thrice, and in a hesitating, nervous tone, began as follows: —

"It was in the spring of 18—. I had been at Rome during the Holy Week, and had taken a place in the di igence for Naples. There were two routes: one by way of Terracina, and the other by the Via Latina, more inland. The diligence, which made the journey only twice a week, followed these routes alternately, so that each road was traversed only once in seven days. I chose the inland route; and, after a long day's journey, arrived at Ceprano, where we halted for the night. The next morning we started again very early; and it was scarcely yet daylight, when we reached the Neapolitan frontier, at a short distance from the town. There our passports were examined; and, to my great dismay, I was informed that mine was not *en règle*. It was covered, indeed, with stamps and signatures, not one of which had been procured without some cost and trouble; but one '*visa*' yet was wanting, and that the all-important one, without which none could enter the kingdom of Naples. I was obliged, therefore, to alight, and to send my wretched passport back to Rome, my wretched self being doomed to remain under police surveillance at Ceprano, until the diligence should bring it back to me on that day week, at soonest.

"I took up my abode at the hotel where I had passed the previous night, and there I presently received a visit from the Capo di Polizia, who told me very civilly that I must present myself, every morning and evening, at his *bureau;* but that I might have liberty to 'circulate' in the neighborhood during the day. I grew so weary of this dull place, that, after I had explored the immediate vicinity of the town, I began to extend my walks to a greater distance; and as I always reported myself to the police before night, I met with no objection on their part.

"One day, however, when I had been as far as Alatri, and was returning on foot, night overtook me. I had lost my way, and could not tell how far I might be from my destination. I was very tired, and had a heavy knapsack on my shoulders, packed with stones and relics from the ruins of the old Pelasgic fortress, which I had been exploring, besides a number of old coins, and a lamp or two, which I had purchased there. I could discern no signs of any human habitation; and the hills, covered with wood, seemed to shut me in on every side. I was beginning to think seriously of looking out for some sheltered spot under a thicket, in which to pass the night, when the welcome sound of a footstep behind me fell upon my ears. Presently, a man, dressed in the usual long, shaggy coat of a shepherd, overtook me; and, hearing of my difficulty, offered to conduct me to a house at a short distance from the road, where I might obtain a lodging: before we reached the spot, he told me that the house in question was an inn, and that he was the landlord of it. He had not much custom, he said, so he employed himself in shepherding during the day; but he could make me comfortable, and give me a good supper, also; better than I should expect, to look at him; but he had been in different circumstances once, and had lived in service in good families, and knew how things ought to be, and what a *signore* like myself was used to.

"The house to which he took me, seemed, like its owner, to have seen better days. It was a large, rambling place, and much dilapidated, but it was tolerably comfortable within; and my landlord, after he had thrown off his sheepskin coat, prepared me a good and savory meal, and sat down to look at and converse with me while I ate it. I did not much like the look of the fellow; but he seemed anxious to be sociable, and told me a great deal about his former life, when he was in service, expecting to receive similar confidences from me. I did not gratify him much, but one must talk of something; and he seemed to think it only proper to express an interest in his guests, and to learn as much of their concerns as they would tell him.

"I went to bed early, intending to resume my journey as soon as it should be light. My landlord took up my knapsack, and carried it to my room, observing, as he did so, that it was a great weight for me to travel with. I answered, jokingly, that it contained great treasures, referring to my coins and relics; of course, he did not understand me, and before I could explain, he wished me a most happy little night, and left me.

"The room in which I found myself was situated at the end of a long passage. There were two rooms on the right side of this passage, and a window on the left, which looked out upon a yard or garden. Having taken a survey of the outside of the house, while smoking my cigar, after dinner, when the moon was up I understood exactly the position of my chamber, — the end room of a long, narrow wing, projecting at right angles from the main building, with which it was connected only by the passage, and the two side rooms, already mentioned. Please to bear this description carefully in mind while I proceed.

"Before getting into bed, I drove into the floor, close to the door, a small gimlet, which formed part of a complicated pocket-knife which I always carried with me; so that it would be impossible for any one to enter the room without my knowledge. There was a lock to the door, but the key would not turn in it; there was also a bolt, but it would not enter the hole intended for it, the door having sunk, apparently, from its proper level. I satisfied myself, however, that the door was securely fastened by my gimlet, and soon fell asleep.

"How can I describe the strange and horrible sensation which oppressed me, as I woke out of my first slumber? I had been sleeping soundly; and before I quite recovered consciousness, I had instinctively risen from my pillow, and was crouching forward, my knees drawn up, my hands clasped before my face, and my whole frame quivering with horror. I saw nothing, felt nothing; but a sound was ringing in my ears which seemed to make my blood run cold. I could not have supposed it possible that any mere sound, whatever might be its nature, could have produced such a revulsion of feeling, or inspired such intense horror as I then experienced. It was not a cry of terror that I heard; that would have roused me to action: nor the moaning of one in pain; that would have distressed me, and called forth sympathy, rather than aversion. True, it was like the groaning of one in anguish and despair, but not like any mortal voice. It seemed too dreadful, too intense, for human utterance. The sound had begun, while I was fast asleep, close to the head of my bed, close to my very pillow; it continued after I was wide awake, — a long, loud, hollow, protracted groan, making the midnight air reverberate, and then dying gradually away, until it ceased entirely. It was some minutes before I could at all recover from the terrible impression, which seemed to stop my breath and paralyze my limbs. At length, I began to look about me; for the night was not entirely dark; and I could discern the out-

lines of the room, and the several pieces of furniture in it. I then got out of bed, and called aloud, 'Who is there? What is the matter? Is any one ill?' I repeated these inquiries in Italian and in French; but there was none that answered. Fortunately, I had some matches in my pocket, and was able to light my candle. I then examined every part of the room carefully, and especially the wall at the head of my bed, sounding it with my knuckles. It was firm and solid there, as in all other places. I unfastened my door, and explored the passage and the two adjoining rooms, which were unoccupied and almost destitute of furniture. They had evidently not been used for some time. Search as I would, I could gain no clew to the mystery. Returning to my room, I sat down upon the bed in great perplexity, and began to turn over in my mind whether it was possible I could have been deceived, — whether the sounds which caused me such distress might be the offspring of some dream or nightmare: but to that conclusion I could not bring myself at all, much as I wished it; for the groaning had continued ringing in my ears long after I was wide awake and conscious. While I was thus reflecting, having neglected to close the door, which was opposite to the side of my bed where I was sitting, I heard a soft footstep at a distance, and presently a light appeared at the farther end of the passage. Then I saw the shadow of a man cast upon the opposite wall. It moved very slowly, and presently stopped. I saw the hand raised, as if making a sign to some one; and I knew from the fact of the shadow being thrown in advance, that there must be a second person in the rear, by whom the light was carried. After a short pause, they seemed to retrace their steps, without my having had a glimpse of either of them, but only of the shadow which had come before, and which followed them as they withdrew. It was then a little after one o'clock, and I concluded they were retiring late to rest and anxious to avoid disturbing me, though I have since thought that it was the light from my room which caused their retreat. I felt half inclined to call to them; but I shrank, without knowing why, from making known what had disturbed me: and while I hesitated, they were gone; so I fastened my door again, and resolved to sit up and watch a little longer by myself. But now my candle was beginning to burn low, and I found myself in this dilemma: either I must extinguish it at once, or I should be left without the means of procuring a light in case I should be again disturbed. I regretted that I had not called for another candle, while there were people yet moving in the house: but I could not do so now without making explanations; so I grasped my box of matches, put out my light, and lay down, not without a shudder, in the bed.

"For an hour or more I lay awake, thinking over what had occurred; and by that time I had almost persuaded myself that I had nothing but my own morbid imagination to thank for the alarm which I had suffered. 'It is an outer wall,' I said to myself; 'they are all outer walls, and the house is built of stone; it is impossible that any sound could be heard through such a thickness. Besides, it seemed to be in my room, close to my ear. What an idiot I must be, to be excited and alarmed about nothing; I'll think no more about it.' So I turned on my side, with a smile (rather a forced one) at my own foolishness, and composed myself to sleep.

"At that instant I heard, with more distinctness than I ever heard any other sound in my life, a gasp, a voiceless gasp, as if some one were in agony for breath, biting at the air, or trying with desperate efforts to cry out or speak. It was repeated a second and a third time; then there was a pause; then again that horrible gasping; and then a long-drawn breath, an audible drawing up of the air into the throat, such as one would make in heaving a deep sigh. Such sounds as these could not possibly have been heard unless they had been close to my ear; they seemed to come from the wall at my head, or to rise up out of my pillow. That fearful gasping, and that drawing in of the breath, in the darkness and silence of the night, seemed to make every nerve in my body thrill with dreadful expectation. Unconsciously I shrank away from it, crouching down, as before, with my face upon my knees. It ceased, and immediately a moaning sound began, which lengthened out into an awful, protracted groan, waxing louder and louder, as if under an increasing agony, and then dying away, slowly and gradually, into silence; yet painfully and distinctly audible, even to the last.

"As soon as I could rouse myself from the freezing horror which seemed to penetrate even to my joints and marrow, I crept away from the bed, and in the farthest corner of the room, lighted, with shaking hand, my candle, looking anxiously about me as I did so, expecting some dreadful revelation as the light flashed up. Yet, if you will believe me, I did not feel alarmed or frightened; but rather oppressed, and penetrated with an unnatural, overpowering sentiment of awe. I seemed to be in the presence of some great and horrible mystery, some bottomless depth of woe, or misery, or crime. I shrank from it with a sensation of intolerable loathing and suspense. It was a feeling akin to this which prevented me from calling to my landlord. I could not bring myself to speak to him of what had passed; not knowing how nearly he might be himself involved in the mystery. I was only anxious to escape as quietly as possible from the room and from the house. The candle was now beginning to flicker in its socket; but the stars were shining outside, and there was space and air to breathe there, which seemed to be wanting in my room; so I hastily opened my window, tied the bedclothes together for a rope, and lowered myself silently and safely to the ground.

"There was a light still burning in the lower part of the house; but I crept noiselessly along, feeling my way carefully among the trees, and in due time came upon a beaten track which led me to a road, the same which I had been travelling on the previous night. I walked on, scarcely knowing whither, anxious only to increase my distance from the accursed house, until the day began to break, when almost the first object I could see distinctly was a small body of men approaching me. It was with no small pleasure that I recognized at their head my friend the Capo di Polizia. 'Ah!' he cried, 'unfortunate Inglese, what trouble you have given me! Where have you been? God be praised that I see you safe and sound! But how? What is the matter with you? You look like one possessed.'

"I told him how I had lost my way, and where I had lodged.

"'And what happened to you there?' he cried, with a look of anxiety.

"'I was disturbed in the night. I could not sleep. I made my escape, and here I am. I cannot tell you more.'

"'But you must tell me more, dear sir; forgive me; you must tell me every thing. I must know all that passed in that house. We have had it under our surveillance for a long time; and when I heard in what direction you had gone yesterday, and had not returned, I feared you had got into some mischief there, and we were even now upon our way to look for you.'

"I could not enter into particulars, but I told him I had heard strange sounds; and, at his request, I went back with him to the spot. He told me, by the way, that the house was known to be the resort of banditti; that the landlord harbored them, received their ill-gotten goods, and helped them to dispose of their booty.

"Arrived at the spot, he placed his men about the premises, and instituted a strict search; the landlord, and the man who was found in the house, being compelled to accompany him. The room in which I had slept was carefully examined; the floor was of plaster or cement, so that no sound could have passed through it; the walls were sound and solid, and there was nothing to be seen that could in any way account for the strange disturbance I had experienced. The room on the ground floor underneath my bedroom was next inspected; it contained a quantity of straw, hay, firewood, and lumber. It was paved with brick; and, on turning over the straw, which was heaped together in a corner, it was observed that the bricks were uneven, as if they had been recently disturbed.

"'Dig here,' said the officer; 'we shall find something hidden here, I imagine.'

"The landlord was evidently much disturbed. 'Stop!' he cried. 'I will tell you what lies there; come away out of doors, and you shall know all about it.'

"'Dig, I say. We will find out for ourselves.'

"'Let the dead rest,' cried the landlord, with a trembling voice. 'For the love of heaven, come away, and hear what I shall tell you.'

"'Go on with your work,' said the sergeant to his men, who were now plying pickaxe and spade.

"'I can't stay here and see it,' exclaimed the landlord, once more. 'Hear, then! It is the body of my son, my only son; let him rest, if rest he can. He was wounded in a quarrel, and brought home here to die. I thought he would recover, but there was neither doctor nor priest at hand, and, in spite of all that we could do for him, he died. Let him alone now, or let a priest first be sent for; he died unconfessed, but it was not my fault; it may not be yet too late to make peace for him.'

"'But why is he buried in this place?'

"'We did not wish to make a stir about it. Nobody knew of his death, and we laid him down quietly; one place, I thought, was as good as another, when once the life was out of him. We are poor folk, and could not pay for ceremonies.'

"The truth at length came out. Father and son were both members of a band of thieves: under this floor they concealed their plunder; and there, too, lay more than one mouldering corpse, victims who had occupied the room in which I slept, and had there met their death. The son was indeed buried in that spot; he had been mortally wounded in a skirmish with travellers, and had lived long enough to repent of his deeds, and to beg for that priestly absolution which, according to his creed, was necessary to secure his pardon. In vain he had urged his father to bring the confessor to his bedside; in vain he had entreated him to break off from the murderous band with which he was allied, and to live honestly in future; his prayers were disregarded, and his dying admonitions were of no avail. But for the strange mysterious warning which had roused me from my sleep, and driven me out of the house that night, another crime would have been added to the old man's tale of guilt. That gasping attempt to speak, and that awful groaning — whence did they proceed? It was *no living voice*. Beyond that I will express no opinion on the subject. I will only say, it was the means of saving my life, and at the same time putting an end to the series of bloody deeds which had been committed in that house.

"I received my passport that evening by the diligence from Rome, and started the next morning on my way to Naples. As we were crossing the frontier, a tall figure approached, wearing the long, rough *cappotta* of the mendicant friars, with a hood over the face, and holes for the eyes to look through. He carried a tin money-box in his hand, which he held out to the passengers, jingling a few coins in it, and crying, in a monotonous voice, '*Anime in purgatorio! Anime in purgatorio!*' I do not believe in purgatory, nor in supplications for the dead; but I dropped a piece of silver into the box, nevertheless."

M. HUGO'S APOLOGIA.

It is seldom that a distinguished man condescends to exculpate himself, in a formal profession of faith, from just or unjust accusations hurled at him by his bitterest enemies; and we think that a genius above the common run, ought to eschew attempts of the kind, and leave posterity to judge for itself. Such is not M. Victor Hugo's opinion, and we have no right to complain; but the illustrious Frenchman might at least have waited for better times, and allowed political passions to soften down before pleading his cause. It is true that M. Hugo does so in a form with which no one will think of finding fault; and it is true, also, that no man has experienced, of late, more wrong interpretation at the hands of his fellow-countrymen. Be it as it may, the poet chooses to come prematurely before us; and we have no other course but to judge him from his own acts and words.

It is needless to say that "Actes et Paroles" is a political justification, condensed in a small volume, and comprising every public word and act of M. Victor Hugo's, from the time of his return from exile to his beloved Paris, down to the last elections in the French capital, when the writer was defeated, after standing at the head of the poll but seven months before. Those who may be curious to judge of M. Hugo's political capacity, ought to peruse this new publication. "Actes et Paroles" is not, as might be thought, a *ballon d'essai*, launched to sift public opinion before the issue of "L'Année Terrible:" it is a compilation of documents, speeches, manifestoes, and other productions, which "the poet highest of heart," to quote Mr. Swinburne's expression, offers to the reader, with a preliminary request to judge for himself; and there is a general recapitulation in the final chapter of the author's "Ligne de Conduite." The writer gives an account of his arrival in Paris after the Revolution of the 4th of September, of the reception that greeted him, and the speech in which he offered his acknowledgments. Immediately after is placed the "Proclamation of Germany." M. Hugo pleads the cause of humanity, and recalls the fact that war was not declared by France, with a fiery eloquence, *sui generis*, and a power of language which he alone possesses. Stern politicians would shrug, and probably have shrugged, their shoulders at this proclamation; but if it is wholly beyond the pale of regular diplomacy, no one can think of denying the generous spirit pervading it. The next address, "Aux Français," is highly sensational, yet full of patriotism and youthful ardor. There is also a "Proclamation aux Parisiens," equally free from the somewhat ludicrous oddity of M. Hugo's bursts of passion, where the sublime is often hand in hand with the ridiculous; but antithesis is here used to an alarming extent. From what immediately follows this, it seems that several largely-attended meetings took place in Paris, where the "Châtiments," and other verses of M. Hugo, were read, the money resulting from the performance being handed over to the Committee of Defence. The Société des Gens de Lettres, having presented the Government with a cannon, requested M. Victor Hugo's permission to call it after his name; a request the poet very properly declined to entertain. The Hugoite performances proved so productive that they were several times repeated, with constant success; and it is creditable to M. Hugo, so often taxed with sordid avarice, that he refused to accept the *droits d'auteur*, which were considerable.

With a laconic reminder that he obtained two hundred and eighteen thousand votes at the elections which followed the capitulation, M. Hugo bids farewell to Paris, and carries us to Bordeaux, and gives us a full account of his short and stormy parliamentary career. The majority of the Assembly appeared to be divided between respect for his genius and dislike of the anti-Catholic who wrote "Le Christ au Vatican." But, nevertheless, the member for Paris obtained a partial hearing, and pronounced two speeches, deprecating the ratification of the treaty of Versailles. They are recorded in "Actes et Paroles." We have then an account *in extenso* of the famous sitting, when the conduct of the majority forced him to resign. A great misfortune befell him a few days after. M. Charles Hugo, his youngest son, died of apoplexy. The father retired to grieve in solitude over this premature loss. Leaving Bordeaux, he repaired to Paris, and publicly thanked the population for its marks of sympathy.

"Actes et Paroles" now passes the frontier, and takes us to Brussels, where the poet remained during the insurrection of the Commune. Then we have a few verses, an address in protestation against the cruelties committed by both the parties at feud, and another against the demolition of the Vendôme Column. M. Hugo argues that it is a dishonor for France to demolish, in the face of the invader, the last vestige of the country's military glory. We have, after this, a circumstantial account of the scenes provoked in

Brussels by a letter written by the poet to the *Indépendance Belge*, maintaining his right of asylum in favor of the fugitive Communalists. The *dénoûment* of the affair was M. Hugo's expulsion from the Belgian territory. He then sought a refuge in the seclusion of Vianden, in Luxemburg; it was in this little town that "L' Année Terrible" was composed. Returning to Paris in July last, M. Hugo pleaded earnestly for the lives of Rossell, Ferré, and the others, to no effect. He accepted the "*mandat impératif*" in the following elections; but M. Vautrain defeated him.

The above is a rapid summary of "Actes et Paroles." We cannot refrain from quoting the conclusion:—

"After an absence of eighteen years and seven months, I returned to Paris; during five months I did all in my power to contribute to the defence of the city, and to maintain union in the presence of the enemy. . . . I took my seat in the National Assembly; I spoke against the treaty which cost us two provinces and five milliards. I voted against this treaty. . . . On the 8th of March, 1871, I rose to defend Garibaldi, misrepresented and insulted; and the Assembly having done me the honor to treat me in a like manner, I resigned On the 18th of March I brought back to Paris my poor son's body; I thanked the people who, despite revolutionary emotion, followed his coffin *en masse;* on the 28th I started for Brussels. . . . I protested against the abominable decree of hostages of the Commune, and I said, *no reprisals;* I recalled our principles to the Commune, and I defended liberty, right, reason, respect for human life; I defended the Column against the Commune, and the Arc de Triomphe against the Assembly; I asked for peace and conciliation; I uttered a cry of indignation at civil war. On the 26th of May, when the day was for the Assembly, the Belgian Government having put *hors la loi* the conquered, who were the very men whom I had resisted, I claimed for them the right of asylum. . . . On the 27th I was attacked during the night by a set of men; on the 28th I was expelled by the Belgian Government. In short, I have done my duty, nothing but my duty; the man who does his duty is usually abandoned This is why, having obtained 214,000 votes in the elections of Paris in February, I am surprised that 57,000 should have remained to me. I am profoundly touched by it. I was glad of the 214,000; I am proud of the 57,000."

Apart from the glaring inconsequences of M. Victor Hugo's conduct during past and present events, this elaborate justification was scarcely needed to attest to the fact of its author's unvarying integrity and generosity throughout his career. But, after such a statement, it remains to be seen whether M. Victor Hugo will persist in his *chauvinist* theories, and advocate "La Revanche" with as much obstinacy as he once displayed in the glorification of Napoleon the First.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A CLUB has been opened in Paris by insolvents and bankrupts. It is well attended.

A NEW club for literary men and artists is talked of in London. It is to be called "The Thackeray."

A SHOP-WINDOW in London displays the following sign: "Actresses reduced to 2s. 6d. per dozen." Perhaps it would be well to add that the shop is a photographer's.

AT the first performance of *Ruy Blas*, on the occasion of its recent revival in Paris, Victor Hugo sent all his family and the servants to witness it, while he remained at home and took charge of his grandchildren. He knew what was most entertaining.

TWO Parisian journalists — M. Rogat of the *Pays* and M. Richardet of the *Corsaire* — have been relieving the monotony of their lives by lunging at each other with rapiers. It is to be hoped that M. Richardet will enjoy his sword-wound in the chest.

ONE of the most interesting items of St. Petersburg life will shortly cease to exist, — the chorus of male voices for the performance of religious music, which was supported entirely by the old Count Scheremetyeff. This chorus cost him six thousand pounds a year to keep up; and, as he is dead, his heir declines to continue the somewhat costly pleasure.

AMONG the curious Good-Friday bequests distributed in England was a dole of sixpence each to twenty-four old ladies, over the tomb of an unknown donor, whose remains lie in the churchyard of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield.

"THE Spectroscopic Association of Italy" is the title of a new society, the main object of which will be "to enrich science, by the aid of the spectroscope, with new discoveries upon the physical constitution of the sun." The first number of the *Memoirs* of the Society has already been published.

THE *Court Journal* says: "Cousin Jonathan has begun to annex us. At least, he has begun to occupy London in force, which is the first step towards annexation. One of the great New-York journals has located itself in Fleet Street, or at least has opened a branch office there, for the receipt of advertisements, and is advertising itself. No doubt the *Herald* will speedily follow suit. These American papers will be welcome in a land where no one is afraid of competition, and the best wins. American journalism is energetic and smart, and can teach old John something."

THE Legion of Honor has hitherto included only men, with two or three exceptions. The French Government has once more made an exception to the rule in favor of Sœur Victoire, the "supérieure" of the convent of Sisters of Hope, at Nancy, in recompense of the devotion shown by her in tending the wounded of the army of Metz. The ladies at present "décorées" are but four in number, and one of them is an English woman, — Madame Rosa Bonheur, the celebrated painter; Lady Pigott, "decorated" by M. Thiers for her devotion during the war; Mlle. Bertha Rocher, of Havre; and Sœur Victoire.

A REMARKABLE example of religious toleration has, according to the *Cologne Gazette*, been displayed by the Greek clergy on a recent occasion. The foundation-stone of a Protestant church was laid at Patras on the 21st of February. Besides the Protestant congregation, many Greeks attended the ceremony. The Greek clergy of the town, who had been invited to attend the solemnity, did not fail to appear, and the Archbishop of Patras, Cyrillos, after offering the customary prayers, laid the foundation-stone with his own hands; an action which produced the most favorable impressions on all present. The bishop, at the same time, recommended the church to the protection of St. Andrew, who, according to tradition, suffered martyrdom at Patras.

THE poetical sensation of the season, in this country, as well as in England, — for the work is to be reprinted here immediately, by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., — is a poem entitled, "Olrig Grange;" by a writer who hides himself behind the *nom de plume* of Hermann Künst, Philo. Professor, who seems to be a Glasgow gentleman. If this is his first work, then England has a new poet worth all her Swinburnes and Rossettis. "Olrig Grange" is a story of English life of the present period, told with remarkable power and originality. The rhythmical arrangement of the narrative, and here and there the manner, faintly suggest Mr. Coventry Patmore, at his best, — in "The Angel in the House," for instance; — but the conception of the poem, the subtile characterization which marks it throughout, and the elegant satire of certain portions, display powers quite beyond Mr. Patmore. We believe, with the writer in the last number of the London *Examiner*, that "Olrig Grange" will at once give its anonymous author a high place among contemporary English poets.

COMMENTING on the statement of Dr. Quain, in the *Medical Journal*, that the number of deaths in England from heart-disease, *in men*, has increased from 5,746 in 1851, to 12,428 in 1870, the *Spectator* remarks: "The increase applies only to men in active life; there is no increase in the number of deaths from this cause among men under twenty-

five years of age, nor is there any such increase in the number of deaths among *women*, even over twenty-five years. Hence the inference drawn is, that it is the increased worry and hurry of active men's life which has caused the relative increase of this disease; and that if women don't want to suffer still more severely, they should keep out of the worry and hurry of practical life, even at the cost of keeping 'women's rights' in abeyance. Perhaps, however, they will rejoin that they regard it as emphatically one of the most inalienable of those rights, to die of heart-disease, as much as men. And, to tell the truth, if it is only a *choice* of various mortal diseases, — and Dr. Quain does not seem to assert that it is any thing else, — we suspect that heart-disease is rather preferable to most others of the fatal class. Except in the case of *angina pectoris*, it is mostly painless, and often sudden; and sudden deaths, however painful to survivors, spare pain to the victims."

THE *Delhi Gazette* makes certain charming suggestions, with the view of inflicting a more adequate punishment than that of hanging, on the murderers of Europeans, which certainly do not err on the side of mercy. After pointing out that by hanging the assassin of the late Viceroy of India, the object of the criminal, — namely, immediate despatch to paradise — is, according to his view, attained, the *Gazette* proposes that in future, any native of India who murders a European, shall, upon conviction, be dealt with as follows: 1. He shall be branded in the forehead with a large M, to denote his crime. 2. Both his arms shall be amputated above the elbow. 3. He shall be transported to England for twenty-one years; sent round the Cape, confined in an iron cage; whipped once a month, on the same day of the month, and at the hour of the day, on which he committed the murder; exhibited with the wild beasts in the Tower of London, during the whole period of his transportation; then, if he survive, put to death by decapitation; his body given for dissection, and burned, if the felon be a Mussulman, or buried, if a Hindoo. Such an enactment, if widely circulated in the vernaculars, will have the effect of preventing such deeds of blood as have recently laid a viceroy and a chief-justice low. The life of the "Civis Romanus" will be held sacred, under the strongest motives which can actuate those most likely to violate it. In short, the primary end of criminal legislation will be answered; the most desperate characters will be deterred from crime by the prospect of a doom from which the boldest must shrink. Great severity is in such cases the truest mercy to all concerned, except the wretch to whom mercy cannot be extended without endangering the State. The magistrate is "the minister of God," and is commanded "not to bear the sword in vain." The *Delhi Gazette* does not, however, point out any passage in the Holy Scriptures commanding magistrates to amputate people's arms above the elbows, and overlooks the fact that there are no wild beasts in the Tower of London.

SERAPHINA SNOWE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ST. ABE AND HIS SEVEN WIVES."

I.

HER PORTRAIT.

THE medium, Seraphina Snowe,
Has come to town, with her spirit-show;
A lady whom many a humbug think,
Raised in this land of the bobolink;
Has bothered philosophers many a day,
In the land of vapors, over the way;
And back from England cometh she,
Blown like a feather across the sea.

A little lady, with very white teeth,
White, high forehead, and underneath
Eyes of strange forget-me-not blue,
Wash'd more pale by a dreamy dew;
Lips very red, and ever apart,
Full of the pants of a passionate heart;
Yellow and silken is her hair,
With a gleam of blood-red here and there;
As light, as bright, as a gleaming dove,
Is the little lady the spirits love!

Hold her hand up to the light.
How transparent, how waxen white,
Save where the pink blood glimmers thro'!
Observe the slight little body, too; —
A mingling all tinted well
Of "Ariel" and "Little Nell,"
With a spice of "Puck!"

With the wise men round her,
And the *savans* dying to confound her,
She seems like some bright, beautiful bird,
Singing to snakes, — who think song absurd;
Or a wave, that breaks and sparkles and dances,
While the dark rocks scowl, until each rock glances
With the dew it scatters; or, best, some bold,
One of those spiders whose threads of gold
Cross the woodland pathway, and (though so thin)
The light and the dew and the glory win, —
While, close at hand, with watchful wits,
The lithe and luminous lady sits, —
With her body all beauty, her home all gay,
And her two eyes waiting for common prey.

II.

SÉANCE.

Poor little lady, so soft, so white!
What! doth she think in a net so slight
To catch enormous insects like *these*,
Or the critical wasps, or the busy bees?
Buzz! in the silent séance you mark
The wise blue-bottles hovering dark:
Doctor That and Professor This,
Each one finding the thing amiss,
Seeking to learn the trick of the show.
Poor little Seraphina Snowe!

Hush! How brightly she doth brood
In the midst of us all, with the gentle blood
All flown to her heart, and her face all hoar.
Darken the room a little more.
Is that the wind on the pane, or the rain? . . .
Something is stirring in my brain . . .
What is *that*? . .

In the darkness of the room
Her face grows up and fills the gloom
Like a lily of light. I feel her eyes,
Tho' I cannot see them. My spirits rise
And shiver; my heart ticks like a clock.
Oh hush! oh hush! was that a knock?
Half a tap and half a creak,
Partly bubble and partly squeak, —
One — two — three!
The room seems rising; and still I see
The gleam of the face. Strange raptures rain
Thro' my blood and my bone and my bursting brain.
She draws me nearer to her place;
I seem to be coming face to face;
She drinks my life — her soft lips shoot
Warmth to my spirit's uttermost root —
Her glittering soul is in mine — and hark!
The sounds continue in the dark:
One — two — three!

Break the charm! On the company
Comes a scream, like a spirit's in pain! —
Something sweet dies out of my brain;
And as lights are brought, great, yellow, and bright,
There the medium sits so white,
Staring round with bewildered looks;
And beneath her croucheth Dr Snooks,
With a grin on his lanthorn jaws; — for he
Has gript her delicate, lissome knee,
And holds the muscles as in a vice;
And "Lo!" he crieth, "in a trice
I have stopt the rape; 'tis a muscular trick,
And nothing more" Then, rising quick,
He addeth, seizing his hat, "Good-day,
Madam; I wish you a wiser way

Of gulling the public!" Out they go,
Reproachful, melancholy, slow;
But still like a bird at bay sits she,
Halt in a swoon, — so silently
Watching them all as they flit by,
With her pale, spectral eyes.

And I,
With eyes that burn and heart astir,
Would linger behind and speak to her;
But she waves me hence with a little scream.
And out I follow in a dream,
A haunted man; and when I meet
The chuckling doctor in the street,
I pass him by with a bitter frown,
And my hot fist burns to knock him down.

III.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO PHILOSOPHY.

O eyes of pale forget-me-not blue,
Washed more pale by a dreamy dew!
O red, red lips! O dainty tresses!
O heart the breath of the world distresses!
O little lady! do they divine
That they have *fathom'd* thee and thine?
Fools! let them fathom fire; and beat
Light in a mortar; aye, and heat
Soul in a crucible! Let them try
To conquer the light, and the wind, and the sky!
Darkly the secret forces lurk;
We know them least where most they work.
And here they meet and mix in thee;
For a strange and mystic entity,
Making of thy pale soul, in sooth,
A life half trickery and half truth.

Well? O my philosophic friend!
Does Nature herself ne'er condescend
To cheats and shams and freaks and tricks?
Or doth she rather affect to mix
Reason with revel? Are you certain
That all is truth behind the curtain
Of lovely things you bless and meet?
Doth the earth never sham, the sky never cheat?
And do we question and rebel,
If the cheat is pleasant and plausible?
Do we growl at the rainbow in the air,
Or frown at the mirage here or there?
Nay: we take these things as they come, my friend,
And let them into our being blend.
Passive we yield to the sun and the light,
To the scent of the flowers, to the sense and the sight;
Feeling all changes with souls serene . . .
And so I take poor Seraphine!
Beautiful mingling, tinted well
Of "Ariel" and of "Little Nell,"
With a spice of "Puck."

True; as you aver,
I never was a philosopher.
But I do not envy Dr. Snooks
His scientific tools and books,
And I cheerfully let the grim old boy
Dissect the humbug that I enjoy.

Names — more names? Let the lady be —
Fie upon your philosophy!
And so the tricksy little bird
Is a "grass-widow" (is that the word?),
Or cast-off mistress, left to shame
By a New-York rowdy of evil fame?
He thrash'd her, did he? Go on. What more?
Finish your story, and o'er and o'er,
Proving things beyond human guess,
Blacken the little adventuress.

Now you have done, and I have heard
Patiently every cruel word,
Listen to me; or, rather, no!
Why should I argue with you so,
O wise Philosophy? Frown and go!
I turn to Seraphina Snowe!

IV.

MESMERIC FLASHES.

O eyes of pale forget-me-not blue,
Wash'd more pale with dreamy dew,
What faces wicked, what haunts unclean
Have ye not in your wanderings seen!
Poor little body, so frail and thin,
Bruised in the brutal embrace of sin!
Thin white hands where the blood doth run,
Like the light in the shell held up to the sun,
How often have ye lifted been
To ward away from hands obscene,
Not a wicked touch, but a ruffian blow!
God bless thee, Seraphina Snowe!
Found out, exposed, the jest of the day,
With the spectral eyes on the world, at bay!
While the sense of the sun and the wind and the light
Surge thro' thee, and leave thee more wild and white;
And a mystic touch is in thy hair,
And a whisper of awe is everywhere,
And thou almost fearest in thy sin
The spirits thou half believest in!

Always imposing, little Elf,
And most on thy delicate, silken self!
Making the raps with thy cunning knee,
Smiling to hear them secretly, —
And all the while thy pulses beat,
Thou tremblest at thine own deceit;
Listening, yielding, till there comes
Out of thy soul and out at thy thumbs
A wave of emotion, a swift flame,
Blanching thy spiritual frame
To more ivory whiteness; — a wild dew,
Washing the spectral eyes more blue —
The secret soul with its blinding light
Confirming thee in thy lie's despite!

Would to God that thou and I
Might put our hands together, and fly
To some far island, lone and new,
Where the sun is golden, the sea dark-blue;
Where the scented palm and the cocoa-tree
Should make a bower for thee and me;
And all should be wild and bright and keen,
The flowers all color, the leaves all sheen,
The air and the warm earth all aglow
With the life, the fever, the ebb and flow;
With the spirit-waves that, flowing free,
Foam up to a crest in souls like thee!

There, like the spider silvern and soft,
Spinning its thread of gold aloft,
Thou shouldst sit among the leaves, and look
Out at me from a golden nook!
And draw me nearer with those dim eyes,
And kindle thyself to pants and sighs;
And I would crouch and gaze at thee
Through life that would seem eternity; —
While a wondrous spiritual light
Flash'd through and through me, so wild and bright,
Till I faded away beneath thy hand,
Through thy soul, to the Spirit Land!

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

COUGHS AND COLDS — Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, &c., should try *"Brown's Bronchial Troches."*

OF all the choice condiments that belong to the well-furnished table, as chow-chow, piccalilli, &c., none is so much prized as a standard relish for soups, fish, and meats, as the HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE, at once the best and cheapest of them all.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1872. [No. 18.

THE "SUPER."

THE theatrical supernumerary — or the "super," as he is familiarly called — is a man who in his time certainly plays many parts, and yet obtains applause in none. His exits and his entrances, his *début* and his disappearance, alike escape criticism and record. His name is not printed in the playbills, and is forever unknown to his audience. Even the persons he is supposed to represent upon the stage always remain anonymous. Both as a living and fictitious creature, he is denied individuality, and has to be considered collectively, massed with others, and inseparable from his companion figures. He is not so much an actor, as part of the decorations, the animated furniture, so to say, of the stage. Nevertheless, "supers" have their importance and value. For how could the drama exist without its background groups: its soldiers, citizens, peasants, courtiers, nobles, guests, and attendants of all kinds? These give prominence, support, and effect, to the leading characters of the theatre; and these are the "supers."

Upon the French stage, the minor assistants of the scene are comprehensively described as *les choristes*. In this way the pedigree of the "super" gains something of nobility, and may, perhaps, be traced back to the chorus of the antique drama; a body charged with most momentous duties, with symbolic mysteries of dance and song, removed from the perils and catastrophes of the play, yet required, in regard to these, to guide and interpret the sympathies of the spectators. In its modern application, however, this generic term has its subdivisions, and includes *les choristes* proper, who boast musical attainments, and are obedient to the rule of a *chef d'attaque*, or head chorister; *les accessoires*, performers permitted speech of a brief kind, who can be intrusted upon occasion with such simple functions as opening a door, placing a chair, or delivering a letter, and who correspond, in many respects, with our actors of utility; *les figurants*, the subordinate dancers, led by a *coryphée*; and lastly, *les comparses*, who closely resemble our supernumeraries, and are engaged in more or less numbers, according to the exigencies of the representations. Of these aids to performance, *les comparses* only enjoy no regular salaries, are not formally enrolled among the permanent members of the establishment, but are paid simply for appearing, — seventy-five centimes for the night, and fifty centimes for each rehearsal, or upon some such modest scale of remuneration. This classification would appear to afford opportunities to ambition. Here are steps in the ladder, and merit should be able to ascend. It is understood, however, that, as a rule, *les comparses* do not rise. They are the serfs of the stage, who never obtain manumission. They are as conscripts, from whose knapsacks the field-marshal's baton is almost invariably omitted. They become veterans, but their length of service receives no favorable recognition. *Comparses* they live and *comparses* they die, or disappear; not, apparently, discontented with their doom, however. Meantime, the *figurant* cherishes sanguine hopes that he may one day rise to a prominent position in the ballet, or that he may become an *accessoire;* and the *accessoire* looks forward fervently to ranking in the future among the regular actors or *artistes* of the theatre, with the right of entering its *grand foyer*, or superior green-room. Until then he must confine himself and his aspirations to the *petit foyer*, set apart for the use of players of his class.

Thus it is told of a certain *accessoire* of the Porte St. Martin, in years past, who had won a scarcely appreciable measure of fame for his adroitness in handing letters or coffee-cups upon a salver, and even for the propriety with which he announced, in the part of a footman, the guests and visitors of a drama, — such as "Monsieur le Viscomte de St. Remy!" or "Madame la Marquise de Roncourt!" — that he applied to his manager for an increase of his salary, on account of the special value of his services. "I do not expect," he frankly said, "immediately to receive twenty-five thousand francs, as Monsieur Frédéric Lemaitre does; no, not yet; although I bear in mind that Monsieur Lemaitre began his career with fighting broad-sword combats in Madame Saqui's circus; but my present salary is but six hundred francs a year, and a slight increase" —

"Monsieur Fombonne," interrupted the manager, "I acknowledge the justice of your application. I admire and esteem you. You are one of the most useful members of my company. I well know your worth; no one better."

Monsieur Fombonne, glowing with pleasure, bowed in his best manner.

"I may venture to hope, then" —

"By all means, Monsieur Fombonne. Hope sustains us under all our afflictions. Always hope. For my part hope is the only thing left me. Business is wretched. The treasury is empty. I cannot possibly raise your salary. But you are an artist, and therefore above pecuniary considerations. I do not — I cannot — offer you money. But I can gratify a laudable ambition. Hitherto you have ranked only as an *accessoire;* from this time forward you are an actor. I give you the right of entering the *grand foyer*. You are permitted to call Monsieur Lemaitre *mon camarade;* to *tu'oyer* Mademoiselle Theodorne. I am sure, Monsieur Fombonne, that you will thoroughly appreciate the distinction I have conferred upon you."

Monsieur Fombonne was delighted. He was subsequently to discover, however, that some disadvantages attended his new dignity; that the medal he had won had its reverse. The *accessoires* and *figurants* of the theatre always received their salaries on the first day of each month. The *artistes* were not paid until the sixth or seventh day. Monsieur Fombonne had to live upon credit for a week as the price of his new privileges. His gain was shadowy; his loss substantial.

With the *choristes* proper we are not here much concerned. They are not fairly to be classed among "supers," and they pertain almost exclusively to the lyric stage. It is to be noted, however, that they are in some sort evidence of the connexion that once existed between the church and the theatre; the ecclesiastical and the laical drama. At any rate, the chorus singers often undertake divided duties in this respect, and accept engagements both at the cathedral and the opera-house. And sometimes it has happened that the discharge of their dual obligations has involved them in serious difficulties. Thus, some years since, there is said to have been a Christmas spectacle in preparation at the opera-house in Paris. The entertainment was of a long and elaborate kind, and for its perfect production numberless rehearsals, early and late, dress and undress, were imperatively necessary. Now, the chorus of the opera also represented the choir of Notre Dame. It was a season

of the year for which the Church has appointed many celebrations. The singers were incessantly running to and fro between the opera-house and Notre Dame. Often they had not a moment to spare, and punctuality in attending their appointments was scarcely possible, while the trouble of so frequently changing their costumes was extremely irksome to them. On one occasion a dress rehearsal at the theatre, which commenced at a very late hour, after the conclusion of the ordinary performance of the evening, was so protracted that the time for the early service at the cathedral was rapidly approaching. The chorus appeared as demons at the opera, and wore the tight-fitting, scaly dresses which time out of mind have been invested upon the stage with diabolical attributes. What were they to do? Was there time to undress and dress again? Scarcely. Besides, was it worth the trouble? It was very dark; bitterly cold; there was not a soul to be seen in the streets; all Paris was abed and asleep. Moreover, the door of the sacristy would be ready open to receive them, and their white stoles would be immediately obtainable. Well, the story goes that these desperate singers, accoutred as they were, ran as fast as they could to Notre Dame, veiled their satanic dresses beneath the snowy surplices of the choir, and accomplished their sacred duties without any discovery of the impropriety of their conduct. It is true they encountered in their course a patrol of the civic guard; but the representatives of law and order, forming probably their own conclusions as to the significance of the demoniac apparition, are said to have prudently taken to flight in an opposite direction.

Upon our early English stage the "super" had frequent occupation; the Shakspearian drama, indeed, makes large demands upon the mute performers. The stage at this time was not very spacious, however, and was in part occupied by the more pretentious of the spectators, who, seated upon stools, or reclining upon the rushes which strewed the boards, were attended by their pages, and amused themselves with smoking their pipes and noisily criticising the performance. There was little room therefore for any great number of supernumeraries. But spectacles — to which the "super" has always been indispensable — had already won the favor of playgoers. Sir Henry Wotton writes in 1613 of a new play produced at the Globe Theatre, "called, 'All is True,' representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to matting of the stage; the knights of the order, with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats, and the like; sufficient, in truth, within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous." "Supers" must surely have been employed on this occasion. It is clear, however, that the money-takers, "or gatherers," as they were called, after the audience had assembled, and their presence was no longer needed at the doors, were accustomed to appear upon the stage as the representatives of guards, soldiers, &c. An early play refers to the combats of the scene being accomplished by "the blue-coated stage-keepers," or attendants. And the actors were classified at this time, according to their professional standing, as "whole sharers," "three-quarter sharers," "half sharers," and "hired men," or "servitors." The leading players were as joint proprietors in the undertaking, and divided the receipts among them according to a pre-arranged scale. Minor characters were sustained by the "servitors," who were paid, as our actors are at the present time, by weekly wages, and had no other interest in the success of the theatre with which they were associated, beyond desire that its exchequer might be always equal to their claims upon it. Philip Henslowe's Diary contains an entry regarding a non-sharing actor: "Hiered as a covenant servant Willyam Kendall — to give him for his said servis everi week of his playing in London, ten shillings, and in the countrie five shillings, for the which he covenaunteth to be re lye at all houres to play in the house of the said Philip, and in no other." It may be noted that Shakspeare's first connexion with the Globe Theatre is shown upon fair evidence to have been originally that of a "servitor." In that case the poet must often have been required to appear in very subordinate characters — perhaps even characters not intrusted with speech. Will it inflame too violently the ambition of our modern "supers" to suggest to them that very possibly Shakspeare himself may have preceded them in the performance of their somewhat inglorious duties? The hired men or servitors were under the control and in the pay of the proprietor or manager of the theatre, and their salaries constituted no charge upon the shares of the chief actors. Still, these were entitled to complain, apparently, if the hired men were too few in number to give due effect to the representations. In 1614, a dispute arose between Henslowe and his sharing actors, by reason of his having suddenly reduced his expenses by dismissing "four hired men." He had previously sought to charge their stipends upon the shares, although bound by agreement to defray these expenses out of the money derived from the galleries; at this time, perhaps, a managerial perquisite. But, in addition to the servitors, as the representatives of minor and mute characters, there were also available the journeymen or apprentices of the more eminent performers. If they paid no premium upon being articled, novices were at any rate bound, in return for the education they received, to hand their earnings, or a large part of them, to their masters. And this is precisely the case at the present time in regard to the pupils of musical professors and the teachers of singing, dancing, and feats of the circus. The services of the apprentices were transferable, and could be bought and sold. There is quite a slave-trade aspect about the following entry in Henslowe's Diary: "Bowght my boye, Jeames Brystow, of William Augusten, player, the 8th of December, 1597, for eight pounds." Augustine Phillips, the actor, one of Shakspeare's partners, who died in 1605, and who by his will bequeathed to Shakspeare "a thirty shillings peece in gould," also gave to "Samuell Gilborne, my late apprentice, the some of fortye shillings, and my mouse-coloured velvit hose, and a white taffety doublet, a blacke taffety sute, my purple cloke, sword and dagger, and my base viall." He also gave to "James Sands, my apprentice, the some of forty shillings and a citterne, a bandore, and a lute, to be paid and delivered unto him at the expiration of his terme of yeres in his indentur of apprenticehood." From his bequest of musical instruments, it has been conjectured that Phillips sometimes played in what is now called the orchestra of the theatre. A sum of forty shillings in Elizabeth's time represents the value of about ten pounds of our currency. What with its "gatherers," "servitors," and journeymen, the Shakspearian stage was obviously provided sufficiently with supernumerary assistants.

The "super" is useful, even ornamental in his way, though it behooves him always to stand aloof from the footlights, so that distance may lend his aspect as much enchantment as possible; but he is not highly esteemed by the general public. In truth, he has been long the object of ridicule and caricature. He is charged with stupidity, and is popularly considered as a very absurd sort of creature. But he has resigned his own volition; he has but to obey. He is as a puppet, whose wires are pulled by others. He is under the rule of a "super-master," who is in his turn governed by the wavings of the prompter's white flag in the wings; the prompter being controlled by the stage-manager, who is supposed to be the executant of the dramatist's intentions. The "super's" position upon the stage is strictly defined for him; sometimes even marked on the boards with chalk. He may not move until the word of command is given him, and then every change of station or attitude must be pursuant to previous instruction. And his duties are sometimes arduous. He may often be required to change his attire and assume a new personality in the course of one night's performances. A member of a band of brigands in one scene, he may, in another, be enrolled in a troop of soldiers, sent to combat with and capture those malefactors. In the same play he may wear now the robes of a nobleman, and now the rags of a mendicant. A demon possessed of supernatural powers at the opening of a pantomime, he is cer-

tain before its close to be found among those good-natured people who saunter across the stage for the sole purpose, as it would seem, of being assaulted and battered by the clown and pantaloon. It is not surprising, altogether, that a certain apathy gradually steals over him, and that such intelligence as he ever possessed becomes in time somewhat numbed by the peculiar nature of his profession. Moreover, in regard to the play in which he takes part, he is generally but dimly informed. Its plot and purpose are a mystery to him. He never sees it represented or rehearsed as an entirety. His own simple duties accomplished, he is hurried to the rear of the stage to be out of the way of the actors. Why he bends his knee to one performer, and loads another with fetters; why there is banning in this scene, and blessing in that; why the heroine in white adores the gallant in blue, and abominates her suitor in red, are to him inexplicable matters. The dramas in which he figures only impress his mind in relation to the dresses he is constrained to assume during their representation; the dresses being never of his own choosing, rarely fitting him, and their significance being always outside his comprehension. To him the tragedy of "King John" is but the occasion on which he and his fellows "wore them tin pots on our 'eads;" "Julius Cæsar" the play in which "we went on in sheets." "What are we supposed to be?" a curious "super" once inquired of a more experienced comrade. "Blessed if I know," was the answer. "Demons I expect." They were clothing themselves in chain-mail, and were "supposed to be" — Crusaders.

The "super's" dress is, indeed, his prime consideration; and out of it arises his greatest grievance. He must surrender himself unconditionally to the *costumier*, and obey implicitly his behests. Summer or winter, he has no voice in the question; he must clothe himself warmly or scantily, just as he is bidden. "Always fleshings when there's a frost," a "super" was once heard to grumble, who conceived the classical system of dress or undress — and for that matter, perhaps, the classical drama also — to be invented solely for his inconvenience and discomfort. But more trying than this antique garb is the demoniac mask of pantomime, which is as a diver's helmet, ill provided with appliances for admitting air or permitting outlook. The group of panting "supers," with their mimic heads under their arms, — their faces smeared with red or blue, in accordance with direction, not of their own choice,— to be discovered behind the scenes during the performance of a Christmas piece, is an impressive portion of the spectacle, although it is withheld from the contemplation of the audience. There have been "supers" who approached very near to death by suffocation, from the hurtful nature of their attire, rather than fail in the discharge of their duties. For there is heroism everywhere.

The stage has always been fertile in the matter of anecdotage, and of course comical stories of "supers" have abounded; for these the poorest of players are readily available for facetious purposes. Thus, so far back as the days of Quin, there is record of a curious misapprehension on the part of the supernumeraries of the time. Quin's pronunciation was of a broad old-fashioned kind, a following of a traditional method of elocution from which Garrick did much to release the theatre. The play was Thomson's "Coriolanus,"and Quin appeared as the hero. In the scene of the Roman ladies' entry in procession, to solicit the return to Rome of Coriolanus, the stage was filled with tribunes and centurions of the Volscian army, bearing fasces, their ensigns of authority. Quin, as the hero, commanded them to "lower their fasces" by way of homage to the matrons of Rome. But the representatives of the centurions understood him to mean their *faces;* and, much to the amusement of the audience, all reverently bowed their heads with absurd unanimity.

But it is as the performers of "guests" that the "supers" have especially moved derision in our theatres; and, indeed, on the Parisian stage *les invités* have long been established provocatives of laughter. The assumption of evening dress, and something of the manners of polite society, has always been severely trying to the supernumerary actor. What can he really know of balls and fashionable assemblies? Of course, speech is not demanded of him, nor is his presence needed very near to the proscenium; but he is required to give animation to the background, and to be as easy and graceful as he may in his aspect and movements. The result is not satisfactory. He is more at home in less refined situations. He is prone to indulge in rather grotesque gestures, expressive of admiration of the brilliant decorations surrounding him, and profuse, even servile gratitude for the hospitality extended to him. He interchanges mute remarks, enlivened by surprising grimaces, with the lady of the ballet, in the shabbiest of ball dresses, who hangs affectionately upon his arm. The limited amount of his stipend naturally asserts itself in his costume, which will not bear critical investigation. His boots are of the homeliest and sometimes of the muddiest; course dabs of rouge appear upon his battered cheeks; his wig — for a "super" of this class almost always wears a wig — is unkempt and decayed; his white cravat has a burlesque air; and his gloves are of cotton. There are even stories extant of very economical "supers" who have gone halves in a pair of "Berlins," and even expended rouge on but one side of their faces, pleading that they were required to stand only on the right or the left of the stage, as the case might be; and as they could thus be seen but in profile by the audience, these defects in their appearance could not possibly attract notice. Altogether the "super's" least effective performance is that of "a guest."

It is a real advance for a "super" when he is charged with some small theatrical task, which removes him from the ranks of his fellows. He acquires individuality, though of an inferior kind. But his promotion entails responsibilities for which he is not always prepared. Lekain, the French tragedian, playing the part of Tancred, at Bordeaux, required a supernumerary to act as his squire, and carry his helmet, lance, and shield. Lekain's personal appearance was insignificant, and his manner at rehearsal had been very subdued. The "super" thought little of the hero he was to serve, and deemed his own duties slight enough. But at night Lekain's majesty of port, and the commanding tone in which he cried "Suivez moi!" to his squire, so startled and overcame that attendant that he suddenly let fall, with a great crash, the weapons and armor he was carrying. Something of the same kind has often happened upon our own stage. "You distressed me very much, sir," said a famous tragedian once to a "super," who had committed default in some important business of the scene. "Not more than you frightened me, sir," the "super" frankly said. He was forgiven his failure on account of the homage it conveyed to the tragedian's impressiveness.

M. Etienne Arago, writing some years since upon *les choristes*, calls attention to the important services rendered to the stage by its mute performers, and demands their wider recognition. He holds that as much, or even more talent is necessary to constitute a tolerable *figurant*, as to make a good actor. He describes the *figurant* as a multiform actor, a dramatic chameleon, compelled by the special nature of his occupation, or rather by its lack of special nature, to appear young or old, crooked or straight, noble or base-born, savage or civilized, according to the good pleasure of the dramatist. "Thus, when Tancred declaims, 'Toi, superbe Orbassan, c'est toi que je défie!' and flings his gauntlet upon the stage, Orbassan has but to wave his hand and an attendant advances boldly, stoops, picks up the gage of battle, and resumes his former position. That is thought to be a very simple duty. But to accomplish it without provoking the mirth of the audience is le sublime du métier — le triomphe de l'art!"

The emotions of an author who for the first time sees himself in print have often been descanted upon. The sensations of a "super," raised from the ranks, intrusted with the utterance of a few words, and enabled to read the entry of his own name in the play-bills, are scarcely less entitled to sympathy. His task may be slight enough, the measure of speech permitted him most limited; the reference to him in the programmes may simply run, —

CHARLES (a waiter) . . MR. JONES;

or even

RAILWAY PORTER . . . MR. BROWN;

but the delight of the performer is infinite. His promotion is indeed of a prodigious kind. Hitherto but a lay-figure, he is now endowed with life. He has become an actor! The world is at length informed of his existence. He has emerged from the crowd, and, though it may be but for a moment, can assert his individuality. He carries his part about with him everywhere; it is but a slip of paper, with one line of writing running across it. He exhibits it boastfully to his friends. He reads it again and again: recites it in every tone of voice he can command; practises his elocutionary powers upon every possible occasion. A Parisian *figurant*, advanced to the position of *accessoire*, was so elated that he is said to have expressed surprise that the people he met in the streets did not bow to him; that the sentinels on guard did not present arms as he passed. His reverence for the author in whose play he is to appear is boundless; he regards him as a second Shakspeare, if not something more. His devotion to the manager, who has given him the part, for a time approaches deliriousness.

"*Our* new play will be a great go!" a promoted "super" once observed to certain of his fellows. "*I* play a policeman! I go on in the last scene, and handcuff Mr. Rant. I have to say, 'Murder's the charge! Stand back!' Won't that *fetch* the house?"

There are soldiers doomed to perish in their first battle. And there have been "supers" who have failed to justify their advancement, and, silenced forever, have had to fall back into the ranks again. The French stage has a story of a *figurant* who ruined at once a new tragedy and his own prospects by an unhappy *lapsus linguæ*, the result of undue haste and nervous excitement. He had but to cry aloud, in the crisis of the drama, "Le roi se meurt!" He was perfect at rehearsal; he earned the applause even of the author. A brilliant future, as he deemed, was open to him. But at night he could only utter, in broken tones, "Le meurt se roi!" and the tragic situation was dissolved in laughter. So, in our own theatre, there is the established legend of Delpini, the Italian clown, who, charged to exclaim at a critical moment, "Pluck them asunder!" could produce no more intelligible speech than "Massonder em plocket!" Much mirth in the house and dismay on the stage ensued. But Delpini had gained his object. He had become qualified as an actor to participate in the benefits of the Theatrical Fund. As a mere pantomimist he was without a title. But John Kemble had kindly furthered the claim of the foreign clown by intrusting him for once with "a speaking part." The tragedian, however, had been quite unprepared for the misadventure that was to result.

Delpini was, it appears, doomed to mortification in regard to his attempts at English speech upon the stage. He was engaged as clown at the East London, or Royalty Theatre, in Goodman's Fields, at a time when that establishment was without a license for dramatic performances, and was incurring the bitter hostility of the patent managers. It was understood, however, that musical and pantomimic entertainments could lawfully be presented. But the unhappy clown, in the course of a harlequinade, had ventured to utter the simple words, "Roast Beef!" and forthwith he was prosecuted and sent to prison as a rogue and a vagabond. For a time he seems to have been even reduced to prison fare. His case is referred to in a prologue written by Miles Peter Andrews, and delivered upon the occasion of a benefit, when the performances not being for "gain, hire, or reward," were held to be permissible. The address was a kind of a dialogue, spoken by Mrs. Hudson and Mrs. Gibbs, in the characters of Melpomene and Thalia;—

> "Well, friends, we both are come your hands to kiss,—
> The tragic lady and the comic miss;
> But should we both attempt to keep possession,
> Warrants may be issued from the Quarter Session.
> For though alone, our tongues may be untied well,
> A dialogue will send us both to Bridewell.
> Think of our danger, should we meet again
> The informing carpenter of Drury Lane;
> Danger so dire it staggers all belief,—
> Water and bread, for calling out 'Roast Beef!'"

It used to be said that at the Parisian Cirque, once famous for its battle-pieces, refractory "supers" were always punished by being required to represent "the enemy" of the evening, — the Russians, Prussians, English, or Arabs, as the case might be, who were to be overcome by the victorious soldiers of France, repulsed at the point of the bayonet, trampled upon and routed in a variety of ignominious ways. The representatives of "the enemy" complained that they could not endure to be hopelessly beaten night after night. Their expostulation was unpatriotic; but it was natural. For "supers" have their feelings, moral as well as physical. At one of our own theatres, a roulette table was introduced in a scene portraying the *salon* at Homburg, or Baden-Baden. Certain of the "supers" petitioned that they should not always appear as the losing gamesters. They desired sometimes to figure among the winners. It need hardly be said that the money that changed hands upon the occasion was only of that valueless kind that has no sort of currency off the stage.

When "supers" appear as modern soldiers in action, it is found advisable to load their guns for them. They fear the "kick" of their weapons, and will, if possible, avoid firing them. Once in a military play, a troop of grenadiers was required to fire a volley. Their officer waved his sword, and gave the word of command superbly; but no sound followed, save only that of the snapping of locks. Not a gun had been loaded. An unfortunate unanimity had prevailed among the grenadiers. Each had forborne to load his weapon, trusting that his omission would escape notice in the general noise, and assured that a shot more or less could be of little consequence. It had occurred to no one of them that his scheme might be put into operation by others beside himself, still less that the whole band might adopt it. But this had happened. For the future their guns were given them loaded.

CAROLINE SCHLEGEL.

IT was at the age of nineteen that August Wilhelm Schlegel set out, in 1786, for the University of Göttingen, there to remain for a period of five years. This sojourn was destined to exercise a decisive influence over his after life, and, indeed, the whole tenor of his mind. Here it was that he finished, fortified, and gave depth to his classical studies, under the guidance of Heyne, whom F. A. Wolf had not yet eclipsed, and laid in that stock of solid learning which enabled him later, like Lessing, to devote himself professionally to criticism, without ever subsiding into that superficial dilettanteism which is the usual stumbling-block of the professional critic. Here it was that his friendship with Bürger was formed, and that his first attempts at versification were encouraged by the author of "Lenore," who opened out a fresh horizon to him, and admitted the as yet obscure juvenile writer to a place in his "Musenalmanach," the oldest and best among those literary selections, published in Germany, which preceded Schiller's "Horæ." Here it was also, by daily intercourse with the young foreign noblemen who flocked to the renowned Georgia Augusta, that he acquired that polish which high society alone can impart; that agreeable exterior, that familiarity with living languages, which served to distinguish him in after life from among the herd of uncouth and unkempt *savans* and *literati*, who were his contemporaries in Germany. But the chief event, and that which was to leave the most durable traces, — traces alike painful and fertile, — was his meeting with a young widow of twenty-six, whose destiny it was to exercise a powerful influence over the three most remarkable men belonging to the romantic school. Those who had especially occupied themselves with the study of German

literature and its history knew of Caroline Michaelis, indeed, as a handsome, engaging woman, — like Helen, — "greatly admired and greatly censured." They had often come across malevolent allusions, more or less founded, concerning her conduct; and were fully aware of the important share she had had in A. W. Schlegel's literary labors. The full-length portrait drawn of her by Friedrich Schlegel, in his "Lucinde," was as well known as the enthusiastic admiration with which she had inspired her third husband, the thinker of the romantic school, Schelling. What, however, had hardly been suspected before the appearance of the recent works of G. Waitz and R. Haym, was the amount of individuality and originality which distinguished this amiable and fascinating woman.

I.

Caroline Michaelis was born at Göttingen in the year 1763. Her father, the celebrated Orientalist, seems to have taken but little notice of his numerous progeny, and evidently to have consigned them to a lower place in his affections than the folios of his library. The family circle in which she grew up contained little or nothing that was beneficial or salutary. What with constant pecuniary embarrassment, petty misunderstandings, and general incompatibility of temper, combined with a certain want of respect and lack of cohesive power among its elements, this household, like those of so many *literati*, was indeed little calculated to prepare her satisfactorily for the trials and duties of after life. "Our family is ruined," she says, "by the corruption, folly, weakness, and violence of its several members. One sends prayers to Heaven, while another accuses Fate; but the real cause of the evil does not lie beyond the clouds." Her brothers soon dispersed; and Caroline always thought her mother neglected her in favor of her sisters; without, however, bearing either party any malice on that score. As is not uncommon with girls of an ardent, enthusiastic temperament, she centred her affections entirely upon her brother Philip, whom she loved with passionate tenderness. She was, besides, warmly attached to her sister Charlotte; on whose premature decease she transferred her affections to another of her sisters, to whom she remained true, in spite of time and separation. It is easy to perceive that she felt deeply the want of family ties during her whole life, by a letter written to a female friend of forty years' standing, shortly before her own end, on receiving the tidings of her aged mother's death. On seeing "this last link of the past severed, as those of the future had previously been," the painful recollection of her lost children "rises up before her from its light slumber," and she feels acutely "the rupture of this last remaining tie which bound her to mother-earth."

She could hardly expect, either, to find without the precincts of her own family circle that moral stay, that something to lean upon, which she missed at home. Göttingen had very little in common with other German towns of similar dimensions. A village which Count Münchhausen, the Hanoverian Pombal, — for every Continental State in the eighteenth century had its "enlightened philosophical minister," — had turned into a focus of the theological and philosophical rationalism peculiar to that age, where sons of high German families recently won over to the "rising ideas," young English lords, and even princes of the royal blood, anxious to visit their sovereign's native country, all assembled; where all pitched their tents, but none took permanent root; a town of this description, we repeat, would hardly be expected to form a sound school for exemplary housewives. "Young girls here," writes Boie, Bürger's friend, "are obliged to live a retired life, and be very careful, on account of the number of young men who lay snares for them." If unwilling either to submit to seclusion or give way to seduction, they ran imminent risk of turning blue-stockings, like Gatterer's daughter, who became an authoress, and Dorothea Schlözer, who went up for her doctor's diploma, and got it. Those who wished to improve themselves by reading, but were at the same time anxious to resemble the heroines of the novels they devoured, were exposed to censure, and even calumny, on the part of their more prudent but less attractive companions. The latter was the lot of the handsome daughters of Heyne and Michaelis.

Caroline more laid herself open to slander even than her friend Theresa, the great philologist's daughter; for when at the age of twenty-one she married the physician Böhmer, of Clausthal, she had already had several flirtations, one among the rest with the famous Blumenbach. She had even projected a conventional matrimonial alliance, but subsequently relinquished the idea. It was not love either which ultimately induced her to accept Böhmer; it was friendship, esteem, and perhaps a desire to relieve her parents from a care, and to acquire for herself independence and an establishment. The narrative of her marriage resembles some chapter out of "The Vicar of Wakefield," with all the sentimental and virtuous paraphernalia of which the past century, especially towards its close, was so fond.* Still, a long letter addressed to her sister Charlotte, three or four months after, shows already a strange amount of experience in affairs of the heart. She warns her little sister especially against the power of imagination, and a craving after affection; against *ennui* and affectation, as being calculated to mislead her concerning the nature of her feelings. She hints "that our own sanctity may at times deceive us."

"When the Hm's Hm's (the dandy students) pass under your eyes, do you really do absolutely nothing for vanity's sake? It would be impossible for you entirely to annihilate its movements, for this is the most involuntary of all original sins, and one we need as little be ashamed of as corns or toothache. Only we ought never to move a step, either backwards or forwards, towards encouraging the failing. You cannot help its being pleasant to you if your veiled cap suits you; but beware how you set it more at one person than at another."

Here we certainly have most prudent advice addressed to a young affianced bride, and such as might lead us to infer that she who imparts it, when similarly situated, — and the time was not far removed, — had herself been any thing but indifferent to the effect her own veiled cap may have produced on the Göttingen students. Nevertheless, four years of perfect seclusion in the mountain retirement of Clausthal, passed over without a murmur on her part. Her time was completely filled up between the care of her three children, her real affection for her husband, a diligent and numerous correspondence, and a good deal of serious reading. In time, she not only became used to the rugged landscape of the Hartz, but even got to like it. True, her letters occasionally reflect the petty annoyances and humdrum sameness of a small country town; still, on the whole, they are mostly bright, cheerful, and replete with impressions she receives from the books she happens to be reading. The narrow limits and almost rustic simplicity of a household life, which constantly obliged her to lay hand to the saucepan and the gridiron, her unaffected piety, which no Göttingen University rationalism had ever succeeded in destroying, did not prevent her from taking the liveliest interest from the depths of her mountain retreat in all questions which at that time engrossed general attention in Germany and elsewhere. In spite of an innate horror of blue-stockingism, she courageously set to work to study Winckelmann's "History of Art," Herder's theological writings, Jacobi's work on "Spinoza," and what not more. Neither did a single French or English novel of any importance escape her notice; so that on returning to her parents' house, at her husband's decease, she by no means cut a provincial figure. The first burst of grief over, she appears,

* A friend's child stood at the garden-gate, "dressed as Hymen, with a baskets of flowers in his hand, which he scattered before us as he led the way to an arbor opposite, where a throne of moss and flowers had been erected, with steps up to it, with a canopy, a triumphal arch, and a thousand other pretty things. A singer and harp-player had been placed behind some bushes; when we were seated they began to sing:

Love which inflames this couple;

and

On a throne of flowers they find
Ever the heart of being happy.

"Heaven knows what my feelings were when I fell into Böhmer's arms. These worthy folks' affection impressed upon me anew the obligation of being virtuous." And so on, for three consecutive pages, blotted with sacred tears.

in spite of herself, to have experienced a sensation of relief at once more regaining her freedom.

"I do not trouble myself concerning the future," she writes to her friend Meyer. "I make no plans whatever, and create no imaginary cares for myself. One aim alone do I consider myself obliged to pursue with an unfaltering step, — that of my daughters' welfare. All the rest lies stretched out before me, like the vast expanse of the troubled ocean. If at times I find myself beginning to turn giddy at this spectacle, and feel my head whirl, I just close my eyes, and still trust myself on it without fear. I do not know whether I shall ever be quite happy, but I know that I can never be utterly miserable. You have known me in circumstances in which, hedged in, as it were, on all sides, I was crushed by my own weight; I have been torn away from it, cruelly torn, still I feel it, for all around me seems as glaring with light as though I were entering existence for the first time, like some invalid restored to life, slowly regaining his strength, and inhaling anew the pure, balmy spring air."

It was in a frame of mind such as this that August Wilhelm Schlegel first met and fell desperately in love with her. The flame was only fanned by her behavior towards him, — now snubbing him, now treating him as she would a child, now giving him all sorts of excellent advice, even concerning literary matters; at other times, almost in spite of herself, and obeying a natural impulse and desire to please, flattering the youthful poet, than whom, perhaps, no individual was ever more accessible to flattery. She also renewed her friendship with Bürger, who was very unhappy at that time, in consequence of his marriage — the third he had contracted — with the Suabian Maiden (*Schwaben-Mädchen*), who had offered him her hand and her heart from afar, and who, on closer inspection, turned out to be a complete hussy. "A graceful little creature, with a pretty face and a facility for small-talk, who can even be sentimental if necessary, and with a genius for intrigue, and an unlimited propensity for flirtation, less anxious to have lovers — although even in this she goes about as far as it is possible to go — than to surround herself with a swarm of insignificant admirers." It is not difficult to understand why Caroline did what she could to remove her sisters, at that time still young, from a circle of this kind. As for the poet himself, who twenty years previously — when he sang "Lenore," and his life and his genius were alike inspired by a guilty but sincere passion,* had proudly named himself the "Condor of ballad writers" — he had become "quite stupid" by the side of this giddy Suabian. He "preserves a dogged silence, stares fixedly before him with his heavy eyes. . . . . The other day he complained bitterly that he had no wit left." Still, Caroline would have been disposed to overlook some of Madame Bürger's shortcomings, had she shown less desire to ensnare men of understanding; "for," she adds, "it is clear that I do not judge her so severely from intolerance. My cloak of charity covereth all things, provided a warm heart and a sense of the beautiful be there." Here we have the naïve morality of the eighteenth century, set forth with the greatest possible *naïveté* of expression, by a young widow of twenty-eight, who, moreover, conducts herself with propriety. And these remarks are addressed to an agreeable and clever young man. Already, before her return to Göttingen, Caroline had become acquainted with F. L. W. Meyer, the friend of her friends the Heynes, and possibly even more intimate with Theresa than was exactly agreeable to her husband. Theresa, "destined to no common lot," had married G. Forster, the celebrated traveller, and future apostle of the French Revolution, whom she subsequently accompanied to Wilna. This young woman, inferior neither in beauty, intelligence, nor knowledge to Caroline, superior even in energy of will, did not, however, possess those qualities of feminine grace and sincerity which rendered her friend so attractive, and thereby caused people more readily to forgive her superiority and her failings. She kept up a lively correspondence with Meyer, who appears to have possessed unusual attraction for the female sex. This singular individual, who by his learning, his intellect, and his talents, seemed to have been originally intended for some great literary career, like many others at that time, chose to withdraw from the busy world at an early age, secluding himself in a rustic hermitage, where for many years he lived the life of an anchorite.* Meyer became Caroline's confidant; and, indeed, by far the greater part of the letters, written by her during six years' wanderings after Böhmer's death, was addressed to him. It is necessary to read these elaborate effusions in order to have an idea of the depth and psychological subtlety of that strange time. The minute analysis of feelings, the self-contemplation, the studies of shades of sentiment and of moral fibres, the vivisection of the inner world, are no longer wearisome, when entered into by a nature so unaffected and so fresh as Caroline's. They are the outward expression of an inner life, which forms a singular contrast with the nervous, feverish excitement of our own generation, and our purely external animation. Germany undoubtedly owes "Torquato Tasso," "Wilhelm Meister," and the "Elective Affinities," to this habit and craving for psychological analysis. She owes them also, and above all, a freedom from prejudice and convention not to be met with elsewhere; but the same time some of her greatest defects, — a complete want of spontaneousness, an eternal self-pre-occupation, the habit of over-reflection, and the love of systems; all of them things which are anachronisms in our time.

Most of these letters are dated from Marburg, where Caroline went in 1789, to reside with one of her brothers, a professor at that university. She, no doubt, expected to find the horizon somewhat wider there, for, in a letter written shortly before leaving Göttingen, she says, alluding to the Duke of Sussex's expected return from Hyères: —

"How I wish I could once, were it only once in my life, breathe in the soft air of so mild a climate, walk under the shedding orange-blossoms, see a bright people, and witness more ardent passions than our temperate zone brings forth. Alas! my wishes are vain! Still, my life with my brother opens out a wider prospect; I shall be nearer to the Rhine. But how sad it is to think that one has never seen any thing really beautiful!"

Her expectations do not seem to have been fulfilled at Marburg. The narrowness of its resources, some little misunderstandings with her brother, who seems to have been less devoted to her than Philip, the loss of one of her daughters, — her little boy had died at Clausthal, — all this combined to render her stay there painful to her. Her letters to Meyer touch lightly upon facts and names, excepting as regards Theresa, whom she characterizes with that happy facility of expression so seldom, if ever, attained by professional authors; still they show a discontented frame of mind, while they indicate a large intellect, regarding things from an exceedingly lofty point of view. Before finally betaking himself to his northern hermitage, Meyer passed a long time in wandering through one country after another, unable to settle in any; and these letters, therefore, reach him now in Rome, now in London, now again in the immediate neighborhood of Marburg, whither a fit of caprice leads him suddenly, as it does elsewhere. We, unfortunately, have none of his letters; but it is easy to judge of the singularity of the individual, and the intimacy of the friendship subsisting between them, from those of Caroline. Nor must it be thought that this sentiment sufficed to fill her whole soul; on the contrary, she found room in it, and felt the want of, one far less tranquil. We are able to gather very little information respecting Tatter, who apparently reigned supremely over her heart for more than three years, in spite of constant separation. She knew him at Göttingen in 1789, at the same time as A. W. Schlegel; for he had come there to accompany his pupil, Prince Augustus of England. She had been powerfully struck by the sureness, tact, noble pride, and dignified energy displayed by him in his difficult and delicate position. Among a host of languishing Werthers, vain *beaux-esprits*, clumsy and irritable *savans*, who viewed the world from behind their folios, and geniuses who sought their distinction in ponder-

* Bürger's second wife had been his sister-in-law, Molly, whom he had celebrated in verse in his first wife's lifetime, and whom he lost after only one year of marriage.

* Meyer is the author of an esteemed life of Schröder the actor, and was for several years editor of the *Archiv der Zeit* in Berlin.

ous eccentricity, she here discovered at last an active, firm, dignified man, uniting the keen, open eye of a statesman, to the delicate perception of the *dilettante*, who himself domineers over others, instead of allowing himself to be domineered over. He so entirely fascinated her, that she refused all the offers made to her which might have freed her from her precarious situation. On quitting Marburg, after a stay of two years, she first proceeded to Gotha, to visit the oldest and truest among all her female friends, Louisa Gotter, whose husband at that time enjoyed, and indeed still enjoys, a certain reputation as a poet and writer of *libretti* in Germany. The irresistible young widow here made a deep impression upon the heart of the Superintendant-General, or, as the English would say, Bishop of the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who actually proposed to her. "I meet with love where I do not seek it," she naively says: "if I chose to give encouragement, I might be adored." However, she is no more able to make up her mind to this conventional alliance than she had been ten years before, when sought in marriage by another man of good position.

"True, my dear Meyer," she writes to her confidant, regarding this business, "the ungodly little woman, the young flirt — for these are the remarks people make on me, do they not? — had attracted the — you know whom — and I hesitated. The whole web of life seemed to cross its threads within my head: this or that? For three days I was utterly puzzled. At last all melted down into the question, Art thou disposed to bind thyself for thy lifetime, and live surrounded by comfort and the world's regard? or dost thou prefer thy liberty, even at the cost of care and discomfort? Indolent nature inclined towards the former; but the soul's pure inward flame caught at the latter. I feel where my duty lies, because I know my own capabilities. Let no one think me foolish. I have reflected well; I am fully aware of the value of a position which fits into the regular course of things. Still, I have never been dazzled by it to the extent of mistaking where the true value of life lies. Whoever is sure of never repenting the consequences of his deeds has a right to do what he likes. I might, undoubtedly, have made myself useful to the State, had I chosen to take upon myself the cares of a household, and brought up half-a-dozen children more, as I do my dear daughter; but that can be done equally well without me, and without destroying anybody's happiness. Therefore it is better as it is, for God's State."

This she wrote from Göttingen, where she had once more returned from Gotha, and where his Grace had pursued her with his addresses. In this town a former unwelcome, tiresome suitor again crosses her path, as yet unsettled and unfettered, whom she harshly repulses with raillery, being wont thus to receive those who solicited an affection reserved for such as did not run after it. Her passion for Tatter was clearly the reason why she rejected the proposals of the Bishop of Gotha, as well as of the haughtiness and raillery with which A. W. Schlegel's protestations were met. "I am," she writes to her sister Charlotte, "cultivating a laurel for a poet — say this to Schlegel; and I have a charming little bunch of mignonette, a *souvenir* — say that to Tatter!"

Once more she left the paternal roof; it is difficult to comprehend why, for Tatter apparently was still in Göttingen, or at least in Hanover, close at hand. Besides, if, on the one hand, Schlegel's love bored her, his mind and tastes were eminently pleasant. She was no longer under the spell of her admiration for Theresa Forster, on whose account, nevertheless, she took up her abode in Mayence. Are we to accept her own version, as given to Meyer, and admit that it was a sublime impulse of self-sacrifice, and a desire to try and restore the disturbed harmony of the Forster *ménage*, which sent her there, and because "undertakings which resemble tasks have a special attraction for her"? Was it not rather impatience to shake off the yoke of dependence under which she groaned in her own family, and a wish to free herself from the petty annoyances to which she was subjected, added to a yearning to quit the narrow sphere of Göttingen and the attraction of the ultra-Rhine movement, which was just then fermenting like some generous wine in the noble hearts of her countrymen, unsuspicious of the noxious, subtle poison which lurked beneath the surface of that sparkling, deadly beverage?

"For who could deny that his heart swelled
And beat with a purer stroke, in a freer breast,
When the first ray of that new sun rose?
* * * * * * * *
And those men's names who were the first apostles of the good tidings,
Did they not equal the loftiest we place among the stars?
Did not every one feel his courage, his soul, and his language, rise within him?"

It was only natural that the new ideas and humanitarian hosts coming from France should have been welcomed with special enthusiasm by the subjects of the three ecclesiastical Electors (of Mayence, Treves, and Cologne), precisely because all these vices, resulting from the corrupt state of political Germany, had become centred, as it were, in their dominions. Despotism and debauchery, extravagance and want, grovelling weakness towards foreign powers, and imperious haughtiness towards the subject, a total absence of all patriotism and dignity — in a word, a climax of rottenness which is hardly possible to such a degree, excepting in ecclesiastical States.

Caroline caught at the new ideas more ardently than any one. Already, in 1789, she had begun to take Meyer to task for not entering into her admiration of the "sublime French nation;" a reproach which she certainly had no need to address to poor weak Forster, who had eagerly hastened to register himself as a French citizen. Caroline soon saw through this nature, prone to rhetoric and weeping; she soon discovered at the bottom of it colossal, inordinate, unlimited vanity, entirely unjustified by that force of character or of genius which leads us to pardon many foibles. "He is the strangest creature," she says of him; "I never loved, admired, or despised any one so much." This sentimental rhetorician, who was sincere and even honest, and who was destined to be canonized not only by the German plagiarists of the French Revolution, which would have been excusable, to a certain degree, on account of the great dearth of men of any eminence in that party, but also by patriots, like Gervinus and Hettner — this hero, and at the same time victim of the German imitation, was at the head of the popular agitation at Mayence; and Caroline thus found herself at the fountain-head of the new ideas.

It was a strange spectacle to see this ancient archiepiscopal city of Mayence — this rendezvous of all the abuses, depravity, and faded magnificence of the decayed Holy Roman Empire — suddenly transformed into a nest of Jacobinism, and to witness revolutionary orators hold forth in the clubs established in those antique *rococo* palaces, where, but a short time before, little abbés, belonging to the most dissolute ecclesiastical court in the century, had been wont to reign supreme. Caroline had far too much of the woman in her nature to take active part in any thing of the kind. All that has been said concerning her connection with "her madcap of a brother-in-law" — one of the principal actors in the Mayence drama — is a pure fiction. The part she took in these events was strictly limited to a lively, almost passionate interest. "I hurl the Jacobin's cap back at your head, which you are bent upon placing on mine," she writes to Meyer, who, far from entering into the current illusions of that time, is fond of bantering his graceful friend for her misplaced enthusiasm. She even boasts of her "noble impartiality," and vehemently protests against the Jacobins, the 20th of June, and even Lafayette himself for allowing it, without, however, "praying for the success of the Imperial and royal arms," and "always detesting despotism, though not all aristocrats." Mirabeau and the moderates had alone succeeded in awakening her entire admiration; yet, on the arrival of the Republicans at Mayence (October, 1792), when "the cockades began to swarm in the streets," and her own little girl cries out, "Vive la nation!" she was led away, as Forster had been. "What a distance still lies," she says, "between the degree of

learning (*sic*) and pride of a German burgher and the last among these *sans-culottes* now encamped before our gates!" Still, she did not continue long dividing her friends' illusion, for at the bottom politics and the coarse emotions to which they give rise were but little to her taste. "I am dead and deaf to political interest," she writes to Meyer, in January, 1793. "At the outset my heart was fired with enthusiasm, and Forster's opinion naturally carried mine away with it," — is not this "naturally" deliciously feminine? — "but I never undertook any private or public propaganda whatsoever; nor have I ever, during the whole course of my life, been more aristocratically reserved in my intercourse with the world than at this democratic period." In this she either flatters or deceives herself, or else she is forgetful. True, she shut her doors against her madman of a brother-in-law, who came from Worms to Mayence to act as secretary to "Citizen Custine;" but, on the other hand, did she not open them to a "more than suspicious *citoyenne* whom she hardly knew," and solely because her heart harbors "no hatred against sinners," because she "feels no anxiety on her own account, and because she likes the woman"? Nay, did she not carry her imprudence still further? In this, as in other passages of her life now, as at other periods, we must bear in mind that it was the heart which influenced the head in this essentially womanly nature; and it is necessary to seek for the clew to her increasing indifference to politics, quite as much in her private feelings as in her aristocratic instincts.

It was the most brilliant among the friends of her youth, her "rival from the cradle," who had induced her to settle in Mayence; it was that haughty, self-willed Theresa, by whose side she hoped to create an independent position for herself, while exercising a salutary and tranquillizing influence over this somewhat disturbed *ménage*. By the time she arrived there, however, the foundations of peace and harmony had been already completely sapped. Forster, whom Theresa still held in subjection, partly by flattering his vanity, still more by the exercise of that magic which *la Galigaï* used with so much avail towards Louis XIII., — that of a strong will over a weak one, — was still her admirer, and stood in awe of her, playing alternately the part of a capricious tyrant, or that of a rebellious slave; he was still in love with her, in a word, and utterly unable to detach himself from her. Nor was it Theresa's fault if he did not do so, for she certainly did all she could to facilitate matters. Not content with domineering over him with unlimited selfishness, she betrayed his unbounded confidence by keeping up a clandestine intercourse with his friend, the famous Huber, — for in this circle we have to do with none but celebrities, — with whom she at last eloped, and over whom she already reigned supreme, as she had done over Forster, holding him in utter subjection by her own superiority of intellect and will. It was but natural that Caroline should shrink from the thankless office of opening a deceived friend's eyes; but on Theresa's departure for Strasburg with Huber in December, 1792, she remained, at the earnest request of his faithless wife, to watch over Forster with her usual simplicity, good-nature, and thoughtlessness, as a species of "moral nurse."

"It is possible that a false light may thus have been cast upon me, both in a political and moral point of view. I cared little for it, however, being little accustomed to inquire into the effect my conduct may produce upon others, when I feel myself justified, and without guile in my own eyes." . . .

And, in truth, slander, of which she had so often been the object, never ventured seriously to discredit her devotion and perseverance in this case, although they were indirectly to become the primary cause of the greatest crisis through which she passed during the whole course of her life. She still entertained a passionate love for Tatter. Either the correspondence which took place between these two lovers has really not been handed down to us, or it was deemed advisable to suppress it; but the letters she wr tes to Meyer during the year 1792 are quite sufficient to show that her soul is still wrapped up in the remembrance of "that singular man," Tatter. Still, she had already begun to entertain certain misgivings as to the warmth of his affection for her; and on the tidings that he is about to pass within a trifling distance of the place where she resides, we find her manifesting less impatience to fold him in her arms, than anxiety to ascertain "whether he will really be so unnatural, so inhuman, so unaccountable, as to pass close by Mayence, without even coming to see her!" At the bare notion of such a thing happening, she catches herself harboring "the rebellious project of liberating herself from this dependence;" for, she adds, —

"It is not the first time that he has put me to torture. How often have I been forced to give way to him against my own convictions? How would it be were they one day to prove stronger than the desire to yield? if the wrong done to me were to become so evident that I could not help condemning him? It is from this that my innermost soul recoils." . . .

This time, however, he did come, and spent several days with Caroline at Mayence, on his way to Italy, thereby rendering her extremely happy, according to her own account. Alas! this was but a solitary ray of sunshine, for soon after the city is taken by Custine's army, and the besieging troops of the Allies approach rapidly, so that when left alone with Forster, owing to Theresa's flight, she begins to see the necessity of providing for the future, and applies to Tatter for advice, and even protection in case of need; but he answers her from Italy that he regrets he can do nothing to help her. She must have felt, as it were, a cold steel penetrating to her heart: —

"By a very little more manly courage, by a single decisive word, he might have rescued me — the only man to whom I ever applied for protection has refused it me. . . . He has refused his own happiness. Meanwhile the time was passing when privation is delight. . . . My patience began to be exhausted, my heart regained its freedom; and in this position, without an aim in life, it seemed to me that I could not do better than try to alleviate a friend's (Forster's) sufferings and — find diversion for my thoughts."

Here there is an interruption in this correspondence lasting three months, — from January to March, 1793; and, indeed, it is very incomplete until the year 1796. A fact, regarded by M. Haym as undoubtedly confirmed by manuscript documents which have passed through his hands, but which we would fain have consigned to the domain of fancy, or looked upon as one of those countless calumnies to which Caroline was continually giving rise by the thoughtlessness of her conduct, ought certainly to find its proper place here. Either in consequence of great mortification at Tatter's slight, or of weariness produced by the monotony of her existence, and a desire for excitement and diversion; either because, in an unlucky hour, she forgot herself, or yielded to a sudden attack which paralyzed resistance by its very suddenness: certain it is that a Frenchman, endowed with the usual enterprising audacity of his countrymen in affairs of gallantry, and who thus formed a striking contrast with her platonic German admirers, succeeded in inducing her to commit the only fault with which she had to reproach herself seriously in her life. She subsequently fell ill, either from agitation or remorse, or both, and could not leave the town. When she recovered, Forster started for Paris to "solicit the incorporation of Mayence and the Rhine Provinces in the French Republic" — the noble-hearted patriot! On the 30th of March she was finally able to quit the besieged town, accompanied by her daughter and Madame Forkel, the somewhat suspicious lady whom she had taken into her family. She intended going to the hospitable house of the Gotters at Gotha, one which in all the difficult junctures of her eventful life never ceased to be open to her. Scarcely had she passed the gates of Mayence, however, when she was arrested. A few days afterwards it was announced in the Paris *Moniteur*, with characteristic republican delicacy of expression, that "the Widow Böhmer, citizen Forster's friend, had been sent off to the fortress of Königstein." Her consciousness that she was not his friend, in the French sense of the word, was of but little

avail to her; for neither friend nor enemy in Germany ever accused her of more than a political connection with the Forsters. She had to submit to a three-months' cruel captivity, rendered harsher still by the presence of her delicate little girl, and by her own condition. It was full two months before she was even interrogated; and in what kind of company, in what an atmosphere, did she pass them? On the 14th of June, after eleven weeks of this terrible trial, the day after her transferment to Kronberg, she writes as follows: —

"I have spent many days, the horror, agony, and privation of each single one of which would have sufficed to drive a sensitive person mad. My health has suffered a good deal" (she had just been confined to her bed for three weeks); "but really my peace of mind has been so little impaired that I still feel that I can enjoy life, even this very day, since I have a room to myself, with chairs in it, and in a place where I no longer see jailers and sentinels."

Amid all these trials and privations she literally found nothing whatever to console her. She soon received the tidings of the death of a beloved sister. Tatter's desertion is still fresh in her mind. When put to the test, the friendship of Theresa, Huber, and Forster proved what might have been expected; the selfishness of the two former, as well as the weakness of the latter, became but too apparent in broad daylight. Moreover, her high influential friends in the allied camp, like Wilhelm von Humboldt, though always ready and agreeable in words, never did any thing for her when she needed it. It was the Gotters who were constantly writing, petitioning, and soliciting in her behalf; and it was August Wilhelm Schlegel who now hastened from Amsterdam to endeavor to obtain her transferment to Kronberg. Above all, it was her brother, her beloved Philip, who at once hurried home from Italy, and, leaving no stone unturned, at last succeeded in obtaining an audience of the Prussian monarch, — at that time, burly, sensual Friedrich Wilhelm II., — and in procuring his sister's release from captivity; to which Albini, the archbishop-elector's minister, seems to have consented reluctantly enough, and with no very good grace. The king, in his order that she should be set at liberty, added some expressions of regret for Caroline, in which was couched an ill-concealed allusion to an abuse of power on the part of the electoral government.

After three months and a half of intense suffering and privations of all sorts, she is at length able to write to her old friends at Gotha, on the 13th of July, from Frankfort: "My dear friends, — I am free, free, thanks to the untiring exertions of my youngest brother." But liberty in itself was not all she required, for she must know where to direct her steps. In a fit of despair she had said to Meyer, "My life in Germany is at an end." Schlegel, it is true, was at Frankfort, close by; but he had neither home nor position. Her Gotha friends besought her to pay them a visit; but how could she accept their proffered hospitality at so critical a moment? "My brother desires me to leave at once, this very hour; so I must. I am on no account to stop at Gotha, and yet I am burning with impatience to see you all, if it were only for a moment; for my health, my soul, are both in need of deep silence for their recovery, and in this sense such necessity is agreeable to me." From all this we may safely infer that M. Haym is but too well justified in asserting what he does, and that she had her reasons for not going to the Gotters just then. As a last resource she appeals to Meyer, by whose answer she is at once deprived of the only refuge she still imagined to be open to her. "I will be as calm as I can; only you must remember that every vulnerable point in a woman's nature has been attacked in me." In this frank, at times surly, but in the main, attached friend, she had hoped to find "every description of aid, secrecy, and a mind capable of occupying hers at a time when it was not safe for her to be alone with her own thoughts; in short, a man on whose honesty and humanity she could safely rely." She still persists in believing in him, even after a first and somewhat evasive answer: "For as long as her own heart tells her honesty is possible, she is incapable of acquiring the talent of doubting. How is she to suppose that all the world is less good than herself?" Still she was obliged to submit; for, on a second application, Meyer politely refused. Then it was that, "deserted by every one, unable even to put an end to my existence, I confided in a man whose addresses I had rejected, whom I had sacrificed and wounded, to whom precisely on account of the nature of my confidence I could offer no species of compensation after having made it; and I was not deceived in him."

She speaks of August William Schlegel. He wrote from Amsterdam, where he was tutor in a wealthy family since 1791, beseeching her not to go to Mayence; and when she ultimately did go there, he entreated her to leave it. But she turned his admonitions into ridicule, and answered him with jokes and raillery. At one time he had had some thoughts of joining her there; and his brother and best friend, Friedrich Schlegel, who had formed an exalted opinion of Caroline from her letters and August Wilhelm's description of her, and who, moreover, had a great liking for romantic undertakings, or, as he was pleased to call every fancy of his, "the caprices of genius," greatly encouraged him to carry out his plan. Even Caroline herself seems to have countenanced it; but his engagements in Holland, perhaps, also, an affair of the heart with a certain Sophie, — for these beings, alike impatient of all control as of all *gêne*, were apt to give way to the strangest and most contradictory feelings, — kept him in Amsterdam; and this, of course, did not fail to bring down upon him fresh raillery on Caroline's part, by which even his vanity as an author was assailed, that most vulnerable Achilles' heel in poor Schlegel. Still, nothing could shake his affection for her. He at once hastened to Frankfort at her summons, received the frankest and most complete confession from her lips, and, with the gallantry of a cavalier, escorted his lady fair, at last moved by his devotion to her, through Germany to Leipzig, where he left her at the house of Goschen, the fortunate editor of the Weimar classics. Having confided her to the care and protection of his brother Friedrich, at that time studying at the Leipzig University, he then went back to Holland. It now became a difficult matter to stand proof against such generosity; and Caroline began to repent her past severity toward August Wilhelm. From a village close to Leipzig, where she had taken up her residence to abide the *dénoûment* of her Mayence adventure, she writes to Friedrich: —

"You must feel what a friend I have found in Wilhelm. He has amply and spontaneously repaid me with unaffected disinterestedness and more than efficacious aid for any thing I may have bestowed on him. That I am thus able to call him mine, without being fettered by any blind, irresistible feeling, has quite reconciled me with myself."

Friedrich Schlegel had expected, from what he knew of her beforehand, to find her no ordinary woman; but his expectations were even surpassed. Writing to his brother, he says of her, "She is a noble creature; and you owe her far more than you will ever be able to render her." And farther on: —

"Our intercourse has something of familiarity, although without entire confidence; there is a mutual interest in one another, but no community. Understand me rightly, though: I soon felt the superiority of her intellect over mine; only it is still too strange, too inconceivable, that a woman should be what she is, for me to believe entirely in her frankness, and in a total absence of artifice."

Little by little, nevertheless, he becomes convinced that, however great may be her flirting propensities, her sincerity is not feigned; and he is all admiration for "this simplicity, this divine sense of truth," which he had not expected. On the other side, the society of this gifted young man, as yet unspoiled by premature success, was a great source of enjoyment for Caroline herself. Involuntarily she narrowly escaped inspiring him (he was then twenty-one) with a real passion. However, he became aware of the danger betimes,

and avoided it, foreseeing the inevitable consequences which must ensue; and thus it was that a man who, during the whole course of his life, never refused himself the smallest caprice, for the sake of any one, actually sacrificed a passion to his friendship for his brother Wilhelm; for the only genuinely deep feeling he ever knew was fraternal love. When he leaves Leipzig, after watching over her at the most critical period of her life, he writes: "My confidence in her is unconditional; she is no longer that singular, unfathomable being, of whom one is constantly learning, but the best of creatures, who makes me blush for my faults." The last words are dated from Dresden, where Schlegel's married sister, and Körner, the intimate friend of Schiller, and father of the patriot poet, were then residing. Five years afterwards he portrayed her in his "Lucinde;" and there is nothing in this description — rather forced, by the way, like many of his writings whenever he attempts to be poetical — to denote the slightest anticipation of their subsequent rupture.

Her charming little girl had been a still greater resource to her during her seclusion than even Friedrich Schlegel's company. "Without this child I should really not be able to bear solitude; but she is so full of spirits and animation, that at the end of the day I scarcely perceive that I have neither left my room nor seen a human countenance."

Before she left her retirement, in search of peace and affection at the Gotters', Caroline had the satisfaction of receiving a visit from her old friend Meyer, and again renewing an intimacy which had received so many shocks. At last, in the first days of February, 1794, she actually arrives at the house of her faithful friends in Gotha; but, alas! the year she passed with them, far from contributing towards recruiting her strength, and restoring the peace of mind she so ardently wished for, was destined to be one of the most trying of her eventful life. The proficiency of country towns in persecuting individuals who shine by superiority of any kind, or who simply suffice to themselves, or call forth virtuous censure under any form, is well known. Nowhere is this quality developed to a higher degree of perfection than in the tiny capitals of Germany. Scarcely had Caroline made her appearance in Gotha, when the Gotters' house was shunned by every one.

"Political prejudices are stronger here than anywhere else, and serve as a pretext for avoiding me. If they knew all, how little need there would be for this excuse. Even my friends themselves find certain things in my life difficult to explain, and will soon lose the courage to defend me. . . . Do not think me cowardly because I am deeply wounded. You cannot think me capable of bearing this kind of suffering with the heroism of an actress, any more than of losing my self-respect. . . . I care not for intercourse with the multitude, but can I remain indifferent when I see my friends exposed to annoyance on my account?"

Yet the Gotters, far from uttering a complaint, continued steadfastly to uphold and defend her against her enemies, and entreated her not to leave them. They even tried to bring about a reconciliation between her and her husband's family; but in vain. Gradually the ties which united her to her Mayence friends slackened. Forster died of a broken heart in Paris (February, 1794). Theresa still continued sending her, from time to time, what Caroline wittily calls "manifestoes of the Autocrat of all the Russias to the Polish Republic," or sentimental allusions to Forster, to hastening whose untimely end she had herself contributed more than any one or any thing else; first, by her harshness and capricious temper; then by encouraging and flattering his inordinate vanity, and urging him to the false step he had taken; and, lastly, by betraying his confidence. At another time she sends her good advice, such as, —

"I am unaware whether your heart be disengaged or not, just now, or what may be occupying love's place in it; but if still in connection with the other sex, beware lest they slight or take advantage of you. . . . If you can get on without them, so much the better, till you have found out your right walk in life. You must unlearn Tatter; Schlegel may have been able to save you, but he is totally inadequate to the task of guiding you.'

Caroline answers all this with cold dignity, not wholly free from a tinge of irony. It is easy to perceive that misfortune has not blunted the edges of her wit; but there is no danger of her following her friend to Strasburg. Meyer, as usual, feigns not to understand the hints she throws out; so that, in despair, she at last begins to think of Dresden, where Friedrich Schlegel and his sister are living, as a place to settle in. Still, she has a slight dread of the Körner set, and is not wrong in supposing them to be strongly prejudiced against her. Scruples of delicacy deter her from appealing a second time to August Wilhelm Schlegel; this is, therefore, undertaken for her by Friedrich, who urges the matter so forcibly upon his brother that he ultimately succeeds in prevailing upon him to give up his situation in Holland, and return to Germany. The question now is to find a suitable place of residence; no easy matter for them. Caroline, having gone to Göttingen on a visit, had received notice from the authorities to quit the town; as even six years after, returning there with her second husband, permission was denied her to remain. The Saxon ministers were, it seems, equally opposed to a "Jacobin woman" settling in Dresden. Besides, new difficulties are arising within the circle of her own family; so that, harassed on all sides, she at one time entertains serious thoughts of going to America or to Rome, which last plan is greatly encouraged by Friedrich. Finally she decides upon repairing to Brunswick to one of her sisters, and she gives a narrative of her three-days' journey there from Göttingen which is worthy of the pen of Fielding himself. Here she is joined by Schlegel in July, 1795, whom she finds slightly changed. His way of speaking, "with clearness and warmth, without vehemence, and yet with fascinating eloquence," pleases her; but she is somewhat disappointed to find him a good deal Frenchified. In short, she now sees in her old friend and admirer, that polished, elegant man of the world, that Schlegel of whom history has carefully preserved the type. She finds him, however, quite unaltered in his feelings and in his behavior towards herself; and while she still maintains that "men who are no men can make even the best of women unhappy," she yet begins to feel affection for him; notwithstanding which we find her in October, 1795, quite as averse as she had formerly been to any idea of a marriage between them. Soon, however, her tone begins to be modified: "You always seem to me to have a pique against the Schlegels," she writes in French to Meyer, "whereas I own to a tenderness for them. At any rate, I cannot deny that they have exercised considerable influence over my destiny; for if I do not go to Dresden, I shall certainly go to Holland."

But instead of adopting this resolution, she lingers on at Brunswick for nearly a year, her time being completely filled up, now in assisting Schlegel in his work for Schiller's periodicals, now with the society of Eschenburg, not yet supplanted by the Schlegels on the throne of criticism, now with the theatre, and last, though not least, with her little daughter's education. It was no easy matter to persuade her into contracting a more intimate alliance with Wilhelm Schlegel, whom she thoroughly liked and esteemed, it is true, but for whom she was unable to cherish a tenderer feeling. He was obliged even to have recourse to the little Augusta, then but ten years old, to plead his cause. "Just think it over, you and your mamma," he says; "for you, at any rate, have nothing to object; have you, Gusteline?" Finally, to provide "protection for herself and her child," and "more to comply with her mother's wish than her own inclinations," she consented to their union, which was considered by both the contracting parties as leaving each "entire liberty." Even then she distinctly felt "Schlegel never ought to have been more to her than the friend he had so bravely been all her life, sometimes with true nobility of soul." Her "sincerity towards him was without reserve, at any rate," and Schlegel would have had no right whatever had he complained of her later on — which, to do him justice, he never did — for being no more than a friend to him. Her friendship was genuine, active, useful, and devoted; it may even be said without any exaggeration that Schlegel never would have

been the man he afterwards became, had it not been for her. The wedding took place on the first of July, 1796, Caroline being at that time thirty-three, and Schlegel twenty-nine years of age. They left the day after for Jena, where Schlegel went in consequence of the earnest solicitations of Schiller, who was most anxious to secure so valuable a coadjutor. As for the liberal and enlightened government of Karl August, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and his friend Göthe, they were of course too wise to throw the slightest difficulty in the way of their settling at that university in their dominions.

A MEMOIR OF MAZZINI.

BY DAVID MASSON.

FIVE AND TWENTY years have passed since I first saw Mazzini. It was in a room in the north part of London, where he had politely called, in acknowledgment of a slight claim I had on his acquaintance through my friendship in another city with a fellow-countryman of his who was very dear to him. I remember well the first sight of him, as he entered, sat down, and immediately began to talk. He was then thirty-eight years of age, retaining much of that grace and beauty for which he had been famous when he first fascinated his Genoese college-companions, drew them into sympathy with his dreams, and imagined the association afterwards known as Young Italy. One knew at once that slight figure, in a dark and closely-fitting dress, with the marvellous face of pale olive, in shape a long oval, the features fine and bold rather than massive, the forehead full and high, under thin, dark hair, the whole expression impassioned and sad, and the eyes large, black, and preternaturally burning. His talk was rapid and abundant, in an excellent English that never failed, though it was dashed with piquant foreign idioms, and pronounced with a decidedly foreign accent. The matter on that occasion was discursive, and the manner somewhat *distrait;* as if he were on a visit of courtesy which he wanted to get through, and which need happily involve no farther trouble to his recluse habits and the pursuit of his many affairs. He was then living in an obscure off-street from the City Road, somewhere beyond the New River, in the house, I believe, of an Italian tradesman, who was one of his devoted followers; but one had been forewarned that he did not expect chance visitors there, and that, indeed, such visitors would not be likely to find him. As it happened, however, this my first sight of Mazzini was by no means the last. By a concurrence of circumstances, I met him again and again, in the house of one or another of the very few English families that enjoyed his intimacy, till at length I came to know him well; and what hardly promised to be an acquaintanceship became for me one of the friendships of my life; for which I thank Fate, and which I shall ponder till I die. Through many years, as he flashed from England to the Continent, and from the Continent back to England, I watched him, with some general knowledge of his designs, — at one important crisis, indeed, with thorough admiration, and such hopes for his success as could not but be yielded by any who understood the grand essentials of his drift, and the state of the poor Italy he longed to renovate; afterwards with undiminished affection, but perhaps more of doubt and dissent, as he pushed on, past great achieved success, to those extreme specialities of his programme about which one was more indifferent or less informed. Vaguest of all is my cognizance of his doings during the last seven or eight years. No longer in London, save at intervals, I had lost the customary opportunities of seeing him; and a newspaper rumor, now and then, or a more private message sometimes, as to his whereabouts and the state of his health, was all I had to trust to. The last time I saw him was, I think, about two years ago. He was then in a lodging at Brompton; and I found him painfully emaciated and weak from long illness, but full of kindly interest in persons and things, his spirit unabated, and the black eyes beaming with their old lustre. And now he is dead at Pisa, at the age of sixty-three; and, while the world at large is agreeing that, all in all, he was one of the most memorable men of his time in Europe, but there are the strangest variations in the particular estimate, here am I, recalling my own experience of him, the memory of by-gone evenings in his society, the sound of his voice amid other voices, and the touch of his hand at parting.

> "Friends, I owe more tears
> To this dead man than you shall see me pay."

Above all, it is as the Italian Patriot that the world thinks of Mazzini. The summary of his aims in that character had been set forth by himself, systematically, and once for all, as early as 1831; when he was first a refugee in France, flung out from his native land in the ardor of his pure youth, and with no other means of acting upon that land than conspiracy and propagandism.

Italy must be a republic, one, free, and independent! This was the programme of the Young Italy Association, inscribed in all its manifestoes, and repeated and expounded everlastingly. Grasp the phrase in its full meaning, and in all the items of its meaning, and you have that political creed from which Mazzini, as an Italian politician, never swerved, and never, save perhaps at one or two moments of practical exigency, could be made even to seem to swerve. But, though the phrase was from first to last a glowing whole in his mind, and the very accusation against him was and is that he would not break it into its items, the fact that it does consist of items which may be taken separately ought to be distinctly apprehended in any retrospect of his life. The items are three, and they ought to be taken in the reverse order, — the independence and freedom of Italy first, the unity of Italy next, and the republicanism of Italy last. First, next, and last, I repeat, were the very words which Mazzini abhorred in the whole matter. The first could not be, except by and with the next; nor that except through the last; if the new Italian patriotism was to be worth any thing, if it was not to be mere Machiavelism or mere Carbonarism revived, and to die out in pedantry and cowardly drivel, as these vaunted originals had done, its very characteristic must be that the three things should be kept together in thought, and that in action every stroke should be for all at once, or for one as implying all! Nevertheless, if only to demonstrate this necessary identity of the three ideas, they might be held up separately in exposition.

The independence and freedom of Italy! This meant the hurling out of the Austrian, whose hoof had been so long the degradation of her fairest provinces, and the rectification at the same time of the petty domestic tyrannies which the Austrian upheld. Well, where was the Italian that could say nay to that? and where over the wide world were men — themselves living and breathing as men, and not lashed and tortured like beasts — that could refuse this deliverance to the Italians whenever the time should come? About this part of the programme there could be no controversy. Ay, but the unity of Italy! What necessity for that? what chance of it? Did not many of the wisest Italians themselves look forward merely to an Italy of various governments, each tolerably free within itself, and all perhaps connected by some kind of federation; was not that also the notion of the most liberal French politicians, and of the few Englishmen that troubled themselves with any thought about Italy at all? Universally, would not the speculation of a United Italy be scouted as a mad Utopia? Let them rave, replied Mazzini. The idea of a single Italian nation, one and united, had been, he maintained, an invariable form of thinking in the minds of all the greatest Italians in succession, from Dante to the Corsican who had Europeanized himself as Bonaparte; and an examination of the practical conditions of the problem of independence and freedom would also, he maintained, show that problem to be insoluble except in the terms of unity.

Well, but why a republic? If some existing Italian potentate, with due ambition in his heart, and something of better fibre to aid (Charles Albert of Piedmont, for example, once a Carbonaro, and with some shame of his recreancy said to be gnawing at his conscience and stirring to thoughts of atonement), if such a potentate, already in command of an armed force, were to head a war of independence, drive out the Austrian, and cashier the rabble of tyrannical princes, would there not then be a united and free Italy? and might not the crown be his? Or if, in the course of a popular revolution, some great soldier were to emerge, crashing the opposition, like another Napoleon, by his military genius, would it not be in accordance with analogy, and for the security of the work done, to raise him to the sovereignty? Young Mazzini had ruminated these questions, and one can see signs of a faltering within himself before he answered them. Republican as he was, republican as he meant to be, there was plausibility in the forecasts hazarded. Facts might take that course; it was the way of facts to take any course; precedents were perhaps in favor of the agency of kings and great soldiers in wars of national liberation; it would not do for a young theorist, who would welcome his motherland liberated anyhow, to stand too stiffly on the banks of his own ideal channel towards that end, only to see it empty, after all, and events flowing in another! Hence a certain published Appeal to Charles Albert, much talked of at the time. The Appeal was read by that monarch; and he threw it into his waste-paper basket, with orders that, if ever the writer showed his face again in Italy, he should be laid fast in the nearest prison. No need then, Mazzini concluded, for any further hesitation. The Republicanism so dear to himself in theory was put into the programme of the Young Italy Association, as equally indispensable with the oath for independence and liberation and the vow of ultimate unity. The reasons were duly given. The advent of a patriot-king, or of a conquering soldier who would win the freedom of his country by winning a crown for himself, was declared to be an impossible phenomenon. The time for such things was past. There were epochs and eras in human affairs; and when an old era came to a close, the methods of that era ceased to be the methods of Providence. Mazzini always had this large semi-mystical way of reasoning about eras and epochs, of listening to the vast march through the vacancies of Time, and being sure of its divisions and halts. Especially, he announced that the world had passed through the stage of Individualism, Machiavelism, the accomplishment of God's purposes for humanity by the mere deeds and scheming of particular persons, and that the era of Association, collective effort, action by the will and heart of every people for itself, and of all peoples united, had at least begun. The very struggle for liberty, which had been going on, with ever-increasing results, through all previous ages of the world, had consequently now changed its form and the state of its parties. Essentially the struggle had always been one between privilege and the people; but the battle, in all its previous forms of antagonism, had rather been for the people than by the people. Such forms of the eternal contest had been that for personal liberty against slave-owning, the Plebeians against the Patricians, Catholicism against Feudalism, the Reformation against Catholicism, constitutional government against arbitrary power. Now, however, that privilege had been brought to its last agonies by such a succession of contests, the essential nature of the struggle which had been involved in them all was more nakedly disclosed. What had always been a struggle between privilege and the people might now proclaim itself in all the simple generality of that name; and the people themselves, in the final strife against the last shreds and fastnesses of privilege, might be their own proctors and advocates, and might dispense with champions and intermediaries. Yes! all the complexities of the social tackling, all the scaffoldings of the supposed pyramid, had now been struck away, and the people, assembled multitudinously as on one level plain, might look up direct to Heaven, with nothing to distract the view. *Dio e Popolo*, — God and the People, — such, for all peoples, was to be the true formula of the future. Translated into ordinary political language, this, for most peoples, could mean only pure republicanism. In Great Britain alone would Mazzini recognize an exception. For certain positive and practical reasons, connected with her special insular history, he thought constitutional government suitable for her, and likely to be suitable for a long time to come. But of all nations, Italy was the one specially fitted for republicanism. Her greatest traditions, her peculiar glories, were republican. Whatever associations of coarseness, cruelty, or meanness, other nations might have with the word republicanism, in recollection severally of their past histories, the word had come down in the Italian mind intwined with memories of heroism, high-mindedness, poetry and art at their noblest, all that was exquisite, and even fastidious, in scholarship and culture, the fullest richness of social life, the truest enterprise in commerce, the utmost originality of individual genius. Let Young Italy represent the real soul of the nation! Paying no heed to the remonstrances or the jeers of the so-called practical statesmen, the pedants and diplomatists, the individualists and Machiavelians, let them blazon on their banner the symbol of an Italian Republic as the only possible form of a future Italy, that should also be independent, free, and one!

For forty years Mazzini fought for the programme of his youth. He lived to see part of it accomplished, and he has died laboring for the rest.

For seventeen of these forty years (1831–1848), he was known only as the Italian agitator and conspirator, driven from France into Switzerland, and thence into England; corresponding incessantly, by unknown means, with his adherents in various parts of Italy, diffusing his ideas more especially among the youth of Italy, by contraband writings, and a machinery of secret societies, and promoting every possible attempt at an insurrection anywhere in the Peninsula. He was near the end of this stage of his career when I first saw him. Respectable England had grown alarmed, some two or three years before, at the existence of such a man within her bounds, and had begun to question whether he ought to be allowed a continued refuge in London. Sir James Graham, as Home Secretary, had opened his letters in the post-office; there were the wildest stories, not only of his promoting insurrections, but even of his encouraging assassination. But the storm had passed, and had been followed by a reaction. Sir James Graham had been obliged publicly to retract the most odious of his charges; English indignation had been roused at the discovery of a spy-system in a Government office; Mr. Carlyle had published his letter, avowing his personal intimacy with Mazzini, and testifying that, whatever he might think of Mazzini's "practical insight and skill in worldly affairs," he knew him to be, if ever he had seen such, "a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind." By that time also, other persons of distinction in the metropolis, knowing Mazzini by his more purely literary contributions to English periodicals, had contracted the same high regard for him; and there were particular English families whose proved affection for him drew him at length gently and irresistibly out of his exclusive daily companionship with the Italian refugees that formed his working staff, and made him and these associates of his happier, not only by their sympathies with the Italian cause generally, but also by their aid in schemes of relief for the poor Italians in London, and of schooling for their children. And so Mazzini lived on in London, with his eyes always on Italy.

How strange to remember now the accession of Pius IX. to the popedom in 1846, and the subsequent news, in 1847 and 1848, that he was proving himself, by act after act, a rarity among popes, bent on reforming his States, and governing constitutionally! What hopes, what speculations, over the new pontificate! Pshaw! ere men had learned the new pope's name, down went he, and all the hopes clustered round him, in a universal vortex. "Abdication of Louis Philippe!" flamed the newspaper placards all along Fleet Street, one day early in 1848; and through that year and

the next, what a crush of commotions and surprises, revolutions and counter-revolutions, all through Europe! Restlessness seemed normal, and Astonishment had her fill. On the signal from France, the peoples were up everywhere; oppressed nationalities and States, with long accounts to settle, were facing their tyrants at their palace-doors; and the tyrants, bowing penitently from the door-steps, were swearing to new constitutions as fast as they were presented, any number of perjuries deep. Italy, more peculiarly, was a sight for Mephistopheles in this respect. How Ferdinand II. of Naples, and the minor princelings through the length of the Peninsula, were trembling and swearing in their several States, if perchance they might keep their thrones; while old Radetzky and his Austrians, unable to stand against the popular uprisings of the Lombards and the Venetians, were relaxing their hold of the north! One Italian sovereign, indeed, stepped forward in another spirit. This was Charles Albert of Piedmont, the old Carbonaro. *He* undertook now that nobler part he had grimly declined some seventeen years before, when the young Mazzini had tried to thrust it upon him. He would show now that only prudence and common-sense had then kept him back, and that, the conditions being ripe, Italy *might* have in him such an actual patriot-king as the too rapid republican enthusiast had declared to be an impossibility. As king of Sardinia, Charles Albert took Lombardy under his protection, proclaimed himself the champion of all Italy against the Austrians, and called upon the other Italian princes to send their contingents to the aid of his Piedmontese army. They all did so, with more or less of heart; Ferdinand of Naples with the least of all, but compelled by his people. For everywhere the populations hailed Charles Albert, the Mazzinians or Republicans no less than the Moderates; nay, Mazzini himself in the midst of his Mazzinians, again willing for the moment, as it seemed, that the republican theory should go into abeyance in the presence of immediate and paramount duty. He had hurried from England, through France, into Lombardy, on the first news of that insurrection of the Lombard cities and Venice against their Austrian masters (March, 1848) which had given Charles Albert also his opportunity. Was the conspirator Mazzini to be seen as a volunteer, then, in the army of Charles Albert? He ought to have been, people afterwards said; it was the accusation afterwards, both against him and the Venetian Manin, that they impeded Charles Albert, fomented republican distrust in him, and kept fresh forces from joining his standard. On the other side, the blame was thrown on the king; he wanted, it was said, to fight mainly with regular troops, and looked coldly on volunteers, especially of the Mazzinian sort. Certain it is that there was jealousy or mismanagement somewhere, and that it turned to the advantage of the Austrians. In July, 1848, the strategy of Radetzky beat Charles Albert utterly, recovered Lombardy, and dispersed the general Italian cause into fragments. It was among these fragments, however, that Mazzini found occasion for a feat, perhaps the most heroic and characteristic of his own entire life, and certainly the most momentous in that war of Italian Independence. The pope, probably adverse to the war from the first, had become decidedly pro-Austrian after Charles Albert's defeat, and had consequently lost his popularity with his Roman subjects. In November, accordingly, he thought it safest to flee from Rome in disguise, and take refuge at Gaeta in the Neapolitan territories. The Romans, left to themselves, and unable to persuade him to return, at length called a Constituent Assembly of one hundred and fifty delegates elected by universal suffrage, and by the all but unanimous vote of this Assembly (the dissentients *eleven* at most) the temporal sovereignty of the pope was abolished, and the Roman States were converted into a republic (February, 1849). These steps had just been taken, when Mazzini, who had, meanwhile, been wandering about in Lombardy as a volunteer with Garibaldi's irregulars, and had since gone into Tuscany, arrived in the Eternal City. He had never seen it before; he was a Genoese by birth; but what of that? He was received by the Romans with acclamations, elected at once to the Assembly, and then appointed the chief of the Triumvirs, to whom the executive of the new Republic was intrusted. The use of such a man in such a post soon appeared. Ferdinand of Naples, rampantly pro-Austrian ever since Charles Albert's defeat, had been taking leisurely revenge on his poor Neapolitan subjects for their patriotic misdemeanor; and in March, 1849, he had the further pleasure of cannonading the still insurgent Sicilians into renewed subjection. In the same month, the unfortunate Charles Albert, who had again taken the field against the Austrians, was again shattered by Radetzky at Novara, and had nothing left but to abdicate the Sardinian crown in favor of his son, Victor Emmanuel, and go into exile to die. Only two relics of the once hopeful Italian Revolution then remained in the entire peninsula, — the Roman Republic, governed by Mazzini; and the city of Venice, also a self-declared Republic, besieged by the Austrians, and resolutely defended by Manin. Were these two relics also to be overwhelmed? Was there no hope? Would no foreign power, for example, interfere? The mass of the Italians, in their ignorance, thought even of Great Britain. Mazzini knew better; he knew that interference in Italian affairs was not in Great Britain's way, and that, least of all, was she likely to stir herself very heartily for things calling themselves republics. But from France, anti-Austrian France, herself a republic, and the beginner of the whole European Revolution which Austria was now undoing? Well, the French Republic did interfere; but it was after the oddest fashion. She left Venice to the mercy of the Austrians; and she sent an army of thirty thousand soldiers, under Gen. Oudinot, to Civita Vecchia, with orders to march upon Rome, put down the mushroom Roman Republic, and restore the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. Louis Napoleon was then in the fourth month of his Presidency of the French Republic; but the expedition had been planned by the Republican Cavaignac, and had the concurrence of M. Thiers, M. de Tocqueville, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and all the leading French politicians. Great Britain also had intimated her assent, on the principle that the restoration of the Pope to his dominions, "under an improved form of government," would be particularly agreeable to every candid Protestant mind. And so Gen. Oudinot landed at Civita Vecchia, and marched to Rome, expecting that the Assembly and the Triumvirs would behave sensibly, recognize the will of France, and offer no opposition. Then was the hour of Mazzini. He knew that Rome must fall; but he had made up his mind that in her fall there should be buried the seeds of her renovation, and a bond for all Italy which the world would one day honor. For two months the Romans, with fourteen thousand armed men among them, — Mazzini in the centre, and the larger-framed Garibaldi, in his red shirt, heading the suburban sallies and showing what street-fighting might be, — maintained the defence of the city against the besieging French army; and when, on the 3d of July, 1849, the French did enter Rome, it was over corpses and ruins. Seven weeks afterwards Venice surrendered to the Austrians after a bombardment; and in April, 1850, the Pope came back from Gaeta to Rome, to resume his temporal sovereignty under the protection of French bayonets.

The last two and twenty years of Mazzini's life (1850–1872) make a story very straggling in itself, inasmuch as he is not seen as the direct agent in the wonderful transformation of Italy then actually accomplished, but mainly as the incessant idealist of the transformation, foiled in his attempts to get the practical management of it into his own hands, or even to regulate it in his own way, and obliged to be only the inspirer of others, and their critic when they did not satisfy him. Having returned to England, and resumed in London his character of refugee, conspirator, and propagandist, he occupied himself for some years in denouncing more especially the French occupation of Rome, and the conduct of the French generally in the affairs of Italy; including in his rebukes not only Louis Napoleon, first as president and then emperor, but also the other responsible politicians, many of them anti-Napoleonists. This was the time also, I think, of the first general awakening of people

in England and Scotland, by Mazzini's influence, to some knowledge of Italian affairs, and some interest in them. Now, too, there was his temporary alliance with Kossuth; the arrival of whom in England, and the extraordinary eloquence and subtlety of his speeches in English, were a public topic for many months. From the attempt so made to link Italy and Hungary in an anti-Austrian league, nothing very practical followed; but it led to picturesque groupings in the more private circles of London refugeedom and cosmopolitanism. Kossuth and Mazzini might now be seen side by side, with other Hungarians and Italians round them, and a due sprinkling of Englishmen and Americans, Frenchmen, Poles, and Russians; and, on rare occasions, when Garibaldi's ship chanced to come into the London docks, one had a glimpse of that hero, with his noble figure, and his fair, calm, trustworthy face. Plottings, I dare say, there were; and ever and anon there was a flutter through France and Italy about some intended Mazzinian movement, or some supposed vision of Mazzini himself near the Italian frontier. He was the stormy petrel of European politics, the newspapers continually said. So in a sense he was; but not unfrequently, when he was reported to be abroad, and the French and Austrian police were watching for him, he was quietly smoking a cigar or listening to Tamberlik in a London room. Tamberlik! What an evening was that when this great singer sang "*Italia! O Italia!*" in a room filled with refugees and their friends, and the air around you was a-shiver with the intensity of feeling that trembled through the voice; and at the close the applause was like a yell of fury, and strong young men flung themselves upon his neck, with sobbings and embracings! *Italia! O Italia!* The work of 1848–9 had not been quite in vain for her. She was somewhat freer than she had been; the system of tyranny that racked her had been shaken and loosened. Above all, there was one solid block of her population enjoying constitutional freedom and good administration in tolerable degree, and yielding example, hope, and encouragement to the rest. Bluff King Victor Emmanuel of the Sardinian States had remained steady to the later policy of his father, and he had the matchless Cavour for his minister. It was on this quiet, deep, sagacious, humorous man, covering the farthest aims and the most determined zeal for them under the richest fertility in shifts and compromises, — this statesman of the individualist or Machiavelian type, as Mazzini would have called him, — that there devolved, after all, the successful scheming for Italy's liberation. He and Napoleon III. put their heads together; and there was the alliance of the French and the Sardinians in a new war against Austria, ending in some gain for the French Emperor, but also in the formation of a Northern Italian Confederation, or Kingdom of North Italy, with Victor Emmanuel at its head (July, 1859). Not a Mazzinian Republic, then, but a constitutional kingdom, was to be the form of a substantially liberated Italy. Nay, even, as it proved, of an Italy whole and united! For now the Republican Garibaldi, accepting the Kingdom of North Italy as an accomplished fact, volunteered daringly to give it the necessary extension. An insurrection, devised in part by him and Mazzini, had broken out in Sicily against the Neapolitan king, Francis II.; and plunging into the midst of this, with the battle-cry of "Italy and Victor Emmanuel," Garibaldi was able, in the course of a few months, to win Sicily, and Naples too, and hand them over to his royal master, saluting him "King of Italy," and receiving the reply, "I thank you" (October, 1860). In February, 1861, the first united Italian Parliament met at Turin; and in March, the Kingdom of Italy was formally recognized by Great Britain. There was yet much to do, however, to accomplish the complete unification: especially, there was the Papal sovereignty in the Roman States, with the French force guarding it, lying like an extraneous lump in the middle of the peninsula. The steps of the farther process by which the unification has been made perfect, — the removal of the Italian capital from Turin to Florence, the plotting and negotiations for the possession of Rome, the evacuation of Rome by the French troops in the pressure of the great struggle between France and Germany, the consequent incorporation of Rome also with the Italian kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, and the transference of the capital at last to the ever-glorious city, — are all matters of recent recollection. Neither Mazzini nor Garibaldi, I believe, was unfelt through all this later process. The signalling to Rome, the constant stirring of the national passion for Rome as the consummation, was their share of the duty. Not that they were contented. Even Garibaldi, we know, had his tempers; and though they would fain have pensioned him, and hung golden collars round his neck, and cushioned him softly for the rest of his life, they had to take notice of his outbreaks, actually shoot at him, and cage him up like a lame old lion. With Mazzini it was worse. Transformed Italy would have been glad to welcome him permanently back too, and to assuage his declining years with luxury, rewards, and honor. He did visit this transformed Italy, and receive homage in some of her cities; but she was not transformed, alas! completely to his mind. His dream of a Republican Italy had remained unfulfilled; and even in the system of a royalist and constitutional Italy, as he conceived that imperfect system might be made to work, he found much to blame, and many shortcomings of what was attainable. And so he died in Pisa, plotting no one knows what; and, though the assembled Italian Parliament in Rome have properly signified their remembrance of all that Italy owes to him, they may have felt his death as a practical relief. When a prophet dies whose "*Excelsior! Excelsior!*" has never ceased for forty years, there may be hope for rest and routine.

Of Mazzini's share in that great transformation of modern Italy, which is one of the most remarkable, and surely one of the most beneficial, facts in the recent history of Europe, it would be difficult to form an estimate. Charles Albert, Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Napoleon III., Garibaldi, and others, and still others, unnamed here, have all co-operated in their various ways and with various motives; larger masses of the total substance of the work, as the eye follows it, in the palpable form of moving armies and falling thrones, have to be assigned to some of these than to Mazzini; and Mazzini's lifelong pursuit of his enterprise, but for their co-operation, might have been, in large measure, futile and fruitless. Yet, with all allowance, very much of the result *is* due to Mazzini. His defence of Rome against the French, taken as a single action, was a deed after his own heart, and of vast consequence. To me it has always seemed precisely the kind of deed which he was fitted to do, and which, but for the inspiration of his peculiar character, would not have been done at all, or not nearly so well. To fire a population, at a critical moment, up to the pitch of such a deed of desperation, and yet of duty, and to carry them through it, was, I believe, his most natural function in the world of hard action. In a settled government, or even in a government of ordinary struggle and difficulty, I do not think he would have so excelled. He was too intolerant, too tenacious of his own ideas, and these not the ideas that other able and honest men might have; practical co-operation with him long, in actual business, by a sufficient number of men of any strength of will, and of tolerably good parts, would have been impossible. *Tenacity* is one of the words I would apply to Mazzini; he was the most *tenacious* man I ever met. But here, in his career of propagandism, was his superlative merit. As an idealist in Italian politics, as the spiritual torch-bearer of a great cause, he was unsurpassable. He ran with the torch, the *same* torch, for forty years; and, but for the republican color in the flame, it proved the right torch at last. The unity of Italy! who does not remember how that idea was derided in all our newspapers, attacked, written down, treated as a wild chimera? It is to Mazzini's credit that he had seized that idea when no other man had seized it, when the very Italians themselves held it to be naught, and that he kept it alive through good report and bad report, drove it by iteration and reiteration into the popular Italian consciousness, and even into the heads of statesmen, and persevered till he saw it triumph. Facts will take any course, I said some time ago. It is but a half-truth. Facts will always, in the end, flow in the channel of the deepest speculative

perception. So far as most people will now pronounce Mazzini's views about Italy to have been right theoretically, he had succeeded before he died.

Mazzini, it may be necessary to say, was more than the Italian patriot, though he was that pre-eminently. His patriotism was the main outcome of a very powerful, original, and various mind. He was a theosophist, a philosopher, a moralist, a reasoner about every thing from a definite system of first principles, a thinker on all subjects, a universal critic of art and literature. His general writings, partly collected and republished in conjunction with those appertaining to Italy and his own political life, illustrate sufficiently both the systematizing habit of his mind, and the wide range of his reading and culture. He knew something about every thing. He had a consecutive scheme of the history of the world in his head; he had an acquaintance with the chief Greek and Latin poets, and the characteristics at least of the chief English, Spanish, German, and even Slavonian, authors; in Italian literature, and in contemporary French literature, his knowledge was extensive and minute; he had at least looked into Kant and Hegel, and caught the essence of some of their abstractions; he was intelligent on subjects of art, and especially of music; and he had no objection to the last novelty in physical science. With all this universality of range, and abundance of casual allusion, his writings are somewhat disappointing to those who desire instruction rather than stimulation. The stimulation is in great over-proportion to the nutriment, and on this very account fails, after a while, even as stimulation. Vagueness; rapidity; the recurrence continually of one or other of a certain limited number of fixed ideas, couched in impressive but nebulous phrases, such as "God and humanity;" "progress;" "the unity which is the soul of the universe," "the infallibility involved in the idea of progression and of collective mankind;" "faith in the tradition of your epoch and your nation;" "the necessity in this age of a return from dissolving analysis to creative synthesis;" real eloquence, and sometimes startling dithyrambic power, in the presentation of these ideas, but the presentation of them always as axioms, which there were a baseness in not accepting, while you admit their truth only so far, and would occasionally like a little explanation and proof; a certain literary thinness in the interspaces, and a rarity of those deep incisions of the pure intellect, those nuggets of facts and anecdote, those barbs of wit and fancy, that one expects in celebrated books: such are perhaps the remarks that a severe critic, accepting on hearsay Mazzini's title to be regarded as an extraordinary man, and examining his writings from consequent curiosity, would make about most of them. Similar remarks, however, would have to be made upon the writings of many men of that order of spiritual and political propagandists to which Mazzini belonged; and, indeed, compared with most such, Mazzini, as a writer, is brilliance itself. But, indeed, Mazzini's purpose in being a writer at all, even when his themes were philosophical or literary, was not so much abstract investigation, or new and interesting literary production, in competition with contemporary writers, as precisely the inculcation of those few fixed principles of his of which we have been speaking. He believed them to be applicable to literature, no less than to other things; and he wanted to work them into the literary, no less than into the political, conscience of his time. It may be well, then, to give a handful of these Mazzinianisms, the working tenets of Mazzini's own life, which he desired to diffuse among his contemporaries and to leave behind him for others.

Mazzini was an ardent theist. Without religion, without faith in God, and the habit of regarding all Nature and the whole course of humanity as a manifestation of God, the world, he believed, was rotten, and life a ghastly farce. His favorite word for the opposite way of thinking, and for all mere acquiescence in customary religion without real belief, was materialism. This word, which he pronounced in a cutting Italian way (*Matérrialism*), was his constant name of reprobation for a great many men whose mental power he acknowledged. It was the counterpart, spiritually and intellectually, of individualism and Machiavelism in practice; and the world was full of materilists, individualists, Machiavelists. The restoration of a real faith in God, and his manifestation through humanity, was the great reform necessary in every nation. All else would follow. For the manifestation of God through humanity takes the form of progress, which is the evolution of the thought of God; and duty, for all men and every man, consists in aiding progress, or co-operating with the thought of God in its successive stages, — which cannot be if God is denied, the connection of the ages with each other forgotten, or the clew not found. But the clew may be found. What the great collective heart of Humanity has always thought and desired, what every nation or people is aspiring after or struggling for, with that ought the individual to sympathize; in that he will find such approach to absolute truth as is possible; by that ought he to rule his conscience. The isolation of the individual is absurd; it is immoral to suppose that the individual can serve God by leading a true life all within himself. Men speak of the domestic and family obligations and affections; but these are only the consolations of life, vouchsafed in the performance of its duties. The duties are forgetfulness of self, assent to the flow of the collective life, association with one's fellows, struggle always in the forward direction, strenuous participation in what is going on. Action, rather than contemplation, is man's business. Art and literature themselves have been vitiated by the individualistic error, the dissociation of them from the common interests, the pursuit of them "for their own sakes;" as if they *could* have "sakes" of their own. "What is poetry? The consciousness of a past world and of a world to come!" Tried by this test, how many poets had fulfilled their divine mission? Dante almost alone; with Shakspeare, and still more with Goethe, grave fault must be found; Byron and Victor Hugo of late had been really powerful, and in the right track, but had fallen far short. Let poets, and all other artists, henceforth go into the thick of things for their themes and inspirations; and let them launch their songs and symbols, burning messengers of God's intentions, back into the thick of things. "The truly European writer must be a philosopher, holding in his hand the poet's lyre." And for men of action, ordinarily so called, statesmen and politicians, where was the doubt? To perceive the drift of the world, and to help it on practically by their devices and combinations, was the work for *them*. Could the drift be mistaken? Was it not the conclusion of the battle between privilege and equality, in every form of that battle, so as, by the liberation of peoples from thraldom, their freedom within themselves, and their association with each other, to bring about the time when the motto "God and Humanity" would stand out in its full meaning? Nor must this battle be fought by the old agency of the doctrine of rights. That was a wretched doctrine, and must be superseded by the doctrine of duties. The liberty to perform duty is man's sole right. Every nation would have for a while its own special politics, depending on the particular questions agitated in it, and which it was called on to solve. Of all nations the Italian was best fitted to take the initiative in Europe. The Italian mind, above all, possessed the necessary characteristic of constant synthesis of thought and action; and twice already had Italy, giving the word from Rome, led the world. The notion of a French initiative in Europe was a disastrous fallacy of the time, which it had been Italy's curse ever to have believed in, and which the new Italy must dash to pieces.

In private society Mazzini's habits were simple, kindly, affectionate, and sometimes even playful. He had a good deal of humor, and could tell a story, or hit off a character, very shrewdly and graphically, not omitting the grotesque points. There was a respectful tenderness in his manner towards women, which never interfered with the frankness he thought due to them on account of that theory of the rightful political co-equality of the sexes which he had always advocated. Perhaps he was most happily seen,

even by men, when one or more of several highly-gifted ladies, who knew him thoroughly, and made his comfort their study, were present to preside and regulate, keep off the troublesome, and make the surroundings congenial and domestic. Either so, in a varied group round a fireside, or joining in a game at cards at a table, or else more apart, and smoking a cigar with one or two selected for that companionship, he was very ready to talk. The talk on such occasions was good, utterly unpedantic, about this or that, as it happened, and often with whim and laughter. Inevitably, however, some topic would be started on which Mazzini would show his *tenacity*. It might be a question of Meyerbeer's music in comparison with Rossini's, or it might be any thing else of seemingly smaller moment; whatever it was, if Mazzini had an opinion, he would fight for it, insist upon it, make a little uproar about it, abuse you with mock earnestness for believing the contrary. That would not last long; a laugh would end it; we knew Mazzini's way. But sometimes the difference would go deeper, and then it was not mock earnestness, but real earnestness, that was evoked. Mazzini's talk, though never ill-natured, tended to be critical. In speaking of the men or the writers he liked and admired most, he would arrive at their shortcomings, if he did not begin with them; and these shortcomings, of course, were their non-correspondence with his own absolute ideal. Hence, in avowing your own liking against his, in a case where your feelings were stirred, you might be tempted to put a shot into that ideal, or you might, unawares, assault one of its principles. Then he was down upon yourself. *You* also were in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity; there was a touch of *Matérrialism* in you, though you did not know it; you were, at all events, an individualist, or (what was as bad in Mazzini's vocabulary) a classicist! Naturally, your pugnacity was roused by this, as he liked that it should be; and bang! another shot at his ideal, right at the centre-principle this time! You tried it perhaps in the form of an extremely abstract and metaphysical query as to the validity of the progress notion. "If the notion of progress be an axiom, Mr. Mazzini, must it not be an axiom only in reference to the totality of things? Why suppose progress, or God's universal thought towards good, locked up in our earth, or in the procedure of that shred of creation called humanity? What is humanity, but a leaf in the vast tree of leaves? and may not this leaf be blackening and dying, while the whole tree grows and lives? May not some collective commotions and tendencies of humanity be but the black spots, the signs of rot? If there is progress in humanity, in the sense of the evolution of God's universal thought of good, must it not be in some subtler and more complicated way than that of the vague axiom?" You did not mean to say all this; but you came to be glad you did. For then Mazzini broke out, and he grappled you with the yearning of an apostle, and yet with a rigor of reasoning and an acuteness of analysis which you were hardly prepared to expect from your ordinary experience of him. One such occasion I particularly remember, on which for two hours there was a discussion of this kind so intimate and so eager that, though I went away unconvinced on the main point, it was with a sense that I had never before been engaged in such an exercise of give and take, or had my mind so raked and refreshed by the encounter. Few such conversations do men's habits of intercourse now allow; and more is the pity! Let it not be supposed, however, that an evening with Mazzini was always, or often, so severe a matter. Varied and interesting chat, with only the due dash of the very seriously Mazzinian, was the general rule; and you might light a second or third cigar. It was late before you went away; and, on the rare occasions when he was not to remain after you were gone, you might have his company for some little distance through the dark London streets. You parted then at the corner of some narrower street than usual; he going his way, and you yours. And now he sleeps forever in Pisa, by the leaning tower, unless they remove his ashes to his native Genoa, or to the great Rome, which he defended once, and which was the city of his heart of hearts. Farewell, Mazzini!

THE COAL IN THE FIRE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

MY dear townsfolk, let me tell you now something of a geological product, well known, happily, to all dwellers in towns, and of late years thanks to railroad extension, to most dwellers in country districts: I mean coal.

Coal, as of course you know, is commonly said to be composed of vegetable matter, of the leaves and stems of ancient plants and trees, — a startling statement, and one which I do not wish you to take entirely on trust. I shall, therefore, spend a few pages in showing you how this fact — for fact it is — was discovered. It is a very good example of reasoning from the known to the unknown. You will have a right to say, at first starting, "Coal is utterly different in look from leaves and stems. The only property which they seem to have in common is that they can both burn." True. But difference of mere look may be only owing to a transformation, or series of transformations. There are plenty in nature quite as great, and greater. What can be more different in look, for instance, than a green field of wheat and a basket of loaves at the baker's? And yet there is, I trust, no doubt whatsoever that the bread has been once green wheat, and that the green wheat has been transformed into bread; making due allowance, of course, for the bone-dust, or gypsum, or alum, with which the worthy baker may have found it profitable to adulterate his bread, in order to improve the digestion of her Majesty's subjects.

But you may say, "Yes: but we can see the wheat growing, flowering, ripening, reaped, ground, kneaded, baked. We see, in the case of bread, the processes of the transformation going on: but in the case of coal we do not see the wood and leaves being actually transformed into coal, or any thing like it."

But suppose we laid out the wheat on a table in a regular series, such as you may see in many exhibitions of manufactures, beginning with the wheat-plant at one end, and ending with the loaf at the other; and called in to look at them a savage, who knew nothing of agriculture and nothing of cookery, — called in, as an extreme case, the man in the moon, who certainly can know nothing of either; for as there is neither air nor water round the moon, there can be nothing to grow there, and therefore nothing to cook; — and suppose we asked him to study the series from end to end. Do you not think that the man in the moon, if he were half as shrewd as Crofton Croker makes him in his conversation with Daniel O'Rourke, would answer, after a due meditation, "How the wheat-plant got changed into the loaf I cannot see, from my experience in the moon: but that it has been changed, and that the two are the same thing, I do see; for I see all the different stages of the change." And so I think you may say of the wood and the coal.

The man in the moon would be quite reasonable in his conclusion; for it is a law, a rule, and one which you will have to apply again and again in the study of natural objects, that, however different two objects may look in some respects, yet if you can find a regular series of gradations between them, with all shades of likeness, first to one of them and then to the other, then you have a fair right to suppose them to be only varieties of the same species, the same kind of thing; and that, therefore, they have a common origin.

That sounds rather magniloquent. Let me give you a simple example.

Suppose you had come into Britain with Brute, the grandson of Æneas, at that remote epoch when (as all archæologists know who have duly read "Geoffrey of Monmouth" and the Arthuric legends) Britain was inhabited only by a few giants. Now, if you had met giants with one head, and also giants with seven heads, and no others, you would have had a right to say, "There are two breeds of giants here; one-headed and seven-headed." But if you had found, as Jack the Giant-killer (who belongs to the same old cycle of myths) appears to have found, two-headed

giants also, and three-headed, and giants, indeed, with any reasonable number of heads, would you not have been justified in saying, "They are all of the same breed, after all; only some are more capitate, or heady, than others?"

I hope that you agree to that reasoning; for by it I think we arrive most surely at a belief in the unity of the human race, and that the negro is actually a man and a brother.

If the only two types of men in the world were an extreme white type, like the Norwegians, and an extreme black type, like the negroes, then there would be fair ground for saying, "These two types have been always distinct; they are different races, who have no common origin." But if you found, as you will find, many types of man showing endless gradations between the white man and the negro; and not only that, but endless gradations between them both and a third type, whose extreme perhaps is the Chinese, — endless gradations, I say, showing every conceivable shade of resemblance or difference, till you often cannot say to what type a given individual belongs; and all of them, however different from each other, more like each other than they are like any other creature upon earth; then you are justified in saying, "All these are mere varieties of one kind. However distinct they are now, they were probably like each other at first; and therefore all probably had a common origin." That seems to me sound reasoning; and advanced natural science is corroborating it more and more daily.

Now apply the same reasoning to coal. You may find about the world — you may see even in England alone — every gradation between coal and growing forest. You may see the forest growing in its bed of vegetable mould; you may see the forest dead and converted into peat, with stems and roots in it; that, again, into sunken forests, like those to be seen below high-water mark on almost every coast on this island. Then you find gradations between them and beds of lignite, or wood coal; then gradations between lignite and common or bituminous coal; and then gradations between common coal and culm, or anthracite, such as is found in South Wales. Have you not a right to say, "These are all but varieties of the same kind of thing, namely, vegetable matter? They have a common origin, namely, woody fibre? And coal, or rather culm, is the last link in a series of transformations from growing vegetation?"

This is our first theory. Let us try to verify it, as scientific men are in the habit of doing, by saying, "If that be true, then something else is likely to be true too."

If coal has all been vegetable soil, then it is likely that some of it has not been quite converted into shapeless coal. It is likely that there will be vegetable fibre still to be seen, here and there; perhaps leaves, perhaps even stems of trees, as in a peat-bog. Let us look for them.

You will not need to look far. The coal, and the sands and shales which accompany the coal, are so full of plant-remains, that three hundred species were known to Adolphe Brongniart as early as 1849; and that number has largely increased since.

Now, one point is specially noticeable about these plants of the coal; namely, that they may at least have grown in swamps.

First, you will be interested if you study the coal flora, with the abundance, beauty, and variety of the ferns. Now, ferns in these islands grow principally in rocky woods; because there, beside the moisture, they get from decaying vegetable or decaying rock, especially limestone, the carbonic acid which is their special food, and which they do not get on our dry pastures, and still less in our cultivated fields. But in these islands there are two noble species, at least, which are true swamp-ferns; the *Lastræa Thelypteris*, which of old filled the fens, but is now all but extinct; and the Osmunda, or king fern, which (as all know) will grow anywhere where it is damp enough about the roots. In Hampshire, in Devon, and Cornwall, and in the south-west of Ireland, it, too, is a true swamp-fern. But in the tropics I have seen, more than once, noble tree-ferns growing in wet savannas at the sea-level, as freely as in the mountain-woods; ferns with such a stem as some of the coal-ferns had, some fifteen feet in height, under which, as one rode on horseback, one saw the blazing blue sky, as through a parasol of delicate lace, as men might long ages since have seen it, through the plumed fronds of the ferns in the coal, had there only been a man then created to enjoy its beauty.

Next we find plants called by geologists Calamites. There is no doubt now that they are of the same family as our Equiseta, or horse-tails, a race which has, over most parts of the globe, dwindled down now from twenty or thirty feet in height, as they were in the old coal-measures, to paltry little weeds. The tallest Equisetum in England — the beautiful E. Telmateia — is seldom five feet high. But they, too, are mostly mud and swamp plants; and so may the Calamites have been.

The Lepidodendrons, again, are, without doubt, the splendid old representatives of a family now dwindled down to such creeping things as our club-mosses, or Lycopodiums. Now, it is a certain fact, which can be proved by the microscope, that a very great part of the best coal is actually made up of millions of the minute seeds of club-mosses, such as grow — a few of them, and those very small — on our moors; a proof, surely, not only of the vast amount of the vegetation in the coal-making age, but also of the vast time during which it lasted. The Lepidodendra may have been fifty or sixty feet high. There is not a Lycopodium in the world now, I believe, five feet high. But the club-mosses are now, in these islands and elsewhere, lovers of wet and peaty soils, and so may their huger prototypes have been, in the old forests of the coal.

Of the Sigillariæ we cannot say as much with certainty, for botanists are not agreed as to what low order of flowerless plants they belong. But that they rooted in flat clay-beds there is proof, as you will hear presently.

And as to the Conifers, or pine-like trees; the Dadoxylon, of which the pith goes by the name of Stenbergia, and the uncertain tree which furnishes in some coal-measures bushels of a seed connected with that of the yew, we may suppose that they would find no more difficulty in growing in swamps than the cypress, which forms so large a portion of the vegetation in the swamps of the Southern United States.

I have given you these hints, because you will naturally wish to know what sort of a world it was in which all these strange plants grew, and turned into coal.

My answer is, that it was, most probably, just like the world in which we are living now, with the one exception that the plants and animals are different.

It was the fashion, a few years since, to explain the coal — like other phenomena of geology — by some mere hypothesis of a state of things quite unlike what we see now. We were brought up to believe that in the carboniferous, or coal-bearing era, the atmosphere was intensely moist and hot, and overcharged with carbonic acid, which had been poured out from the interior of the planet by volcanic eruptions, or by some other convulsion. I forget most of it now: and, really, there is no need to remember; for it is all, I verily believe, a dream, — an attempt to explain the unknown, not by the known, but by the still more unknown. You may find such theories lingering still in sensational school-books, if you like to be unscientific. If you like, on the other hand, to be scientific, you will listen to those who tell you, that instead of there having been one unique carboniferous epoch, with a peculiar coal-making climate, all epochs are carboniferous if they get the chance; that coal is of every age, from that of the Scotch and English beds, up to the present day. The great coal-beds along the Rocky Mountains, for instance, are tertiary; that is, later than the chalk. Coal is forming now, I doubt not, in many places in the earth, and would form in many more, if man did not interfere with the processes of wild nature, by draining the fens, and embanking the rivers.

Let me by a few words prove this statement. They will give you, beside, a fresh proof of Sir C. Lyell's great geological rule, — that the best way to explain what we see in ancient rocks is to take for granted, as long as we can

do so fairly, that things were going on then very much as they are going on now.

When it was first seen that coal had been once vegetable, the question arose, How did all these huge masses of vegetable matter get there? The Yorkshire and Derbyshire coal-fields, I hear, cover seven hundred or eight hundred square miles; the Lancashire is about two hundred. How large the North Wales and the Scotch fields are, I cannot say. But, doubtless, a great deal more coal than can be got at lies under the sea, especially in the north of Wales. Coal probably exists over vast sheets of England and France, buried so deeply under later rocks, that it cannot be reached by mining. As an instance, a distinguished geologist has long held that there are beds of coal under London itself, which rise, owing to a peculiar disturbance of the strata, to within one thousand or twelve hundred feet of the surface; and that we, or our children, may yet see coal-mines in the marshes of the Thames. And more: it is a provable fact that only a portion of the coal-measures is left. A great part of Ireland must once have been covered with coal, which is now destroyed. Indeed, it is likely that the coal now known of in Europe and America; is but a remnant of what has existed there in former ages, and has been eaten away by the inroads of the sea.

Now, whence did all that enormous heap of vegetable soil come? Off some neighboring land was the first and most natural answer. It was a rational one. It proceeded from the known to the unknown. It was clear that these plants had grown on land; for they were land-plants. It was clear that there must have been land close by, for between the beds of coal, as you all know, the rock is principally coarse sandstone, which could only have been laid down (as I have explained to you already) in very shallow water.

It was natural, then, to suppose that these plants and trees had been swept down by rivers into the sea, as the sands and muds which buried them had been. And it was known that at the mouths of certain rivers — the Mississippi, for instance — vast rafts of dead floating trees accumulated; and that the bottoms of the rivers were often full of snags, &c.; trees which had grounded, and stuck in the mud; and why should not the coal have been formed in the same way?

Because — and this was a serious objection — then surely the coal would be impure — mixed up with mud and sand, till it was not worth burning. Instead of which, the coal is pure vegetable, parted sharply from the sandstone which lies on it. The only other explanation was, that the coal vegetation had grown in the very places where it was found. But that seemed too strange to be true, till that great geologist, Sir W. Logan, — who has since done such good work in Canada, — showed that every bed of coal had a bed of clay under it, and that that clay always contained fossils called Stigmaria. Then it came out that the Stigmaria in the under-clay had long filaments attached to them; while, when found in the sandstones or shales, they had lost their filaments, and seemed more or less rolled, — in fact, that the natural place of the Stigmaria was in the under-clay. Then Mr. Binney discovered a tree, a Sigillaria, standing upright in the coal-measures, with its roots attached. Those roots penetrated into the under-clay of the coal; and those roots were Stigmarias. That seems to have settled the question. The Sigillarias, at least, had grown where they were found; and the clay beneath the coal-beds was the original soil on which they had grown. Just so, if you will look at any peat-bog, you will find it bottomed by clay, which clay is pierced everywhere by the roots of the moss forming the peat, or of the trees, birches, alders, poplars, willows, which grow in the bog. So the proof seemed complete, that the coal had been formed out of vegetation growing where it was buried. If any further proof for that theory was needed, it would be found in this fact, most ingeniously suggested by Mr. Boyd Dawkins. Those resinous spores of, or seeds of, the Lepidodendra, or trees like our present club-mosses, make up (as said above) a great part of the bituminous coal. Now, those spores are so light, that they would have floated on water, and have been carried away; and, therefore, the bituminous coal must have been formed, not under water, but on dry land.

I have dwelt at length on these further arguments, because they seem to me as pretty a specimen as I can give my readers of that regular and gradual induction, that common-sense regulated, by which geological theories are worked out.

But how does this theory explain the perfect purity of the coal? I think Sir C. Lyell answers that question fully in p. 383 of his "Student's Elements of Geology." He tells us that the dense growth of reeds and herbage which encompass the margins of forest-covered swamps in the valley and delta of the Mississippi, in passing through them, are filtered, and made to clear themselves entirely, before they reach the areas in which vegetable matter may accumulate for centuries, forming coal if the climate be favorable; and that in the cypress-swamps of that region no sediment mingles with the vegetable matter accumulated from the decay of trees and semi-aquatic plants; so that when, in a very dry season, the swamp is set on fire, pits are burned into the ground many feet deep, or as far as the fire can go down without reaching water, and scarcely any earthy residuum is left; just as when the soil of the English fens catches fire, red-hot holes are eaten down through pure peat till the water-bearing clay below is reached. But the purity of the water in peaty lagoons is observable elsewhere than in the delta of the Mississippi. What can be more transparent than many a pool surrounded by quaking bogs, fringed, as they are in Ireland, with a ring of white water-lilies, which you dare not stoop to pick, lest the peat, bending inward, slide you down into that clear, dark gulf some twenty feet in depth, bottomed and walled with yielding ooze, from which there is no escape? Most transparent, likewise, is the water of the West Indian swamps. Though it is of the color of coffee, or rather of dark beer, and so impregnated with gases that it produces fever or cholera when drunk, yet it is — at least when it does not mingle with the salt water — so clear, that one might see every marking on a boa-constrictor or alligator, if he glided along the bottom under the canoe.

But now comes the question, Even if all this be true, how were the forests covered up in shale and sandstone, one after another?

By gradual sinking of the land, one would suppose.

If we find, as we may find in a hundred coalpits, trees rooted as they grew, with their trunks either standing up through the coal, and through the sandstones above the coal; their bark often remaining as coal, while their inside is filled up with sandstone, has not our common-sense a right to say, the land on which they grew sank below the water-line; the trees were killed; and the mud and sand which were brought down the streams enveloped their trunks? As for the inside being full of sandstone, have we not all seen hollow trees? Do we not all know that when a tree dies, its wood decays first, its bark last? It is so, especially in the tropics. There one may see huge dead trees, with their bark seemingly sound, and their inside a mere cavern, with touchwood at the bottom; into which caverns one used to peep with some caution. For, though one might have found inside only a pair of toucans, or parrots, or a whole party of jolly little monkeys, one was quite as likely to find a poisonous snake, four or five feet long, whose bite would have very certainly prevented me having the pleasure of writing this paper.

But is it not plain that if such trees as that sunk, their bark would be turned into lignite, and at last into coal, while their insides would naturally be silted up with mud and sand? Thus a core or pillar of hard sandstone would be formed, which might do to the collier of the future, what they are too apt to do in the Newcastle and Bristol collieries. For there, when the coal is worked out below, the sandstone stems, — "coal-pipes," as the colliers call them, — in the roof of the seam, having no branches, and nothing to hold them up but their friable bark of coal, are but too apt to drop out suddenly, killing or wounding the hapless men below.

Or, again, if we find — as we very often find — as was found at Parkfield Colliery, near Wolverhampton, in the year 1844 — a quarter of an acre of coal-seam filled with stumps of trees as they grew, their trunks broken off and lying in every direction, turned into coal, and flattened, as coal-fossils so often are, by the weight of the rock above, should we not have a right to say, These trees were snapped off where they grew, by some violent convulsion — a storm, or a sudden inrush of water, owing to a sudden sinking of the land, or by the very earthquake shock itself which sank the land?

But what evidence have we of such sinkings? The plain fact that you have coal-seam above coal-seam, each with its bed of under-clay, and that the land *must* have sunk, ere the next bed of soil could have been deposited, and the next forest have grown on it.

In one of the Rocky Mountain coal-fields there are more than thirty seams of coal, each with its under-clay below it. What can that mean, but thirty or more subsidences of the land, and the peat of thirty or more forests or peat-mosses, one above the other? And now, if any reader shall say, "Subsidence? What is this quite new element which you have brought into your argument? You told us that you would reason from the known to the unknown. What do we know of subsidence? You offered to explain the thing which had gone on once, by that which is going on now. Where is subsidence going on now, upon the surface of our planet? And where, too, upheaval, such as would bring us these buried forests up again from under the sea-level, and make them, like our British coal-field, dry land once more?"

The answer is, subsidence and elevation of the land are common now; probably just as common as they were in any age of this planet's history.

To give two instances, made now notorious by the writings of Sir C. Lyell and other geologists. As lately as 1819, a single earthquake shock in Cutch, at the mouth of the Indus, sunk a tract of land larger than the Lake of Geneva, in some places to a depth of eighteen feet, and converted it into an inland sea. The same shock raised, a few miles off, a corresponding sheet of land some fifty miles in length, and in some parts sixteen miles broad, ten feet above the level of the alluvial plain, and left it to be named by the country-people the "Ullah Bund," or bank of God, to distinguish it from the artificial banks in the neighborhood.

Again, in the valley of the Mississippi, a tract which is now, it would seem, in much the same state as Central England was while our coal-fields were being laid down, the earthquakes of 1811–12 caused large lakes to appear suddenly in many parts of the district, amid dense forests of cypress. One of these, the "Sunk Country," near New Madrid, is between seventy and eighty miles in length, and thirty miles in breadth, and throughout it, as late as 1846, "dead trees were conspicuous; some erect in the water, others fallen, and strewed in dense masses over the bottom, in the shallows, and near the shore." I quote these words from Sir C. Lyell's "Principles of Geology" (11th edit.), vol. i. p. 463. And I cannot do better than advise my readers, if they wish to know more of the way in which coal was formed, to read what is said in that book concerning the delta of the Mississippi, and its strata of forests sunk as they grew, and in some places upraised again, alternating with beds of clay and sand, vegetable soil, recent sea-shells, and what-not; forming, to a depth of several hundred feet, just such a mass of beds as exists in our own coal-fields at this day.

If, therefore, the reader wishes to picture to himself the scenery of what is now Central England, during the period when our coal was being laid down, he has only, I believe, to transport himself in fancy to any great alluvial delta, in a moist and warm climate, favorable to the growth of vegetation. He has only to conceive wooded marshes, at the mouth of great rivers, slowly sinking beneath the sea; the forests in them killed by the water, and then covered up by layers of sand, brought down from inland, till that new layer became dry land, to carry a fresh crop of vegetation. He has thus all that he needs to explain how coal-measures were formed. I myself saw once a scene of that kind, which I should be sorry to forget; for there was, as I conceived, coal, making, or getting ready to be made, before my eyes; a sheet of swamp sinking slowly into the sea; for there stood trees still rooted below high-water mark, and killed by the waves; while inland, huge trees stood dying, or dead, from the water at their roots. But what a scene! a labyrinth of narrow creeks, so narrow that a canoe could not pass up, haunted with alligators and boa-constrictors, parrots and white herons, amid an inextricable confusion of vegetable mud, roots of the alder-like mangroves, and tangled creepers hanging from tree to tree, and overhead huge fan-palms, delighting in the moisture, mingled with still huger broad-leaved trees in every stage of decay. The drowned vegetable soil of ages beneath me; above my head, for a hundred feet, a mass of stems and boughs and leaves and flowers, compared with which the richest hothouse in England was poor and small. But if the sinking process which was going on continued a few hundred years, all that huge mass of wood and leaf would be sunk beneath the swamp, and covered up in mud washed down from the mountains, and sand driven in from the sea — to form a bed, many feet thick, of what would be first peat, then lignite, and last, it may be, coal, with the stems of killed trees standing up out of it into the new mud and sand-beds above it; just as the Sigillaria and other stems stand up in the coal-beds both of Britain and of Nova Scotia, while over it a fresh forest would grow up, to suffer the same fate — if the sinking process went on — as that which had preceded it.

That was a sight not easily to be forgotten. But we need not have gone so far from home, at least, a few hundred years ago, to see an exactly similar one. The fens of Norfolk and Cambridgeshire, before the rivers were embanked, the water pumped off, the forests felled, and the reed-beds ploughed up, were exactly in the same state. The vast deposits of peat between Cambridge and the sea, often filled with timber trees, either fallen, or upright as they grew, and often mixed with beds of sand or mud, brought down in floods, were formed in exactly the same way; and if they had remained undrained, then that slow sinking, which geologists say is going on over the whole area of the fens, would have brought them gradually, but surely, below the sea-level, to be covered up by new forests, and converted in due time into coal. And future geologists would have found — they may find yet, if, which God forbid, England should become barbarous and the trees be thrown out of cultivation — instead of fossil Lepidodendra and Sigillariæ, Calamites and ferns, fossil ashes and oaks, alders and poplars, bulrushes and reeds. Almost the only fossil fern would be that tall and beautiful *Lastræa Thelypteris*, once so abundant, now all but destroyed by drainage and the plough.

We need not, therefore, fancy any extraordinary state of things on this planet while our English coal was being formed. The climate of the northern hemisphere — Britain, at least, and Nova Scotia — was warmer than now, to judge from the abundance of ferns, and especially of tree-ferns; but not so warm, to judge from the presence of conifers (trees of the pine tribe), as the tropics. Moreover, there must have been, it seems to me, a great scarcity of animal life. Insects are found, beautifully preserved; a few reptiles, too, and land-shells; but how few! And where are the traces of such a swarming life as would be entombed were a tropic forest now sunk; which is found entombed in many parts of our English fens? The only explanation which I can offer is this: that the club-mosses, tree-ferns, pines, and other low-ranked vegetation of the coal, afforded little or no food for animals, as the same families of plants do to this day; and if creatures can get nothing to eat, they certainly cannot multiply and replenish the earth. But, be that as it may, the fact that coal is buried forest is not affected.

Meanwhile, the shape and arrangements of sea and land must have been utterly different from what they are now. Where was that great land, off which great rivers ran to deposit our coal-measures in their deltas? It has been supposed, for good reasons, that North-western France, Bel-

gium, Holland, and Germany were then under the sea; that Denmark and Norway were joined to Scotland by a continent, a tongue of which ran across the centre of England, and into Ireland, dividing the northern and southern coal-fields. But how far to the west and north did that old continent stretch? Did it, as it almost certainly did long ages afterwards, join Greenland and North America with Scotland and Norway? Were the northern fields of Nova Scotia, which are of the same geological age as our own, and containing the same plants, laid down by rivers which ran off the same continent as ours? Who can tell, now? That old land, and all record of it, save what these fragmentary coal-measures can give, are buried in the dark abyss of countless ages; and we can only look back with awe, and comfort ourselves with the thought, — let time be ever so vast, yet time is not eternity.

One word more. If my readers have granted that all for which I have argued is probable, they will still have a right to ask for further proof.

They will be justified in saying, "You say that coal is transformed vegetable matter; but can you show us how the transformation takes place? Is it possible, according to known natural laws?"

The chemist must answer that. And he tells us that wood can become lignite, or wood-coal, by parting with its oxygen, in the shape of carbonic acid gas, or choke-damp; and then common or bituminous coal by parting with its hydrogen, chiefly in the form of carburetted hydrogen, — the gas with which we light our streets. That is about as much as the unscientific reader need know. But it is a fresh corroboration of the theory that coal has been once vegetable fibre, for it shows how vegetable fibre can, by the laws of nature, become coal. And it certainly helps us to believe that a thing has been done, if we are shown that it can be done.

This fact explains, also, why in mines of wood-coal carbonic acid, i. e., choke-damp, alone is given off. For in the wood-coal a great deal of the hydrogen still remains. But in mines of true coal, not only is choke-damp given off, but that more terrible pest of the miners, fire-damp, or explosive carburetted hydrogen and olefiant gases. Now, the occurrence of that fire-damp in mines proves that changes are still going on in the coal; that it is getting rid of its hydrogen, and so progressing toward the state of anthracite or culm, — stone-coal, as it is sometimes called. In the Pennsylvanian coal-fields, some of the coal has actually done this, under the disturbing force of earthquakes; for the coal, which is bituminous, like our common coal, to the westward where the strata are horizontal, becomes gradually anthracite, as it is tossed and torn by the earthquake faults of the Alleghany and Appalachian mountains.

And is a further transformation possible? Yes: and more than one. If we conceive the anthracite cleared of all but its last atoms of oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, till it has become all but pure carbon, it would become — as it has become in certain rocks of immense antiquity, graphite, — what we miscall black lead. And, after that, it might go through one transformation more, and that the most startling of all. It would need only perfect purification and crystallization to become — a diamond; nothing less. We may consider the coal upon the fire as the middle term of a series, of which the first is live wood, and the last diamond; and indulge safely in the fancy that every diamond in the world has, probably at some remote epoch, formed part of a growing plant. A strange transformation, which will look to us more strange, more truly poetical, the more steadily we consider it.

The coal on the fire; the table at which I write, — what are they made of? Gas and sunbeams, with a small percentage of ash, or earthy salts, which need hardly be taken into account.

Gas and sunbeams. Strange, but true.

The life of the growing plant — and what that life is, who can tell? — laid hold of the gases in the air and in the soil, — of the carbonic acid, the atmospheric air, the water; for that, too, is gas. It drank them in through its rootlets; it breathed them in through its leaf-pores, that it might distil them into sap and bud and leaf and wood. But it had to take in another element, without which the distillation and the shaping could never have taken place. It had to drink in the sunbeams, — that mysterious and complex force which is forever pouring from the sun, and making itself partly palpable to our senses as heat and light. So the life of the plant seized the sunbeams, and absorbed them; buried them in itself, — no longer as light and heat, but as invisible chemical force, locked up for ages in that woody fibre.

So it is. Lord Lytton told us long ago, in a beautiful song, how

"The Wind and the Beam loved the Rose."

But nature's poetry was more beautiful than man's. The wind and the beam loved the rose so well that they made the rose, or rather the rose took the wind and the beam, and built up out of them, by her own inner life, her exquisite texture, hue, and fragrance.

What next? The rose dies; the timber-tree dies, decays down into vegetable fibre, is buried, and turned to coal; but the plant cannot altogether undo its own work. Even in death and decay it cannot set free the sunbeams imprisoned in its tissue. The sun-force must stay shut up, age after age, invisible, but strong; working at its own prison-cells; transmuting them, or making them capable of being transmuted by man, into the manifold products of coal, — coke, petroleum, mineral pitch, gases, coal-tar, benzole, delicate aniline dyes, and what-not, till its day of deliverance comes.

Man digs it, throws it on the fire, a black, dead-seeming lump. A corner, an atom of it, warms till it reaches the igniting point; the temperature at which it is able to combine with oxygen.

And then, like a dormant live thing, awaking after ages to the sense of its own powers, its own needs, the whole lump is seized, atom after atom, with an infectious hunger for that oxygen which it lost, centuries since, in the bosom of the earth. It drinks the oxygen in at every pore, and burns.

And so the spell of ages is broken. The sun-force bursts its prison-cells, and blazes into the free atmosphere, as light and heat, once more; returning in a moment into the same forms in which it entered the growing leaf a thousand centuries since.

Strange it is, yet true. But of nature, as of the heart of man, the old saying stands, — that truth is stranger than fiction.

MONKS OF LA TRAPPE.

BY JOHN MACDONALD, M.A.

IN the heart of the desolate Campine stands one of the more modern houses, founded by that most remarkable of Christian monastic orders, the Order of La Trappe. Situated midway between Antwerp and Turnhout, it is named the monastery of La Trappe, Westmael; to distinguish it, first, from the Norman foundation; and, secondly, from all the other silent sister-communities that have been planted, within the last two hundred years, far and wide over the world, — in American backwoods, as, recently, in Algeria, under the auspices of the ex-Emperor, and in the Roman Campagna, after special invitation by the Pope, — and each of which bears a special, as well as the general, name.

I propose giving some description of the life led by these Westmael (and therefore by all Trappist) monks; and of the locality in which, as if in "a sheltered nook in the stormy hill-side of the world," they chant their hymns, and till their fields, in culpably contemptuous indifference to the De Becker politics, and still graver concerns, of their Belgian fellow-mortals. Even the slightest correct sketch of this cloistral life would have its interest. For, if monasticism be what its emotional advocate calls it, "the definite form of Christian life," the Trappists are living the most definite form of all. They show us monasticism at its best.

But, for a fair understanding of our contemporary ascetics, it will be advisable to give at least an outline of the story of the founder himself, the renowned Abbot Rancé, who, again, was one in a series of reformers. A few brief sentences must suffice for the period before Rancé's time.

By anachronism, St. Benedict may be styled the first Trappist. Westmael, Chimey, Fourges, are but latest editions of the monastery which he founded, at Monte Cassino, more than twelve hundred years ago. Undoubtedly his time favored those feelings and notions which have sometimes impelled even the noblest minds to flee to the cloister from the evil in the world, rather than manfully battle with it, side by side with men their brothers. The spectacle of moral dissolution — in the State, of selfish luxury and evil passions, which left the Empire a prey of a worthier race, the "barbarous Teuton;" and in the Church, of universal, bitter strife over futile dogma — convinced the fugitives of Monte Cassino that this world is but "a vain show," that evil is triumphant, and that the sole purpose of a Christian man's life ought to be the rescue of his own particular soul from the general muddle. And, indeed, it was enough to make the devils laugh, that Gothic kingdoms, and fighting hordes of illiterate Vandals, should be classed according to their views on the Arian heresy. St. Benedict "protested;" though not after the Oriental manner, — "cross-legged and staring foolishly atop of his pillar." Meditation and prayer were, of course, the main business of a Benedictine monk: "Is it not," said the founder, "for the amendment of our sins that the days of our life are prolonged like a dream?" "But," said he also, "laziness is the enemy of the soul;" and he set apart for manual labor, in field or workshop, the seven hours which remained after seven had been apportioned to religious service, four to study and contemplation, and six to meals and sleep. The slender wants of the community being first satisfied, the surplus produce was to be sold under current prices, or given to the poor, *gratis*. No monk was to "possess" any thing, however much his labors might have increased the wealth of the monastery to which he had, forevermore, surrendered his individuality. His food was a bare sufficiency of bread, milk, vegetables, and water. He was specially enjoined to practise the virtue of hospitality: "Is it not Christ who shall one day say to us, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in'?" This is why our friend, the Westmael janitor, falls on his knees before the visitor who seeks his hospitality, — he recognizes in him the person of Christ. After four centuries the Order had grown very rich. But a pauper community rolling in wealth was too much even for cloistral human nature. So the monks gave way; and hardly in any Benedictine monastery in Europe remains there a trace of the old religious life.

At last came Robert of Molesme. He began his work of reform in the middle of the eleventh century. But his monks feared neither God nor man. Sick of him and his remonstrances, they ended by driving him away. But twenty-one of them followed him to his retreat, near Citeaux, where were only swamps, woods, bears, and wolves. There they founded the first monastery of the Cistercian Order, whose "rule," framed by St. Stephen, second abbot, was almost wholly a restoration of the primitive rule of St. Benedict. The Cistercians spread rapidly, and in less than a century nearly twelve hundred of their establishments were scattered over France, Germany, England, Ireland, Denmark, and Scandinavia. Among these was the Norman house of La Trappe, founded in the middle of the twelfth century, under the auspices of the greatest of the order and most notable man of his time, Bernard of Clairvaux, who was then preaching Europe into its second Crusade. *Redeunt Saturnia regna.* The monks again grew wealthy, then lazy and fat, and in every way vicious; so that, long before the seventeenth century, there was not a spark of moral or religious life left in them.

In the race to perdition, the monks of La Trappe had well out-stripped their brothers of the cloister, — which is saying a great deal. Robert of Molesme, could he have returned to earth, would have opened his eyes in amazement at any Trappist calling himself a monk. For, in the olden time, the Cistercian had gone about in black scapulary, white gown with rope girdle, and shoes of roughly-whittled wood; and he looked like his low diet. But that stout, florid, muddle-eyed fellow there, with hunting-coat for gown, and jack-boots for sandals, and shot-bag where his beads ought to be, — who could take *him* for a Cistercian, and call him *mon père?* Particularly if the holy "father" should cock his pistol and say, "Thy money or thy life." The Trappist monks were noted for their exploits in this way; and it was by reason of their Dick Turpin weakness that the Norman peasantry always spoke of them as the "banditti of La Trappe." Nor few, is it said, were the murders committed by these reverend prowlers in the quiet of their woods, and when they ought to have been assisting each other at mass. But the poor men were sheep without a shepherd. Their lord the abbot they had never seen. *His* business was to pocket his emoluments; to intrust *Dominus Prior* with the misconduct of affairs; and to amuse himself also, after a wild fashion, in the gay city of Paris, with his fiddles, and his women, and his wine.

This "commendatory," though not commendable, abbot was Jean Armand de Bouthillier de Rancé, born in 1625; one of the wealthiest, handsomest, cleverest, most learned, luxurious, and rising young men in Paris and France. His preferments had commenced early. At the mature age of ten he was made a canon of the cathedral of Notre-Dame; after which, benefices, many and fat, continued to be heaped upon him, — for he had many friends at court, among them his own godfather, Richelieu, and Mary of Medicis. Evidently this brilliant courtier was about the last man whom "society" would expect to hide his head despairingly in a cowl at the early age of thirty-six, and so absurdly long before age had incapacitated him for further dissipation. The *motifs véritables* of his conversion were curiously discussed at the time, and variously ascribed to disappointed ambition, love, and a narrow escape from death. But the main cause lay in those natural gifts which have universally been attributed to him, — "vigorous intellect, delicacy of taste, acute sensibility, and noble, and generous passion," — qualities not needful for a mere man about town, but likely to find vent in some downright, earnest, even if mistaken, purpose; so that Rancé, if he become a monk at all, will, to a certainty, revel in the luxury of hardship and self-denial as already in the luxury of self-indulgence. Austerity will become the poetry and passion of his life.

The immediate cause of Rancé's retirement from court was a quarrel between himself and Mazarin. He betook himself to his rich and lovely estate of Veret, in Touraine, where he pleasantly read books, shot game, flirted, and talked atheism. It is told of him how, one day, when on a hunting-trip with a friend, he horrified the latter by laughing at the belief in a Providence; and how, as if meaning "What!" Rancé's gun "coughed," and discharged its leaden bullets, not into its owner's vitals, but, "providentially," against his steel powder-flask. "He was very silent and thoughtful all the rest of the way," adds a biographer. Then follows a story, which has, however, in some of its details, been contradicted more or less. Towards evening he arrived at the residence of a lady whom he uncanonically loved, and with whom, surely, he might laugh over that gun-barrel episode. But the house was strangely silent; and on entering her apartment he saw Madame la Duchesse dead and coffined, not beautiful in death. Remorse and despair made Rancé their sport. Often, it is said, he wandered alone in the woods, calling aloud on the name of the lost one. Then came fits of gloom, and study of occult books, whereby he hoped to recall her spirit. And lastly, study of his Bible, — a book which, to Rancé, as to many another reverend dignitary, was as occult as Zadkiel is to you, — with calmer retrospect of his life, and acquiescence in his fate, and farewell to the world's vain show, and ceaseless penitence as his chief duty. So he sold his possessions, resigned his benefices, went away to his lonely monastery of La Trappe, and took it and its morals in hand.

Their lord the abbot was unquestionably the most unwelcome visitor with whom the good fathers ever had dealt, fairly or foully. How first they laughed, then stamped and swore, at the new regulations! What! no more haunch of venison, not even plain beef and mutton, no flesh meat of any sort, and no more—. *Sacré nom de*——, no liquor but water, nor any victuals but dry bread, cabbage, and carrots! And no monk shall henceforth gallop across country, or handle a gun! Rather than submit, these worthy Cistercians would dismiss their abbot to purgatory. Only how to do it in a safe way? for their superior was a man of European fame. So, many plots were contrived to poison, to waylay, and assassinate him. One night he was fired at, without result, by somebody somewhere in the dark. But Rancé was at once cautious and fearless. He was armed, too, with gentle forbearance, resolute will, and force of example. Two years passed away, and those ruffians were tamed. The father who missed his shot became learned and pious, and subprior of the monastery. This, however, was but a solitary instance of the changes wrought there by the magic influence of the abbot. The histories of the lives of some of these Trappists read like strange romances. But the most strange was of the once gay, pleasure-loving, much-courted scholar and Parisian man of fashion, who, in his prime, became the successor of St. Benedict and Robert of Molesme, and for thirty-three long years lived as if by sheer fervor of austerity, until his hour had come, when his monks, — once "banditti of La Trappe," — like shrouded messengers of death, gathering around him, as he lay on the floor on a few handfuls of ashes, briefly muttering a last blessing — silently stood there with no *visible* sign of grief, witnessing, in that death-scene, their beloved abbot's greatest triumph over the world and the flesh, and the shadow of what would come for each and all.

And now for our Belgian monastery. First, of its whereabouts. The Campine, in which it stands, is the barrenest and dreariest part of all Belgium. Hence its sole industry of broom-making, for which there are, in all conscience, abundant materials. The Government is only too glad to part with the soil, not merely at any price, but at no price at all; on this condition, however, that the portions allotted be cultivated. A very few years ago, as much as three hundred thousand acres of it were to be had for the asking. But still the number of occupiers is very small; and even these have enough to do to scrape a bare subsistence from the sandy soil. Place and people are, of course, much behind the age; that primitive contrivance, the deligence, doing for them the work of railways and telegraphs. The vehicle that went rumbling with us, on a fine morning of last autumn, over the Borgerhout Steenweg, Antwerp, was a remarkable specimen of antiquity: a capacious structure, shaped like a furniture van, or a mourning coach with the feathers off; divided into separate compartments for inside passengers; with low bulwarks atop for the safety of the cargo, or of any traveller venturous enough to climb thither; with a seat in front, on which three others might find room beside a driver, who was laconic and melancholy, as if the daily journey across the desert had told on his spirits and constitution; and the whole concern dragged along by a pair of horses harnessed with ropes, — for, as the man sagely observed, when a rope snaps, you can easily knot it; but you can't do that with leather. But how the rottenest of leather traces *could* break under strain of the sleepy trot of such cattle, was not easy to understand. Perhaps the precaution was necessitated by the villanous paving of the roadway. For the Steenweg is not a mere street of Antwerp, ending with the imposing fortifications of that city, but a stoneway, extending for miles beyond, — or, rather, it ramifies, under sundry *aliases*, over the whole Belgian kingdom. The occasional plungings and lurchings of this travelling van, over the ruts and small bowlders of the Steenweg, are apt to remind one of a roughish journey by sea, and to set one a-guessing the reason why French-speaking people talk of a man on a land trip as being *en voyage*. The three-hours' journey is, however, far from unpleasant, if you go in the summer time, when even the Campine smiles and seems glad at heart, and if you sit on the roof. Here there is no seat, but always a heterogeneous assemblage of baskets, boxes, and hampers; so that any man, with a grain of invention, need not be at a loss how to improvise an arm-chair. Of course, there are certain precautions to be taken; for otherwise your experiment might end in a squash of butter-pats and egg-shells, and even in the death of innocent poultry. Cosily seated as described, and in luxuriously lazy mood, we find the hours pass away like a pleasant dream; of green Antwerp ramparts, — conspicuously atop of them a small parti-colored, wasp-waisted warrior, with hips a yard wide, proudly stalking among his cannons, and bearing aslant on his shoulder his glittering "butchering tool;" and at bottom of them the still water of the moat, over the edge of which dangle the legs of another warrior off duty, and amusing himself with a fishing-rod: of that long and straight canal line, over a wooden bridge of which the diligence passes so leisurely that we get a full view of the splendid water-way that is still as the cloudless blue above, and ever recedes with its double fringes of trees and shadow trees, until they and it vanish in the sunlight: of scattered homesteads, with brown-skinned peasants at work: of some red-cheeked Flemish urchin, seated in his doorway, and, like a rising Teufelsdröckh, contemplating our vehicle, which, like "a two-horsed monstrous shuttle," passes and repasses him regularly every day: of the Campine itself, growing ever drearier, with its trees, which get fewer and more dwarfed the farther we proceed, and with its miles of sand, spotted over with patches of dry, spiky grass, and dark copses of underwood: and lastly of two or three windmills that stand high up on the horizon, motionless, looking like giant sentries with arms outstretched in a drowsy yawn.

Almost reluctantly we descend from our lofty perch, and turn off into the long grassy pathway leading to the monastery. In three minutes I find myself in the Middle Ages. A few yards on the other side of the hedge two monks are carting hay; the one tossing it aloft with his pitchfork, the other pressing it down as it falls about his feet. A queer pair of laborers they look, with their shaven crowns, and dark frocks with triangular hoods to them; especially the one on the hay-load, with his gown tucked up, and who wonderfully resembles a Scotch woman, stamping blankets in her washing-tub. Farther on, a white-robed "father," his hands clasped behind his back, walks about among the beeches and firs of a little wood, into which you may enter with a step from the pathway. A dreamy little spot it is, this refuge of silence and shadows, and grateful to a jaded Londoner as to any mooning modern man of the twelfth century.

At the right-hand side of the gateway hangs a rusty chain, ending in a rusty stirrup-shaped appendage. Reasoning inductively, you give it a tug, and bell-notes that seem to have a cloistral ring in them both prove your sagacity, and make you feel as if you had done something out of the way. The sharp clink of sabots announces the approach of the janitor, an old man, if we may judge from his short, shuffling step; then you hear him manœuvre with his apparatus of bolts and bars, and presently a dumpy old man, with fat, smiling face, and long, hooked nose, and bald crown and bushy beard, and tucked-up frock, and bunch of variously shaped and sized keys, that jingle at his waist, and seem to bend him double with their weight, confronts you, and waits to know the purport of your visit. Hospitality from the Trappist Monks, of course. Whereupon you are kindly invited to enter; and when the big door has closed behind you, the aged *frère* kneels before you on the rough stones of the archway; for you are sacred in his eyes, for the sake of Him who said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." For simplicity, and graceful fitness of expression, and touching mark of affectionate remembrance, there is no such symbolic rite of the Christian Church. After some interchange of small talk, — the janitor is one of the few monks who, in virtue of their special office, may use ordinary speech, — we enter the hall of the monastery, and are consigned to the care of the *père hôtelier*. We should, perhaps, here observe, that the *frère* is one who

though he has renounced the world, and conforms to monastic discipline, is not a priest; he is, in a word, a lay monk: whilst the *père* is both priest and monk, and wears the white robe and dark scapulary, whereas the other wears a dark robe only.

The *hôtelier* is one of the pleasantest men in Europe, and seems to thrive amazingly on "the astonishing austerities of La Trappe." A not very monastic-looking young man he is, — about thirty years old, with large bright eyes, full and ruddy face, capital teeth, a mouth ready with a smile and a joke, broad shoulders, and erect, tallish figure. Of the personal history of this good *hôtelier* I only know one or two not very exciting facts: that he is the son of a miller; that one evening, ten years ago, he and his elder brother, while at work in the fields, and speculating as usual on life and the world, resolved to become Trappist monks; that they started off before sunrise next morning for Westmael, where the younger studied, and eight years afterwards became a priest; and the elder, being too old to study, still remains a simple *frère*. During these ten years the brothers have not perhaps interchanged ten words. The *hôtelier* of course must speak to visitors, and in the way of business; but the first Christmas after next his three years' service will have expired, and our friend *Père* Victor will become silent like the others.

In the neat little sitting-room on the right-hand side of the hall are three seminary students, and a comfortable-looking old priest. In spite of their black gowns and blue collars, they are as jolly over their ale as if they were a company of English farmers in a country inn. A profane stranger must also assist; and I can affirm that the brew of which the hospitable father is so lavish, and perhaps proud, is inferior to none other in King Leopold's dominions. It is their own brew, too, and therefore one considerately shows one's appreciation of its good qualities by grave laudatory remarks and repeated raids among the bottles, of which there stand a whole regiment in loose order on the table. These busy recluses also make wine of a most delicious kind, something like best Sauterne. On looking out through the window of the sitting-room, one sees a green expanse of vine-leaves between one and the long, neatly-built brick wall, also home-made, which forms the southern limit of the premises. The Trappists, in fact, furnish the wine supply of almost every church in the province of Antwerp; quantities are also taken by regular dealers, and the poor have their share — as they have of all other products of the monastery — *gratis*. Indeed, a not inconsiderable portion of the three hundred and seventy hectares which the monks, after seventy or eighty years' patient coaxing, have won from the sand of the Campine, are devoted to the culture of the vine. It is pleasant, in one's rambles over the house, to see the great clusters growing close to the window-panes; and tempting also, when the pale gray-green fruit looks plump and soft and "done to a turn" by the sun heat and the sun light.

In the sitting-room the only notable object is an elaborately-worked memorial: "A leur fondateur, Charles Jean Michel de Wolf, décédé à Anvers, le 2 mars, 1806. Les Réligieux de la Trappe de Westmael reconnaissants. R.I. P." On it are rhymed, in quaint, pathetic French, and in letters of gold and many-colored silks, that benefactor's many and rare qualities of head and heart: —

> "O trop heureux commerce! O trop heureux échanges!
> Dieu s'est donné à lui — il règne avec les anges, &c.

Leaving their reverences to discuss their ale and their news, let us begin our exploration. It is now but eleven, A.M., and in twice round the clock one ought to acquire a fair idea of the place and its inmates.

There, right in front, and almost facing the hall door, is something worth seeing. Talking about clocks, you must travel far and wide before you come face to face with a clock like that. You might not be superstitious, and yet your blood might creep, were you to see it with the moonlight on its snake-rimmed disk; on its single scythe-hand; and on its guardian skeleton of pale stone, with finger pointing hour-wards, and sardonic, triumphant grin. A most significant curiosity to begin with on one's rounds! Its whole workmanship is most artistically true. It is beautifully symbolic, also. There is no motion of the scythe, grasped in the fingers of the tall skeleton, that so leans forward and looks at you that you cannot escape him. The *disk* only moves, *soundlessly;* it is the endless stream of eternity, bringing the hours in its progress.

To the right, and then to the left, is the refectory; a lengthy, oblong room, with two parallel tables from end to end, and a cross one at the top, at which the fathers and brothers are just dining. At the cross-table one monk only sits. Another, as he takes his seat, bows, in the politest manner, to his neighbors on either side of him, but there must be no other sign of recognition; and the only sound heard is that of him who reads while the others are eating, or of the tread of the two others who wait at table. Next to the door, and at the corner of one of the long tables, sits a very young man, who looks just as if he had come direct from the Strand. His smart walking-coat, striped trousers, and neat tie, look oddly out of place side by side with the "sad-colored" frocks and cowls of his neighbors. He is a native of Antwerp; he, too, has tired of the world; has already passed through six weeks of his novitiate, and in another forty-six, if his body and spirit have proved equal to the trial, will be admitted as a member of the fraternity, when his very name will be changed, and his friends hear of him no more. Humanity at its meals is not a particularly edifying spectacle, i.e., on those memorial occasions when crowds of onlookers — ladies for the greater part — assembled in galleries to gaze on the lords of creation, who sit below, with bibs over their waistcoats, and faces flushed with the exertion of consuming their victuals. But a Trappist dinner, though not much worth eating, is worth seeing. There is "an idea" in it. Every spoonful, as it disappears through the opening of some cowl — for one can scarcely see the face of the eater — is a sort of protest against carnal desires and every edible luxury of life. It is, in a word, a kind of daily crucifixion of the flesh. The good things of the establishment are at *your* disposal, but our monk is satisfied with —; let us walk in and see; for the room is now empty, and there are two dinners still untouched on the cross-table at the farther end. Here the superiors sit, Reverendus Dominus Abbas, Dominus Prior, and D. Medicus; for these names are cut each on an oblong slip of wood which lies beside each mess. Dominus Prior has eaten his dinner; but the Abbot, poor old man, is unwell, and the doctor attending him. Two small flat-bottomed basins, of coarsest, brownest earthenware, such as you may buy any day in the New Cut for twopence; in one of them, plain milk; and in the second, which rests atop of the first, about a pint measure of a mixture of potatoes, cabbage, carrots, and beans, boiled in water; and, lastly, a slice of plain bread laid beside each wooden label. Such are the dinner and dinner service of our Reverend Lord the Abbot, as of every *pater* and *frater* in the monastery.

The library is a well-arranged room, with plenty of subdued light in it. Most of the books that crowd its four walls from top to bottom have the neat modern look about them; but there is a goodly array of others — great, ponderous, stout-backed fellows, evidently priding themselves on their descent from antique times. Splendid specimens, some of these are, of the art of the Middle Ages; letter-press, pen-written with the precision of machinery, and ornamental initials, and designs, whose perfect drawing, and keen, delicate sense of color, enable one in some degree to understand what the monks have done for modern art. One more look before I go. Those rows of shelves, one above the other, and all of them guarded by a door of wirework, are the literary inferno, to which all books of the "modern spirit," will inevitably be condemned, should they ever penetrate to Westmael. Among the lost, I caught a glimpse of a Frenchman named Voltaire, and of a sceptical Scot once known as David Hume.

Up a flight or two of stairs, then through winding passages, and we enter the dormitory — a long, low-roofed room, with a double row of beds, each bed so cut off from

the others as to form a kind of cell. Straw mattress, straw pillow, and single covering of thick coarse stuff — that is the kind of bed a Trappist sleeps on, summer and winter. There is no fireplace; but if a father or brother wish to warm himself, there is the instrument for self-inflicted penance, a whip of knotted cords, ready to hand at his bed-head. How would you like to stand there in the dark, and listen to the performance of some invisible penitent, "coming down" with hissing whipcord on his bare flesh?

Down stairs again, along another labyrinth of passages, and into the open air. Here, in a quiet, retired corner, is the monks' last resting-place. There are a few slightly-raised mounds, which seem as if the mould over them were being continually kept fresh. A new grave is in preparation. It is only a few inches deep; but it will gradually deepen, according as some monk or other, by way of meditation on death, may retire into this secluded spot, and spend a half-hour in digging out a few more spadefuls. For all the digger knows, he himself may be the man around whom his brethren will next assemble to witness a death-scene; or it may be his own born brother, who lives with him there, and to whom he has not spoken for many a year. And the curious thing is, that he may have to pray for the soul of his brother, and assist at his burial, and yet not know until long afterwards — if at all — who the dead monk was. An incident of the sort happened here not very long ago. If the Trappists are so self-isolated at home, they are, *à fortiori*, the same with respect to the world in general. Just beyond the horizon of their barren Campine swarms the busiest and densest population in Europe; but of it, and its politics, and every-day life, they know no more than they would if they lived in Turkestan. Perhaps not six of the whole community know under what king they live; though there are, by the way, more of us who could well dispense with information of that sort. Père Victor even told us that as few of them knew any thing at all of the war that has just ended. A few hours' journey from their gates, half a million of men were up with guns in their hands, busily "blowing each other into invisibility," and a new empire has arisen over the ruins of another; but all the Trappists will ever know of it is, that one night *Dominus Abbas* briefly informed them two nations were at war, and that he requested their prayers for the souls of the slain. There are at Westmael a few to whom the world's history has had its *finis* written to it for half a century; and who would be as much at a loss in our modern world as if they were stray outcasts from some other planet. How dreadful, and utterly selfish, you say, this indifference to the world, and even to the life or death of nearest friends! Yes, *but from the Trappist view-point* most beautiful, and utterly unselfish, and magnificently logical. Grant them their premises, and these men are unanswerable. So, then, here is the faithful *reductio ad absurdum* of any philosophy of life, according to which a man regards his own soul as being, even for him, the chief centre of interest in the universe.

After the foregoing unpleasant glimpses of the Trappist life, it was delightfully surprising — all the more so because the treat was quite unexpected — to find one's self in a schoolroom. Here, I thought, must be another *reductio ad absurdum*. About twenty-five urchins, of whom the eldest is a patriarch of ten, are here undergoing "primary education." They are the children of destitute people in the vicinity, and, therefore, have been taken in hand by the monks, who, as already stated, consider themselves specially bound to care for the poor. The dominie happens to be out; but that does not much matter, for the small students have been taught to obey *law*. So the work goes on capitally, to accompaniment of the music of the busy hum of childish voices. Close to the door there are five little fellows marshalled in front of a big A, B, C, card, and presided over by a learned manikin grasping a small pointer in both his fists, and exhibiting his skill as an instructor of youth by sudden dodgings from A to Z, and so on, whereby to test the attention and quickness of his pupils. Farther off stands another small professor, book in hand, who assists each boy of his class, in turn, in his efforts to spell his way through certain formidable words of three letters. There are others who have advanced farther than that in their way to the temple of learning; they read tolerably fluently, can write, and even cipher, and are the great guns of the institution. At a long desk a number are busy over their copybooks. Two of the small scribes seem to be writing with a queer kind of sympathetic ink, for they accompany each execution of "stroke," or pothook, with a corresponding movement of the facial muscles. The most intelligent-looking infant among the lot stands on a form near the window. A flood of sunshine lights up his yellow-white hair, and round, rosy cheeks, while he is in grim earnest, drawing figures on a blackboard, and turns round, now and then, to listen to the searching criticism of his fellow-students. I must not forget to mention that all these pupils have their dinner, as well as schooling, *gratis*. The monks have also "adopted" six orphan boys, to whom they impart "technical education," as well as instruction in "the usual branches." While I am on the subject of education, I may mention that there are — for monastic purposes only — three monk professors; one of moral theology, the second of dogmatic theology, and the third of Holy Scripture. One of them, I forget which, was pointed out to me; a man with finely-developed head, and keen, sensitive face, as of one of those recluses of the "Ages of Faith," who now and then issued from the cloister to stir, by word and deed, the heart of Christendom. And science, as well as literature, finds a home in Westmael. On our way back to Antwerp we fell in with a man who travelled for a firm dealing in artificial manure. Having heard of the farming energies of the Trappists, he paid them a visit, and was introduced, for consultation, to an old monk, who turned out to be an expert analytical chemist, and discussed the merits of the manufactured stuff most thoroughly. Our traveller, it appears, got a small "order," with promise of a bigger one next season, should the thing turn out well. "Any thing," said the chemist, "to get something out of our sand-fields."

Strolling along the gravel walks and lanes of climbing vines, we come to the south-east corner of the walls. Here is the brewery. We now understand the *ratio entis* of the long, narrow piece of water we saw lying parallel to the outside of the wall, and which we likened to a defensive moat; for monasteries, as you know, have been called "Christ's fortresses," and their inmates *milites Christi*. There is no brewing going on; but every thing — vat, pipes, tubes, coppers, and all — is so brightly clean, and in such admirable order, that the *frère* brewer can, if he like, begin and continue his operations at any moment, even in pitch dark. This man we meet afterwards; there is little of the brewery look about *him*.

Below ground to the wine-vaults. Very extensive they are, with their walls of bottles, and rows upon rows of casklets and casks, and big burley plethoric tuns that lie on their sides as if deliciously tipsy. At its far end is a snug little room, about as big as a good-sized cupboard, and furnished with books, table, and arm-chair. Only think what bliss it would be to take refuge from the fierce sun-blaze on the upper earth, in that cool twilight-like little nook, and sit there in your shirt-sleeves, with your chair balanced on its hind legs, and its back to the wall; with the ethereally sweet aroma creeping around you from the vaults, with your pipe alight, and at your elbow the sparkling liquid and prime bird's-eye! What wonderful fellows these Trappists are, to resist it all!

Emerging once more into the sunlight, you walk, suppose, towards the workshops. These form a continuous line of low buildings on the western side of the enclosure. First of all is the printing-house. Two or three brothers, a father, and one or two boys, neither so grimy nor so fussy as our friend the Cockney "devil," are composing and "pulling." The printing is most beautifully executed, and with a minimum of machinery. Coal fires, and sooty stokers, and boilers, and the iron clank of the regular article, would be oddly out of place here. As it is, the sight of a compositor, with Cistercian tonsure, and tucked-up frock, and rope belt for apron, has, at first sight, an air of drollery about it.

There is no word spoken except on business, and even then in briefest whisper; nor will a monk take the slightest notice of you, except by returning your bow in his invariably easy and dignified-reverent manner. There are two things that the Trappists impress one at once with, — their perfect politeness, and perfect discipline: as to the second, every thing is done with the punctuality of clock-work, and without enforcement of rule or syllable of command. And this because their obedience is perfect; being obedience not to personal authority, but, as in the case of our small pupils, to law, with respect to which abbot and brother are on the same level. Père Victor was not altogether wrong when he declared, in his quiet way, how and where he had found "liberty and equality."

Merely glancing into the smithy, and taking off our hat to the genius thereof, we pass on, and enter the shoemaker's shop, or, if the British cobbler prefer the title, "Boot mart." The shoemaker looked up with a kindly smile, like a gentleman, as he is; then became absorbed in his work. There were shoes enough there to last the garrison during a life-long siege by all the powers of evil; no fancy-work about *them*, no "flexura" artifice, or high, rickety heels, or impossible insteps; but they were of strongest cowhide, and honestly watertight. Besides shoes of leather, there were also rows and heaps of sabots, heavy and thick, and whittled to a point at the toe. His work does the old man credit, and long may it be before he sees the last of it.

I did not see the tailors' establishment, and, therefore, cannot describe it to you. Nor "our snuff-factory," as the *hôtelier* calls it, its door being locked, and nobody inside; but the good father drew forth his snuff-box, helped himself liberally, and then offered a pinch in honor of the institution. Nor did I visit the laundry, where an industrious brother does the washing and ironing. And a capital laundress he is, if I may judge from the sheets, pillows, &c., of the cosey bed where I slept in the monastery. You see the community is self-supporting in all respects; it has even its barber, whose business, now that I think of it, I ought, in deference to London nomenclature, to have included in the list of professorships.

We pass by an open window, through which there comes a scent that, like the scent of tar, is, to me at least, one of the most grateful in the universe, and worth more than all the expensive smells bottled and corked by Rimmel, — the scent of a carpenter's shop, as of tree-life escaping in fragrance. There are planks on the floor, planks resting on the walls, lathes, axes, and so forth; and a monk up to his ankles in shavings, and swishing away most bravely with a plane.

In another little shed, the glazier is at work. As I enter, he is drawing his diamond-armed cutter across a pane of glass; he then whispers to a small boy — one of the orphans, and a rising Van der Putty — who proceeds, with a lump of the required substance, to fix the glass in its place. Farther on is the sanctum of the cunningest artificer of all. He is alone among his fancy work, which includes reading-desks, frames, church upholstery, and a curiously and beautifully executed wooden clock.

Evidently the life led by these monks, however narrow and selfish, and in the worst sense immoral, it may be, is by no means a lazy one. The dairyman, for example, who has just passed me with a pail in each hand, has enough to do, with his well-stocked byre, and oceans of milk of which he tastes but little, and magnificent butter which he never tastes at all. To these ascetics recreation means change of duty. They divide their day somewhat as follows: From two till half-past three in the morning they celebrate the offices of matins and laudes, which, again, are followed by private devotion and meditation. Prime begins about five o'clock, and manual labor at seven, which lasts for nearly two hours; after which come the offices of tierce, texte, and nones; then dinner, labor, study, till vespers at four o'clock. Lastly, a little repose, office of compline, and some more meditation and study, till eight o'clock; when the monastery goes to bed, and sleeps — intensely, no doubt — till the hour of midnight, when the bell tolls, and each monk, rising from his straw pallet, prostrates himself on the cold floor, in the dark, to inaugurate the new day with an hour of mute worship.

Before vespers, and in my roundabout walks, I found myself outside the walls, and re-entered by the gate, which the *père hôtelier* opened quietly from the outside. In the shady archway we passed between two rows of monks, who stood motionless as statues, with their hands on their breasts, and with upturned faces and closed eyes. They seemed utterly unconscious of our presence. They had just suspended work, to engage for a few brief moments in silent devotion. Among them I recognized the janitor, the carpenter, and the blacksmith. Zurbaran's picture is an awful one; but not so awful as was the living picture of this tall, gaunt, and grizzly-bearded "Praying Monk," — prayer written on his grimy-pale and patient face, partly hidden in its peaked hood, and expressed in the close clasp of his strong hands.

In the gloaming all the community assemble for *capitulum*. The room is a long, low-roofed one, like the refectory and dormitory, and has two rows of seats, one close to each opposite wall. The fathers are, as before, at the upper end, the brothers at the lower. Here, on a cross-seat, I find room among the half-dozen orphan boys whom the monks have "adopted." This time there is no tucking up of gowns. Each one enters with his robe down to his feet and cowl over his head. All you can see of the face is the beard sticking out, where there is one, for the fathers, of course, shave the face as well as the skull. One monk comes in with swift strides, walks straight to his place, bows reverently to his right and left neighbors, then subsides into his seat, his head bent, and chin resting on his breast. Another, an old, old man, goes with weak, shuffling step; and as he passes, I can see, from the motion beneath his gown, that his hands are tremulously counting his beads. As he sits, his neighbors rise slowly, as before, and return his salute silently, and in the profoundest, politest manner. At last they are all assembled. How weird they look, these two long lines of seated shapes, each sombre or pale-colored unit undefined in the dimness of twilight, but seen muffled up from head to foot, and ending atop in a queer-shaped peak, and still as of stone, and silent as the grave! At last a voice breaks out. It comes from a father seated at one of the windows, and holding his book high up, so as to catch the waning light. He reads for about twenty minutes, in a strong monotone, some encouraging passage from the life of a dead "soldier of Christ." Then another lapse into silence; a few moments of meditation and prayer without words; and the seventy-five shapes rise, and, one by one, sweep past and disappear. Were it not for the sound of their feet, you would imagine the retreating figures were the ghosts of the dead monks, vanishing gravewards, in defiance of the practice of ordinary ghosts, at nightfall in stead of daybreak.

Nearly two hours after midnight I am wakened by a slow tap at the door. This was by request, and I hear the solitary step of the obliging father as it gets fainter and fainter in the direction of the chapel. So I start up and dress by moonlight, which seemed, somehow, the most appropriate sort of light for the occasion. The bell is ringing for matins, in short, plaintive, minor tones, such as I fancy I have never heard before — or once only, on a night five years ago, as they fitfully came from what must have been a sheepfold on a lonely hill-side. These sad, persistent notes; the distant footsteps that echo sharply, and then die away; the pale, white-robed monk, holding a lighted lamp and disappearing round a corner of the narrow, winding passage where I am, and that seems almost endless, and is murky as Orcus — they are as if Death had paid a sudden midnight visit. Nearing the chapel, I hear the worshippers. A faint, but distinct voice prays, *Deus in meum adjutorium intende*, and from many throats there comes, in sonorous Latin, the response, *Deus ad adjuvandum me festina*. Thereafter, the sublime and stern Hebrew song of exultation in the God whose is the strength of the hills, who formed the dry land and the sea, the sheep of whose pasture we are, who is long-suffering, and who, beforetime, has said in his wrath, Thou shalt not enter

into my rest. What a weird, unearthly spectacle it seems, from this little gallery where I stand! A pit of blackness with a dim light hung midway in it, and surrounded by a kind of mist; filled with the strong, deep wail of the united voices of those undefined human shapes, as of souls disburdening themselves of some up-pent feeling that seems neither joy nor sorrow. A tall figure with cross, and hands folded on his breast, walks feebly up the nave of the chapel, sits down for a little, and then retires. It is the old abbot, going back to his sick-bed. After a time some one reads a passage in reference to the patron saint of the day, St. Nicolas de Tolentino. He reads of his childhood's austerities, — how he continued them all his lifetime; how he predicted the day of his death; how, every evening for six weeks, he heard choirs of angels singing; how God took him unto his rest; and how, in after days, miracles were performed by virtue of his saintly relics. And then follows the moral for reader and listeners: such was the man who despised the life of the world, and attained unto the kingdom of God.

For relief from the saddening spell of this cold, selfish life-in-death, I throw my window up, and look out into the night. And there, too, is sadness: in the far-off, solemn sky of deepest blue,—high up in it the mild moon,—beautiful, passionless, austere queen of the night, gazing down on this "Christ's fortress" (!) where dwells no passion nor any human sympathy, and bathing in ghostly light those trees that are darked-robed and sad and brooding, like hooded friars.

DRAWING-ROOM EPIPHYTES.

In every coterie we find certain stray damsels unattached; young ladies of personable appearance and showy accomplishments, who go about the world alone, and whose parents, never seen, are living in some obscure lodgings where they pinch and screw to furnish their daughters' bravery. Some one or two great ladies of the set patronize these girls, take them about a good deal, and ask them to all their drums and "at homes." They are useful in their degree; very good-natured; always ready to fetch and carry in a confidential kind of way; to sing and play when they are asked, — and they both sing and play with almost professional skill; full of the small talk of the day, and not likely to bore their companions with untimely discussions on dangerous subjects, or to startle them with enthusiasm about any thing. They serve to fill a vacant place when wanted; and they look nice and keep up the ball as far as their own sphere extends. They are safe too; and, though lively and amusing, are never known to retail gossip or talk scandal in public.

Who are they? No one exactly knows. They are Miss A. and Miss B., and they have collaterals of respectable name and standing; cousins in Government offices, dead uncles of good military rank, perhaps a father, dead or alive, with a quite unexceptionable profession; but you never see them with their natural belongings, and no one thinks of visiting them at their own homes. They are sure to have a mother in bad health, who never goes out and never sees any one; and if you should by chance come across her, you find a shabby, painful, peevish woman, who seems at odds with life altogether, and who is as unlike her showy daughter as a russet wren is unlike a humming-bird. The drawing-room epiphyte introduces mamma, when necessary, with a creditable effort at indifference, not to say content, with her conditions; but if you can read signs, you know what she is feeling about that suit of rusty black, and how little she enjoys the *rencontre*. Sometimes she has a brother, of whom she never speaks unless obliged, and of whose occupation and whereabouts, when asked, she gives only the vaguest account. He has an office in the city; or he has gone abroad; or he is in the navy, and she forgets the name of his ship; but, whatever he is, you can get no clew more distinct than this. If you should chance to see him, you get a greater surprise than you had when you met the mother; and you wonder, with a deeper wonder, how such a sister should have sprung from the same stock as that which produced such a brother. Sometimes, however, the brother is as presentable as the sister; in which case he probably follows much the same course as herself, and hangs on to the skirts of the upper ten who recognize him, preferring to idle away his life and energy as a well-dressed epiphyte of greatness, rather than live the life of a man in a lower social sphere. But, as a rule, stray damsels have neither brothers nor sisters visible to the world, and only a widowed mother in the background, whose health is bad, and who does not go out.

The ulterior object of the ladies who patronize these pretty epiphytes, is to get them married; partly from personal kindness, partly from the pleasure all women have in bringing about a marriage that does not interfere with themselves. But they seldom accomplish this object. Who is to marry the epiphyte? The men of the society into which she has been brought from the outside, have their own ambitions to realize. They want money or land, or a good family connexion, to make the sacrifice an equal bargain, and to gild the yoke of matrimony with becoming splendor. And the drawing-room epiphyte has nothing to offer as her contribution, but a fine pair of eyes, a good-natured manner, and a pretty taste for music. To marry, therefore, well among the society in which she finds herself is almost impossible. And her tastes have been so far formed as to render a marriage into lower circumstances as impossible on the other side. Besides, what could she do as the wife of a clergyman, say on three hundred a year, with a poor parish to look after, and an increasing tribe of babies to feed and clothe? Her clear high notes, her splendid register, or her brilliant touch, will not help her then; and the taste with which she makes up half-worn silk gowns, and transforms what was a rag into an ornament, will not do much towards finding the necessary boots and loaves which keep her sisters awake at night wondering how they are to be got. She has been taught nothing of the art of home life, if she has learned as much as she can of that of the drawing-room. She cannot cook, nor make a little go a long way by the cunning of good management and a well-masked economy; she cannot do serviceable needlework, though she may be great in fancy work, and quite a genius in millinery; and the habit of having plenty of servants about her has destroyed the habit of turning her hand to any thing like energetic self-help. Epiphyte as she is, penniless, stray damsel, more than half maintained by the kindness of her grand friends, she has to keep up the sham of appearances before those friends' domestics. And as ladyhood in England is chiefly measured by a woman's uselessness, and to do any thing in the way of rational work would be a spot on her ermine, the poor epiphyte of the drawing-room, with mamma in rusty black at those shabby lodgings of theirs, learns to practise in self-defence all the foolish heplessness of her superiors; and, to retain the respect of the servants, loses her own.

What is she then but one of those misplaced beings who are neither of one sphere nor another? She is not of the *grandes dames* on her own account, yet she lives in their houses as one among them: she is not a woman who can make the best of things, notable and industrious, and by her clever contrivances of saving and substitution, able to order a home comfortably on next to nothing, and yet she has no solid claim to any thing but the "undercut" of the middle-classes, and no right to expect more than the most ordinary marriage. She is nothing. Ashamed and unable to work, she has to accept gratuities which are not wages. Waiting on providence, and floated by her friends, she wanders through society ever on the lookout for chances. Each new acquaintance is a fresh hope, and every house that opens to her contains the potentiality of final success. To be met everywhere is the ultimate point of her ambition with respect to means; the end kept steadily, if fruitlessly, in view is that satisfying settlement which shall take her out of the category of a hanger-on, and give her a *locus standi* of her own. But it does not come. Year by year we meet the drawing-room epiphyte in the old haunts — at Brighton, at Ryde, at half a dozen good houses in London,

on a visit to the friends who make much of her one day and snub her the next — and she does not go off. She is pretty, she is agreeable, she is well dressed, and she is accomplished; but she does not find the husband to whom all this is too precious to be foregone. Year by year she grows fatter or thinner, as her constitution expands into obesity, or shrivels into leanness, the lines about her fine eyes deepen, the powder is a little thicker on her cheeks, and there are more than shrewd suspicions of a touch of rouge or of antimony, with a judicious application of patent hair-restorer to lift up the faded tints. Fighting desperately with that old enemy Time, she disputes line by line the tribute he claims; and succeeds so far as to continue a good make-up for a year or two, after other women of her own age have given in and consented to look their years. But the drawing-room epiphyte is nothing if she is not young, which is synonymous with power to interest and amuse. Her friends, the great ladies who hold drawing-rooms and gather society in shoals, want points of color in their rooms as well as serviceable foils. The apple-pie that was all made of quinces was a failure, wanting the homely *couche* from which the savor of the more fragrant fruit might be thrown up. On the other hand, there are social meetings which are like apple-pies without any quince at all; and then the epiphyte is invaluable, and her music worth as much in its degree, as if she were a *prima donna*, each of whose notes ranked as gold. So that when she ceases to be young, when she loses her high notes, and has gout in her fingers, she fails in her only *raison d'ê re*, and her occupation is gone. Hence her hard struggles with the old enemy, and her half-heroic, half-tragic determination not to give in while a shred of power remains. On the day when she collapses into an old woman she is lost. She has nothing for it then but to withdraw from the brilliant drawing-rooms she has so long haunted, into dingy lodgings in a back street, and live as her mother lived before her. Forgotten by the world which she has spent her life in waiting on, she has leisure to reflect on the relative values of things, and to lament, as she probably will, that she gave living grain for gilded husks; that she exchanged the realities of love and home, which might have been hers had she been contented to accept them on a lower social scale, for the barren pleasures of the day, and the delusive hope of marrying well in a sphere where she had no solid foothold. She had her choice, like others; but she chose to throw for high stakes at heavy odds, and in so doing to let slip what she originally held. The bird in the hand might have been of a homely kind enough, still it was always the bird; while the two golden pheasants in the bush flew away unsalted, and left her only their shadows to run after. On the whole, then, we incline to the belief that the drawing-room epiphyte is a mistake; that those stray damsels who wander about society unattended by any natural protector, and always more or less in the character of adventuresses, would do better to keep to the sphere determined by parental circumstances, than let themselves be taken into one that does not belong to them, and which they cannot hold; and furthermore, it seems to us that, beyond its present instability and future fruitlessness, the position of a drawing-room epiphyte is one which no woman of sense would accept, and to which no woman of spirit would submit.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE King of Bavaria is to be married, in August, to the eldest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia.

JOHN J. PIATT'S volume of poems, entitled "Western Windows," has been translated into German, and is announced for publication at Berlin.

READING a newspaper under difficulties, has been arranged for by the Prince Bishop of Bolzano (Tyrol), who has forbidden his diocesans, under "pain of damnation," to read the *Tagblatt* of Innspruck.

A LONDON daily paper says wife-beating is on the increase. It is not clear if this means that more wives are beaten, or that the same ones are beaten more frequently and harder.

A CORRESPONDENT at Paris wrote, the other day, to a daily London paper, that the relations between France and Italy were "certainly more than cool," — meaning that they were very cold; but he added, "and the press is doing its utmost to fan the flame!"

NOW and then there is some very fine writing in the English papers. This, for instance, from the last number of the London *Court Journal:* "The Empress Eugénie visited London on Wednesday last, and honored the establishment of Mlle. Louise, of Regent Street, with a protracted visit."

THE *Publisher's Circular* contradicts the rumor that the family of Mr. Charles Dickens is dissatisfied with the life of the late most popular author, written by Mr. John Forster, and that they contemplated bringing out another biography. Forster's Life has already reached its eleventh edition; and that, indeed, is in a fair way of being exhausted.

HENNESSY, who has recently joined the American artist colony in London, is furnishing many capital designs for the periodicals, monthly and weekly, as well as producing some admirable paintings. Boughton is working hard, as usual, and his pictures find every year an increased appreciation, which they richly deserve by their beauty of sentiment and thoroughly conscientious execution. W. J. Stillman devotes himself, at present, to literature more than art.

THE Prince of Wales at Monaco put his money on red, and went his way. Red had a run, and on his Royal Highness's return to the table, he was informed that the pile of gold belonged to him. The Prince smiled, and said, "Be good enough to let the money be given to the poor of the place." The gold was scraped in at once by the croupier; counted, and forwarded to its destination.

SPECIAL correspondents were recently sent by the London daily papers into Warwick, to report on the struggle between master and laborer. One of these, speaking of masters, has done the following burst of "eloquence to order:" "All their energies are being concentrated on stamping out this strange new portent in the agricultural sky." A man who "stamps out a portent" in the sky, must necessarily stand upon his head, whether that sky be "agricultural" or otherwise.

A MIGHTY man has fallen, — Heindreich, the Calcraft of France; or, as he is more familiarly called, "Monsieur de Paris." A small journal, in its anxiety for the earliest news, called the deceased the "Comte" de Paris. Monsieur was seventy years of age, strong, and even happy, for he was rich in this world's goods. He was about marrying his housekeeper, who loses a husband, but inherits deceased's fortune, — a good deal of property in the suburbs of the city. He, strange to say, leaves behind friends who "regret" him. Many who went before very much regretted him too.

THE Paris papers are indulging in all kinds of pretty stories about the Queen and the Prince of Wales. The *Avenir National* tells one which is certainly not generally known. During his Royal Highness's illness, a robust young man, half countryman, half gentleman, was always remarked at the château Sandringham; he was even admitted to the patient's bedside, and the Prince appeared to be deeply attached to him. Everybody was puzzled at the presence of this stranger, whose name and position were kept secret. However, all has since been discovered, and here is the enigma explained. In 1855, during the stay of the Royal Family in the Isle of Wight, the Prince of Wales kicked over a basket of shells which a boy was gathering. The boy, red with rage, dared his Royal Highness to "do it again," and he would see what he would get. The Prince did do it again, and the boy thereupon landed his fist upon his Royal Highness's nose, giving him

a pair of black eyes. The Queen, on seeing the Prince, insisted upon knowing the truth. "You have only got what you deserve," said her Majesty; "and were you not already sufficiently punished, I would punish you myself. I hope you will always be served in the same way when you are guilty of such conduct." The Queen then sent for the boy's parents and offered to bring him up. The parents consented; the boy has grown up with the Prince of Wales, and is now treated as his foster-brother. This is a true (French) story.

The *Amico del Popolo* of Palermo has given to light a letter purporting to be the last that Mazzini wrote. It is addressed to an old friend, one Bosario Bagnasco, living in the Sicilian capital, and runs as follows: "Brother,—I duly received yours of the 4th, but have delayed my answer, as there was no hurry. After an improvement in my health, I had a relapse, and am still suffering from a slight attack of bronchitis, and from the general break-up of my constitution. I fear much that our party must cease to rely on me. Still, while the breath is in me, I shall belong, heart and soul, in thought and in deed, to the party. As for the state of things in Italy, I trust you will not give undue weight to the existing dissensions, which I will prosaically compare to a squabble among barn-door fowls. Shut in a coop, they peck at each other; but let them loose, and they will be better friends than ever.—Yours, Joseph. 17, 2, '72.

Most of the newspapers, says the *Athenæum*, have mentioned that the late Prof. Maurice was, in early life, the author of a novel called "Eustace Conway; or, The Brother and Sister." We believe we are not going too far in telling the following story about it. Mr. Maurice sold the novel to the late Mr. Bentley, somewhere about the year 1830; but the excitement caused by the Reform Bill being unfavorable to light literature, Mr. Bentley did not issue it till 1834, when he had quite lost sight of its author, then a curate in Warwickshire: The villain of the novel was called Capt. Marryat; and Mr. Maurice, who first learned of the publication of his book from a review in our columns (*Athen.* No. 335, p. 239), had soon the pleasure of receiving a challenge from the celebrated Capt. Marryat. Great was the latter's astonishment on learning that the anonymous author of "Eustace Conway" had never heard of the biographer of "Peter Simple;" and, being in Holy Orders, was obliged to decline to indulge in a duel.

The last number of the *Spectator* contains a brief notice of a new volume of poems of singular merit by Joseph Skipsey, a miner. "The author," says the *Spectator*, "is, we understand, a genuine working miner, who went down into the pit when he was five years old, and is working in it when he is between thirty and forty. Here, it is clear, is another curiosity. The 'poems' are of two kinds; imitations, fairly good, of well-known models, not very interesting in themselves, but proofs of considerable literary power; and compositions which may be fairly called original, with a strong flavor of the soil from which they come. There is no mistaking the genuineness of this little bit:—

Get Up!

'Get up!' the caller calls, 'get up!'
And in the dead of night,
To win the bairns their bit and sup,
I rise, a weary wight.

My flannel dudden donned, thrice o'er
My birds are kissed; and then
I, with a whistle, shut the door
I may not ope again.

Or of this:—

Willy and Jenny.

Duskier than the clouds that lie
'Tween the coal-pit and the sky,
Lo! now Willy whistles by,
Right cheery from the colliery.

Duskier might the laddie be,
Save his coaxing, coal-black e'e.
Nothing dark could Jenny see
A coming from the colliery.

'Bereaved,' again, is a powerful drawing of the desolation which is seen in many homes after one of the dreadful fire-damp explosions. A great poet might draw it, though he had never been near a coal-pit, for a great poet sees the invisible and knows the unknown; it would be a foolish flattery to call Mr. Skipsey a great poet, but he is a man who feels the meaning and pathos of the life which surrounds him and which he shares, and who has at the same time no mean gift of expressing them in verse."

In the concluding lecture of a series recently delivered by Dr. Mitchell before the Edinburgh College of Physicians on the "natural history" and "antiquities" of lunacy, it was shown that from sixty to seventy per cent of the idiocy of England was not a congenital state, but an acquired one, due to the numerous accidents to which children are exposed. Disease liable to hereditary transmission does not generally present evidences of its existence at birth, but is transmitted by predisposition only. It may, however, be directly transmitted, and this may take place when it is not actual in the parent. Thus a man's father had six fingers, and so had his brother and sisters; but he had the normal number himself. He married, and his first child had six fingers; showing that, although he escaped the sixth finger himself, he still possessed the abnormality potentially, being able to transmit it to his offspring. On the important question of unions of kinship, the lecturer thought that such should be avoided; but said, "There is no proof that any evil resulting from them depends on a mysterious influence intrinsic in the consanguinity itself, but rather on the fact that the consanguinity increases the risks of finding undesirable or morbid peculiarities transmitted to children in an intensified and dangerous form, since father and mother, when related by blood, are more likely to possess the same transmissible qualities than when they are not so related." This principle was illustrated by showing that, "if a deaf mute is married to one who hears, the chances of their having a deaf-mute child will be one to one hundred and thirty-five; but if deaf-mute persons intermarry, the chances rise to one in twenty. A deaf mute marrying his cousin, even though she hears, marries one in whom deaf-mutism may by potential; so that it may practically be the same thing as marrying one who does not hear. According to this view, he pointed out that a relationship between the parents may, in particular cases, do no injury to the offspring, and a man's cousin may be the best wife he can find, but that the chances are certainly otherwise." In speaking of the "antiquities" of lunacy of Scotland, Dr. Mitchell mentioned the very appropriate fact, that for five centuries down to 1815 the only Scotch Act for regulating the disposal of lunatics was one of King Robert I. It provided that lunatics were either to be kept by their friends, or to be put in prison; and its final clause enacted that "gif they [the lunatics] do any evil by negligent keeping, that sal be imputed to their keepers." In 1698 the first Bedlam was built in Scotland. A hundred years ago all the institutions in the country would not have held fifty patients; seventy years ago they would have held not more than one hundred; while at the present time there are more than six thousand patients in the Scotch asylums.

Burnett's Cocoaine dresses the hair perfectly, without greasing, drying, or stiffening it.

Valuable and Reliable.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are invaluable to those exposed to sudden changes, affording prompt relief in Coughs, Colds, &c.

All good grocers have the Halford. Do not let anybody sell you a poor article in place of the Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce. Remember that this famous relish can be had for only fifty cents per pint bottle.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1872. [No. 19.

TWO RUSSIAN JESTERS.

JOKES, like bills, require names to back them; and it will be found that, in every nation, some one personage, real or mythical, is selected as the lay-figure upon which all popular jests are by common consent displayed. The English have their Joe Miller, the Germans their Schiltbürger and their Tyll Eulenspiegel, the Americans their Colonel Crockett, the Orientals their Nasireddin el Khejah; and, in the same way, the chosen godfathers of Russian humor are Balâkireff the jester, and Marshal Suvôroff. The latter name has long since passed into history; but the former requires some introduction to non-Russian readers. Popular traditions unite in representing Balâkireff as the constant attendant of Peter the Great, who figures largely in all the stories attached to the name of his buffoon. Many of these stories are probably the fabrication of a later age; but a fair proportion of them bear marks of authenticity, and, as fair specimens of national humor, are worth quoting.

On one occasion Balâkireff begged permission of his imperial master to attach himself to the guard stationed at the palace; and Peter, for the sake of the joke, consented — warning him at the same time that any officer of the guard who happened to lose his sword, or to be absent from his post when summoned, was punished with death. The newly-made officer promised to do his best; but the temptation of some good wine sent to his quarters that evening by the czar, "to moisten his commission," proved too strong for him; and he partook so freely as to become completely "screwed." While he was sleeping off his debauch, Peter stole softly into the room, and carried off his sword. Balâkireff, missing it on awaking, and frightened out of his wits at the probable consequences, could devise no better remedy than to replace the weapon with his own professional sword of lath, the hilt and trappings of which were exactly similar to those of the guardsmen. Thus equipped, he appeared on parade the next morning, confident in the assurance of remaining undetected, if not forced to draw his weapon. But Peter, who had doubtless foreseen this contingency, instantly began storming at one of the men for his untidy appearance, and at length faced round upon Balâkireff with the stern order, "Capt. Balâkireff, draw your sword and cut that sloven down!"

The poor jester, thus brought fairly to bay, laid his hand on his hilt as if to obey, but at the same time exclaimed fervently, "Merciful Heaven! let my sword be turned into wood!"

And drawing the weapon, he exhibited in very deed a harmless lath. Even the presence of the emperor was powerless to check the roar of laughter which followed; and Balâkireff was allowed to escape.

The jester's ingenuity occasionally served him in extricating others from trouble as well as himself. A cousin of his, having fallen under the displeasure of the czar, was about to be executed; and Balâkireff presented himself at court to petition for a reprieve. Peter, seeing him enter, and at once divining his errand, shouted to him, "It's no use your coming here: I swear that I will *not* grant what you are going to ask!"

Quick as thought, Balâkireff dropped on his knees, and exclaimed, "Peter Alexcievitch, I beseech you put that scamp of a cousin of mine to death!" Peter, thus caught in his own trap, had no choice but to laugh, and send a pardon to the offender.

During one of the czar's Livonian campaigns, a thick fog greatly obstructed the movements of the army. At length a pale watery gleam began to show itself through the mist, and two of the Russian officers fell to disputing whether this were the sun or not. Balâkireff, happening to pass by at that moment, they appealed to him to decide. "Is that yonder light the sun, brother?"

"How should I know?" answered the jester; "I've never been here before."

At the end of the same campaign, several of the officers were relating their exploits, when Balâkireff stepped in among them. "I've got a story to tell too," cried he boastfully; "a better one than any of yours."

"Let us hear it, then," answered the officers; and Balâkireff began.

"I never liked this way of fighting, all in a crowd together, which they have nowadays: it seems to me more manly for each to stand by himself; and therefore I always went out alone. Now, it chanced that one day, while reconnoitering close to the enemy's outposts, I suddenly espied a Swedish soldier lying on the ground just in front of me. There was not a moment to lose: he might start up and give the alarm. I drew my sword, rushed upon him, and at one blow cut off his right foot."

"You fool!" cried one of the listeners, "you should rather have cut off his head."

"So I would," answered Balâkireff, with a grin, "but somebody else had done that already."

At times Balâkireff pushed his waggeries too far, and gave serious offence to his formidable patron. On one of these occasions the enraged emperor summarily banished him from the court, bidding him "never appear on Russian soil again." The jester disappeared accordingly; but a week had hardly elapsed when Peter, standing at his window, espied his disgraced favorite coolly driving a cart past the very gates of the palace. Foreseeing some new jest, he hastened down, and asked with pretended roughness, "How dare you disobey me, when I forbade you to show yourself on Russian ground?"

"I haven't disobeyed you," answered Balâkireff coolly: "I'm not on Russian ground now."

"Not on Russian ground?"

"No; this cart-load of earth that I am sitting on is Swedish soil. I dug it up in Finland only the other day."

Peter, who had doubtless begun already to regret the loss of his jester, laughed at the evasion, and restored him to favor. Some Russian writers embellished this story (a German version of which figures in the adventures of Tyll Eulenspiegel) with the addition that Peter, on hearing the excuse, answered, "If Finland be Swedish soil now, it shall be Russian before long," — a threat which he was not slow to fulfil.

The stories told of Marshal Suvôroff are of a different order, and display, better than whole pages of description, the wonderful way in which he contrived to adapt himself to the rude spirits with whom he had to deal, without losing one jot of his authority. What Napoleon was to the French army, Suvôroff was to that of Russia; now jesting with a soldier, and now rebuking a general; one day sharing a ration of black bread beside a bivouac fire, and the next

speaking as an equal to princes and potentates. In fact, the two great sponsors of Russian wit form a most picturesque contrast. Balâkireff has very much the character of a spaniel in a lion's cage, — admiring, even while mocking, his formidable patron; behaving towards him with a half-waggish, half-affectionate familiarity; perpetually offending, and perpetually forgiven. Suvôroff comes before us as an uncrowned king, one whose authority needed no outward symbol; an autocrat of Nature's making, full of a rough, hearty familiarity, that was in no danger of breeding contempt, and surrounded by men who enjoyed the *bonhomie*, while they dreaded the displeasure of the little pug-nosed, grimy man, who was in their eyes the incarnation of earthly power and grandeur.

It must be owned, however, that, in his own peculiar vein of pleasantry, the old marshal more than once met with his match. One of his favorite jokes was to confuse a man by asking him unexpectedly, "How many stars are there in the sky?"

On one occasion he put this question to one of his sentries, on a bitter January night, such as only Russia can produce. The soldier, not a whit disturbed, answered coolly, "Wait a little, and I'll tell you;" and he deliberately began to count, "One, two, three," &c. In this way, he went gravely on to a hundred, at which point Suvôroff, who was already half-frozen, thought it high time to ride off; not, however, without inquiring the name of this ready reckoner. The next day the latter found himself promoted; and the story (which Suvôroff told with great glee to his staff) speedily made its way through the whole army.

On another occasion, one of his generals of division sent him a sergeant with despatches, at the same time recommending the bearer to Suvôroff's notice. The marshal, as usual, proceeded to test him by a series of whimsical questions; but the catechumen was equal to the occasion. "How far is it to the moon?" asked Suvôroff.

"Two of your Excellency's forced marches," answered the sergeant.

"If your men began to give way in a battle, what would you do?"

"I'd tell them that just behind the enemy's line there was a wagon-load of corn-brandy."

"Supposing you were blockaded, and had no provisions left, how would you supply yourself?"

"From the enemy!"*

"How many fish are there in the sea?"

"As many as have not been caught."

And so the examination went on, till Suvôroff, finding his new acquaintance armed at all points, at length asked him as a final poser, "What is the difference between your colonel and myself?"

"The difference is this," replied the soldier coolly; "my colonel cannot make me a captain, but your Excellency has only to say the word."

Suvôroff, struck by his shrewdness, kept his eye upon the man, and in no long time after actually gave him the specified promotion.

Suvôroff always affected the utmost brevity, both in speaking and writing; the terseness of his despatches being almost unrivalled. The correspondence with Prince Potemkin, relative to the assault of Ismail, is unique in military history. Potemkin, copying the brevity of his general, wrote to him thus: "Marshal, you will take Ismail within three days, at whatever cost. — POTEMKIN." The day after the letter arrived, Suvôroff carried the town by storm, with a loss of fifteen thousand men to himself, and thirty-eight thousand to the enemy; summing up the fearful tragedy in one doggrel couplet, which, literally translated, runs as follows: —

> "Praise to God, and praise to thee!
> Ismail's ta'en, and there I be."

The anecdotes of the great marshal's eccentricities — his habit of wandering about the camp in disguise, his whim of giving the signal for assault by crowing like a cock, his astounding endurance of heat and cold, his savage disregard of personal comfort and neatness — are beyond calculation; but perhaps the most characteristic of all is his appearance in 1799 at the Austrian court, then one of the most brilliant in Europe. On being shown to the room prepared for him (a splendid apartment, filled with costly mirrors and rich furniture), this modern Diogenes said simply, "Turn out all that rubbish, and shake me down some straw." An Austrian grandee who came to visit him was startled at these preparations, and still more so at the first sight of the marshal's "baggage," which consisted of two coarse shirts and a tattered cloak, tied up in a bundle.

"Is that enough for winter?" asked the astounded visitor.

"The winter's the father of us Russians," answered Suvôroff with a grin: "besides, you don't feel the cold when you're riding full gallop."

"But when you're tired of riding, what do you do?"

"Walk."

"And when you're tired of walking?"

"Run."

"And do you never sleep, then?" asked the petrified questioner.

"Sometimes, when I've nothing better to do," replied Suvôroff carelessly; "and when I want to have a very luxurious nap, I take off one of my spurs."

The thunder-struck Austrian bowed and retired, doubtless considerably enlightened in his ideas of a Russian general.

It is worth while to chronicle (however out of place it may appear in a collection of jests) one more story of Suvôroff, that which tells how the grim veteran, already far on the road to the bloodiest of his campaigns, rode back for miles through the blinding storm, to take one last look at his sleeping children, kissed and blessed them with passionate earnestness, and then rushed away like a whirlwind upon his mission of destruction. Such a man deserved more merciful judgment than the stinging epitaph written upon him by a wit of the nation which wrought his downfall: "A good soldier, but a bad general; a good servant, but a bad courtier; a good Russian, but a bad European."

* Napoleon is said to have given the same answer to his examiners at Brienne.

A PAPER OF TORPEDOES.

ALTHOUGH the popular impression that the torpedo is a modern weapon is not strictly correct, it is only of recent years that its destructive and terrible effects have been so made available as to render it an important feature of our armament, whether for attack or defence. We need to be more familiar with it, not alone to appreciate its importance, for that we already do, although in a vague and unacknowledged manner; but as a horse will stand the firmer for being allowed a full view of the approaching train, so with a clear knowledge of what is before us, we may gather comfort, and proceed with more decision from fully realizing the bounds which, in common with all things human, the torpedo, either as an offensive or defensive weapon, may not pass. The time has gone by when it would be considered sufficient simply to denounce the torpedo, although even at the commencement of the civil war in America, its use was characterized by the Federals as "an infernal machination of the enemy," "assassination in its worst form," "an unchristian mode of warfare," &c.; and our own expression of "infernal machines," as applied to the submarine mines made use of by the Russians in the Baltic, testifies to our dislike of the new destructive agent, at least when employed against ourselves. The torpedo must be content to take its place, as neither better nor worse than the gun, —

> "Which many a good tall fellow hath destroyed
> So cowardly;"

but, at least, it is now fairly clear of the shoals of ridicule and contempt which so long hindered its progress.

Our object is to dispel the mists of prejudice and igno-

rance still surrounding this new engine of warfare; and we venture to doubt the expediency of endeavoring to shroud the subject in secrecy, by committees' reports in "confidential" blue-books, which after all contain but little information of a novel character, and it is probable that the naval *attachés* of foreign powers have obtained copies of them.

Commander Dawson, R.N., who acted for five years as the able secretary of the "Floating Obstruction Committee," in a recent lecture at the United Service Institution alludes thus pertinently to this subject: —

"If we would be prepared against all comers, it is not sufficient that there should be in the pigeon-holes of the War Office or the Admiralty, learned books with detailed suggestions for the construction of the best description of weapons. Of what avail will be the best arms which only exist upon paper, against, it may be, much less effective ones, but which exist in bodily shape, and are employed by enemies who have been carefully taught how to handle them?"

The practical comment on these remarks was furnished by the meagre discussion which followed, in which the only two officers who attempted to follow the lecturer acknowledged their very slight acquaintance with the subject.

Those who desire information on torpedoes, although they may be refused access to confidential blue-books, will, however, in these days of publicity, find little difficulty in satisfying their thirst for knowledge; for already the torpedo has a literature of its own, the book on "Submarine Warfare," by Commander Barnes of the United-States Navy, although antecedent to the introduction of the Harvey or Whitehead torpedo, giving the most interesting account of the torpedo up to the close of the American civil war. Classes for royal engineer officers have been established at Chatham since 1867, and in the same year the torpedo was made a part of the gunnery "course" on board H.M.S., *Excellent*, the lectures on "Electricity and the Torpedo" being attended by a considerable number of half-pay naval officers.

Thus, some opportunities have been afforded to naval and military officers to acquaint themselves with the new arm, and we may hope that a good leaven has been sown in the services, at least as regards theoretical information; but in this country it is impossible to keep knowledge so acquired secret; and to endeavor to hide our torpedo investigations under the veil of mystery is so perfectly futile that we should be glad to see it at once removed, as, though it deters the beneficial diffusion of information, there is no great difficulty in procuring it, if diligently sought, as it would be by the agents of a foreign power.

What is a torpedo? And what part may it be expected to play in future naval wars? These are questions which we propose to endeavor to answer in this article; and as the expert novelist lets his characters introduce themselves by their words and actions, so we trust that the history of the torpedo and its performances will go far towards explaining the nature and capabilities of this new engine of war.

The torpedo, then, has a history, and an interesting one. Used simply as an explosion-vessel, floating on a level with the water, it is of very ancient date. In conjunction with fire-ships by the Dutch, against a boom constructed by the Duke of Parma, during the siege of Antwerp, in 1585, they were partially successful, killing eight hundred men and wounding the Farnese himself; the engineer being Frederic Jambelli, an Italian. To Jambelli is due the idea of applying these mines at a stated interval, by means of clock-work, which called a match-lock into action. In 1628, the English had recourse to "floating pétards," to injure the French ships at Rochelle, acting by a spring to be released on collision; but these machines seem to have been generally harmless.

In 1804, drifting torpedoes were again used by the English against the Boulogne flotilla; the "Catamaran" expedition, as it was called, was the idea of Fulton, an American; it excited great attention in England at the time, and we give a short account of it here, from which it will not be wondered at that such crude attempts brought nothing but contempt for the principle involved.

"The catamaran," says James's "Naval History," "consisted of a coffer about twenty-one feet long and three and one-fourth broad, resembling in appearance a log of mahogany. . . . Its covering was of thick plank, lined with lead, calked and tarred. Outside this was a coat of canvas, paid over with hot pitch. The vessel weighed when filled about two tons. The contents consisted, besides the apparatus, of as much ballast as would just keep the upper surface of the deck of the coffer even with the water's edge. Amidst a quantity of powder (about forty barrels), and other inflammable matter, was a piece of clock-work, the mainspring of which, on the withdrawing of a peg placed on the outside, would, in a given time (from six to ten minutes), draw the trigger of a lock and explode the vessel."

These catamarans had no mast, but were towed near the enemy, when the action of the tide was to drift them foul of the boats and prawls of the flotilla, to which they were to attach themselves by grappling-irons floated by pieces of cork. The only injury done by these rude craft was the destruction of thirteen French sailors, whose boat ran foul of a catamaran, which instantly exploded, blowing them into the air.

For the feeling evinced on the occasion we must once more refer to James, who says, "Many were the anathemas hurled against England for the barbarity of the attack by catamarans; but surely without reason. What is there, compared with explosion-vessels and fire-ships, peculiarly gentle in the employment of red-hot balls and grape and langridge shot; or, indeed, in any of the missiles or weapons with which war is usually waged? That the catamaran affair was a silly project was asserted with more reason than that it was a cruel or an illegal one."

Such is a summary of the notorious Catamaran Expedition, which was much abused, but more laughed at. "Guy Fawkes has got afloat," cried a writer of the day in the *Naval Chronicle*.

In 1809, an explosion-vessel, conducted by Lord Cochrane, completely destroyed a very heavy boom protecting a French fleet in Basque Roads, thus enabling the fire-vessels to do their work. In fact, this mode of applying powder has been used from time to time by almost all nations; even the Chinese having tried to blow up her Majesty's ship *Niger*, during the war of 1856, by exploding alongside of her what appeared ostensibly to be a dirt-boat; the only result being to cover her Majesty's ship with filth, literally from keel to truck. The most modern attempt of this nature was the product of the fertile brain of Gen. Butler, of New Orleans notoriety; who persuaded his naval colleague, Adm. Porter, to attempt to demolish Fort Fisher by exploding an old steamer, laden with one hundred and eighty tons of gunpowder, in close proximity to the Confederate stronghold. This was at the close of the war, in 1865; and though the vessel was laid alongside the fort by skilful and experienced officers, its explosion caused no damage whatever to the enemy.

It will be seen, that, in these examples, the attempt was made to explode a vessel or machine floating on the surface of the water, at what now appears to us a wasteful expenditure of force; but in the earlier instances we have referred to, the possibility of effecting an explosion below water was not known, and the discovery of the means of effecting this was the first step towards real torpedo warfare.

To David Bushnell, an American, born in Connecticut in 1742, is justly due the merit of first appreciating this fact; and he endeavored, with partial success, to apply it against the British ships in the War of Independence. He first exploded about two ounces of powder, about four feet under the water, to prove "to some of the first personages in Connecticut" that powder would take fire below the surface. He then invented a submarine boat, intended to attach a carcass of powder to a ship, by which he attempted unsuccessfully to blow up the *Eagle*, Lord Howe's flag-ship. In 1777 he made an attack on the *Cerberus* frigate, with a submerged charge intended to explode by brushing against

the ship's side, and which actually did totally destroy a schooner astern of her. The following year was famous for the "Battle of the Kegs," which was a more ambitious design of Bushnell's to destroy the British ships off Philadelphia, by floating kegs charged with gunpowder, to be exploded by a spring-lock, down the Delaware, the kegs themselves being under water, supported at a given depth by buoys. The crew of a British boat interfering with one of these torpedoes, it exploded, killing four men, causing great consternation, and much firing at the insidious enemy's devilish contrivances. They did no further damage; and though the joke at the time was against the British, as the following lines show, it is probable that it ultimately turned against the inventor; for this is his last appearance in public as a constructor of warlike implements, and he even changed his name to avoid recognition: —

"Those kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold,
Packed up like pickled herring;
And they've come down to attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying," &c.

There is no doubt of the inventive genius of Bushnell. His submarine boat, although only intended to contain one person, was at least as successful as more recent constructions of a like nature. Washington, although "wanting faith himself," as he says, in the practicability of Bushnell's schemes, makes the following acknowledgment in a letter to Mr. Jefferson, some years after the "Battle of the Kegs:" "That he had a machine so contrived as to carry him under water at any depth he chose, and for a considerable time and distance, with an appendage charged with powder, which he could fasten to a ship, and give fire to it in time sufficient for his returning, and by means thereof destroy it, are facts I believe which admit of little doubt."

The name torpedo was first made use of as applied to Bushnell's submerged carcass; although it does not appear that he himself used it, at least in his official descriptions of his invention. It is the popular name of the electric ray, or skate, said "to kill its prey as by lightning," having the power at will to separate the two natures of electricities inherent in all bodies, so that when the head and tail are brought close together a spark passes and neutralization ensues.

That there is nothing new under the sun, comes strikingly before us, as we consider our subject, for even Bushnell was not the first man who attempted submarine navigation, a Cornelius Debbrel having, in the reign of James I., constructed a diving-boat to carry twelve rowers; but it does not appear whether it was ever made use of, and between Debbrel and Bushnell other attempts at diving-boats had been made, though the latter does not seem to have been aware of them.

Bushnell has undoubtedly earned a claim to originality in his diving-boat scheme, in which he was followed by Robert Fulton, the second great advocate of torpedo warfare. Fulton's boat was constructed in France, and in her the inventor and several others made frequent submarine trips; on one occasion, it is said, remaining below the surface four hours and twenty minutes. He named her the *Nautilus*, and in 1801 by her means he attached a torpedo of twenty pounds of powder under a small vessel, which was blown to atoms Becoming dissatisfied with the French Government, he came to England in 1804, when a commission reported his plunging-boat scheme as entirely impracticable.

The next we hear of diving-boats is a vessel patronized by Lord Palmerston, and tried by the present Admirals Hope and Sullivan, of which we are told that it was a perfect failure, coming up end on, instead of flat, nearly drowning her crew of twelve men, and having to be hove up by tackles.

During the civil war in America, the Confederates, by means of a submarine boat, totally destroyed the United States sloop *Housatonic*, off Charleston, in 1864, an account of which we shall give in its proper place; but as being one of the most recent attempts at submarine navigation, we extract the report of Capt. Maury, the well-known hydrographer, then at the head of the Confederate "Torpedo Bureau," of her nature and performances: —

"It was built of boiler iron, about thirty-five feet long, and was manned by a crew of nine men, eight of whom worked the propeller by hand; the ninth steered the boat, and regulated her movements below the surface of the water; she could be submerged at pleasure to any desired depth, or could be propelled on the surface.

"In smooth, still water she could be exactly controlled, and her speed was about four knots. It was intended that she should approach any vessel lying at anchor, pass under her keel, and drag a floating torpedo which could explode on striking the side or bottom of the ship attacked. She could remain submerged for half an hour without inconvenience to her crew. Soon after her arrival at Charleston, Lieut. Paine of the Confederate navy volunteered to attack the Federal fleet with her. While preparing for their expedition, the swell of a passing steamer caused the boat to sink suddenly; and all hands, except Lieut. Paine, who was standing in the open hatchway, perished. She was soon raised, and again made ready for service. Lieut. Paine again volunteered to command her. While lying near Fort Sumter, she capsized, and again sank in deep water, drowning all hands except her commander and two others. Being again raised and prepared for action, Mr. Aunly, one of her constructors, made an experimental cruise in her in Cooper River.

"While submerged at great depth, from some unknown cause she became unmanageable, and remained for many days on the bottom of the river, with her crew of nine dead men. A fourth time was the boat raised; and Lieut. Dixon of Mobile, of the 21st Volunteers, with eight others, went out of Charleston harbor in her, and attacked and sank the Federal steamer *Housatonic*. Her mission at last accomplished, she disappeared forever with her crew. Nothing is known of their fate, but it is believed they went down with their enemy."

Such is the dire history of the Confederate plunging-boat. The Federals also constructed a somewhat similar diving-vessel, the invention of a Frenchman, who, after receiving ten thousand dollars, decamped, leaving his boat, of which Commander Barnes gives a minute description. Nothing was ever accomplished with her, and she sank in a gale off Cape Hatteras. In 1866 we hear of a German, named Flack, inventing a diving-boat in which he embarked with a party of friends, and sunk his vessel for a submarine cruise in Valparaiso Bay, in thirty fathoms water: this is the last that was heard of him or his party. A few years ago, the French Government possessed a submarine boat, which they called *Le Plongeur;* but she has not been made any use of.

Returning now to torpedoes proper, we are much indebted to Robert Fulton, an American, to whose "catamarans" and diving-boat we have already alluded. Having tried the French Government, and received a rebuff from Admiral Dacres, he came to England, where, under the name of Francis, he laid his schemes before the British Ministry, and received some support from Mr. Pitt: after he had arranged the "Catamaran" Expedition, under the auspices of his patron, he was allowed to attempt the destruction of a Danish brig, the *Dorothea*, moored for the purpose near Walmer Castle; after some failures, two torpedoes, containing one hundred and seventy pounds of powder, were successfully exploded under her (August, 1805), and the brig was blown to pieces in the presence of a large concourse of spectators.

Fulton was much elated at his success, but the naval authorities of the day saw nothing but the possible annihilation of England's naval supremacy from such devices; Lord St. Vincent, then First Lord of the Admiralty, bluntly averring that "Pitt was the greatest fool that ever existed, to encourage a mode of war which those who commanded the seas did not want, and which, if successful, would deprive them of it."

The method employed was simply allowing the torpedoes, connected by a coupling-line to drift across the bows of the ship, the explosion being effected as in the catamarans.

Shortly after this success, Fulton left England, where he could get no further encouragement, receiving fifteen thousand pounds in compensation of his services, and refusing forty thousand pounds to suppress his invention. He then went to America, where he was supported by Mr. Madison, repeating his *Dorothea* experiment successfully as to the destruction of the ship performed upon, but not equally so as regards the time in which it was to be effective. Fulton continued his investigations, the result of which he published in a book, called "Torpedo War; or, Submarine Explosions." He proposed anchored buoyant torpedoes, so arranged as to explode on a ship running against them; and he had a further plan of discharging from a small gun, mounted in the bows of a boat, a harpoon attached by a line to a torpedo, the harpoon being intended to stick into the side of the ship attacked. By these means, he imagined that a dozen of his torpedo boats would be more than a match for a frigate. He afterwards exhibited a model of a blockship of great strength, protected by four long booms with torpedoes attached, and thus he was the first to propose out-rigger torpedoes. Fulton had many friends in the States; and he was allowed to try his plans on the sloop of war *Argus*, to be defended by Com. Rodgers. The Commodore made use of the now familiar defences of nets, booms, &c., and successfully defied the torpedoes and their inventor, whose schemes he liberally anathematized; and notwithstanding the support of some influential friends, who complained of the energy of the "nautical gentlemen," Fulton takes leave of the subject in a characteristic letter, in which he draws a parallel between himself and Bartholomew Schwartz, the inventor of gunpowder, presenting himself before the gates of Rome in the time of Julias Cæsar armed with a four-pounder, and being driven off by the Roman catapultas. Fulton's experiments, however, gave rise to several schemes of a similar nature attempted on the British ships during the war of 1812 without success.

We take leave of Fulton; but his mantle descended on Col. Colt, the inventor of the revolver. It appears that the Colonel's hobby was not the revolver, but the submarine battery; and from 1829 to 1842 he was maturing the discarded idea of Fulton's, of applying electricity to submarine mines. In 1841 he writes a confident letter to Pres. Tyler on this subject, in which he claims as an "invention original to myself, to be able to effect the instant destruction of either ships or steamers at my pleasure on their entering a harbor, whether singly or in whole fleets, while those vessels to which I am disposed to allow a passage are secure from the possibility of being injured. All this I can do while myself in perfect security, and without giving an invading enemy the slightest sign of his danger."

Accordingly, Col. Colt was allowed to prosecute his experiments under the authority of the Secretary of State for War; and the following year he destroyed three vessels by exploding torpedoes with his galvanic battery, one of which was at five miles' distance from the operator. Thus far these vessels had been at anchor; but in 1843 a brig of five hundred tons was blown to pieces on the Potomac, while under way, and sailing at a speed of five knots an hour; Col. Colt being at Alexandria, five miles away. Seventeen thousand dollars were appropriated by Congress for these experiments; but further proceedings were discountenanced, and, up to the time of the death of Col. Colt, his invention remained a secret even to the Military Department of the United States.

We do not know the nature of the battery, or the fuses used by him, but he evidently arranged his torpedoes in groups, and a part of his invention was to cause the vessel to close the electric circuit, by contact with what are now technically called "circuit closers;" thus the mine immediately under the ship was sure to be the one exploded.

His electric cable was the first submarine wire used for the transmission of the electric fluid, the "insulation" being effected by asphaltum and beeswax, instead of gutta-percha, then unknown.

While Col. Colt was making this large stride towards the sub-marine mines, as a defence of harbors, in England Capt. Warner's plans received some attention, and his destruction of the *John of Gaunt* was accepted as a novelty; but his clock-work torpedoes showed no advance on Fulton's arrangements. In 1839, however, Gen. Sir Charles Pasley, R.E., had used voltaic electricity as the agent for exploding the large charges used in the removal of the wrecks of the *Royal George* and *Edgar* at Spithead.

We now come to the infernal machines of the Russian war; some forty or fifty of which were picked up by the boats of the allied fleets in the approaches to Cronstadt and other places in the Baltic; two of our ships, the *Merlin* and *Firefly*, were struck by them, but not seriously injured. These submarine mines were conical in shape, containing a small charge of eight or nine pounds of powder; the only novelty in them being the mode of ignition, which, with some improvements, we have adopted as suitable to contact or mechanical torpedoes.

The igniting apparatus consisted of a narrow glass tube, containing sulphuric acid, enclosed in a leaden tube, in which it was surrounded by a mixture of chlorate of potash and sugar, projecting arms being connected with the leaden tube, to receive the thrust of a collision; the tube being thus bent broke the glass tube, when the sulphuric acid, falling on the chlorate of potash, exploded the torpedo. It is evident that such a torpedo as the above would be as dangerous to friend as to foe, when once laid down, — a defect which is inherent in all contact torpedoes: and there were other points in which the Russian machines were deficient; but their principal mistake was the weakness of the charge, which was the chief cause of their inefficiency against our ships.

The Russians do not appear to have used electric torpedoes, but the Kertch Expedition in 1855 found at Yenikale a complete series of galvanic apparatus which was not in position: but the *Times* correspondent speaks of it as "consisting of many miles of wire, and the number of cells indicating a very powerful battery;" it included, we believe, the valuable circuit-closing contrivance.

In 1859, the Austrians employed submarine electric mines charged with gun-cotton for the defence of Venice, under the direction of Baron Von Ebner; and in 1866 their system was further developed for the defence of Pola and the Dalmatian coast. Although these mines were not required to be used, the Austrian experience has proved very valuable, their apparatus being exhibited at the Exposition in Paris in 1867.

We have traced the history of the torpedo from its earliest conception by Bushnell, to the commencement of the civil war in America; and though we have shown how gradually it grew up through ridicule and failure to its robust manhood, so little was its real importance appreciated at that time, that when its frequent successful application in the civil war forced us to recognize its influence, it seemed as if a new power was discovered, and every nation in Europe seriously considered how the gigantic force of the submarine mine could be best utilized.

Fortunately for ourselves, the use of the same language, and the universal publicity of every thing in America, have rendered their torpedo experience easily available to us; and though their electrical arrangements were far from perfect, the Americans were the first to use electricity in actual warfare, lending interest to the means employed, as being the only true test by which their value can be gauged. Offensive torpedo warfare may be said to have taken its birth from the American civil war, though the Harvey and the Whitehead were to them unknown weapons.

Taking the official reports as a guide, and omitting even well-authenticated but unofficial accounts of vessels injured or destroyed by torpedoes, it appears that,

25 vessels of all sizes belonging to the Federal Navy were destroyed or sunk.
9 vessels of all sizes belonging to the Federal Navy were injured.
—
34

1 Confederate vessel destroyed by the enemy.
3 Confederate vessels destroyed involuntarily by their own torpedoes.
—
38

Of these, one Federal vessel was destroyed in 1862, two in 1863, ten in 1864, and no less than twelve in the four months of 1865; thus showing the progress in successful application of torpedo warfare, although it is but fair to allow that the greater number of vessels employed by the Federals towards the close of the war, as well as their penetration of the enemy's country, afforded more opportunity for its effective employment. The following list shows the names and class of vessels destroyed by torpedoes; the injured we have omitted, although some of the unsuccessful attacks on Federal vessels by out-rigger torpedoes require more than a passing notice. The destruction of the three Confederate vessels by their own torpedoes, one of which was blown up while endeavoring to place them in position, shows the danger to friendly vessels of the contact system.

List of Vessels Destroyed by Torpedoes during the Civil War in America.

No.	Name.	Description.	Year.	Place.	Method employed.
1	*Cairo*	U.S. iron-clad gun-boat	1862	Yazoo River	Submarine mine
2	*Baron de Kalb*	Ditto	1863	Ditto	Ditto
3	Launch of *Pawnee*	U.S. boat	Do.	—— ——	Ditto
4	*Housatonic*	U.S. sloop	1864	Charleston	Submarine boat
5	*Maple-Leaf*	U.S. transport	Do.	Florida	Submarine mine
6	*East Port*	U.S. gun-boat	Do.	Mississippi	Ditto
7	*Commodore Jones*	U S. steamer	Do.	James River	Ditto
8	*Harriet Tweed*	U.S. transport	Do.	Florida	Ditto
9	—— ——	Another transport	Do.	Ditto	Ditto
10	*Tecumseh*	U.S. Monitor	Do.	Mobile Bay	Ditto
11	*Albemarle*	Confederate ram	Do.	Albemarle Sound	Outrigger boat
12	*Narcissus*	U.S. steamer	Do.	Mobile Bay	Submarine mine
13	*Otsego*	Ditto	Do.	Roanoke River	Ditto
14	*Bazley*	U.S. tug	Do.	Ditto	Ditto
15	*Patapsco*	U.S. Monitor	1865	Charleston	Ditto
16	*Harvest Moon*	U.S. flag-ship	Do.	Georgetown	Ditto
17	*Althea*	U.S. tug	Do.	Mobile	Ditto
18	*Milwaukie*	U.S. Monitor	Do.	Blakeley River	Ditto
19	*Osage*	U.S. iron-clad	Do.	Mobile	Ditto
20	*Rodolph*	U.S. tin-clad	Do.	Ditto	Ditto
21	*Ida*	U.S. tug	Do.	Ditto	Ditto
22	*Sciota*	U S. gun-boat	Do.	Mobile Bay	Ditto
23	Launch of *Cincinnati*	U.S. boat	Do.	Ditto	Ditto
24	Two boats of U.S.	U S. boats	Do.	Cape Fear River	Ditto
25	steamer *Shawmut*				
26	A tin-clad (48)	U.S. steamer	Do.	Mobile Bay	Ditto
27	*Marion*	Confed. steamer	1863	Charleston	Destroyed accidentally by their own torpedoes.
28	*Etiwan*	Ditto	1864	Ditto	
29	—— ——	Confed. floating battery	1865	Roanoke River	

Of the twenty-seven vessels marked "submarine mine," only one, the *Commodore Jones*, received her quietus through electricity, the mine being exploded by a galvanic battery from the shore, the system of cross bearings being the mode employed to ascertain her position. Commander Barnes thus describes the effect of the explosion:—

"The *Jones* was at this moment considerably in advance, and with heavy drags out astern was slowly moving ahead. The small boats of the fleet were ahead of and around her, also engaged in dragging and sweeping the channel. . . . Suddenly, and without any apparent cause, she appeared to be lifted bodily, her wheels rapidly revolving in mid-air; persons declared they could see the green sedge beneath her keel. Then through her shot to a great height an immense fountain of foaming water, followed by a dense column thick with mud. She absolutely crumbled to pieces, dissolved as it were in mid-air, enveloped by the falling spray, mud, water and smoke." The operators consisted of three men, one of whom was killed, and the other two captured; of the crew of the *Commodore Jones*, about half were killed or wounded.

The charge which literally blew the *Jones* to atoms consisted of 1,750 pounds of powder, placed on the bed of the river, the battery being formed of Bunsen's cells.

It is unnecessary to give any detailed account of the destruction of ships by the mechanical torpedoes, of which the Confederates possessed an infinite variety. Although the charges of these torpedoes were small, compared with the above, and their consequent effect neither so certain nor complete, they were most dangerous enemies, and are responsible for the loss of twenty-six vessels, including friend as well as foe. They were either buoyant, so moored as to rest about ten feet below the surface, or, in shallow waters, attached to a frame-work. The frame torpedoes contained about twenty-seven pounds of powder, and were placed within a few feet of each other, the fuses consisting of a sensitive detonating composition. The buoyant torpedoes were of all shapes; some conical, some made of lager-beer barrels; whilst the favorite, Singer's, was shaped like a hat-box. They contained from fifty to one hundred and twenty pounds of powder. Some of these had the chemical fuse, already described as used by the Russians. Singer's arrangement consisted in attaching a heavy iron cap by a rim to the upper part of the torpedo, this cap being fastened by a line to the trigger; on collision with a passing ship, or the cap being knocked off, the trigger is pulled out, releasing a plunger, which is forced by a spiral spring against a fulminating substance, exploding the charge.

The success of Singer's plan is shown by the destruction of thirteen Federal vessels, and it appears to be more instantaneous in its action than the chemical fuse; though we venture this opinion with diffidence, as being contrary to the conclusion of our committees. Maj. Stotherd, R.E., at the United Service Institution, speaks of the chemical fuse as being "the best combination for mechanical ignition" known.

The isolated effect of submarine mines has, we think, been sufficiently shown by the list of casualties; but it may be argued "that, after all, they did not prevent the Federals from scouring with their gun-boats all the rivers and navigable channels of the Confederate States." What, then, it may be asked, does the American experience teach us as to the value of torpedo obstructions as means of defence? It teaches us that torpedoes alone, although they may delay and cause some loss to a hostile fleet, cannot be considered as efficient defences; that even when protected by forts, if the water is deep, they cannot be entirely depended upon; for, in spite of the destruction of the Monitor *Tecumseh*, Adm. Farragut attacked the defences of Mobile, passing heavy batteries, in August, 1864; but,

where connected with obstructions, as the frame-work mentioned, or in deeper water, used in addition to booms, chains, and nets, and protected by powerful batteries, we believe them to present an impenetrable barrier to naval operations. At Charleston and Wilmington they were the main stay of the defence; which, so far as the naval part was concerned, was successful; and so entirely did the apprehension of these machines paralyze the naval superiority of the Federals on the James River, that we find Generals Grant and Butler united in urging on the admiral that the torpedo boats made the situation uncertain, and Adm. Lee at last reluctantly consenting to place obstructions in the river, so as, he quaintly remarks, "to hold this river beyond a peradventure."

Hitherto we have dealt chiefly on the defence of places and positions by submarine mines; but the introduction of the torpedo as an offensive weapon, by the Confederates, marks another decided advance in torpedo warfare, which has gone far towards redressing the balance between the powers of offence and defence.

Born, as we have seen, of Fulton's derided efforts, the outrigger torpedo soon became a real weapon in Confederate hands. The capture of the iron-clad *Atlanta* first showed the Federals the nature of the attacks to be made upon them, as she carried a formidable outrigger torpedo from her bow, though she had no opportunity of using it.

The first real attempt made by the outrigger torpedo was against the *New Ironsides* of 3,486 tons, off Charleston in October, 1863. It was about nine, P.M., when a small object was seen approaching the frigate, which answered to the usual hail by a rifle-shot, which killed the officer of the watch, and immediately afterwards a tremendous explosion shook the huge hull of the *Ironsides*, deluging her deck with water. The torpedo boat drifted out of sight; but her captain, and another of her crew, were picked up alongside, the whole crew of four men having jumped overboard at the time of the explosion. The engineer, finding himself near the boat shortly afterwards, succeeded in relighting the fires and taking her back to port. This small vessel was a cigar-shaped steamer, sixty feet long, and six broad, so far submerged that only about ten feet of hull was visible, two feet above the water. She carried at the extremity of an iron bar, ten feet in length, a sixty-pound charge of gunpowder, immersed six feet, ignition being effected by means of an acid fuse. Commander Dawson remarks on the numerous elements of failure, in the nature of the fuse, the inexperience of the crew, the charge being held too near to the operating vessel, and adds that it is not surprising that the little vessel was nearly swamped, and that the *New Ironsides*, though severely injured, was able to maintain her station. The Confederates had appropriately christened this small torpedo vessel the *David;* and a David became with the Federals a generic term for all such torpedo small craft, as the first monitor had served to give a description to all similarly armed vessels.

This attack made the Federals redouble their precautions; but, notwithstanding all their efforts, in February, 1864; the, *Housatonic*, a sloop of 1,240 tons, was attacked and sunk by the Confederate submarine boat, a description of which we have already given. The boat had been seen approaching when at one hundred yards distance; the corvette's cable was instantly slipped, the engines backed, and small arms fired at the *David*, but in two minutes the ship was struck on the quarter, and five minutes afterwards the *Housatonic* was at the bottom, with one hundred and fifty men clinging to her rigging.

A month later, the United States ship *Memphis* only escaped destruction by slipping the cable and going ahead, the movement of the propeller breaking the *David's* outrigger. Harassed and alarmed by the attacks, the Federals increased the number and vigilance of their guard-boats, besides using cribs of timber, nets, &c., as obstructions. Yet on April 9, 1864, the United-States wooden flag-ship, *Minnesota*, of 3,307 tons, was attacked by a David, which successfully exploded a charge of fifty-three pounds of powder under her quarter; but, owing to the sluggish fuses and the insufficient charge, the *Minnesota*, although much damaged, continued at her station. The attacking vessel in this instance was an ordinary steam launch, which returned safely into harbor, although saluted with a salvo of great guns and small arms. On this occasion the Federals had chiefly relied on the protection of a tug, intended to run down the obnoxious small craft; but, from not having steam sufficient at command, this device failed them in their hour of need.

After this, the Federals took up this mode of warfare, arming a number of steam launches with outriggers. They lengthened the outrigger, discarded the self-acting fuses, and adopted a single trigger-line igniting arrangement. The torpedo was made buoyant by an air-chamber, and it was to be thrown clear of the outrigger before pulling the trigger; thus the spar was saved, and a new charge could be immediately attached in case of failure. As Commander Dawson remarks of this method, "There is danger of the operating vessel drifting over its own torpedo;" and, being buoyant, it is more likely to float up alongside the hostile ship than under her bilge, where its effect would be very slight.

With this nature of torpedo, a very gallant and successful attack was made on the Rebel ram *Albemarle*, which the Federals speak of as having become "the terror of the Sounds," being victorious in two hard-fought battles. The attack was made on Oct. 28, 1864, the launch being commanded by Lieut. Cushing, United-States Navy, whose report gives an interesting account of the affair. The "Rebel Ram" was protected by logs, at fifteen feet distance, which the launch "breasted in" some feet, and in spite of a hail of small-arm fire, the torpedo, containing sixty pounds of powder, was exploded with fatal effect on the ram, the launch being also submerged by the falling water. Of the fifteen persons composing her crew, two were killed or drowned, eleven made prisoners, and two, including Lieut. Cushing, escaped. This, however, was a small price to pay for an ironclad ship, whose destruction decided the fate of a small campaign; Plymouth, Albemarle Sound, and the Roanoke River shortly afterwards falling into the hands of the Federals.

It is probable that the *Albemarle*, being built with "an overhang," the defects of the buoyant torpedo above alluded to were not felt. The Federals had, in a previous engagement with the *Albemarle*, endeavored to use an outrigger torpedo attached to the bow of a sluggish paddle-wheel steamer; but, whether owing to the unhandy nature of the ship, or the mistrust of the crew in their novel arm, without success.

We have now given the principal instances of offensive torpedo attacks; and though the net work done was only the destruction of one Federal and one Confederate ship by this method of warfare, its moral effect, as borne witness to by the best Federal officers, was immense; the bewilderment caused by its sudden and insidious nature being sufficient, as was clearly proved, to render cool aim and effective fire impossible.

It does not the less prove that all such expeditions are of a desperate nature, though it may be doubted whether, now that the American experience has allowed us to rectify their mistakes, it is a more dangerous service than a forlorn hope or the cutting-out expeditions of former days.

Towards the close of the war the Federal Government built a special torpedo vessel which was called the *Spuyten Duyvil*, of which we will only say with Commander Dawson, that "she was fitted with most ingenious and complicated machinery to achieve that which every seamen knows should be sedulously guarded against, viz., giving universal motion to the outrigger." She was two hundred and seven tons, and eighty-four feet long, with an armor-plating of five inches.

A Capt. Doty has patented in this country an apparatus by which he can project a tubular iron outrigger from ten feet below the water-line, twenty-five feet in a horizontal direction, with machinery for replacing the outrigger and torpedo as often as required. We confess, however, our preference for the more simple form of outrigger boats; the result of careful experiments at Portsmouth against the

America, an old seventy-four that had been used as a target-ship, showing that one hundred pounds of gun-powder, or its equivalent in gun-cotton, can be exploded with perfect safety to a steam launch, the torpedo being attached to a pole twenty-five feet long, immersed ten feet; and that even with a pole a few feet shorter, no material amount of water would be shipped or damage done, the launch being somewhat protected by a canopy forward. From a light whale-boat with a canvas cover, it was found possible to explode a charge of thirty or forty pounds of powder without danger, the method almost invariably employed to effect the explosion being electricity. In our apparatus we reject the air-chamber and the detaching arrangements, being content to expend a spar on each occasion of the torpedo being used. Our boats are, however, generally fitted with an outrigger on each side, and spare spars to replace those expended can be carried if requisite; the electric battery is generally a simple voltaic box pile, consisting of copper and zinc plates, which is suitable to such rough handling as is likely to occur in boat service. Its advantage is, that no collision is at all requisite, whilst the explosion is, of course, instantaneous. We have made no experiments with reference to carrying outrigger torpedoes in ships, though we imagine that there would be no difficulty in improvising such arrangements, in actual warfare, from the ship's stores; the requirements being simply to project at the extremity of a spar at a distance of twenty to twenty-five feet from the vessel, and ten feet below the surface of the water, a sufficient charge, say one hundred and fifty pounds of powder, or sixty pounds of gun-cotton.

It has been left to the German Government to move in the direction of constructing special torpedo vessels. These vessels appear to be much like the Confederate *Davids:* they are, according to the reports we have received, only forty feet long, very low in the water, to "move with the rapidity of lightning over the nocturnal waves;" their boilers are to be heated by petroleum, and, to crown all, "they are certainly invulnerable to all except the heaviest shot." They have six of these vessels, three of which are already afloat. With the scanty information we possess, we should not like to speak too confidently as to what they really are; but, if the above account of what is intended approaches to accuracy, they will assuredly turn out egregious failures.

What advance, then, has there been made since the American war in the application of torpedoes? We answer, much, both as regards defensive and offensive operations. Although we have seen their fertility of resource in the construction and mooring of mechanical or contact torpedoes, we have now advanced far beyond their knowledge as regards electric torpedoes.

The use of self-acting electric mines, so arranged as to explode on the collision of a ship with what are called circuit-closers, thus obtaining all the advantages of the contact system, whilst at the same time perfect safety for a friendly vessel is assured by the removal of a peg by the operator; the value of gun-cotton as an explosive agent, now ascertained to be about four times as powerful weight for weight, and three times as powerful bulk for bulk, as gunpowder; the instantaneous explosion, caused by ignition by a fulminate, dispensing with any unusual strength of case; the improvements in electric batteries and fuses; these are but some of the improvements in knowledge with which the investigations of the Dutch, the French, the Austrians, the Prussians, and our own committees have made us familiar. The question of electric fuses and batteries is itself a study, and we do not attempt to deal with it here: the mooring of torpedoes; the nature of cables; the best manner of effecting junctions and splices; the power of the mines, and the consequent requisite depth at which they should be placed; the relative advantages of gunpowder, gun-cotton, dynamite, nitro-glycerine, litho-fracteur, glyoxiline, and other explosives for submarine mines; the various methods of estimating the position of the vessel with regard to the mine when exploded by judgment from the shore; the arrangement in groups or lines for the defence of a roadstead or harbor; how to test the conductivity of a cable, the efficacy of a fuse, and, consequently, of the torpedo itself; these are only a few of the questions which are being daily investigated, and we believe solved, by the exertions of the royal engineers and our topedo instructors. We have no space even for their conclusions, which are, moreover, of too technical a character; but it is a matter of importance that it should be generally known that the advantages of gun-cotton over gunpowder are so decided for submarine mines that its manufacture must be continued, in spite of the Stowmarket catastrophe. It is satisfactory to us that a committee has just reported to this effect.

In offensive torpedoes individual talent has advanced us two steps. The first is Capt. Harvey's sea torpedo, which has frequently been described by the press; and it has the merit of having been tried searchingly and completely in full life size. It is a narrow, rectangular, strong wooden box, the ends being angled to give the torpedo when towed a divergence of forty-five degrees from the vessel towing it, the tow-line being of any length up to one hundred and fifty yards. They are constructed of two sizes, the larger torpedo to contain either sixty pounds of gun-cotton, seventy-six pounds of gunpowder, or one hundred pounds of litho-fracteur or dynamite, the ignition being effected by causing projecting levers to come in contact with the enemy's vessel, the levers forcing down an exploding bolt acting in a tube containing chemicals. The torpedo is supported by a buoy, and when in action it presents the appearance of the dorsal fin of a huge shark pursuing the vessel using it. Great speed is requisite to develop its qualities; but in the Camel and Royal Sovereign experiments it was triumphantly successful, and it promises to be as effective as it is evidently simple and seamanlike. What may be its future value, as a naval arm, we have yet to learn; but it is certain that a fleet armed with such weapons would have an inestimable advantage over one without them. It has its faults, no doubt; it requires speed in the ship using it; it is not as safe as might be wished to friendly vessels, notwithstanding its safety-key; it requires to be handled with some dexterity to cause it to strike an opponent below the water-line; but, such as it is, our Government have thought fit to adopt it into the service, awarding the sum of one thousand pounds less income-tax to Capt. Harvey for his invention, the advantages of which our readers will not be surprised to hear are now shared by the Russian, the Prussian, the Italian, and the Swedish governments.

Having disposed of the Harvey or "Otter torpedo," we now come to the newest thing out in the Whitehead or fish torpedo, the invention of an English engineer in the Austrian service. It is a cigar-shaped vessel or submarine rocket of thin wrought iron, with a keel above and below, horizontal and vertical rudders; the former intended to keep the machine at any required depth, regulated by setting a scale. The body contains compressed air, working a pneumatic engine and four-bladed screw. The fore part contains the explosive, to act by percussion on collision. These torpedoes are of two sizes, the larger being fourteen feet long, and sixteen inches in diameter, intended for sixty-seven pounds of gun-cotton; the smaller one is nearly the same in length but two inches less in diameter, to contain eighteen pounds of dynamite. The whole is discharged from a tube in the bows of the operating vessel, the torpedo being pushed out by an "ejector," which at the same time sets the machinery in motion. The speed of the Whitehead is from seven to seven and one-half knots, and it is claimed by the inventor that the range of the large torpedo is more than one thousand yards.

In the trial of this torpedo against the old frigate *L'Aigle* at Sheerness, more than a year ago, the committee are understood to have reported very favorably of its accuracy, and that it could be depended upon to hit a vessel "broadside on," at two hundred yards' distance. The trial actually made was the discharge of the larger torpedo from the *Oberon*, an old iron steamer which had been specially fitted for the purpose, against the side of the *L'Aigle*, at a distance of less than two hundred yards; and though the

charge took effect, "making a hole as large as a cutter" and sinking the vessel, the ship was only struck on the quarter, and considerable time was occupied in pointing the *Oberon* for the object. In a second attempt with the smaller torpedo, with a net fifteen feet from the sunk frigate's side, the protection proved quite sufficient to render the torpedo innocuous. We believe that both our government and the Austrians, for a sum of fifteen thousand pounds, have purchased permission to use the patent; and this year's estimates are to provide a sum for a new vessel specially to discharge these formidable projectiles. We must assume, therefore, that the authorities are fully satisfied with the merit of the invention; but, notwithstanding the skill and ingenuity displayed in the construction and working of the machine, its intrinsic value would seem to us to be overrated.

Can it be fired otherwise than from the bows? and can it be discharged when the ship is moving through the water? These are important questions; and if they are answered in the negative, its use must be chiefly confined to attacks on vessels at anchor, as with a ship in motion it would be next to impossible to strike her. If, on the other hand, a ship can be fitted so as to be capable of discharging a broadside of submarine rockets of the Whitehead stamp, a decisive naval action becomes an impossibility; for ships must keep out of range of such fatal missiles, as to plate effectually fifteen feet below the water-line is an impossibility.

In a recent letter from St. Petersburg, Von Schelika, the author of the work before alluded to, gives us some interesting information as to torpedo experiments in Russia. He tells us that a "most costly submarine boat," built for the Russian Government, was lost a few months ago in Transund Roads. He also claims to have invented a simple and inexpensive "automatic" torpedo, which is to remain under the full control of the operator during the whole of its course. He considers it a great improvement on the Whitehead, which he speaks of as a "costly mechanical toy."

In this sketch of the torpedo we have casually pointed out its capabilities, both for attack and defence; its position with regard to the gun and the ram has recently been ably treated in these pages, and forms no part of our subject; but we protest against the idea of a happy commingling of all natures of weapon in one vessel, to be "bristling with out-rigger torpedoes," to carry a Harvey on each quarter, to be fitted with the Whitehead, whilst intending to use the gun and the ram at the same time. Such a vessel would be a nondescript, worthy of all the ridicule piled up by Com. Rodgers on Fulton's block-ship; the spirit of Tegethoff's success at Lissa was his putting his trust in the ram as the effective weapon; and neither an attempt at incompatible combinations, nor his conversion to "any new thing." The error we have above alluded to is undoubtedly a mistake, "*trop de zèle*" perhaps; but to ignore the torpedo entirely, as a naval arm, is simply fatuous. Yet there have not been wanting authorities who have failed to take it into their consideration in a calculation of maritime power. In a series of otherwise able articles on the requirements of the French marine, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, last year, by Adm. Jurien de la Gravière, notwithstanding some allusions to the "mines sous-marines," which the admiral encountered in the Adriatic in 1859, he speaks of them merely as "cet art si ingénieux de défendre l'accès des rades par l'établissement de torpilles," and as an offensive naval weapon he takes no notice of the torpedo. This blindness is not confined to our neighbors; for in an interesting magazine article last year, from the pen of a distinguished naval officer, called, "The British Navy: What we Have, and What we Want," we search in vain for any reference to the torpedo.

What we do want is more experiments of a serious nature, to try the effect of a new arm on our costly iron-clads. Mr. Reed tells us that they are expressly fitted with deep double bottoms, water-tight partitions, &c.; but he adds, "Whether or not these precautionary measures will prove sufficient against attack by torpedoes is doubtful."

This is far from satisfactory, and it was intended to have tried this question on the *Oberon;* but after her bottom had been doubled for a considerable distance, it occurred to some one wiser than the rest, that her whole structure being so weak, such an experiment would have no value; and no trial has yet been made with a view of testing the power of the torpedo on our recent constructions.

This trial, whatever it may be worth, is, after all, to take place in the course of a few weeks; and our informant tells us that it has only been delayed by a dispute as to whether the navy or the army estimates are to bear the cost of the experiment.

It is related of Drake, that on his arrival in the River Plate, in one of his early voyages, he found there a gibbet which had been erected by Magellan, and "he thanked God that he was in a civilized country!" It may seem sad to thoughtful men that our boasted civilization should be shown by the perfection of means of destroying our fellow-creatures; but at least, in taking leave of our subject, we may feel thankful that the improvements in implements of warfare secure us from an invasion of barbaric races, and that if our submarine mines lie thick round our coasts, we shall not be suspected of harboring aggressive designs, although we are, as we trust, prepared to make good our island home against all comers, —

> "As Neptune's Park, ribbed and paled in
> With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters,
> With sands that will not bear our enemies' boats,
> But suck them up to the top-mast."

GOOD MANNERS.

We are not sure whether it is a good sign or the reverse, that there should be such a brisk demand as there seems to be for books of this sort.* It may, perhaps, be a proof that civilization, in spite of all cynics say to the contrary, is really spreading, when we find that there are so many people eager for instruction in a branch of knowledge which, whatever else it may be, is certainly a product of civilization. Also it may be taken as evidence, as far as it goes, that the impatience of every sort of law and rule, said by some to be one of the characteristics of the age we live in, is not so universally prevalent as they would have us believe. Here we have people, not merely displaying a willingness to submit to rules, but constantly demanding fresh codifications of the rules that are to restrain them. No doubt it is also a proof of prosperity; for it shows that there must be a considerable number of people continually rising from stations in life in which there is no absolute necessity for manners, politeness, or etiquette, to a position in society in which a certain amount of knowledge of these matters is indispensable. In this way an optimist might find a great deal of encouragement in the avidity shown by the public for manuals professing to expound the habits of good society, and the customs of fashionable life.

But a serious objection to these books is that they tend to perpetuate formalities, and so act in opposition to true civilization, the aim of which is, or at least ought to be, simplicity. As Thackeray has remarked in one of his essays, "Simplicity gains upon us daily. The lumbering ceremonials that were found only to obstruct our free intercourse are passing out of our manners." It is the unfortunate tendency of manuals of the sort we are speaking of, to check in some degree this healthy movement; but even they themselves show how great has been the gain in simplicity. Has the reader ever seen one of the old etiquette-books of a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago? — one of those queer productions that used to be called "Academies of Compliments"? They afford curious glimpses of the cumbrous machinery by which social intercourse was carried on in "the tea-cup times of hood and hoop," and perhaps for a generation or two after. A young lady coming into a drawing-room, for example (we quote from a volume dated 1772, but obviously a reprint),

* "Manners of Modern Society; being a book of Etiquette."

was instructed to "courtesy thrice in her approach (bending first backwards and then bearing forward), bear up, and pay her respects in some quaint compliment, if to a woman; but if to men, silence is the best, unless she should be asked any question." For the benefit of those whose invention may not be equal to the production of a quaint compliment on the spur of the moment, a few samples are given, like this: "Madam, I am an honorer, I wish I could say an imitator, of your virtues." A young man entering a room is to "do his reverence at a convenient distance, that he bow, with his hat in his right hand, and then advancing three steps traversewise, and by degrees approach the party; and if there be more than one, he must salute them severally; if man, by a genteel embrace in pressing the left side with his right arm; if woman, a proffered salute, if not a real one;" and a youth is instructed to stand uncovered before his parents and superiors, and never to sit unless commanded; and then not presently, nor longer than is necessary; nor is he in any wise to be full of speech; and if he discourse with his superiors, it is seemly to bend now and then, in token of humility, or submitting unto them. It is quite possible that modern manners may, as many think, have gone rather too far in relaxing the rules governing the behavior of the younger members of society to their seniors; but no one will deny that it is a great step in advance to be relieved from the tyranny of a code under which one gentleman could not ask another to dine with him without all this to-do: "Sir, since it hath been my good hap to meet you at this present, let me desire you to come and take a part of dinner with me." "Sir, if I could do you any service therein, I would willingly bear you company; but my presence would be both unuseful and troublesome to you." "I pray, sir, use no such excuse; your company is most pleasing; but you fear your cheer will be but bad." "Pardon me, sir; I know your house affords none but good entertainment; and because you shall not think I have any such thoughts I will do as you please." "You shall be exceedingly welcome; do me that extraordinary favor, and we will relate the news of these times till dinner is ready." Does it not remind one of a pair of ultrapolite people meeting in a narrow passage, and unable to pass from the extreme eagerness of each to make way for the other? Let us be thankful, too, that we are so far removed from a state of things in which a letter could not with propriety be written without "an exordium" containing "some small compliment to insinuate yourself into his or her favor to whom you write, and a short proposal of what you intend to say." What a vast amount of real progress is implied in the difference between a direction of this sort, and the advice on the subject of letter-writing in the little volume before us: "We should write as we speak, just what we have to say, and exactly in the words we should say if our correspondent were sitting by us; and then all that stiff formality, those meaningless sentences, with which the mass of letters is burdened, would die a natural death." On carving, again, the "Academy of Compliments" is very full and precise in its directions to the neophyte. He is reminded that "to be accounted a curious carver, the parties must not only be provided with good knives and forks, but bring their hands and arms, by practice, to such a nimbleness and dexterity, as may take away tediousness in the undertaking; and should proceed in this affair with much neatness and cleanly management, having plates, napkins, &c., ever at hand, to prevent any indecency." And then the Academician proceeds, with a minuteness which on any other subject would almost savor of pedantry, to explain the technical terms of the art, and to show his pupil how he is to display a crane, disfigure a peacock, lift a swan, unbrace a mallard, unlace a coney, teme a crab, or side a hopdock. While, on the one hand, we cannot help a certain amount of congratulation at being spared the necessity of entering on such a trying course of study; on the other, it is impossible not to feel the kind of regret, accompanied by a consciousness of degeneracy, which comes over one on contemplating some triumph of a lost art, like old painted glass, for instance. We cannot but feel small when we compare ourselves with the men who fed upon such fare and performed such feats. Where is now the man who would be equal to displaying a crane or lifting a swan? Haply such there may be in the city, — some ancient carver in one of the old city-halls, to whom these traditions of the mighty past may have descended, and who would not quail, even if suddenly confronted with a hopdock, and called upon to side it? But to the world at large the mystery is as dead as the embalming process of the Egyptians. Carving at table is one of the few old practices which the author of "Manners of Modern Society" regrets to see on the decline, as it unquestionably is, owing, he thinks, to the growing popularity of dinners *à la Russe*. In almost every other particular he advocates as much relaxation as possible of the old rules. In one matter, perhaps, he exhibits an excessive timidity. When he comes to deal with the nice question as to the obligation of visits and calls, he seems wanting in that manly decision which we had a right to expect from him on such a point. His instincts, we are willing to believe, are right. He admits that the ceremony of paying calls has been for many years derided as meaningless, stupid, and useless; and that there is something to be said in defence of gentlemen, with whose occupations it often seriously interferes; but he clearly stands in too great awe of that society whose manners are his theme, to dare to say a word on behalf of the oppressed. Of course he has no power to lay down rules; his business is to state what the law is, not to legislate; but he might have ventured a more decided opinion, and he might also, with a good grace, have pleaded for a little more charity and toleration for those on whom the burden bears heavily. His book, however, is, on the whole, one of the most sensible and rational of its kind we have happened to see; and the subject, it must be confessed, is one which it is somewhat difficult to treat sensibly and rationally. But what malicious spirit could it have been that whispered to him that marvellous piece of advice which occurs among his remarks on dinner parties, and which has such a strange effect in a volume containing instructions for lawn parties and presentations at court? "Of course all food should be silently masticated. No sound is more disagreeable than that of a company 'feeding like horses, when you hear them feed.'" As Launce says, "That's monstrous! Oh that that were out!" Why did he not drop a hint that in modern society it is not considered good breeding to pick your teeth with your neighbor's fork?

GEORGE BEATTIE.

IN a pleasant country, about which many quaint legends and curious stories are told, — where is spoken in all its purity that Scotch which, from its idioms, peculiar words, and characteristic broad vowels, is termed Doric, — lies the little village of Whitehall, in the pretty parish of St. Cyrus, at the south-east corner of Kincardineshire. There, in the year 1786, was born George Beattie, a man who, both from the value of the poetry he left behind him, and the tragic nature of the latter part of his life, has claims on the kindly and sympathetic remembrance of a generation other than his own. The son of a crofter, who, in the season, could take to salmon-fishing to help him to support his family, he was born and brought up in a small cottage, which boasted only of a "but and a ben," along with his three brothers and two sisters, who went regularly every morning in merry band to the parish-school. These were the days of simple, homely pleasures and rural festivities, when the more serious business of life was enlivened at stated periods by the merrymakings of Hallowe'en, Hogmanay, Yule, Pasch Saturday, and Carlin Play at Harvest Home. George Beattie's nature seems to have been considerably influenced by the frolic and simplicity of these rustic rites. When George was about thirteen years of age, his father obtained a situation in the Excise; and this led the family to remove their humble *penates* to Montrose, a distance of about five miles. It was probably with some sorrow that the children left their pretty country home. George, it is

said, walked all the distance to their new abode, with a tame "kae" (jackdaw) on his shoulder; and his little brother David, a night or two after their settlement in the town, exclaimed that he was "goin' hame again," as he did not like "dry tea" — tea without cream in it; for although plentiful enough at the croft, cream was something of a rarity in the town.

Some time after the family settled at Montrose, George was sent to learn a trade, but he continued at it a very short time. He managed to procure a situation as clerk in an office in Aberdeen. His employer died six weeks later, however, and left to his clerk — who, no doubt, was full of despondency at the loss of his situation — a legacy of fifty pounds. This was quite a little capital to the young man. He returned to Montrose, and entered the office of the procurator-fiscal of the place. After a year or two in Edinburgh, he commenced business for himself as a writer. In this capacity he succeeded well, and attracted many friends by the kindliness of his manner, the accuracy of his official habits, and his conversational gifts. He soon established for himself the reputation of being both a humorist and a poet, by his poem of *John o' Arnha'*, which first appeared in the columns of a weekly newspaper, the *Montrose Review*, in 1815, when he was twenty-nine years of age. He used often to form the central figure of a group that met daily in "The High Street" to discuss the events of the day; easily recognizable, though by no means of striking presence, — a middle-sized man, a little inclined to corpulence and rotundity, with a "black surtout, ribbed pantaloons, worn neat, with black gaiters, and a gold chain and bunch of seals hanging from his watch." There were no daily newspapers in those days, and the news could only be picked up at odd times and by stray people. It lost little in the telling, and would often be flavored with many a terse remark or caustic joke. Beattie, probably, heard it as soon as most men; and his quaint drollery often gave it peculiar zest. The boys in the street, we are told, would loiter on their way to school, or play when they found him talking in the streets, and they were sure to be rewarded by overhearing some random shot of humor and fun. One day there was a group of men talking at the door of the shop of a well-known citizen. A respectable cabinet-maker, rejoicing in the name of Witheram Dal, an amateur fiddle-maker, was boasting of the excellence of his fiddles. The shopkeeper was rallying him as to his workmanship, and somewhat ridiculing his fiddles, when Witheram, in a passion, exclaimed, "They've been ta'en to London and to Edinburgh, and been tried." "Ah," put in Beattie, "and condemned, and burned," which effectually put a stop to the argument. He was fond of practical jokes. One evening, as twilight was deepening into night, he happened to be passing through the churchyard, when he saw coming towards him John, a douce Seceder, wearing a huge Kilmarnock bonnet. Beattie stepped behind a tombstone, and, as he passed, whipped off the bonnet, and vanished in the dusk. John looked round in wonder and amazement for a moment, and seeing and hearing no one, fled from the place as if pursued by some uncanny spirit. Next day he is met, wearing his Sunday bonnet, by Beattie, who greets him with, "Ye are braw th' day, John." "Ou, ay, Mr. Beattie," says John, looking rather put out; "but if this were the proper time and place for it, I could tell you a gae queer story." And tell it he did, and recounted his own luck in escaping from the unearthly apparition that had stolen his hat. "Well," Beattie tells him, "one of my clerks was out at the Crancil Braes, and found a bonnet. I wonder if it can be yours?" Up to Beattie's office they went; and, of course, found the identical bonnet. To complete the story, Beattie had to invent a theory as to the wonderful and supernatural occurrence. Those who had died during the great plague of 1666 had been buried in these sandhills, from a fear that the infection might rise from the ground when the graves were opened. Feeling lonely in these sand-pits, far away from their kindred buried in the old churchyard, they were in the habit of visiting them. John's bonnet had been seized during one of those visits; but the marauder, not being able to carry it with him to another world, had left it above ground at the Crancil Braes, where it had been found by his clerk. Such practical jokes were common then, when there was a greater freedom than would now be tolerated. There were rare riots, bonfires, and beer-drinkings in the street, and jolly whiskey-toddy parties in private houses. At these and other social entertainments, Beattie's power of story-telling and mimicry made him a great favorite; and although simple and temperate in his habits, and almost reserved in his disposition, he was always ready to oblige the company. One story or monologue in particular, was called for time after time. The occasion of it happened on a day when there was a total eclipse of the sun, called "Murk Monday," from its having been murk or very dark. Many well-known people in the town were introduced, whose characters and idiosyncracies, brought into relief by the eclipse, Beattie hit off with that humor which loves what it laughs at. Among these, there were many half-witted, innocent poor folks known as characters, — a race which is fast dying out of all but our smallest and most primitive villages, — ranging from Tullygoram (so called from his favorite tune, which he pronounced with a tremendous burr), a crazed captain, who freighted a ship with cats for a West Indian island, to Kitty Pert, a fish-wife, to whom, as we shall see afterwards, the poet devoted a special poem. There is a good deal of humor in the slight sketch of two yarn-merchants meeting, one having a very short cough and the other a very long one, and coughing, coughing through the darkness at each other, until, after making vain attempts to speak, they shook hands, to meet another day. Beattie made many friends, not only amongst his own set, but among the poor; doing for them those kind offices which a country lawyer can so often do, while to all he was a sincere and generous friend.

It is in 1821 that the tragic interest of his life begins. A friendship had for some time existed between him and the daughter of a Mr. Gibson, of Stone of Morphie, so called from a plain, unsculptured monolith, raised to the memory of a Danish hero slain there in battle. She is described by Beattie's faithful, if somewhat vulgar and verbose, biographer, as "tall, handsome, spritely, and dashing; fascinating rather than pretty," with "rather light-colored hair and hazel eyes." In the August of this year he began seriously to pay his addresses to the lady. His attentions, though at first nominally rejected, were neither displeasing to herself nor her parents; and he was strictly enjoined not to give up visiting at the house. The intimacy, indeed, rather grew than diminished, and in the spring of 1822 he received the following note from Miss Gibson: "If Mr. Beattie feels inclined to extend his evening walk, a friend will have pleasure in showing him some birds'-nests in the garden at Kinnaber." He met her there frequently, and these meetings led to their becoming engaged to each other. They exchanged many vows of mutual affection and fidelity. One example of these vows is given, and very strange and primitive it seems to us. She complained that he had been "jaunting" without her. He confesses he had been from home, but that it was on business, not on pleasure, and that he had not enjoyed himself, as the weather had been disagreeable. As he rose to go, Miss Gibson stood before him, and said they must repeat their vows. Beattie said it was not necessary, but that he had no objection. He relates that she made him repeat these words: "May I never know peace in this world, or see God in mercy, if I marry another than you; or if I ever go South again without taking you with me as my wife." She bound herself by a similar oath.

Early in 1823, Miss Gibson was left a considerable fortune, by the death of a maternal uncle in Grenada. At first this did not affect her relations to Beattie. She declared that her fortune did not alter her affections, but, on the contrary, made them more lasting, whatever might be the opinion of her parents. He seems to have wished to make himself perfectly certain of this, and one night pressed her to give a direct answer as to whether she would still marry him; when she replied, "I mean to say yes, but will you allow me a little time?" He said, "Certainly; as much as you choose: it is nothing new. You have thought of it

before, and something may intervene." She replied, "Nothing could possibly intervene. I wish no time. I am yours forever." This was on the 4th of May. Next day she received letters from her uncle's executors, telling her of some more money which, as residuary legatee, she inherited, and of some West Indian property of which she was to be heiress. On the 6th she wrote Beattie: —

"Can you, will you forgive me if I ask you to give me back that promise, which I gave you on Sunday? I then asked for a few hours' consideration: had you given me that, it would have saved me this to-day. I then boldly declared that my mother's consent was of small consequence; but that is not the case, and she will never, I fear, consent; but you know I never mentioned your last letter, and I hope this correspondence may be kept as quiet. That this will give you pain, I do not doubt; but better give it now than afterwards; and, believe me, you have little to regret in the want of a nearer connection with me, unless my money, and that is not one-tenth of what they call it at Montrose. . . . I shall only add that there breathes not the man in Europe I at present prefer to you, but still I consider we may be better apart."

This letter caused her lover much pain. In the statement he drew up during the last two years of his life, he tells us that at first he could scarcely credit his senses; then that he thought it must be a *jeu d'esprit*, to vex him. He soon, however, began to view the matter in the light in which it was intended, and he wrote her a long letter in reply, telling her that she knew little of his feelings when she simply said that her letter would give him pain; that no language could express his state of mind: he did not think it possible she could have asked any thing he could not have granted, if it had been in his power. He now saw he had been fatally mistaken. He could much sooner part with his existence than give her back her promise, come what would. He recapitulates the history of their meetings and love for the last two years. He reminds her of the day in which she pointed out the house which she wished to be purchased or taken for their living in. She had wronged him cruelly in what she said about her money. It had never for a moment been in his calculations. The poor fellow admits to a little touch of jealousy at the thought of the number of new suitors her good fortune might bring around her, and that on that account alone was he anxious for a renewal of the pledge. He acknowledges that in this thought he was not doing her justice, and in the midst of his misery asks her pardon for such a thought ever having crossed his mind. He thus concludes, embittered into a fierce determination to keep what he justly thought was his own: —

"I cannot give you back your vow, or rather, I should say, vows. I cannot give you back your letters — justice, honor, truth forbid it; the use of these letters must now be regulated by circumstances. I will renounce no claim, but maintain and defend them to the last. There is something so peculiar in this business, that I fear I cannot refrain taking steps to justify myself to your parents and the world It grieves me to the heart to write in this style, but I cannot help it. Unfit as I am for the task, I must take a copy of this before despatching it. Wishing you more happiness than you have left me in possession of, and improvement in your health, I have still more to say, but cannot now proceed farther."

To this Miss Gibson replied as follows: —

"I own the justice and truth of all you have written, and now ask your forgiveness. I had not any idea of the pain my letter has given you; but on that head we are now "quits." May God forgive you for the harshness of yours; but I would require to take care what I write, as you are a man of law, and therefore not fairly match; however, I hope you will answer me by the servant, and tell me whether you will or can forgive me, and believe I shall endeavor not to hurt your feelings again. I allow it was unguarded and highly unfeeling; and I am sorry to say I have no excuse for myself. I have only one thing more to add; if you still wish me to become your bride, I beg that previous to quitting my father's home, all letters that have passed betwixt us may be destroyed."

In an ecstasy of happiness, the quick rebound from the deep grief he had been suffering, which would not allow him to detect certain marks of stratagem apparent to another eye, he writes, —

"MY DEAR MISS GIBSON, — I have this moment received your letter. I am too happy not to forget and forgive what has passed. The trial was severe. You are an angel still. God Almighty bless you. My already enervated frame tells me I could not live without you; you must therefore be my bride. Make of your fortune what you please; personally, I neither wish control over nor the slightest benefit from it in any shape, and it will be the happiest moment of my life when I can formally renounce it. I only want Miss Gibson, and she knows I could have begged my bread with her. Adieu, &c. I am yours forever."

Soon after writing this he met her on the old terms, and "all that had occurred of a disagreeable nature was completely buried in oblivion." She told him that she had made the request only to try him, and laughed at the idea of his having taken up this idea so seriously. She voluntarily took a most solemn oath that she would punctually and faithfully fulfil her engagements with him, and never think of retracting them, while she drew breath. She wished to live a short time at the home of Kinnaber, to which she had just gone, but that after that, as soon as the arrangements were made, their marriage was to take place. One of the numerous admirers that poor Beattie's jealousy had conjured up, now appeared in the person of a Mr. William Smart, a partner in a firm of corn merchants. Beattie was not slow to perceive that she received this gentleman's advances with any thing but reluctance; and he suffered accordingly. Some time afterwards she met him, and she was struck with his looking so unwell. "I made no immediate answer," he says, "and I confess I was a good deal affected, as she looked poorly herself. Miss Gibson then burst into tears, and said she could never forgive herself, for having latterly acted towards me as she had done. . . . She asked me to come back as soon as possible, and said we both would be in high spirits at next meeting." This, however, seemed only a momentary fit of compunction, for she goes on continuing to receive and return Mr. Smart's attentions, and sets off on a visit to Edinburgh without acquainting Beattie of the circumstance; when afterwards upbraided by him, she tells him that she has been ordered on many excursions for her health, and that this information must suffice for one and all of her absences. This grieves Beattie very much; and, in despair, he draws up what he calls a statement of facts, which he sends to her father. Miss Gibson obtained this statement from her father, and a correspondence ensues betwixt Beattie and herself on the subject, in which she refers again to her fortune with a twitting cruelty. "I find my fortune has too many charms for you," she writes, "and you are determined to prosecute me or have it." She will submit to any thing rather than go into a court of law. She begs him to make no more complaints to her father, as his health was too feeble to permit of his being agitated. She begs him to return all the letters she had ever written him. On his part he says that he wrote the statement of facts in despair. It was sent off in a moment. He need not say if he repented it. He is so overwhelmed with misery that he attempts to fall upon expedients with a view to temporary relief, and in the next instant all appears like a dream. He appeals to his affection for her. He asks her to tell him to go to the uttermost parts of the earth, any thing, rather than give her up. He cannot do business, he cannot read a sheet, while this misery lasts. To send back her letters, he says, would be like closing the very tomb on himself; and again he breaks out that he cannot permit the engagement on her part to be evaded without seeking every redress in his power. He assures her that he is very unwilling to trouble her with his complaints: he wishes it were possible to suffer in silence. Notwithstanding every exertion, he gets worse and worse. No effort of reason, or attempt to laugh away his misery, has the least effect. He talks of the possibility of something happening to him, in case of which he locks away her letters, with written in-

structions that they should be delivered to her. He was lately one of the happiest beings in existence; now he is the most miserable.

It now became generally understood in the county that Miss Gibson had abandoned Beattie, and that she was going to marry Mr. Smart. A Mr. A—— called upon Beattie, and attempted to get back her letters, but in vain. As the approaching marriage began to be talked of, Beattie's misery deepened. He began to be apprehensive he could not survive the day; for, on the 8th of August, he makes a will; and, fearful that she should marry within the sixty days necessary to constitute its legality, he writes to her praying her to postpone the marriage. He tells her that if she marries within the sixty days, his brother and sister will be left unprovided for. After that date she may marry, for he will be no more. "Oh do not do any thing to hasten it!" he bursts out; "not upon my own account, but on account of those who are dependent on me, and never have offended you; I never intended to do so — but I do not know myself. Will you yet offer my best respects to your parents. I will never see any of you again, nor the garden, &c.: it is better I should not; it would only make me worse. These recollections are bitter. Will you pray for me?" This letter is answered by her father, who, in his rough way, attempts some consolation, telling him there is as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and asking him to come and see them again as usual. Miss Gibson's own conduct seems to have been very harsh and unnatural. She returned him no answer to his letter. She is even said to have made public his last appeal for delay, and in other ways to have made his feelings a subject of mockery. We get a glimpse of two scenes, which are painfully vivid in the light of the days that were to come shed upon them. The one is of a little noisy provincial theatre, boasting a small stage, and a set of third-rate actors. In a conspicuous position, not so much enjoying the acting as listening to the talk of the people around her, and especially that of one gentleman, sits Miss Gibson, the centre of a group of admirers. Not very far off, in a darkened parlor, sits a lonely figure, as if beaten down by some great sorrow, his head resting on his arm, all drawn together, as if he would have escaped from any light still lingering in the room. He has just come from his office, and has heard from a friend where she of whose cruelty he is dying is, and what she is doing. Poor man! the light will soon all be gone; the darkness of night will soon settle over him. But he has to sit there many a weary hour still, waiting till those sixty days expire, and writing those tragic last words of his which he has left us, in what he himself entitles "The Last." He speaks of a dreadful cloud having hung over him for some days, and he fears he shall never again enjoy the sunshine of the world. Again and again does he recur to the subject uppermost in his mind; again and again does he indulge in the most minute introspection. He trusts that although he finds himself deficient in many respects, and though he dies the death of a wretched suicide, he will be happy, having a firm confidence in the unbounded goodness and mercy of God. He would like to mention his friends and acquaintances, but he is afraid in the agitation of his mind he may forget some of them. "I meant to have written a separate letter to my parents: this, however, I cannot do. I can only think of them with that dreadful degree of agony, that the perspiration falls in drops from the tips of my fingers on the paper. I die as I lived, their loving, dutiful and affectionate son. . We will all meet in a better world. I have one consolation. They will not be left destitute here." He tells us he has not slept many hours in the course of two months. He could not read, he could not bear to think. He looks back over a dreary desert, all black and damp with mists, to the happy days when he used to take delight in simple pleasures, the seeking for birds' nests and the playing with children. There occurs in the manuscript frequent interruptions, showing that it was written at different periods, the new paragraphs generally beginning with some such sentence as this: "After an interval of suffering, I have again taken up my pen. I find no improvement in the state of my mind." Then he passes into fresh explanation of his own conduct, and fresh attempts to comprehend hers. He cannot get rid of a deep and indelible sense of the wrongs done him. He quotes Campbell's, lines written on the grave of a suicide: —

> Ah! once perhaps the social passion glowed
> In thy devoted bosom; and the hand
> That smote its kindred heart, might yet be prone
> To deeds of mercy. Who may understand
> Thy many woes, poor suicide unknown?
> He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone.

He describes the fact of Miss Gibson's accusing him of having designs against her property as sickening his very soul. He is sorry that under his sufferings he should have threatened to go into a court of law. That he could there have obtained damages he had no doubt; but he would sooner have coined his heart's blood than raised money by such means. He tries to reason himself out of his miserable state of mind. He has still the beautiful world around him, the delight of his solitary walks, his troop of friends. He recognizes all this. All these objects still exist; but they are not the same to him. He sees them through a totally different medium. "The smooth mirror of my mind, which formerly reflected all objects in such a pleasing and agreeable manner, and which was a continual source of happiness to me, is now broken and ruffled, and reflects every thing distorted, hideous, and disgustful. I am a different being from my former self, and support a different and painful existence." Once again he turns to her who has wronged him, and assures her that she has his full forgiveness. Then he makes some little bequests. He remembers all the poor people round about him, and leaves a pound to a "poor man, nearly blind, who often sits on the churchyard brae." His thoughts drew once more to Miss Gibson, and then to his kindred. "It is awful to think that I cannot live and cannot die without shocking my relatives. They have not been out of my mind for a moment for a very long time. It is a dreadful alternative. I will make it as little shocking as possible. I will lay down the burden, which I can no longer bear, in some sequestered place; I think in that solemn, sacred, silent spot where my bones will be deposited." The only thing that gives him consolation is the fact that he is not suffering from any wrong he has himself committed. It is not remorse he is suffering from, nor any thing like it. He deplores the fact that the agonies of his mind do not hurt his bodily frame. He is perfectly assured of his sanity. He could wish to live, if he could only forget the past; but that he cannot do. Although he has gone about all his ordinary pursuits, and mixed in society, he has never forgotten for a moment of time the awful situation in which he was placed. He feels the scene is closing over him. He feels no repugnance at the thought of death. On the contrary, if it had been an honorable one, he would have been perfectly happy. Nothing could have had the effect on him that this has had. "Perpetual imprisonment, with all the *squalor carceris* and torture itself, would not have reduced me to my present state. Under all this the spirit and the mind would have remained unsubdued. When these are deeply wounded, all is over. When the heart is sickened to the core there is no remedy. The variegated fields that used to delight me now pall upon my sight, and the changing foliage affords me no delight. I have no refuge, but in the silent and peaceful grave." Once more he dwells, with a low wail of pain, on the old days of mutual vows of affection betwixt them. "Miss Gibson cannot have forgotten, at least ought not to forget, how we anticipated the happiness we had in prospect, and how we imagined ourselves in the possession of all the happiness and enjoyments of the state in which we were to enter, — that we hoped to be blessed with pledges of our affection; and Miss Gibson spoke with pleasure of my fondness for children. Can this be forgotten?" He had thus been at the very gates of the paradise he had conjured up for himself, — had looked into it, and found it exceeding fair; and while he looked, a cruel wind came from within the garden itself, and brought desolation around. The last paragraph he wrote is as fol-

lows; the lines in *italics* having been erased from his manuscript:—

"Well, she has succeeded in bringing about what she wished. She is at full liberty to laugh at me. I suppose few, after all,—bad as the world is,—will envy her of her sport. It is not in all cases the extent of the wrong, but the reflection of by whom it is inflicted, that plants the sting. When Cæsar saw Brutus stab at him, he offered no resistance: his heart burst, and, muffling up his face in a mantle, he fell at the base of Pompey's statue. All is now over. I die in perfect good-will towards every human being. If my feelings may have led me to say any thing offensive respecting Miss. G., I am sorry for it. She has my entire forgiveness. If I have erred in any thing, I hope she will forgive me, and it will be wise in her to forget what may have passed betwixt us. If I could have done this *I would have been happy. There is no use in repining. I never did so before.*"

He was fully bent on suicide. He went all the way to Aberdeen to buy a pistol. It appears that the first one he bought did not please him, and he returned and purchased another. It is believed he went to his native village, St. Cyrus, and tested the pistol on the door of a salmon fish-house. On the morning of Monday, the 29th of September, he looked out of his office, and said there would be rain. He sent some one to the Kirkbrae, where the distant sky could clearly be seen, and found it did not look like much rain. He then went in and dressed himself, with unusual care, in his best suit. As he was going out, his sister spoke of preparing something for his dinner; and he answered, "No, Kate: ye'll not do that. I am going to the country, and I'll maybe no be back to dinner, and I can get something—*if I come, if I come,*" which he repeated twice. Going out, he turned back twice and spoke about rain. He proceeded to the links, and ate a apple or two from a ship that had just come in. The sun shone merrily, and life was going on as usual about him. The golfers were playing on the links, the tradesmen at their usual work, the reapers binding up the yellow corn, the ships sailing out on the great sea. He passed the woods of Kinnaber, where he had "birdnested" with her who had been so faithless to him. He crosses the North Esk, and hastens to the braes of St. Cyrus, where he had spent his childhood. Amid these scenes he had begun the life he now longed to end. How different is he now to then! Then a happy child, with the world before him, and a brave heart to wrestle with it; now a maimed soldier, returning from the battle with a heart's wound. We lose sight of him altogether after this. No one saw him entering the churchyard where he was found next morning; no one heard the fatal shot, nor knew whether the deed was done while the sun was yet high in the heavens, or after it had gone down in the lurid grandeur of the storm that came on that night. Next morning he was found by a herd-boy and two salmon-fishers, lying near the grave of his sister, in the exact spot where he is now buried. "His hands were resting on his breast, the pistol lay with the muzzle resting on his lip near his mouth, and the thumb of the right hand close to the trigger." His face was not touched in the slightest degree by the powder, and he must have put the pistol as far back into his mouth as he could. Beside him lay a letter addressed to his brother David. It is written in his usual clear and regular handwriting. It is most affectionate, but simply tells him the reason of his suicide, and the provisions he had made for him and his sister.

A few days afterwards he was buried where he was found; and a year later a marble tablet was erected to his memory, containing a lengthy tribute to the benevolence of his disposition, the firmness and independence of his principles, and the force and pathos of his genius. The tomb is enclosed with a railing, round which a wild honeysuckle has twined itself, and where it blooms and is fragrant. And so died this little commonplace-looking man, with the power of inexhaustible love in his heart, and the fire of genius in his brain. And some say he was mad, and others that he died of a broken heart.

Of Miss Gibson's feelings about the matter we are not informed. After some interval of time she married Mr. Smart, with whom, it is said, she did not live happily. On their returning from their marriage trip the populace of Montrose, remembering Beattie's wrongs, rose up against them, and they had to take shelter in a neighboring inn. But this state of feeling did not last. The people got used to see her back among them; and it was only when a stranger was walking with a townsman, and a fine-looking woman, very tall, very pale, and defiant in her air, passed, that the townsman would whisper, "That's Miss Gibson!" She lived seventeen years after Beattie's suicide.

We have not left ourselves much space to speak of Beattie's poetry. The principal of these is *John o' Arnha'*, the wild stirring humor and the rollicking fun of which is in strange contrast to the tragic fate of its author. It has been well called a sort of amplified and localized *Tam o' Shanter*. The original of the hero of the story is a certain John Finlay, a native of the little village of Arnhaul. He was town's officer in Montrose, and a well-known character. A local Munchausen, he used to tell endless stories, of which he was always the hero, many of which he used to preface with, "When I was in the army," although he had never served all his life. It is true, as Beattie tells us,—

> "That it had been his happy lot,
> Five times to tie the nuptial knot."

He was once asked which of all his wives he liked best. He replied that he "aye liket the livin' ane." During the reign of his fifth and last wife, some one suggested that he had now come to the end of his matrimonial tether. "Na, he kent o' anither dainty body if Maidie dee'd," was his reply. Some one remarked that he must be a rich man; some of his many wives must have brought him money. "Na," said he, "it was little he made by them, for they all cam' wi' *an auld kist*, and went and ga'ed awa' wi' a new." Such are some of the stories told about the original John. According to Beattie, one fine May morning,—

> "When dewie draps refreshed the corn,
> And tipt ilk stem wi' crystal bead,
> That glistened o' er the spangelt mead
> Like gloam o' sword in fairy wars,"

he came to a *Fair* at Montrose, and worsted the doughty Horner, a celebrated Montrose beagle, in single combat; with the original of whom John Finlay had had many a combat with words. Of this beagle there is told a story about his employing a man to write a letter to some of his friends, announcing the death of his wife. There was some difficulty about the way in which his feelings were to be described. The Horner assures him it must be something very lamentable, and asks him what he would suggest. The man asks him if he shall say, "He is like a dove mourning for its mate." That was not considered strong enough. "Like a sparrow on the housetop alone," is next suggested. That was better, but not quite the thing. On the man proposing, "Like a bear bereft of her whelps," he exclaimed, "Ay, put that down, it's the very thing." There is a story told about a neighbor of his, which may find a place here. A worthy man, with a little capital, set up a wool mill. Coming home one evening, at the end of the first year, he appeared in great good-humor, and meeting his wife at the door, he says, "Ye'll mak' a drap tea till's, gudewife.' Tea was then a considerable rarity, and looked upon in the light of a luxury. "Ou ay," says his wife; "but what's ado wi' ye the nicht?" "Eh, 'oman, the milly's doin' fine; she has cleared hersel' already and something forbye." The next night he was looking rather disconsolate. On his wife inquiring if again he was to have tea, "Na," says he, "we'll ha'e nae mair o' that stuff. That stupid blockhead Jock, in balancing the books, added in the Anno Domini along wi' the pounds!"

After his victory John sets about returning to Arnha. He loses himself in the dark beside the North Esk, and is met by a water-kelpie. The unearthly monster, finding her-

self beaten, and enraged by listening to John's bragging of his illustrious exploits, and of this his last and greatest, calls in a legion of witches and warlocks, before whom John's spirit quails. These are accompanied by the ghosts of those John had slain in his encounters; and when he is put on his trial before Satan as judge, they give evidence against him. Just then —

"Aurora peep'd athwart the gloom;
The gray cock clapp'd his wings, and crew;
And, helter skelter, swift off flew
The deil and a' the infernal crew."

And John returns to tell his wonderful adventures to one of the

"Five sweet flowers,
As ever blush'd in bridal bowers."

The poem is full of grotesque imagery and fun, through which there runs a strain of pathos. The Scotch is capital, and as forcible and descriptive as the most enthusiastic admirer of the language could wish. Of his other poems we may mention "The Murdent Mynstrell," which contains some pretty lines: —

"Her haire was faire, her eyne were blue,
And the dimples o' luve play'd roun' her sweet mou';
Ane angell from God mocht ha'e kist that sweet face,
And returnit to heaven all pure from the embrace."

"The Dream" contains some very effective passages, and is throughout highly poetic, reminding us in some points of Ossian. "Kitty Pert," of whom it is said "she liket zneeshin and liked it zcented," is full of spirit, and is worth study from the peculiar nature of the dialect, then common among the fishing population of Montrose, and very unlike the surrounding Scotch. The following lines were found after his death, along with the statement which he named "The Last," and bear the impress of the despairing state of his mind: —

"Say, what is worse than black despair?
'Tis that sick hope too weak for flying,
That plays at fast and loose with care,
And wastes a weary life in dying.

"Though promise be a welcome guest,
Yet it may be too late a comer;
'Tis but a cuckoo voice at best, —
The joy of spring, scarce heard in summer.

"Then now consent this very hour;
Let the kind word of peace be spoken:
Like dew upon a wither'd flower,
Is comfort to the heart that's broken.

"The heart, whose will is from above,
May yet its mortal taint discover;
For Time, which cannot alter love,
Hath power to kill the hapless lover."

TENNYSON AND THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW."

THE "Last Tournament" is intended by its author to occupy a place amongst the "Idylls of the King," between Pelleas and Guinevere, forming as it does a fitting introduction to the doom of Tristram, and to the full disclosure of Lancelot's ill-starred attachment to the queen of the "blameless king," who loved both his wife and his knight too well to dream of suspicion. Here we have depicted in detail the ruin of all Arthur's highest purposes, the failure of his noblest hopes in founding "the Table Round." That ruin is æsthetically rendered magnificent, as it shines in the light of the poet's splendid idealization; that failure is rendered morally grander than ordinary successes, as it points to a faith in an Almighty Disposer, who shatters our hopes only to purify and to elevate them, while high above the "broken music," the discords, and the moral chaos of society, the poet sings to us the true harmony — not to be found on earth —

"That makes a silent music up in heaven,
And I, and Arthur, and the angels hear."

Here, in detail we have all that Arthur glanced at in that most tenderly terrible scene of his parting with Guinevere: —

"Then came thy shameful sin with Lancelot;
Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt;
Then others following these, my mightiest knights,
And drawing foul ensample from fair names,
Sinned also, till the loathsome opposite
Of all my heart had destined did obtain."

For the story of the "Last Tournament" we must refer our readers to the poem itself, as we have space only for a few comments upon it. It is, in the first place, singularly coherent, as a part of a coherent and comprehensive Arthurian epic; a subject which some of our readers may be surprised to learn was twice contemplated by Milton himself. The first mention of such a purpose is found in the verses which Milton sent to Manso in 1739, before leaving Naples: —

"Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arthurumque etiam sub terris bella moventem
Aut dicam *invictæ* sociali fœdere *mensæ*
Magnanmos heroas."

Again, on his return to England, our greatest epic poet professes his determination to make Arthur and his Round Table the subject of an epic poem; as we may see in the "Epitaphium Damonis," in a passage too long to quote.

"The Idylls" are an Arthurian epic, of various, but harmonious parts, with each part, not like the limbs of a living body, necessarily dependent upon and co-ordinate with other limbs in the same frame, but correlated to other parts in that true epic unity which requires that the incidents shall have one common bearing and one common centre of interest, and all the characters shall co-operate towards one common object. King Arthur, and his sublime effort to regenerate society by putting down all that is base or mean, and lifting up all that is pure — is the centre and circumference of this epic circle, in which the Laureate has idealized and sublimated into the highest inspiration of poetry, the sombre and half-forgotten legends of "the blameless king." A nobler mark was never aimed at by the winged words of any poet, — save Milton himself, as he sang —

"To assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man."

As each part of the "Idylls" is in perfect harmony with the other parts, echoing the same sentiment, colored with the same color, though in varying shades, so is each part of this last Idyll in perfect harmony of form and color and tone with its every other part. It is a marvel of subtle harmonies, of delicate consistencies. It sings of the glory of the Round Table as "no more;" of the downfall of King Arthur's hopes at a time when he looked for the golden fruit of his labor, and found only the withered leaf. Hence it becomes the saddest of all the poet's Idylls; its very words weep; its music falls upon our heart like a dirge for the dead; its verses wail like the wailing winds of autumn, that scatter the leaves at our feet. Then look to the true art of the poet, in choosing autumn — "the fall," (as the Americans beautifully call it) — as the season of the "Last Tournament," and so running a parallel between the moral decline of chivalry, and the decline of nature at the "Fall" of the year, with its "yellowing woods," "the faded fields," "the withered leaf," —

"When fell thick rain, plume droopt, and mantle clung,
And pettish cries awoke, and the wan day
Went glooming down in wet and weariness."

When Arthur has to mourn over his broken hopes and baffled purposes, —

"All in a death-dumb autumn dripping gloom."

Then, like its own "autumntide," the poem is singularly rich in coloring and in picturesqueness, to a degree not to be found in the other Idylls; as if the poet wished to gild the departing day of chivalry with an aureole of glory — with "a wide-winged sunset" of many splendors. In this short poem there are no fewer than about fifty passages descriptive of color, in which the yellow and golden hues of autumn are most conspicuous. Nor is this all. Metaphors and similes are drawn from the same season of sadness and corruption. The fond and faithful fool of King Arthur —

"Danced like a *withered leaf* before the hall."

King Arthur speaks of his younger knights as not yet reaching the harvest of their promise.

"My younger knights: new made, in whom the flower
Waits to be *solid fruit of golden deeds*."

Then the ruby carcanet is set forth as —

"The *red fruit*
Grown on a magic oak-tree in mid-heaven."

It has been objected to little Dagonet, King Arthur's fool, in the Idylls, that he is out of place in so sad a strain, and out of nature in the bitterness of his grief, as he grieves with his royal master's grief. On the contrary, we think the introduction of Dagonet is a master-touch of the poet. It answers many purposes of the poem which could in no other way be so well answered. It supplies a chartered tongue, free as the winds of heaven, to blow upon the vices of the court; it heightens by contrasted lights the darkest shadows of the appalling features of moral grandeur in ruins, and the whole tone of melancholy which pervades the poem. The conception of Dagonet is partly Homeric, partly Shakspearian. His stinging sarcasm, his forbidding appearance, his incessant babble, and even the expression "hedge of teeth," ἕρκος ὀδόντων, are thoroughly Homeric. On the other hand, his loyalty to his lord, his true tenderness of heart, and the sound sense he masks under the "motley" garb of folly, remind us of King Lear's fool. Who will venture to blame Shakspeare for introducing "a fool" to babble folly with King Lear, in that "tragedy of tragedies," as it has been happily termed? Like Lear, King Arthur has fallen the victim of too generous and trustful a heart; like Lear, his household gods have been shattered around him; like Lear, from the abyss of his riven heart he cries from earth to heaven, and on earth finds his poor court fool the only faithful amongst all the faithless, as he clings and sobs to Arthur's feet, with a world of sadness on his lips: —

"I am thy fool,
And I shall never make thee smile again."

How nobly does the fool vindicate his royal master in these lines, which we quote in full: —

"And Tristram, — 'Then were swine, goats, asses, geese,
The wiser fools, seeing thy Paynim bard
Had such a mastery of his mystery
That he could harp his wife up out of hell.'

"Then Dagonet, turning on the ball of his foot, —
'And whither harp'st thou thine? down! and thyself
Down! and two more: a helpful harper thou,
That harpest downward! Dost thou know the star
We call the harp of Arthur up in heaven?'

"And Tristram, — 'Ay, Sir Fool; for when our king
Was victor well-nigh day by day, the knights,
Glorying in each new glory, set his name
High on all hills, and in the signs of heaven.'

"And Dagonet answered, 'Ay; and when the land
Was freed, and the queen false, ye set yourself
To babble about him, all to show your wit, —
And whether he were king by courtesy,
Or king by right, — and so went harping down
The black king's highway, got so far, and grew
So witty, that ye play'd at ducks and drakes
With Arthur's vows on the great lake of fire.
Tuwhoo! do ye see it? do ye see the star?'

"'Nay, fool,' said Tristram; 'not in *open* day.'
And Dagonet, — 'Nay, nor will; I see it and hear.
It makes a silent music up in heaven,
And I, and Arthur, and the angels hear,
And then we skip.' 'Lo, fool,' he said; 'ye talk
Fool's treason: is the king thy brother fool?'
Then little Dagonet clapped his hand and shrill'd,
'Ay, ay; my brother fool, the king of fools!
Conceits himself as God that he can make
Figs out of thistles, silk from bristles, milk
From burning spurge, honey from hornet combs,
And men from beasts — Long live the king of fools!'"

The wealth of illustration in the poem is not its least charm. How true to nature is this picture: —

"Far over sands *marbled* with *moon* and *cloud*."

And how charming this: —

"And down a street-way hung with folds of pure
White sarcenet; and by fountains running wine,
Where children sat in white with cups of gold."

And this: —

"Tintagil — half in sea, and high on land,
A crown of towers."

Then how resonant of Nature's sweetest and grandest melodies are such sounds as "the wandering warble of the brook," and the "low roll of autumn thunder," and, —

"The voice that bellowed round the barriers roar
An ocean-sounding welcome to the knight."

And lastly we must note that here too, as elsewhere in Tennyson's great epic, we find those single gems of thought, reflecting the light of experience and wisdom as well as the splendor of genius; proverbial as well as poetical, teaching us even while they charm us, individual indeed, like those of Shakspeare, as illustrative of particular points of character, but universal, as applicable to all humanity. Such, for example, as —

"The greater man, the greater courtesy."

In a recent *Quarterly* there is a very unfair attack, from whatever motive, on Tennyson as a poet, compared with Byron as a poet. We will not say that this attempt to win back the fading popularity of Byron at the expense of Tennyson was dictated by any commercial motives; but we must be allowed to say that the proprietors of the *Quarterly* and of Byron's works seem, in this case, to have degraded a great literary review into what looks very much like an advertising medium. The writer of this singular article professes to deal only with the *comparative* reputation of Tennyson, not with his *positive* merits. But how this can be accomplished is beyond our simple comprehension; believing, as we do, that all comparisons are worthless as means of determining the comparative merits and demerits of poets, unless in the first case we determine something of the positive merits of the poets to be compared. Let this pass. But with whom does this writer elect to compare Tennyson? Is it with his living contemporaries? Is it with the mighty masters of minstrelsy long gone down to the grave, who wrote in the same metre, touched upon like topics, and sang in a kindred strain? It is with none of these that the comparison is made, but with a poet with whom Tennyson has little or nothing in common, and this, too, under the transparent guise of reviewing a German work, of which "the English translation is in hand," but which has not yet appeared. This, too, wears a very ugly look, but not one whit worse than the fulsome praise written in the same journal on Lord Lytton's "Horace" (one of the

worst translations ever written, as we have shown elsewhere) — even before the translation appeared to the public eye. If such things are done in the green tree, what are we to expect in the dry?

1. The writer of the article in question has spared us some trouble in refuting his attack on Tennyson, for he has refuted himself. At one time this writer accepts the critical canon of Chamfort, that "what makes the success of numerous works is the affinity between the *mediocrity* of the ideas of the author, and the *mediocrity* of the ideas of the public." Now, if this is a valid rule to account for Tennyson's present and ever-growing popularity, it is equally valid to account for Byron's once unrivalled popularity, when his sunrise passed at once into the meridian of fame. But will the writer here stick to his theory, and maintain that the popularity of the poet of his heart was based upon "*mediocrity of ideas*," even against his own assertion of the transcendent genius of the poet? What, however, becomes of this theory and its application to Tennyson, when, as the writer admits, this poet has become the chosen bard of the educated classes of England; that is, of those who know best how to appreciate and appraise poetry? If we judge poems too commonly, as we are here told, "rather by our own feelings, prejudices, and passions, than by their inherent and individual qualities, — and no man is a fair judge who does not habitually analyze his impressions as they are caught up or imbibed," — then on this writer's own showing the most highly cultured classes are the best judges of poetry, as they can best analyze their own feelings. It is notorious that the world of poetic wealth to be found in the meditative poetry of Milton and Wordsworth was lost to the English nation for a considerable time, until its eyes were opened by culture. What Addison accomplished in this way in the "Spectator" for Milton's poetry, De Quincey accomplished in his "Essays" for Wordsworth's muse. Time and culture we look upon as the best tests of the poetry that is most worthy to live.

2. We cannot go along with this writer in his assumption that the best poems are those which best bear literal or prose translation. This test holds good only of poems when the matter is all in all, rather than the spirit and the manner of the poet. Is this a test in any way fair to poets such as Virgil and Tennyson, whose marvellous beauty of presentation is one of their greatest charms, whose tender grace and subtlest idealization are untranslatable, like the pale roses of Lesbos, which lost their honey when they breathed an alien air, like the plant of Milton, which bore its "own bright golden flower" only upon "one soil"? Does it follow that that poet has failed in his art who, by a perfect mastery over his own language, and the metre of that language, has sung forth marvellous melodies, which ring in the brain and the heart of an educated and an enraptured nation, which can understand him, because, forsooth, he becomes less powerful as a poet when translated into the tongue of others who do not understand him? Why, even this writer confesses that "Tennyson's greatest beauties are untranslatable;" *they are too delicate*, and as M. Taine, speaking of the female characters of the poet, observes, that "I could never try to translate a single one of these portraits; every word is like a tint, curiously heightened or softened by a neighboring tint, with all the hardihood and the success of the happiest refinement. The least alteration would upset all."

Far truer is another test supplied elsewhere in this article, that "the highest quality of the highest genius is to dispense with exact knowledge of what it paints or shadows forth, to grasp distant ages by intuition, like Shakspeare, or to pierce the mind's eye like Milton." This quality the writer has not shown to belong to Byron, while he denies it to Tennyson, and goes on to observe: "But when a poet habitually mixes up his *individuality* with extreme objects, or draws largely on his own impressions and reminiscences, the tone of his poetry will necessarily be much influenced by his commerce with the world, and as Tennyson is fond of appearing in his own person in his works, he certainly is under some disadvantage in this respect." This charge, we take it, is far more applicable to Byron than to Tennyson. Self, selfish conceits, selfish indulgences, selfish hatreds and loves, are the staple of Byron's songs, from the largest to the least. In Tennyson's greatest poems, — his "Œnone" and the Arthurian Epic, — and in a large number of his other poems, there is "no appearing in his own person." In the "Idylls of the King," more than in any poem of Byron's, we certainly find that "highest quality of the highest genius" which dispenses with exact knowledge, as it paints and "grasps the distant ages" of a remote past, and pierces to the misty grandeur of our noblest national legends.

Can this writer be serious when he tells us the voice of Tennyson is "mild as the sucking dove, when he communes with nature or rails against mankind"? He has forgotten the heart-shaking speech of King Arthur to the guilty Guinevere, when he denounces her as his "kingdom's curse" — and the burning reproaches he pours from a heart of fire upon his faithless "Amy" in "Locksley Hall"? Are such the utterances of a "sucking dove"? Let any one read the description of the storm in the "Holy Grail," and catch, if he can, especially in these lines, the mild utterance of the sucking dove, —

> "Ye could not hear the waters for the blast,
> Though heapt in mounds and ridges all the sea."

The highest place in creative art belongs, we think, to those who have best combined originality and range of imagination with felicity of execution. Of the delicacy of Mr. Tennyson's workmanship, and the felicity of his execution, there can be no question: in this respect, Byron when compared with him, or rather contrasted, is nowhere. The originality of Byron's creations, and the range of his imagination, are as "moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine," when compared with those of Tennyson. In the freest and highest flight of his imagination, Byron never liberates himself from the narrow range of self. No great poet had so little of imaginative power; he could not project himself into another, and every character he casts is cast in his own mould. As M. Taine writes, "They are his own sorrows, his own results, his own travels, which, hardly transformed and modified, he introduces into his verses. He does not invent, but observes; he does not create, but narrates." On the contrary, how varied in color, how multiform in shape, is the creative energy of Tennyson's imagination in all his poems! Uniform only in their artistic excellence, without iteration; wealthy in a manifold imagination, which gilds their varied sentiments; fertile in fancy in constructing, or embellishing his story with novelty of incidents, and enriching it with almost every type of character, with moods and feelings and passions of all kinds and all degrees. Again, to quote M. Taine, the first of Continental critics, "Tennyson wrote in every accent, and delighted to enter into the feelings of all ages. He wrote of St. Agnes, St. Symon Stylites, Ulysses, Œnone, Sir Galahad, Lady Clare, Fatima, the Sleeping Beauty. He imitated alternately Homer and Chaucer, Theocritus and Spenser, the old English poets, and the old Arabian poets. He gave life successively to the little real events of English life and the great fantastic adventures of extinguished chivalry. He was like those musicians who use their bow in the service of all masters."

MY NEIGHBOR.

It was, I think, Dr. Johnson who pronounced that none should write the life of a man but those who had eaten, drunk, and lived in social intercourse with him. Now, I never did so much as this, or any thing like so much, in regard to my neighbor. But then, it is not of his life that I purpose to write, but rather of his death; and certain events that happened thereupon.

There was but a party-wall, a few inches thick, dividing between us; and yet we were absolute strangers, knowing nothing of each other's method of existence. "London is a bad place," wrote Joseph Andrews to Pamela; "and there is so little good-fellowship that the next-door neigh-

bors don't know one another." It was so with my neighbor and myself.

We were both tenants of chambers in an inn of Court — let it be called Cursitor's Inn. It was a curious, out-of-date, out-of-the-world sort of precinct, carrying on an exclusive and detached career, with vested interests, traditions, manners, and customs of its own. It resembled one of those inferior fortresses to be read of in history; which, overlooked or "turned" by an invading enemy, remain uncapitulated, and persevere in a defiant attitude, — their guns loaded, the sentinels wakeful and alert, the inhabitants much straitened, — long after the war which menaced them has altogether passed away, and peace has once more been securely re-established throughout the land. It was as a poor relation of the rich and famous inns, claiming kindred with the courts of law and equity, but scarcely having its claim allowed; for its pedigree was in a sadly-tattered condition, and its title-deeds were imperfect. Lawyers inhabited it no more. Its grimy and decayed buildings were let to any who chose to occupy them — to any who would pay a sufficiently high rent for the privilege of dwelling in murky, sordid, worm-eaten premises, inconvenient, unwholesome, and barbaric in all their arrangements, and possessed of but one recommendation, — their exceeding quiet. When once you had escaped from the uproar of the neighboring highways, and taken refuge in one of the confined quadrangles of Cursitor's Inn, there you found peace, at any rate; unkept, unpicturesque, prison-like in its restrictions and seclusion, yet certainly peace. The costermonger was denied admission; the cries of itinerant dealers were forbidden; the street-musician was silenced. As to these matters, the ordinances of Cursitor's Inn were peremptory.

Let it be added that the inn was a parish in itself, and governed by its own beadle; that it contained a few blighted trees, and a plot or two of withered grass; that it possessed a diminutive chapel, in which, at intervals, — no one knew, and no one cared exactly when, — a mildewed chaplain, in a crumpled surplice, read a hazy version of the liturgy; or, in a rusty cassock, muttered through a brief and perfunctory sermon, the congregation, the while, being of an almost impalpable kind; and that it boasted a hall of its own. This was a dusky, dilapidated edifice, crowned by a lantern and weathercock; and adorned over its chief door, upon a side of the building which seemed to be always in the shade, with a sun-dial of enormous scale, and the motto, underwritten in dim gold letters, of *Tempori parendum*. The interior was feebly lighted by foggy stained-glass windows, decked with the crests and coats-of-arms of numerous forgotten worthies — presumably, in times long past, cursitors, or functionaries of some such vague quality, and in that way involved in historical connection with the inn. This hall, with whatever object it may have been founded originally, was now mainly used upon audit-days, when the treasurer of the inn sat in a kind of state to greet such tenants as were prepared, after due notice, to pay quarterly instalments of their respective rents. It was one of the traditions of Cursitor's Inn that on these occasions the disbursing tenant should be regaled with a glass of nutty sherry and a slice of clammy plum-cake. Further, it was required of him that he should shake hands with the treasurer. These ceremonies duly accomplished, his liabilities and duties were over; the hall remained unoccupied, and no further tidings could be gathered concerning the treasurer, the benchers, stewards, or ancients of Cursitor's Inn, until the arrival of next quarter-day.

My neighbor's door bore no inscription. I had no certain information as to his name. Occasionally, however, I had some faint tidings of him. The laundress who, in the language of the Inn, "did for" me, now and then let fall brief speech concerning him. She was known to me as Mrs. Crisp; and I feel bound to state, on her behalf, that she was a highly respectable specimen of a class that has been habitually subjected to rather an excess of disparagement and caricature. Her aspect was unattractive, and her method of dress was certainly negligent. She appeared in a bonnet of frayed and battered character, upon occasions when women generally are wont to discard such head-gear. Still her custom in this respect concerned only herself, and was therefore entitled to the tolerant view of others. She was punctual, she was honest, and she was perfectly respectful in manner. That the premises and chattels under her charge were not more scrupulously cared for, could scarce be brought in accusation against her. The bachelor rarely enlists under that dominant household flag, the duster. He does not object to litter, and finds a sort of comfort in confusion. He discovers advantages in disorder that are not to be perceived by the eyes of married folk. He is slow to appreciate the virtue of knocking dust off one object in order that, after existing for a while as a choking cloud, it may resolutely resettle upon another. In short, Mrs. Crisp's failures and shortcomings in this regard were with the connivance and sanction of her employer. She accomplished sufficiently all that was required of her. What laundress, what woman, could do more?

But she gossiped. She had her sex's love of fluent utterance. She was not my neighbor's laundress; but she was prone to interchange news with the professional sisters, and so gathered some vague knowledge of him — soiled, perhaps, and deteriorated in value, like a coin of the realm, from excess of traffic and circulation. The laundresses of Cursitor's Inn were accustomed to assemble of mornings in the neighborhood of the pump, as though it had been a market-place, and they had wares to vend or buy. With water we were ill supplied in the Inn: it was necessary to bring it from a distance, like beer, in jugs and cans. At the time our buildings were first constructed, washing was, no doubt, considered as one of the luxuries and superfluities of life, and therefore easily to be dispensed with; while, for drinking purposes, other and more potent founts than the pump were by preference resorted to. The laundresses met to draw water: they tarried to tattle. Their congregation was as a humble or dame school for scandal.

Items of floating intelligence relative to the Inn, its denizens and doings, were from time to time urged in my direction by the breath of Mrs. Crisp. Her discourse did not need the stimulus of interrogation. I had but to listen, and I did that as little as I could; retreating behind my newspaper, or affecting that my attention was otherwise engaged. Still Mrs. Crisp would talk.

I soon found that in regard to my neighbor Mrs. Crisp had very little to disclose that was at all of a trustworthy nature. As to the names of people and places, I had always known her to be inaccurate. Her speech was fully marked by that want of preciseness which so usually attends volubility. She alluded to my neighbor now as Mr. Clithero, now as Mr. Pitherick; sometimes as Mr. Getteridge, and anon as Mr. Chitterling. It occasioned me no surprise to find that his name — when I ultimately came to know it beyond question — was none of these. He was really called Nathan George Clayborne.

The truth came to me at last in this wise. The beadle of the Inn called upon me one morning clothed in his full uniform — snuff-color turned up with saffron — and tendered me a slip of blue, official-looking paper. As usual with him, there was a bright varnish of perspiration spread over his rubicund complexion, and his speech was husky almost to unintelligibility. But on this occasion his hands shook more than ordinarily, and there was an unaccustomed excitement in his glance. He muttered that the paper was to be delivered to me with Somebody's compliments,— I have not the least idea whose,— and that Somebody — name still unknown — would be exceedingly obliged if I would give early attention to it. He then shuffled away with an unsteady gait.

Of course I examined the beadle's document. It was a summons to attend a coroner's inquest. I was charged personally to appear at the hall of Cursitor's Inn upon a stated day, then and there to inquire on her Majesty's behalf, touching the death of Nathan George Clayborne, and further to do and execute such other matters and things as should then and there be given me in charge, and not to depart without leave. "Hereof fail not, at your peril," said

the slip of paper; which, in addition, informed me that jurymen not attending pursuant to summons were liable to a penalty of forty shillings.

So my neighbor was dead, and I was bound, under a penalty, to attend the inquest upon his remains. At last, then, but in a very grim sort of way, I was to make his acquaintance.

Had I ever seen him? I began to ask myself. Did I know him even by sight? Certainly we had been neighbors for some years, and occasionally, ascending or descending our dimly-lighted staircase, I had met on the way some one who, no doubt, was Mr. Clayborne. But we had never interchanged a word. We had just paused a moment, or moved aside, to allow each other to pass, and there was an end of the matter. As to what manner of man he was, I had never noted particularly, and had little idea. I retained an impression, however, that he was portly of figure — he seemed to need more space on the staircase than I did — and somewhat advanced in years. He was high and round-shouldered, I thought I recollected; deliberate in his movements, with a cautious, heavy tread. As to his face and features, I was quite without knowledge.

The party-wall that divided us was not too thick, and I had often heard him moving to and fro in his rooms: not noisily, for he was one of the quietest of men; very different in that respect to certain other of my neighbors, who were prone to uproar upon occasion, who entertain turbulent company, and indulged in efforts of song and dance of a violent kind. Still, I could hear him cough, or draw a cork, or throw coals upon his fire in the winter-time. The sound of voices conversing in his apartments had never been audible to me. He led a solitary life. So far as I knew, no one ever called upon him. I never remembered to have seen or heard the postman delivering letters to him. And his black, battered, nameless door was always fast closed. He was never "at home" to any one; and no one was troubled or disappointed thereat, or knew, or cared a bit about it. And now we were to "sit upon" his body. That was the accepted phrase.

"Sorry to trouble you," said the treasurer; "but you see we're bound to do it. Never did such a thing happen before in the Inn: not within my experience. But it won't take long; a mere matter of form. Much obliged to you for coming. We're expecting the coroner every moment. Take a chair." His manner combined apology with cheerfulness. He was a little excited by the occasion; but viewed it as rather of a bracing and exhilarating tendency, by reason perhaps of its novelty.

We were assembled in the gloomy yet picturesque hall of the inn, waiting for the coroner, detained, it was whispered, by a shocking case of suicide on Saffron Hill, there being just a doubt as to whether it wasn't rather a matter of murder. The beadle was understood to have had some trouble in collecting a quorum of us; and now, overcome by his exertions, he was sitting on the steps of the hall, dabbing his purple countenance with a red cotton handkerchief. Until the proper officer arrived, we had nothing to do but to thrust our hands in our pockets and stare at each other, with an inclination, such as an unusual situation often engenders, to strike up sudden friendship. For, though all dwellers in the inn, we were, for the most part, unacquainted with each other. It struck me that we were not a very impressive or respectable looking congregation. We resembled as much a gang of conspirators awaiting trial and sentence, as an impartial and responsible jury assembled to try or to inquire. One of our number, if not more than one, had, I think, been up all night. I especially noted a gentleman of jaded and vacuous aspect, very incomplete and dishevelled as to his toilet. I have seen men of his look and expression attending public executions, — when the law permitted such, — after passing a wakeful and potulent night in waiting for the dreadful spectacle. His presence was secured to complete our number, under extreme pressure on the part of the beadle. He had a suspicion, I fancy, that he was himself to be the subject of some judicial process. Possibly he deserved so to be. Strange to say, he initiated a sort of acquaintanceship with me. He nodded to me in the most friendly manner. Then he advanced, and said hoarsely: "Don't the inn stand sherry on these occasions?" Could he have imagined that he was there to pay his rent?

"Your waistcoat's all buttoned wrong," I took leave to whisper; "and the bow of your necktie's under your ear."

"Under my ear, is it? O Lord!" he said with a strange shudder. Then the coroner entered abruptly, and we all drew our chairs to a long table covered with green baize, and well supplied with articles of stationery.

"Sorry to be late, gentlemen," said the coroner. "Couldn't help it. Where's the beadle? Swear these gentlemen."

We were duly sworn, the beadle much perplexed as to the proper form of oath. I noticed that the Testament was quite a new one. The Inn had evidently found it necessary to send out and purchase the same, not discovering such a volume in its library.

We were rather an incoherent and inert body; but the briskness and decision of the coroner, who seemed versed even to callousness in the peculiar duties of his office, soon endowed us with a certain form and a measure of vitality.

"It's a simple matter, gentlemen, I take it," he said; "but a case of sudden death like this we're bound to inquire into. You've got your witnesses in attendance, beadle? Now, who identifies the body? Any relative of the deceased present?"

There was no relative of the deceased present. So far as could be then ascertained, he had no relatives; but a gentleman who described himself as the solicitor of the dead man, stepped forward. Having been sworn, he stated that he had seen the body, and identified it as that of Mr. Nathan George Clayborne. The solicitor had observed mention in the newspapers of the death in the inn, and had at once put himself in communication with the proper authorities. Mr. Clayborne had been for many years a client of his. He had been in the habit of seeing the deceased regularly once a month or so for a long time past, in relation to certain house-property and money advanced on mortgage. But the solicitor knew nothing of Mr. Clayborne's habits or private life, of his origin, family, or connections, and could give no information as to the cause of his death or the circumstances attending that event. He had last seen Mr. Clayborne some ten days since, when he appeared to be enjoying his usual health. Nothing in his manner at that time called for remark.

"That will do so far," said the coroner. "Now swear the laundress."

The oath was then administered to Hannah Baker, a little old woman, shabbily dressed, and armed with a large door-key. She appeared disposed to use that instrument as a weapon of offence, should the occasion so require, and viewed our proceedings rather acrimoniously. I had overheard her previously communicate to the beadle that she had "no opinion" of inquests, and demanded why all this "rubbish" — meaning the jury — should be worrying about her poor dear gentleman. In reply to the coroner's interrogations, she deposed: Yes; her name was Hannah Baker. She was a widow woman. She had been a laundress in the inn for long years, as many knew, and could swear to, if necessary. She was Mr. Clayborne's laundress, and had been so ever since he first came to the inn. Couldn't say when that was, only it was a time ago now. She defied any one to say a word against her character.

"You were his laundress," said the coroner, taking notes. "You made his bed, I suppose, and so on?"

"No: I didn't," answered Mrs. Baker, rather fiercely. "For, as it happens, he never went to bed!"

I found myself nudged. The gentleman who had, as I believed, been up all night, whispered to me: "Always knew he was a regular one." He had not until then been paying much heed to the proceedings; indeed, he had been entertaining himself with sketching a portrait of the beadle upon a sheet of foolscap paper.

"Never went to bed!" said the coroner. There was what a reporter would have called "a sensation in court."

It then appeared that the deceased had been troubled with an asthmatic affection, and could not endure a recumbent posture. He was understood to pass the night habitually in an arm-chair, with a blanket wrapped round him. But on this head the witness had no direct evidence to offer.

Mrs. Baker resumed. The deceased was a "precautious" gentleman. He did not intrust her with the key of his chambers. She knocked at his door every morning at a stated hour, and was admitted by him. She lighted his fire, cooked a red herring, brought in with her a newspaper, and prepared his breakfast. That repast finished, there was an end of her labors until the next day. He gave no trouble, and was very silent. He had forbidden her to speak to him. She described him as of "dissentric" habits — meaning probably eccentric. ("Don't see it at present," murmured my brother-juror who had been up all night, and who now, having completed his portrait of the beadle, was engaged in sketching the coroner.) He was regular in his payments; "And I wish there was more in the inn like him," added Mrs. Baker, with an invidious glare at the jury.

"Now as to the discovery of the body," said the coroner.

Mrs. Baker's was a simple story. She had knocked at Mr. Clayborne's door at the usual time: she had knocked and knocked again. She had waited, gone away, and returned after an interval. Still there had been no answer to her summons: Mr. Clayborne had not appeared to admit her. She had become alarmed: she had taken counsel with the porters of the inn. A ladder had been procured after considerable delay; entrance to Mr. Clayborne's chambers had been obtained through one of the windows. (I may here interpose a statement: I, who lived on the same floor, had heard nothing, knew nothing, dreamed nothing of all this.) Mr. Clayborne was found to be dead. He was dressed: he had, apparently, slipped from the sofa in his sitting-room on to the floor. He was half-stretched on the carpet, half-leaning against the seat of the sofa. His hand grasped the table-cover: he had seized this as he fell, and dragged it down with him. The fragments of a bottle of sherry were found strewed beside him. A wine-glass had also fallen, but, strange to say, remained intact. It was, Mrs. Baker explained, the only glass the deceased possessed; he never, so far as she knew, entertained friends. The cork had not been drawn from the neck of the bottle, the corkscrew was still sticking in it. Nothing else had been disturbed in the room. The doors and windows were all secure. No one could possibly have obtained admission to the chambers unknown to the deceased. There were no marks of violence upon the body, or upon any portion of the furniture or fittings of the rooms; no evidences other than those set forth of a struggle having taken place between the deceased and any other person. She had always understood Mr. Clayborne to be a gentleman of private fortune, but had no certain knowledge of the fact. He did not follow any profession or trade that she was aware of. No visitors had ever called upon him while she was in attendance upon him. She never knew him to drink to excess; was sure he never did. He was very economical in his ways, but never seemed in want of money. He dressed shabbily; his age she judged to be about sixty.

Mrs. Baker's story as to the discovery of the body was fully confirmed by the evidence of one of the porters. This man had mounted the ladder and entered the room, after breaking a pane of glass, and unfastening the lock of the window; he knew the deceased by sight, and had often seen him about the inn — had never observed him to be intoxicated; was certain to have noticed it if such had been the case. Had never seen him in company with any other party. Deceased was invariably alone whenever witness had met him. He had never spoken to witness.

The surgeon was next called. He had been sent for immediately on the discovery of the body. The deceased was a perfect stranger to him. Life was extinct when the surgeon arrived. The body was quite cold. Mr. Clayborne had been dead many hours. There were no marks of violence. Death was to be attributed to natural causes, "fatty degeneration of the heart." There had been a post-mortem examination. The deceased was of full habit: there was nothing to betoken an intemperate manner of life. Could the surgeon more particularly account for Mr. Clayborne's demise? Well, if the jury remembered, the weather had been very sultry; very trying to one of Mr. Clayborne's constitution. His heart was in a feeble state; he had, perhaps, been exerting himself a little in endeavoring to draw the cork from the bottle of wine. In cases of this kind, the slightest effort was sometimes fatal. He was liable at any moment to an arrest of the heart's action. A sudden faintness had overtaken him; he had staggered, missed his footing, and fallen. It had all been the work of a moment. His heart had ceased to beat — forever. That was the medical man's opinion of the case. That was how my neighbor had come by his death.

"It seems all quite clear," said the coroner. "But the jury must view the body — merely as a matter of form."

So we straggled after the beadle to the premises of the departed. It seemed very strange to me to be ascending that staircase, *not* to enter my own chambers, but an uninvited guest to intrude upon my neighbor's. There was not room for us all to accomplish our dismal errand at once. We viewed in detachments the sad spectacle afforded us. My neighbor's dwelling-place — in which I now stood for the first and only time in my life — was plainly but substantially furnished. There was even an air of comfort about the rooms, although the Turkey carpet was worn and dusty, and the moreen curtains and chair-covers were very dim of hue. A few old-fashioned engravings, in maple frames — one especially I noted, "The Angel releasing Peter," and one or two dark impenetrable oil-paintings — hung upon the walls. Mrs. Baker accompanied us, eying us suspiciously, I thought, as trespassers, and possibly marauders. We had no business there, she held; we might steal something; though, for that matter, there was little enough to steal. Still there was one thing I coveted, although, I own, the feeling was foolish. Upon the mantlepiece stood the one wine-glass possessed by Mr. Clayborne, which had fallen when he fell, and yet had escaped damage. I longed for that wine-glass, as a relic and memento of my neighbor, whom I had never known in life, and whom I was now to know in death more intimately than he could ever have conceived possible.

I will deal briefly with the grim sight we came upon the call of duty to see. I was content with a glance at it — thankful to be able to avert my eyes. The poor soul's unclad body lay stretched out upon his dining-table, placed diagonally, to obtain sufficient length of resting-place for it; though this arrangement gave it the look of having been hurled recklessly upon the board. My poor neighbor! this was all that remained of him, — a stark, large-limbed frame, a wax-like face, with a blank expression, closed eyes, grizzled locks and beard. I took but a glance, as I said; but I saw enough to remember all my life. It was hot weather; the windows were open; the blinds were drawn up to give us light, — we had more than we needed: the sun was shining brightly into the room, and there was no keeping out the flies! And shall I ever forget the rents made by the surgeon's knife; and the rough efforts made to remedy these by such rude, strong stitching together of the wounds as one sees on coarse canvas packing-cases! How thankful I was to get out of my neighbor's rooms! How it haunted me that they were precisely constructed upon the same scale and plan as my own, divided from them only by a thin party-wall!

"I'd give a sovereign for sixpennorth of brandy," said the juror who had before addressed me. His paleness was quite ghastly. I felt that all color had fled from my own face.

"Death from natural causes, I suppose, gentlemen?" said the coroner, when we re-assembled. Just so; that was our

verdict. "A clear case," he observed. "Good-morning, gentlemen; much obliged to you. That's all, beadle;" and he hurried away. A case of suspected infanticide in the parish of St. Pancras next demanded his attention.

"Horrid, wasn't it?" said the friendly juror as we quitted the hall, — he had linked his arm in mine after the most intimate fashion; indeed, it almost seemed to me that I had known him closely for long years. "I suppose it *was* natural causes; but there's no saying for certain. I thought at one time it was going to turn out a murder. You know, a fellow might easily be murdered in his chambers in this inn, and no one be much the wiser. It's bad enough as it is, though. It's given me a dreadful turn, I know. It's a kind of a caution, I call it, to all us fellows. Fancy coming home to your chambers at night, and being bowled over in that sudden way: left for hours: no one troubling a bit about you; and then being found at last cold and dead as a stone! Awful, I say! I wish I'd never heard of the thing; it gives me the shivers thinking of it! Why, suppose that laundress hadn't gone there and broken into the place, — had forgotten about it, or been called away from London, or fallen dead herself, — she's an oldish woman, you know, — he might have remained there, just as he went down, with that broken bottle and the cork-screw beside him, for days, weeks, months! It's horrible, I say!"

"Did you know Mr. Clayborne?"

"Never set eyes on him, to my knowledge, until I saw him lying there in that horrid way. I feel all upset. I sha'n't get over this for ever so long. I say, couldn't we have just a glass of sherry or something?"

"It was," I said musingly, "in trying to open a bottle of sherry that poor Mr. Clayborne met his death, according to the doctor's opinion." The juror released my arm, glared at me wildly, groaned aloud, and fled precipitately. I held no farther converse with him. I don't think I ever saw him again.

My own chambers were now very hateful to me. I could not bear to inhabit them, or even to re-enter them, they were so near to my neighbor's and his remains. Yet, from without, all looked much as usual. His door was fast closed. There was perfect quiet: so there always had been. He might be leading still his old life of mysterious seclusion, but that I knew and had seen to the contrary. He was dead. My imagination was powerfully affected; my nervous system shaken. As I sat in my room, the wall dividing me from my neighbor seemed to become transparent as a gauze veil; I could see into the adjoining apartment. The faded carpet on the floor; the prints and pictures on the walls; the worn hangings and covers; the wine-glass on the mantle-piece; the slanting rays of the sun, pouring, as it were, pools of light capriciously about the place; the flapping window-blinds; the clouds of flies hovering about, buzzing and settling here and there with such cruel indifference; the dining-room table and its ghastly burden, — all these were present before me with an acutely painful vividness. Even though I closed my eyes, I could not shut out the vision of these and a thousand other distressing details. I was so circumstanced at the time, that I was unable to quit London, as I much wished to do, for a week or so at any rate. However, I engaged a bedroom in a street hard by, without the domain of the inn, visiting my chambers only for an hour or two during the daytime. It was miserably weak and foolish of me, without doubt; but I could not then bear the thought of passing a night so near to my neighbor.

He was much in my thoughts. Was I to learn no more of his life? Of his death I knew enough, more than enough. Had no one information to render on this subject? It seemed not. Yet it was very strange that a man should be able so to escape and hide himself from his fellows, living, as he did, in the thick of them, in the very heart of London. Had he really no kindred, no friends, no acquaintances even? How did he pass his time? He was no student, it seemed: there was scarcely a book to be found in his chambers. Yet he walked abroad, day and night; the porters of the inn freely stated as much. Whither did he go, then? Did he call on no one? Was no friendly door open to his knock? Did no friendly circle break to welcome his presence in its midst? Was he a member of no club? Did he resort to no tavern, whose landlord would now miss a familiar face, a frequent guest? He must have dined somewhere. He must have looked in now and then at various shops to purchase such necessaries of life as Mrs. Baker, his laundress, was not charged to provide him with. There must have been tradesmen who missed him as a customer, if as nothing else. He must have spoken at times to one or more, however prone to be sparing of his speech. Surely a man cannot depart from the world without leaving something of a gap somewhere, — appreciable proof that he was present once, although now gone forever. He cannot walk through life as upon the wet sand of the sea-shore, his footprints disappearing as fast as they were impressed. Yet, save his lawyer, — whose knowledge was vague and scanty enough, — none were forthcoming with tidings of him. He had lived, and made no sign. Dead, he was recognized only as the client of a solicitor. Further individuality had he none, that I could learn.

There was just this. It appeared in evidence at the inquest — but it was passed over, rightly enough no doubt, as of the slightest importance — that the deceased wore beneath his shirt, suspended from his neck by a frayed and soiled strip of blue ribbon, a plain gold locket, bearing no inscription or marks of any kind, but containing a thin tress of light-brown hair. That was all. The ribbon was tightly knotted; the doctor had found it necessary to ply his scissors in severing it, before proceeding with his grievous but indispensable examination. Could it be other, this locket, than a relic of romance, long exhausted, and out of print, as it were? At one time, then, he had loved, and presumably had been loved; he had prized this poor little ornament and its contents, had my neighbor; had died with it depending from his neck. It was of old date, from its fashion, and of trivial value; but — who can question? — it was all left him of some remote but precious passage in his life; it linked him to a past that was dear to him because love had enriched and glorified it. Passion, then, had once stirred in that breast I had seen so tragically inanimate; had illumined those woefully blank eyes; had quickened those now still and stony pulses. But this had been years and years ago, — to him but a memory, to me little better than a guess; of real concern to none now. Still, the thing interested me; and I thought it worth remembering and noting here. It was a clew, perhaps, but it led nowhere. I can add no single word as to its history and meaning. It was, as I have said, thought little of at the inquest. The jury had other matters to consider than possible events in the early life of the deceased. They had simply to inquire concerning the final moments of his existence.

I tried to shape in thought the story of my neighbor, but quite in vain: I could make nothing of it. I was without sufficient materials even for fancy to build upon. I might as well have sought to put together as an entirety some shattered effigy of which most important portions were missing, — whole limbs and features crushed to powder. My neighbor's life was to remain to me always unknown, a dense mystery, not to be solved or disturbed even by conjecture.

There were stories enough, however, relative to the departed floating about in the inn, and washed up towards me whenever a storm of talk blew from the quarter of Mrs. Crisp. The laundresses held interminable conclaves. A decameron of reports resulted from their meetings. They prepared a kind of witches' caldron of fables, each contributing in turn important ingredients to the thick and slab composition. Each boasted the "best authority;" and an amazing faculty for fiction afflicted them all equally. Nor did they pretend to any constancy or consistency in their narratives. They varied these day by day, vying with each other in inventiveness and adoration of the marvellous. They agreed, however, that the late Mr. Clayborne was rich and a miser, differing only as to the amount of the property he had left behind him. Still, that this was enormous, all were prepared to admit. I heard him now

described as a wealthy tradesman — a hosier, an ironmonger, or an upholsterer, there was no saying distinctly which; now as a retired sea-captain, with possibilities in connection with piracy and the slave-trade; anon as a most signally prosperous speculator in mining shares. He had died possessed of untold gold. Now he was intestate; now he had left a will, bequeathing his entire property to the authorities of the inn, much question prevailing as to whether the laundresses, living at the time of his death, would or would not derive benefit under this disposition. Now the beadle was said to be sole legatee; now a hospital was to be erected in the chief square of the inn, at a prodigious cost, and to be called the Clayborne Cursitor Infirmary; now his wealth was all to go to the Crown, or to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Then the extraordinary amount of property that had been discovered stored in his chambers! He had never parted with his cast-off clothes, it was said: he possessed an enormous collection of worn-out garments. He had used his old hats, his decayed boots, as the receptacles and hiding-places of money. Sovereigns had been found in heaps; and bank-notes in crumpled bundles, stuffed into all kinds of strange nooks and corners. These, and such as these, were the stories the laundresses had to tell. They were certainly true thus far: my neighbor had been a wealthy man.

Poverty often leaves no next of kin; but the rich have always heirs-at-law. The solicitor of the late Mr. Clayborne speedily discovered certain surviving relatives of the deceased, who were legally entitled to divide amongst them his possessions. To do them justice, they affected no show of grief at his demise. Why should they? It was admitted that they knew nothing of him, — had never even set eyes upon him, — had learned almost at the same moment that he had once existed, and that he was now no more. They could not pretend to be sorry, although they might perhaps have taken more pains to conceal their joy. I had an opportunity of seeing them. — half a score of ruddy young gentlemen, obviously of rural breeding, loud of speech and rough of manner, and disposed perhaps to excesses in the matter of eating and drinking. They gave my neighbor a grand funeral. The inn was quite blocked up with necropolitan pomp and paraphernalia, with an army of undertaker's men, with jetty horses and carriages, with black feathers, scarfs, and bands. And the uproar they made in my neighbor's chambers! They were quite pagan, as it seemed to me, in the libations they poured out to the dead. However, what they did was called Christian burial. Still, I have known many wedding entertainments much less festive than those funeral rites. How their flushed, laughing faces contradicted their crape, as they tripped into the mourning-coaches! "A handsome berrying, but what a pity so many of the mourners was screwed!" — so Mrs. Crisp concisely summed up the business.

The inn asserted itself upon the occasion, and was duly present at the ceremony in the person of its beadle. Deaths, it appeared, had been of rare occurrence in the inn, and had to be considered with some solemnity of observance. The beadle headed the funeral procession. He declined to recognize that he was the object of derisive surprise on the part of many. From some obscure and half-forgotten depository, he had routed out his complete insignia of office. He appeared in a moth-eaten cocked-hat of most antique device, and a frogged and tasselled robe of majestic pattern, although of crumbling material. He carried an ornate staff, that had blossomed into tarnished silver bosses at the top. These decorations had probably been precious heir-looms in the beadle family of Cursitor's Inn during many generations. He was well rewarded by my neighbor's inheritors for such services as he had rendered; at least I judge so from the fact, that for many days he was observed to be, even more than ordinarily, — which is saying a good deal, — rubicund of countenance, thick of speech, and confused in mind.

For my part, I forthwith gave notice to quit, and abandoned my chambers in Cursitor's Inn on the quarter-day next following the decease of my mysterious neighbor.

HOMISHNESS.

ENGLISH people are perhaps rather too apt to pride themselves on their unsentimental character. They look contemptuously on the French bachelor of fifty, whose mind is kept in a flutter of excitement by some pending *affaire de cœur*, and turn away disgusted from the juvenile Fräulein, fresh from the *Institut*, who gets into a fine frenzy about German Geist and Vaterland. So far from disowning the name of shopkeepers, they are particularly proud of the mental hardihood which they imagine it implies. The English girl learns to repeat the same strain, and feels grateful to that British common-sense which saves her from the ridiculous affectation of her French or German governess. Meanwhile, some cosmopolitan onlooker might see in these rational islanders quite enough of another kind of sentimentality to be amused at their protestations. And were he disposed to philosophize, he would probably make a note of this new instance of self-unconsciousness.

One can willingly admit that Englishmen are less outwardly emotional than many other races. Yet there are other kinds of sentiment that do not display themselves in violent gesticulation, or even in exuberant language. Any feeling may pass into sentimentality if it be excessively caressed and periodically professed. It would seem indeed that some form of this indulgence is inseparably connected with refined social life. People extract so large a quantity of pleasure from the mere contact of each other's sensibilities, that the habit of professing a common type of sentiment is naturally engendered. At first more or less a conscious process, it tends to become automatic; and then we have the true affectation of sensibility. Should this be so, we may expect to find some specimen of the species lurking even in English society.

On comparing recent with older pictures of English life, this eagerness to discard all participation in sentiment appears to be a comparatively new characteristic. The young ladies one knows in the sketches of Goldsmith or of Sir Walter Scott, were little concerned about a total disguise of emotion. Wealth and grandeur, romance and adventure, were the objects of the most enthusiastic feelings. And even in the present generation of women, one may have seen the devotee of Byron, the passionate peruser of "Romeo and Juliet." We are led, then, to suppose that if sentiment has absolutely passed away, its departure is a very recent event. But has it really disappeared? There is much, certainly, to lend color to the supposition. When one's ears are heavy with trumpetings which are to "inaugurate" a new era of women's rights, there is reason to fear that the decline of sentiment is far advanced. For are not women the main conservators of sentiment, and can they be supposed to be fulfilling this function when they clamor for the business of their rivals? There is another way of reaching the same conclusion. The strongest form of sentiment among women has generally been supposed to be love. But a study of present literature will continually disclose indications of a growing indifference and even contempt for the ancient forms of this passion. It is indeed a conspicuous feature of present society, that all ardent enthusiams are repressed. One has only to go from a perusal of one of Miss Austen's novels to listen to the kind of talk patronized by a genteel circle of our own decade, to be impressed with the apparent decline in range and force of the various sympathies and antipathies of society. By far the majority of the young women one meets are too active to be afflicted with much sentiment. Their great concern being to cut a figure in the world, they find themselves fully employed by the added competition of the men whom they are anxious to drive from the field. Love is to these only the liquid *papulum* of babes; nor do the ideas of duty, self-culture, or general beneficence attract a larger share of passionate regard. All this, and much more, gives support to the theory that English sentimentality has become obsolete.

If, however, we turn into the by-ways of English society, this assertion will appear frequently to be contradicted. Even at an evening party in London, one may chance to light on a solitary instance of an emotional woman. She

will, perhaps, succeed in engaging you, in a low-pitched tone, in conversation. Some desultory remarks, with rather a moralizing tendency, soon introduce disclosures of her special tastes and aspirations. She is disgusted with the hollowness of drawing-room society. She loves the retirement and liberty of the family. She always returns from her visit to town with a fresh zest for the comforts and amusements of her own home. As to those fast girls who care only to be free from the tedious restraints of home and mamma, they are unworthy of the name of English women. By such a stream of conversation, your companion leads you to the reflection that one form of sentiment, at least, survives. You seem to catch a warm waft of air from some more temperate zone of society, lying beyond the arctic circle in which it is your fate to move. Away from the noisy capital, in a thousand snug little towns, you imagine you hear the sentimental fires still replenished which are destined to warm and cheer those favored groups. Such occasional experiences remind one, that, in spite of the unemotional character of superficial society, there may be a deeper strata which manifests the phenomenon in a high degree. The old order of romantic sentiment may have grown unfashionable; but a new species, less brilliant perhaps, but equally warm, has taken its place. And if it is incapable of those imaginative flights in which the earlier feelings indulged, it has at least a theme ever ready to hand about which its more humble movements may play. Among the classes with which this quiet type of sentiment delights to dwell, it pervades every part of domestic life. If, for example, the papa brings home at dinner-time some story of an elopement and its disasters, the occasion is improved by mutual felicitation on the possession of pure home affections. Should a brother betray too strong a liking for a military life, he is watched with sorrowful anxiety, and repeatedly reminded of the blessings of domestic attachment. Even the youngest girls are supposed to need indoctrination; and any strong leanings to Shakspeare, or the other undomestic poets, are duly counteracted, a healthy partiality for Mr. Tupper being encouraged instead. The selection of novels for the common evening perusal illustrates the same principle at work; George Eliot is rejected as not striking the proper home chord, and the author of "John Halifax," welcomed as a priestess, under whose direction they may renew their devotional rite at the altar of home and comfort. Such a systematic infusion of sentiment can scarcely be ineffective; and accordingly, one finds, as a common rule, the children of these families at a very early period duly absorbing the element. One is amused perhaps, at hearing the juvenile tyro in Latin grammar precociously fixing the details of his future domestic management; or his sister, still fresh in her teens, hinting at laudable plans of winning, and reconciling to the amenities of home, some refractory bachelor. The girlish ardor, which usually takes a wilder direction at this imaginative age, glows prudently, in her case, between the safe confines of the domestic bricks. She does not wish to triumph in the realm of fashion. To bring a dozen admirers to a humble posture at her feet would afford her no satisfaction. Not even the glitter of wealth and social status, or the select pleasures of intellect and taste, can divert her from the more solid enjoyment of home attachments. Nor do these lessons cease to be operative in later life. One can observe the stream of sentimental influence passing like a traditional belief from one generation to another. The children who have sung some home ditty at their elder sister's prompting come themselves to extract the solacing honey which the domestic idea secretes, and in time begin in their turn to recommend the same saccharine gratification to others. The great advantage which this form of sensibility possesses is its perennial character. Unlike the feverish ambition to slay a dragon, or the fluttering expectation of some princely lover, it does not disappear with the lapse of youth. On the contrary, it fares all the better for the rude shocks of experience. For if the world proves fickle or cruel, the domestic felicities grow only the more cherished. The husband who returns weary and fretful from his profession or business is at once regaled by a sight of arm-chair and slippers, and the troubling recollections of the day speedily give place to peaceful oscillations of consciousness between the sight of his industrious Lucretia and the shadowy phantoms of sleep.

With all the mild excellences which this type of emotion possesses, it is unfortunately apt to become at times a little too bearish in antagonism. It makes large requisitions on the moral admiration of others; and when it fancies itself suffering an indignity, it very easily grows explosive. Should any bachelor friend from town speak in one of its circles a little too warmly in praise of his club, he is immediately assaulted as a misogynist and a hater of home and family. A dozen voices are ready to proclaim the Nemesis of the insulted *Penates*. To these innocent people a predilection for club and bachelor dinners is synonymous with gayety, cynicism, and all the other ills which the male half of juvenile flesh in London is supposed to be heir to. Curious enough, these enthusiasts for domestic tranquillity may be found by chance straying, as if by mistake, in some remote part of the Continent. At a crowded *table d'hôte* at Interlaken or Lucerne one is burdened with a plaint from a party of this character. They are satiated, they will tell you, with this promiscuous and fugitive society; not even on Sunday can they have a sense of their cherished home-quiet; and they are eager to get back to their neglected domicile. You perhaps are bold enough to suggest, in reply, that an Alpine climb and a French *cuisine* are a pleasant diversion from stay-at-home life, and you are forthwith denounced as a traitor to the British love of *aræ et foci*. Or you may be sauntering some fine evening at a Sommertheater in Berlin, or Kaffeegarten at Dresden, and be suddenly arrested by the genuine British grumble. You listen, and hear a worthy *pater-familias* righteously denouncing this out-of-door life to his immature offspring as destructive of home associations.

One is strongly tempted, in view of all these professions of sentiment, to press the inquiry, how much of them is really honest? For is it not to be noticed that they are often heard in the houses where least attractiveness is to be found? The girl, who, when at a distance from home, pours out most profusely in her letters her longings to return, is probably in possession of about as dismal an abode as one might find. It would certainly be, on the whole, most gratifying to believe that the larger number of these declarations are at least over-strained. For one cannot help reflecting, that, if such an amount of sentimental force is directed to so very ordinary an idea, it augurs ill, to say the least of it, for the quality of our emotions or of our intellects; and if the alternative to-day is either to assume this form of sentiment or to be the stout-hearted, even if reckless, girl of fast life, there is a good deal to be said for the latter choice. Cant is always offensive, as cant; but when the sentiment or belief feigned is of inferior value it is doubly displeasing. If we must have affectations of feeling, cannot a common objective point of a little higher level than the parlor chimney-piece be hit upon? But possibly there is much to be said in explanation, if not in justification, of our sentimental proclivities for home. Our commercial activity is prone to make us unromantic; and the old ideas of courage, honor, and patriotism, are in danger of growing archaic, when Chambers of Commerce and trade-unions decide for peace at any price, or for the cheapening of royalty. It must be remembered, too, that the home type of sentiment is something which every mediocre mind can share in. Æsthetic preferences and political enthusiasms, when ventilated at an evening party, have the drawback of excluding many well-meaning but incapable people from the conversation; but a chat about home comforts has the advantage of civility, it tends to hide all inequalities among the guests, and gives ample scope for the least cultivated to air their ideas and contribute to the conversational din. With such palpable recommendations there seems every reason why this domesticity of feeling should long continue to be characteristic of our insular population; though it would very much reconcile us to this order of things to know that it was becoming less harsh in its prejudices, and more modest in its pretensions.

A HINDOO PRINCE.

WE have found the "mild Hindoo," the man so long sought in vain, who realizes the idea which the British mind has formed to itself of one of the most varied populations in the world. Misled partly by ancient travellers, partly by the history of the conquest, which seems explicable only by the submissiveness of the people, and partly by a secret wish, the average Briton has developed out of his inner consciousness a being of dusky skin and gentle smile, clothed in white, but with an ample turban, who worships graven images and his white conqueror, who has some moral foibles but no defects of manner, and whose mind, although acute, is in all essentials, and especially in its capacity of affectionate respect, innocently childlike, and has dubbed this imaginary being the "native" of India. The Anglo-Indian, who knows that the natives vary in character as much as Englishmen, but are for the most part as subtle as Greeks, as callous as Spaniards, as tenacious as Corsicans, and as satirical as Parisians, finds the English fancy so ridiculous, that he has, with the assistance of Nana Sahib and the Cawnpore story, almost succeeded in preventing his countrymen from descanting on their ideal; but the old belief still lingers in the majority of English minds, and at last it has found in an unexpected quarter a kind of justification. There really was once a mild Hindoo, a native gentleman of the typical kind; and he was of all men in India a Marhatta, a Marhatta Prince, a Marhatta Prince of the veritable strain of Sivajee, perhaps the fiercest and most blood-thirsty bandit who, even in India, ever rose to independent power. This was the last Rajah of Kolhapore, a dependent Marhatta State, yielding a revenue for its chief of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds a year, and inhabited by about a million of souls, over whom he possessed the power of life and death. As a Marhatta he was, of course, a Hindoo of Hindoos, and could not cross the black water, and personally he was almost a devotee, going twice a day to listen to texts and sermons; but as a sovereign he enjoyed certain exemptions; and in 1870 the Brahmins informed him that if he took with him his own attendants, and ate only of food they had prepared, he might visit Europe without loss of caste, or injury to his future prospects, or detriment to his religious position among his own countrymen, — a position very valuable even to a Prince.

Accordingly, at the age of twenty, the Rajah being then the husband of two wives, one of whom was still a little child, came over to Europe with a few followers, and is thus described in *Good Words* by Lady Verney: "He was barely twenty, though he looked much older; a small-made man, with extremely slender hands and feet; his complexion of that pleasantly brown color which looks as if it had been just ripened by the sun, not scorched black; the eyes very large and lustrous, without much expression, and a contemplative, rather child-like look; his white teeth shone brilliantly, however, when he spoke, and lighted up the dark face. A kindly, gentle young prince, not wanting in intelligence, with a sort of easy dignity, as of one used to be obeyed, but apparently quite contented to remain languidly in the place where he happened to be, so that one wondered the more to see him venturing so far from home. He was ordinarily dressed in a kind of dark-green cloth coat, with a curious edifice on his head formed of rolls of red muslin twisted into thin coils, without which he was never seen in public, any more than Louis XIV. without his wig. He would have considered it an act of rudeness on his part to show himself bareheaded, though he pulled off his turban when with his own people only. He had never been alone in all his life, and used to sit chatting and laughing with his attendants on terms of perfect ease, curiously mixed with the Oriental depth of respect and reverence with which they treated him." That little touch about the man who had never been alone, and who talked so familiarly and pleasantly with his servants, yet was treated by them with such deep, silent respect, is a fine one, and exactly describes not only the position of the Rajah among his people, — that of a high-born child among his dependents, who is to be petted and talked to, and kept in good humor, but if an order is given obeyed, — but the special character of a man, who was exactly the child-like, simple, sweet-natured being, with an undue capacity of reverence, which Englishmen believe all natives of India to be. We should not trust Lady Verney's account alone, or that of any other European, as a native diplomatist when so inclined would deceive the very elect; but the Rajah kept a diary or note-book during his tour, which has since his death been published by his guide, philosopher, friend, and bear-leader, Capt. West, and which lets us, at least in part, into the secret of the Rajah's character. It is a most remarkable production. From end to end of it there is not a thought which is above the thinking-power of a pleasant-minded, simple English lad of fourteen, not an idea worth preserving, not a sentence upon which it is possible to found a criticising remark. And yet it is like the diaries of some children, a noteworthy production if only for its simplicity, its utter transparency, the internal evidence it affords that it is the work of one to whom affectation was unknown, who could not conceive a reason why any one should ridicule his thoughts, and so recorded them with all the inimitable dignity of unconscious childhood.

The diary is crammed with entries like these, made on the 15th and 16th June, 1870: "Took a drive in Hyde Park and Regent's Park, and through Regent Street in the afternoon. Hyde Park and Regent's Park are large and beautifully green. These are very good parks. Many people ride, drive, and walk in them. 16*th*. — Went to see Madame Tussaud's exhibition. The statues which are here are made of wax, and are very life-like. No one thinks, at first thought, that they are statues, and not real persons. I liked these statues very much. They are of English and European kings and queens and celebrated men. Then took a drive through Hyde Park. At eleven, P.M., drove to Sir Robert M——, to an evening party. Sir Robert introduced several ladies and gentlemen to me. He is a very good and polite man. It rained much to-night." On the continent it is just the same. "The Rhine is very broad, and it has got fresh water." "Munich is a nice large city." "The King of the Belgians spoke very politely and gently with me." "Germans are celebrated for learning and smoking." All in the same fashion, as of a schoolboy writing a theme. An Eton boy of twelve, if he dared write in a theme exactly what he thought, or if he were writing to his sister of a similar age, would express himself just as the Rajah does, and would, like him, probably omit to mention any thing he did not approve. There is something exquisitely childlike, and in its way pleasant, in the single effort which he makes at self-introspection or analysis, the constantly-recurring remark, "I like so-and-so very much." He seldom says, "I did not like," except when speaking of volunteers, whose dark uniform always angers his eye; and very seldom, even when describing persons, gets beyond the most patent observations upon their outward bearing towards himself. He saw everybody, of course, all that is great, or famous, or powerful in the land; but his observation never goes deeper than in his remark about the queen, that "she appeared to be in good health, and to be a kind-hearted lady;" or about Mr. Bruce, the Home Secretary, that he is "very gentle, civil, and polite, though he is one of the greatest men at present;" or about Woodin, that "he sings and acts pretty well, *but* I admire his changing his dress so quickly very much." He was evidently greatly impressed by the bearing of the great people, repeating over and over again his admiration of their kindness and politeness to him, as if he were conscious of some internal surprise or shock to his previous experience; but he draws no distinction between one man and another, and makes not the slightest effort to discriminate or even to define character. It is the good-natured chatter of a well-placed lad, without mental power, but with a great capacity for being moderately interested, and a great readiness to applaud or reward anybody who amuses him. There is not an ill-natured sentence in the entire diary; but then, also, there is

not an acute one; not a single line of vivid description, or one which indicates acute pleasure, except, indeed, when he is describing fireworks, an illumination, or a garden scene which impresses him, he does not know why, though he knows and records that he "liked it very much." The only sentence recorded of him which has any intellectual force at all is not contained in the diary, but in a letter; and tells that travel had shown him how insignificant a person a Rajah of Kolhapore was in the world, a fact recorded without annoyance, but with the gentle surprise of an amiable child, who is slowly, by repeated tentatives, finding his place in the universe. It was of course natural that such a man should be beloved by native followers, to whom he was at once a sovereign, a semi-sacred being, and a pet; and their love for him showed itself finally in one of the strangest scenes ever enacted in Europe; a scene which, as described by the chief of police in Florence, reads like a chapter from the "Moonstone," or a forgotten bit of the "Arabian Nights." The poor little Rajah had been touched with the cold in England, and died on 30th November at Florence, and his followers besought permission to burn the corpse, after the rites handed down from a creed older than Hindooism itself. The authorities at first would not hear of a ceremonial once so well known in Italy; but the British minister, with genuine kindness, pressed the request, the minister of the interior gave his permission for an infraction of the law, and the body was actually burned at the extreme point of the Cascine, or public park, on the Arno, with all the regular ceremonial, and the ashes collected in a porcelain vase, to be hereafter thrown into the sacred river, none looking on but the municipal guards; and "the party, after having carefully gathered the remaining ashes, cleaned and washed all round the ground, and, collecting them in a kind of sheet, brought it into the middle of the river to be shaken into the current; making afterwards, with the mud of the Arno, the form of a heart in the centre of the space occupied by the pile, they buried some small vases containing raw and boiled rice and peas, sandal-wood and betel, surmounted by small yellow banners; they also scattered copiously on the meadow a quantity of rice and peas, offered, according to the rite, to the deceased kinsman's soul, which they believe to continue wandering for some days near the place where the body was burned. After repeated rubbing with water collected in the palm of the hand, they closed in a circle in the middle of the meadow, muttering, as the custom of natives is, and bursting all out into a flood of tears, chanting some kind of funeral songs, interrupted by clamors and lamentations. Rising again after a moment, they took up the urn containing their master's remains," and so returned whence they came, with their caste unbroken, and a melancholy recollection of the gentle, childlike noble whom they had served so well. He had died childless; but a boy of eight, of the strain of Sivajee, was placed in his wife's lap, and so adopted, and is now being trained to occupy the throne.

PORTRAIT PAINTING BY ANTIPATHY.

A CURIOUS controversy has been started, or revived, lately, respecting the appearance of the first Napoleon. It seems that the eccentric octogenarian Michelet, having for many years devoted himself to the task of vilipending the great man *quant au moral*, has now discovered that he was in truth a very plain and ordinary little personage *au physique*. He looked "wild and obscure, and a sort of sinister enigma" in his youth; but this was only "la beauté du diable;" in middle age "he was without eyelashes or eyebrows, and with a small quantity of hair of an uncertain brown, which in his youth seemed black, in consequence of a free use of pomades;" his eyes "were gray, like a pane of glass wherein one sees nothing; in short, an incomplete and obscure impersonality which appears phantasmagorical." All this criticism — as well, no doubt, as the hero-worship which it is meant to counteract — is founded, of course, on portraits and statues; and the question as to their comparative faithfulness will, no doubt, be decided by an enthusiast like Michelet in accordance with his preconceived view. We have heard it said that the well-known print representing the Emperor as challenged by an innocent young conscript on guard, affords as good a likeness as any; but the picture was not taken from life. However, having been brought up all our lives in the persuasion that the Emperor possessed at least extremely fine features, we cannot be diverted from it except by stronger arguments than those which M. Michelet evolves out of his own idiosyncrasy, and esteem the contrary assertion as heretical as to deny the beauty of Antinous or Apollo.

One observation, at all events, is not without its weight in the controversy, if such it can be called. He came of an eminently handsome family. His father, Carlo Bonaparte the lawyer, had, when young, very well-formed features, though somewhat too delicate in expression for the parent of a mighty conqueror. This is the judgment to be formed from his likeness in the library at Ajaccio; but he died in middle life. The Emperor's mother was celebrated for the charms of her girlhood, and not less so for her maturer beauty in after-life. Thus much even M. Michelet admits: but proceeds, after his fashion, to turn his own portrait into a caricature. She is "indescribably tragic and mysterious. The mouth is contemptuous, vindictive, full of the bitter honey which is only to be found in Corsica. The large and fixed eyes are nevertheless enigmatic. If they look, it is interiorly at their own dream of passion." We may be essentially unpoetical, but our own inferences from the well-known portraits of Mme. Mère's very handsome face are certainly as different as possible from M. Michelet's. We cannot discover in her — either *au physique* or *au moral* — any sign of a Lady Macbeth or a Lucrezia Borgia, or a sphinx. Clever she undoubtedly was; but her imperial son, while treating her on the whole with tenderness and respect, seems to have kept her effectually under, and to have submitted no more to maternal than to conjugal dictation. Her intrigues — if she did intrigue — seem to have been chiefly confined to managing the household disputes and interests of her numerous progeny, and to taking good care of the money-box. Those who ascribe to her any higher genius than this seem to us to be misled by the supposed necessity of upholding the ancient dogma — pretty well demolished by Mr. Francis Galton — that great men derive the essential part of their character from their mothers. Lucien — considered, we believe, more like Napoleon than any of his other brothers — was a handsome man. So was Jerome, though of an inferior type. So is the present Prince Napoleon, whose resemblance to his uncle has been so often remarked on. All his sisters were above the average of beauty; one, Pauline, though of the *petite* description, possessed charms both of face and figure of no common order, which, as all the world knows, have become widely celebrated through her generous enthusiasm for art.

It is also a remark, not indeed decisive of the question of beauty, but bearing on it very nearly, that the traditional type of the first Napoleon has a tendency to re-appear so frequently among us, as pertaining to individuals of various classes who have certainly no noticeable connection or analogy with him. Some far-sighted philosopher has maintained the paradox that Nature has, after all, only a certain number of human countenances, though very large, wherewith to endow mortals; and that when her repertory is exhausted, she has no choice but to repeat herself, with such slight differences only as are absolutely necessary to preserve individuality. Every one must have remarked the number of persons resembling Napoleon, as we conceive him, inheriting as it were the type of those magnificent features, with more or less of their expression, who were to be formerly met with in society, and probably are so still; only the likeness is becoming more and more traditional. Not to mention the illustrious Widdecomb, who earned a a theatrical livelihood for many years by simply trading on that likeness, memory will furnish most of us with many more. There is a distinguished retired "whip" of the House of Commons, — an eminent tactician, who, like his prototope, has conducted his legions many times to victory,

— in whose keen look and resolute brow the impress, however accidental, is unmistakable. George Napier, the youngest of the three soldier brothers, was extremely like Napoleon in outline of feature, if not in expression. And we have ourselves known a provincial doctor who resembled the Emperor more than either of these. Now, it is scarcely superstitious to say, that when Nature thus selects a face for reproduction by copies, it will be a fine face. Translated from metaphor to plain sense, the proposition would amount to this, that fine faces, particularly those instinct with intellectual power, have a peculiar facility for arresting the imagination and occupying the memory, so that the observer has a natural tendency to look out for counterparts in the numbers presented for ordinary inspection.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THERESE gets five thousand dollars for a month's work at a London theatre.

GAMBETTINA is the name which a Marseilles lady has selected for her last girl.

THE death is announced, at the age of seventy-six, of M. Jacques Félix, father of the famous French actress Rachel.

POOR Mazzini is Madame Tussaud's latest victim. She has him in bees'-wax in her show.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING'S new poem will be entitled "Fifine at the Fair," and will be published in the course of a few days.

THE proprietors of the *Revue des deux Mondes* are going to publish a history of the Review, with notices of its chief contributors, and of their papers, from the correspondence in the editor's office.

WITH breathless haste we transfer the following announcement from the editorial columns of the London *Court Journal:* "The Princess of Wales has discontinued the use of the chignon."

A COLLECTION of personal jewellery belonging to the Empress of the French, consisting of some beautiful brooches, bracelets, necklaces, and fans, is at present offered for sale in Amsterdam.

FOR the first time for hundreds of years the two opposite Mohammedan sects of Sunis and Shiahs knelt together in harmonious prayer at Meerut, on the occasion of thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales.

"WILLIAM HENRY and His Friends," by Mrs. Diaz, has had the honor of being reprinted in London (Frederick Warne), where it has already become a favorite. William Henry is pretty certain to make friends wherever he goes. He is irresistible alike to English and Yankee lads.

THE London *Times* prints this odd advertisement: — "Quarter-day. — Cruelty to Cats. — The persons who left a cat behind in the house they vacated, in Halliford Street, Islington, at the last Christmas quarter, will be gratified to learn that the poor creature has died of starvation."

LONDON will soon know its famous Blue-coat school-boys no more. Christ's Hospital is to be removed into the country, and the well-known building in Newgate Street, dear to Charles Lamb, has been sold to the Mid-London Railway Company.

THE sale of thirty cases of cigars from the ex-Emperor's stock recently took place at the Louvre. The weed, directly imported from the *Vuelta abajo*, was of the choicest kind, such as would scarcely be found in the trade, having been chiefly intended for the guests at the Tuileries. This seems rather a small retail business for a great government.

THE *Academy* says that a notable example of caution has been furnished by the Swedish ecclesiastical authorities. A commission has been sitting on the translation of the Bible for the last hundred years, without producing more than a tentative revision, which is still exposed to the criticism of scholars.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, referring to the recent reports of the persecution and torture of Christians in Japan, says that these reports were originated by the *Nagasaki Gazette*, which is the organ of the French missionaries in that country, and that this is not the first time that unfounded rumors have proceeded from the same source.

THE Berlin literary and artistic circles are being charmed and astonished by the wonderful performance of a young man, named Richard Türschmann, who recites, by heart, classical dramas and tragedies, and by different voices gives to each of the active persons, male and female, their peculiar characters. How we wouldn't like to hear this gifted young man.

PROF. BROWN, says a London paper, has completed his bicycle, by which he can travel upon land or water. He will very shortly make a trip from London to Paris, coming by road from London to Dover, and from Dover to France by water. He will be accompanied by two steamers, in case of accident. If the professor's useful invention requires two steamers to attend it, it strikes us that the bicycle might be dispensed with.

A NEW and highly practical use for unpaid bills has been found. A Floridian, who had accumulated quite a package of them in his vest pocket, owes the preservation of his life to that circumstance, as the knife of an assassin entered them instead of him. A knowledge of this circumstance having become general, everybody down there is engaged in saving these documents, hitherto considered so useless. A package of paid bills would probably do as well; but that would be more expensive.

THE administration of the Louvre is overhauling the innumerable paintings stowed away for want of a proper place to exhibit them. A broad passage in the Pavillon Denan has been selected by M. Charles Blanc, as the new gallery which is to contain the hitherto obscured pictures. Numbers of these have been taken down from the lofts in the Louvre, and will soon be exhibited. A large number of fine paintings by Greuze, Porbus, Rembrandt, Lesueur, Van Dyck, Léopold Robert, Poussin, and Salvator Rosa are mentioned, among others.

THE island of Kunié, which is to be the future residence of the Communalists sentenced to simple transportation, was discovered by Cook, and called by him Pine Island, in 1774. It was taken possession of by France in 1853, in consequence of the massacre of the crew of the Alcmène in 1851. The island, which lies about thirty miles south-east of New Caledonia, the main French Polynesian possession, enjoys a most luxuriant and salubrious climate. Cannibalism may be considered as extinct, owing to the exertions of the missionaries, who have also acclimatized large flocks of live stock so as to divert the carnivorous appetites of the natives. The families of the transported are allowed a passage and residence.

THE Abbé Perrin, who has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment by a court-martial for having joined the Commune, seems to have led a curious life. He was born in Paris in 1841, was ordained at the age of twenty-two, and went to the African coast, where he narrowly escaped being served up at the king of Dahomey's table. This decided him to return to Paris, where he made the acquaintance of most of the revolutionary leaders, and ended by writing in the *Père Duchéne*, and other violent prints. During the Commune he behaved with great violence, and got several priests arrested, besides fighting against the troops. He defended himself, and but for some doubt as to his sanity, he would have been visited with a severer sentence than that to which he was condemned.

THE current number of the *British Quarterly Review* contains a very intelligent appreciation of Matthew Arnold's poetry. His relations to Goethe and Wordsworth

are well marked. Though he imputes his own method to Wordsworth, it is true that the master took up nature into his own mind, while the disciple escapes from his own mind into nature. It was also worth while to point out that the keynote of his poetry is resistance to the despondency which springs from intemperance and perplexity; and that, except in "The Sick King of Bokhara," he has seldom, if ever, found a definite positive subject adequate to the mood he wished to express, so that the completeness of his elaborate poetry is purely internal, and cannot be measured by any objective standard. The reviewer commits himself to the opinion that the value of the unrhymed poems is purely rhetorical; as rhetoric he sets them very high.

THE *Journal de Rome*, in contradicting the report as to the dinner given by the Pope to the Prince and Princess of Wales, states that almost the only guest ever seen at the table of his Holiness is a black cat, whose "appellative derivation" — as the *Daily Telegraph* would term it — is Moretto. Moretto even enjoys sometimes the privilege of eating from the same plate as his master, and of being caressed by the august hand which dispenses so many benedictions. The cat is, indeed, so fond of the Pope that he mews piteously when etiquette and ceremony necessitate a temporary separation. When the Pope celebrates mass, or gives an audience, Moretto is placed under lock and key, for fear that he should suddenly make his appearance by his master's side, an occurrence which would cause great scandal to the faithful, and to prevent which the persons composing the Pope's suite are ever on the watch. It is to be feared that Mr. Whalley will find his worst apprehensions confirmed in the presence of this ghastly animal, — a black cat, — and in the affection lavished on him by Pius IX.

THE following little episode has just occurred at the Imperial Opera House in Vienna: In Lortzing's "Waffenschmied," there is a scene where Count Liebenau, Herr Neumann, has to kiss Irmentraut, Mlle. Gindele. The kissing cannot be omitted, because in the two following scenes the conversation is continually turning upon it. After Irmentraut has commanded the Count to kiss first her right and then her left hand, she winds up by saying, "And now the lips." Full, probably, of his part, Herr Neumann, in reply to this challenge, gave Mlle. Gindele, at the first performance, the kiss specified in the stage directions. The lady was so incensed, that she complained to the management. Every thing like argument, to the effect that the person on the stage was Irmentraut, and not Mlle. Gendele, proved perfectly unavailing. She declared she felt insulted in her honor as a woman, and that, if she could not obtain reparation from the management, she would seek it from the law. Several days elapsed, and the affair was a fruitful topic of conversation. At length the "Waffenschmied" was again put up. All the initiated were very curious to know how the kiss-scene would go off. After Count Liebenau had kissed Irmentraut's right and left hand, the lady said, "There: I will not trouble you for the kiss on the lips." Herr Neumann hereupon quickly replied, "Thank Heaven that I have not to kiss that fright." Mlle. Gindele became so excited that she had to be carried in a fainting state to her room. She has again complained to the management. Stage jurists are deeply interested in the matter, for they want to know whether a kiss given in character to a lady on the stage can be regarded as an insult to the recipient.

MR. W. C. BENNETT, the author of "Queen Eleanor's Vengeance," &c., points out in a letter to the *Daily News* a very curious literary coincidence.

"The death of Col. Newcome," says Mr. Bennett, "is one of the most powerful passages penned by Thackeray. It is strange that its concluding sentences, so wonderful for their depth of pathos, have not recalled the passage from Fennimore Cooper's 'Prairie,' which surely must have unconsciously been floating in the mind of the author of 'Vanity Fair' when he wrote the following passage in his 'Newcomes:—'"

"At the usual evening hour, the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a tune. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum,' and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called; and lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master."

So wrote Thackeray: now compare with this the death of Cooper's aged Trapper, the hero of his five Indian tales, as he gives it in the last chapter of his "Prairie;—"

"The old man had remained nearly motionless for an hour. His eyes alone had occasionally opened and shut. . . . . Suddenly, while musing on the remarkable position in which he was placed, Middleton felt the hand which he held grasp his own with incredible power, and the old man, supported on either side by his friends, rose upright to his feet. For a moment he looked around him, as if to invite all in presence to listen (the lingering remnant of human frailty); and then, with a military elevation of the head, and with a voice that might be heard in every part of that numerous assembly, he pronounced the word, 'Here.'"

"Surely, the 'adsum' and the 'here' in these two death-scenes have some relation to each other."

SOME interesting information about Japan is given in a series of articles contributed to the *Cologne Gazette* by the German traveller, Emil Schlagintweit. The lower classes of the population, he says, are for the most part either Buddhists or Pantheists; and the more educated profess the doctrines of Confucius. These are the principal religions in the country, but they are divided into many sects, all of which enjoy equal rights. The people are extremely devout, and they have a superstitious fear of the priests, like that which prevailed in mediæval Europe in regard to witches. The Government is strongly opposed to the spread of Christianity. Last year the Mikado invited foreign professors, physicians, and farmers into the country, but expressly excluded missionaries, on the ground "that they are everywhere the cause of wars and disturbances." The land belongs to the Mikado, and is let to the peasants in return for fixed payments. Each peasant cultivates, on an average, six Prussian acres, three-quarters of which must be planted with rice; and, as a rule, he has to give up nearly half of the produce of his labor to the Government. In Japan, as in China, special attention is given to manuring, which has greatly increased the productive powers of the soil. The artisans have tools of very primitive construction, notwithstanding which their work is astonishingly perfect. Women are often employed in various manufactures, and exclusively in the cultivation of silkworms. Up to the end of last year, there was a sort of caste system among the workmen, which placed them at a great disadvantage in comparison with the other classes of the population; but this has now been abolished. They are still, however, considerably fettered by a number of regulations which prescribe the amount and nature of work they are to do; though, on the whole, these regulations are very fairly administered by the Government officials. The criminal laws are very severe, the punishments inflicted on criminals being much of the same kind as those which prevailed in Europe in the sixteenth century. It is proposed to reform these laws by introducing a code similar to the French *code pénal*, which is now being translated for that purpose; but the indifference to pain shown by the Japanese, as by other Asiatics, renders the prospect of a change in this direction somewhat remote. Communication between the various parts of the country has been much facilitated of late years by the construction of roads. The broad highway called the Tokaido, which traverses the country from east to west, will bear comparison with the best roads of Europe; the branch roads, however, are usually in bad condion. Postal communication by means of messengers has long existed; but the service was so slow, that the transmission of a letter for a distance of one hundred and eighty German miles occupied thirty days. Since the beginning of the present year, a daily post has been introduced, according to the European system, between Nagasaki and Yokohama (distance one hundred and eighty German miles); but it is not yet in full working. There are also lines of telegraph between Yeddo

and Yokohama, and Osaka and Hiogo; they are under the direction of Japanese, and messages may be sent either in Japanese or in English. The commercial ports on the western coast of the principal island, Nipon, are to be connected by a railway which will start from Yeddo and terminate at Osaka; and the first section of this line, from Yeddo to Yokohama, will be opened in a few months. The trade of Japan has been regularly increasing since 1854, when the country was opened to Europeans.

GOETHE'S HOUSE.

HIRSCHGRABEN 23, FRANKFORT.

QUAINT Frankfort nestles by the Main.
The broad flood rolls below the town
With many a foaming warp and strain,
Past vineyards, mills, and bridges brown.
The streets are thick with press of trade;
Gilt tabards flout the tavern door;
Stout burghers in the market prate;
Housed in the grim cathedral's shade,
The red-capped country merchants roar;
The sharp-spurred Prussian stalks elate.

We left the dusky gallery,
Where, high above dark maple floors,
Gleamed from the panels, three and three,
The gold ghosts of the Emperors.
From backgrounds mailed Byzantine-wise,
The gorgeous shadows glimmered through —
Procession vast of son and sire!
There one robe counted fifty dyes,
Here this one streamed, a world of blue;
But, rounding all, a flare of fire.

Who mourns, we asked, for dynasties,
To whom men's hearts paid bloody toll?
Through simpler forms, one hears, one sees,
The mightier dynastics of Soul.
Your Charles looms down a phantom fine;
Your Robert is of regal mould;
How bravely Julian wears his scars!
For us, we love a fairer line,
Who, if their faults were manifold,
Did sweeter work below the stars.

He smiled on us, the wrinkled man
Who led us through the echoing town,
Relit his pipe of porcelain,
And turned the spectral staircase down.
We followed close through twenty ways,
On whose rough pave his slippers dropped
Soft as in daylight moves the mouse;
At last, emerging from the maze,
Before an open door we stopped:
"And this," said he, "is Goethe's House."

That picture! We had crossed the square,
As one goes swiftly through a dream;
All round the houses tall and fair
Turned to us fronts of myriad gleam.
O'er many a grotesque window top,
Winged steeds on clouds and lightnings stamped;
Perk faces leered from vines and scrolls;
Lean dragons sprawled on stall and shop;
Maned lions amid roses ramped —
Lutes, lyres, lamps, torches, aureoles!

Hirschgraben they have named the street:
Its gables, sheer, triangular,
Blotched by recurrent frost and heat,
Give issue thin to moon or star;
Sly dormer casements twinkle high;
Deep doors below keep wind and gloom;
Long halls show gleams of garden green;
Huge chimneys slant against the sky;
Odd shadows brood in every room,
And cobwebs droop from wall and screen.

And this, indeed, was once his home!
(Triumphant Number Twenty-three!)
These tiles he trod — these stairs he clomb,
Up high as eye can strain to see.
Perhaps he leaned across this sill,
And watched, above the court-yard wall,
That deep-aisled chestnut gather leaf,
What time the swallow's cry is shrill,
When winds and showers are musical,
And clouds are low, and light is brief.

We pitied him whose starved critique
Would mar the quiet of the place,
Preferring the austere Antique
To our full-blooded, riper grace.
Fool! leave to us this precious hour,
The glass case and its treasured freight —
The blotted leaf, the fretted glove,
The rusted quill that bore such flower!
The mildewed seal, the faded date,
The page that tells of Werther's love.

A time-old music haunts the place
(Outside the Strass for tumult roars);
Strange lights across the ceiling race;
Strange shadows lurk about the doors.
Here all his ribboned letters lie;
A violet, five cones of pine —
Gathered in what forgotten woods!
A pencilled sketch from Italy —
Three peaks above a land of wine,
White with the rush of torrent floods.

"I knew him," quoth our wrinkled guide,
"When I was young, and he grown old;
His great, broad temples, either side,
Were touched with hard and grizzled gold.
His dreams were vast, his words were few,
Yet sown with tangled germ and seed.
He was our clear apocalypse,
Who plumbed our better future true,
Rousing the world from thought to deed
With trumpet-blasts of fifty lips.

"He died — we bragged about his fame,
The thing least precious which he gave;
Came after-years, and spikes of flame
Made fiery garlands for his grave —
Sharp flames that stung our dullish sense,
Too tame to face the difficult,
And sloughing strength in dose and trance —
Fierce fires, whose spikes meant no pretence.
You smiling ask: The great result? —
Look up to us — look down on France!"

So babbled he, abstracted — lost
In the weird measures of his strain,
Till we had gained the street, and crossed
The market leaning on the Main.
His voice pursued us through the night,
Long after Frankfort's heaped-up eaves
Grew black against a heaven of wine —
Till Mayence blossomed into light,
And one saw through the vineyard's leaves,
The moon-white levels of the Rhine.

BEWARE OF FICTITIOUS FLAVORING EXTRACTS. Try BURNETT'S. Go to the dealer who has them.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS will find "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any exertion of the vocal organs. For Coughs and Colds *the Troches* are effectual.

WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA will effect a cure if tried faithfully. Sold by all druggists.

THE best and the cheapest. There are a great many imitations and counterfeits Go to a reliable grocer, and insist upon having the HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE; only fifty cents per pint bottle.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1872. [No. 20.

THE YELLOW FLAG.

BY EDMUND YATES.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I. CALVERLEY'S AGENT.

AND you have conquered your dislike to leaving England, Tom: I am so glad! I felt certain you would give in to all our wishes, and see the wisdom of what we suggested to you."

"Well, I am not so certain about that, Ally: I don't go in for magnanimity; and I believe there is just that touch of obstinacy in my nature which would induce me to run counter to any proposition which I saw being very hardly pressed. But when the suggestion was backed as it has been in this instance, I could not possibly doubt the sincerity of those who made it. And so, as you see, I am off!"

The place where occurred the conversation, a fragment of which has just been given, was a broad gravelled path, the favorite promenade of such of those worthy townspeople at Southampton as prefer the beauties of nature to the attractions of the shops in the High Street. On one side of it was the broad water, glistening in the bright, cheerful, October sun; on the other a large strip of greensward, fringed on the far side with a row of shining, white-faced lodging-houses and hotels. On the promenade, the grim cannons — trophies taken during the Russian war — were surrounded by happy children, fearlessly climbing upon the now innocuous engines of death; a few boatmen were lazily pulling about within hailing distance of the shore; some young men were intent on watching the progress of two dogs, who were making a neck-and-neck race for a stick which had been thrown into the water for them to fetch, and the whole scene was one of pleasant cheerfulness.

Not out of harmony with it were the two persons whose words have been recorded. The first speaker was a young woman about two and twenty, of middle height, with a slight and graceful figure, and with a face which, while some would have called it pretty, would have been pronounced agreeable by all. The features were not regular; the nose was decidedly not classical, the mouth was a little too large, and the lips were a little too full; but there was a wonderful charm in the whiteness and regularity of the teeth, in the bright flash of the hazel eyes, in the crisp ripples of the dark-brown hair, and in the clear, healthy red and white of her complexion. She was very becomingly dressed, in a black silk gown, a dark-gray jacket trimmed with velvet of the same color, and a coquettish little black straw hat, and wore perfectly-fitting gloves and boots. Her companion was some twelve years older; a short, squarely-built man, whose breadth of shoulders and length of arms showed much muscular power. The lower part of his face was covered with a thick copper-red beard, the heavy mustaches falling over his mouth so completely as to defy any revelation which might be made by the movements of that tell-tale organ; but his eyes, small and set close together, had a shifty expression, and round them there was that strained, seared look, which in some men is always indicative of dissipation and late hours. He wore a travelling suit of gray tweed, and a wide-awake hat, while from under his beard the ends of a loosely-tied red silk neckerchief fluttered in the wind. Lounging along with a rolling gait, his hands buried in his jacket-pockets, he seemed to take but little heed of his companion or her conversation; but paid particular attention to various nursemaids in charge of the children who were playing about, honoring each of them in turn with a long, peculiar, and offensive stare.

Thus engaged, he had half turned round after a particularly attractive damsel, when his companion, wishing to resume the conversation, touched him on the arm, and said, "You will get to Ceylon in" —

"Oh, yes! in so many weeks — what matters one or two, more or less! It will be jolly enough on board ship, and when I arrive — I arrive."

"I hope you have made up your mind to be steady, Tom, and to work hard. You have now the means for a capital start in life, and for my sake, if for nothing else, you ought to show yourself worthy of what has been done for you."

"Look here, Ally; don't preach," he said, turning sharply round to her; "everybody thinks they can have a fling at me, and it is, 'O Tom Durham this, and O Tom Durham that! until I am sick enough of it, without being sermonized by my half-sister. Of course it was very kind of old Claxton — I beg your pardon," he said with a sneer, as he saw a shade pass over her face; "I ought to speak with more deference of your husband and my benefactor — of course, it was very kind of Mr. Claxton to pay my passage out to Ceylon, and give me two thousand pounds to set myself up in business on my arrival there, but he is a very long-headed fellow, and he knows I am no fool; and if the agency turns out rightly, he will get a very considerable profit on his outlay."

"I am sure John has no such notion in doing this, Tom; and you have no right to impute such a notion to him."

"I impute nothing. I merely suggested; and after all, perhaps, he only did it out of love for you, Ally, whom he worships as the apple of his eye, in order to give your reckless half-brother a chance of reform — and to get him out of your way," he muttered under his breath.

"I am sure John is kindness itself," said Alice Claxton. "If there were nothing to prove that, it could be found in the fact of his wishing me to come down here to see the last of you."

"Nothing like giving the old — I mean your husband, every possible credit, Ally. You know just now he is away on one of his regular tours, and that therefore he won't miss you from Hendon."

"I know," said the girl, half pettishly, "these horrible business tours are the bane of my life; the only thing I have to complain about. However, John says he hopes it will not be very long before they are over; and then he will be always at home!"

"Does he?" said Tom Durham, looking at her keenly. "I would not have you depend upon that, Ally; I would not have you ask him to give up the business which takes him away. It is important for him that he should attend to it, for the present; and, indeed, until there is no longer a necessity for him to do so."

"You need not speak so earnestly, Tom," said Alice, with a half-laugh; "I assure you I do not worry John about it; it is he who speaks about it much oftener than I do. He is constantly talking of the time when he shall be able to re-

tire altogether, and take me away for a long foreign travel; perhaps to settle entirely abroad, he said, in Florence or Vienna, or some charming place of that kind."

"Old idiot!" muttered Tom Durham. "Why can't he leave well alone?"

"I told him," said Alice, not hearing or heeding the interruption, "that I am perfectly content with Rose Cottage. All I wish is, that he could be more there to enjoy it with me."

"Yes," said Tom Durham, with a yawn. "Well, that will come all right, as I told you; only don't you worry him about it, but leave it alone, and let it come right in its own way. Now, look here, Ally. You had better go back to London by the eleven-fifteen train; so that we have only half an hour more together."

"But, you know, Tom, John told me I might wait and see "The Massilia" start. Indeed, he particularly wished me to do so."

"My dear child, 'The Massilia' does not sail until half-past two; and if you waited to see me fairly off, you would not have time to get over to the railway to catch the three-o'clock train. Even if you did, you would not get to town until nearly six; and you would have a long, dreary drive in the dark to Hendon. Now, if you go by the quarter-past-eleven train, I shall see you off, and shall then be able to come back to Radley's, and write a few letters of importance before I go on board."

"Very well, Tom," said Alice; "perhaps it will be better; only John"—

"Never mind John on this occasion, Ally; he did not know at what time 'The Massilia' sailed. Now, Ally, let us take one final turn and finish our chat. I am not going to be sentimental, it is not in my line; but I think I like you better than anybody else in the world, though I did not take to you much at first. When I came back from sea, a boy of fifteen, and went home and found my father had married again, I was savage; and when he showed me a little baby lying in the cradle, and told me it was my half-sister, I hated you. But you were a sweet little child, and fended off many a rough word, and many a blow for the matter of that, which the governor would have liked to have given me, and I took to you; and when you grew up, you did me a good turn now and then; and of course it is owing to you, one way or the other, that I have got John Claxton's two thousand pounds in my pocket at this moment. So I love you, and I leave you with regret, and I say this to you at parting. Take this envelop, and lock it away somewhere where it will be safe, and where you can lay your hand upon it at any moment It contains the address of an old pal of mine,—a friend, I mean,—one of the right sort, a staunch, tried, true, honest, upright fellow. Hard-working, and persevering too; such a kind of man that you may be astonished at his ever having been intimate with me. But he was and is, and I know that I may reckon upon him to the utmost! If ever you come to grief, if ever you are in trouble, no matter of what kind, go to the address which you will find there, and seek him out, and tell him all about it. I will warrant he will see you through it."

"Thank you, dear Tom; it is very kind and thoughtful of you to say this, but you know I have John and"—

"Yes, of course, you have John now, but there may be a time when—however, that is neither here nor there. There is the envelop; take it, and don't forget what I say. Now come round to the hotel and pack your bag; it is time for you to start."

The bell rang, and, with a scream, the engine attached to the eleven-fifteen train, for London, forged out of the Southampton station. Tom Durham, with an expression of something like emotion on his face, stood upon the platform kissing his hand to Alice, who, with the tears in her eyes, leaned back in the carriage, and covered her face with her handkerchief. In a second-class compartment next to that which she occupied, were two middle-aged, plainly-dressed men, who had been observing the parting of the half-brother and sister with some interest.

"Was not that Tom Durham?" said one, as the train sped on its way.

"Right you are!" said the other. "I knew his face, but could not put a name to it. What is he at now—working on the square or on the cross?"

"On the square, I believe," said the first. "Leastways, I saw him walking with Mr. Calverley in the city the other day, and he would not have been in such respectable company if he had not been all right."

"I suppose not," said the other man, "for the time being; but Tom Durham is a shaky kind of customer, anyways!"

CHAPTER II.—EXIT TOM DURHAM.

Mr. Durham remained watching the departing train until it had passed out of sight, when he turned round, and walked quietly out of the station. The emotion he had shown, and which to his great astonishment he had really felt, had vanished, and left him in a deeply contemplative state. He pushed his arms half-way up to his elbows in his pockets, and muttered to himself as he strode along the street; but it was not until he found himself in the sitting-room at Radley's Hotel, and had made himself a stiff glass of brandy and water from the bottle, duly included in the bill which Alice had paid, that he gave his feelings much vent. Then, loading a short, black pipe from a capacious tobacco-pouch, he seated himself at the table, and, as he went through his various papers and memoranda, thought aloud.

"This is a rum start, and no mistake! Twenty years ago, when I left this very same place, a 'prentice on board the old Gloucestershire, I never thought I should have the luck to stay in this swell hotel; and, better still, not to have to put my hand in my own pocket to pay the bill. It is luck, no doubt; a large slice of luck, larded with talent and peppered with experience. That's the sort of meal for a man that wants to get on in the world, and that's just what I have got before me. Now, when I walk out of this hotel, I shall have two thousand pounds in my pocket. In my pocket!—not to be paid on my arrival at Ceylon, as the old gentleman at first insisted. Ally was of great assistance there. I wonder why she backed me so energetically? I suppose, because she thought it would have been *infra dig.* for her brother to appear in the eyes of those blessed natives, over whom he is to exercise superintendence, as though he had not been considered worthy of being trusted with the money; and she was delighted with the notion of bringing it down here herself, and handing it to me.

"If I hadn't touched the money until my arrival at Ceylon, I should have had to wait a pretty long time. You're a dear old gentleman, Mr. Claxton, and you mean well; but I don't quite see the fun of spending the rest of my days in looking after a lot of niggers under a sun that would dry the life-blood out of me before my time. There is an old saying that every one must eat a peck of dirt in the course of their lives. Well, I ate mine early; took it down at one gulp; and I don't want any more of the same food. Besides, it is all very well for Ally to talk about gratitude and that kind of thing; but she does not know what I do; and it is entirely because I know what I do about my worthy brother-in-law, that I have been enabled to put the screw upon him, and to get out of him that very respectable bundle of bank-notes. That was just like my luck again, to find that out, and be able to bring it home to him so pat; directly I first got on the scent, I knew there was money in it; and I followed it up until I placed it chuck-a-block before him, and he parted freely. In such a respectable way, too! None of your extortion; none of your threatening letters; none of your 'left till called for,' under initials, at the post-office; none of your hanging about London, spending money which nobody can imagine how you get, and thereby starting suspicions of other matters which might not come out quite so nicely if looked into. 'Agent at Ceylon to the firm of Calverley and Company, brokers, Mincing Lane, London; iron smelters and boiler-makers, Swartmoor Foundry, Cumberland;' that's what Thomas

D. will have engraved on his card when he gets there; and the two thousand pounds, as John gravely remarked before Alice, were for fitting up the office, and other necessary expenses. I wonder what that poor child thought the other necessary expenses could possibly be, to take such an amount of money.

"No, dear sir; thank you very much. I am willing to allow that the whole thing was done extremely well, and without causing the smallest suspicion in the mind of little Ally; but you paid me the money because you could not help it, and you will have to pay me a great deal more for that very same reason. You're a very great scoundrel, John Claxton, Esq.; a much greater scoundrel than I am, though I have taken your money, and have not the remotest intention of becoming your agent in Ceylon! You're a cold-blooded villain, sir, carrying out your own selfish ends; and not like myself, a generous creature, acting upon impulse. Notwithstanding the fact that I have your money in my pocket, I almost grudge you the satisfaction you will experience when, in the course of tomorrow or the next day, you will hear the news which will lead you to imagine that you are rid of me forever; but I console myself with the reflection that when I turn up again, as I undoubtedly shall, your disgust will be proportionately intensified.

"There," as he selected two or three papers from a mass before him, and carefully tore the rest into pieces, "there is the letter relating to the document which has already done so much for me, and which is to be my philosopher's stone. I must not run the chances of wetting and spoiling that paper when I take my midnight bath, so I shall hand it over to Mrs. D. when I give her the money to take care of. May as well put a seal on it though, for Mrs. D. is naturally curious, and as jealous as a female Othello. One o'clock; just the time I promised to meet her. Now then, the money in this pocket, the letter in that, and the other papers torn up, and the brandy-bottle emptied. What you may call a clean sweep of the whole concern."

After settling his hat to his satisfaction, and looking at himself in the glass with great complacency, Tom Durham strolled from the room, leaving the door wide open behind him. He nodded familiarly to a waiter whom he passed in the passage, but who, instead of returning the salutation, stared at him in wrathful wonder,— they were unaccustomed to such gentry at Radley's,— and then he passed into the street. Looking leisurely around him, he made his way back again to the promenade on which he had held his conversation with Alice Claxton, and there, standing by one of the cannon, was another woman, apparently awaiting his arrival. A woman of about thirty years of age, with swarthy complexion, bright, beady, black eyes, and dull blue-black hair. French, without doubt. French in the fashion of her inexpensive garments, and the manner in which they were put on; undeniably French in her boots and gloves, in her gait, in the gesture and recognition which she made when she saw Tom Durham approaching her. That estimable gentleman, apparently, was displeased at this gesture, for he frowned when he saw it, and when he arrived at the woman's side, he said, "Don't be so infernally demonstrative, Pauline; I have told you of that before."

"*Mais*, should I stand like a stone or stock when you come before me?" said the woman, with the slightest trace of a foreign accent. "I was longing to see you, and you came. Is it, then, astonishing — ?"

"No, all right; don't jaw;" said Tom Durham shortly. "Only in our position it is not advisable to attract more notice than necessary — well, here you are!"

"Yes, I am here."

"All goes well; I told you there was an old gentleman, Claxton by name, connected with Calverley's firm, for which I'm supposed to be going out as agent, from whom I could get a sum of money; and I have got it. He sent it to me."

"Ah, ah! he sent it to you?"

"Yes; by — by a messenger whom he could trust; and this is not by any means the last that I shall have from him. He thinks I am off for the East, and that he is rid of me; but as soon as this sum is spent, he shall know the difference."

"You have made the arrangements about that?"

"I have arranged every thing; I saw the pilot; he told me it was blowing hard outside, and that he should pass the night off the Hurst. I have been on board and seen exactly how best to do what I intend; and now there is nothing left but to give you your instructions."

"Stay," said the woman, laying her hand on his breast, and looking earnestly into his face. "You are certain that you run no risk; you are certain that" —

"Take your hand away," he said: "you will never understand our English ways, Pauline; the people here cannot make out what you are about. I am all right; depend upon it. I could swim four times the distance in much rougher weather; and even if there were any danger, the prize is much too great to chance the loss of it for a little risk. Don't be afraid, Pauline," he added, with a little softening of his voice, "but clear that quick, clever brain of yours, and attend to me. Here is the bundle of bank-notes, and here is a letter which is almost as important; place them both securely in the bosom of your dress, and don't take them out for one instant until you hand them over to me to-morrow morning at Lymington station, — you understand?"

"Perfectly," said the woman, taking the packets from him. "What time will you be there?"

"By half-past seven, when the first train passes. We can loaf away the day on the beach at Weymouth, — we might go over to Portland, if you have any fancy to see the place; I have not; all in good time, say I, — and start for Guernsey by the midnight boat. Now, is there any thing more to say?"

"No," said Pauline. Then suddenly, "Yes. *Apropos* of Portland, Wetherell and Moger were in this place to-day. I saw them at the station, in the train going up to town. They put their heads out of the window to look after you."

"The Devil!" cried Tom Durham: "they were down here, were they, and you saw them! Why, what on earth were you doing at the station?"

"I arrived here too soon, and walked up there to pass the time."

"Did you — did you see any one else?" asked Tom Durham, looking fixedly at her.

"Any one else? Plenty; porters, passengers, what not; but of people that I knew, not a soul," answered the woman, raising her eyes, and meeting his gaze with perfect calmness.

"That's all right," he muttered; then louder, "Now it's time for me to go on board. Good-by, Pauline; make your way to Lymington, and look out for me at the station at seven-thirty to-morrow morning."

As she stood looking after him, a hard, defiant expression came over the woman's face. "Did I see any one else?" she said, between her set teeth: "yes, *mon cher*, I saw the pale, white-faced doll whom you held in your arms and kissed at parting, and who fell back into the carriage and cried like a baby, as she is. This was then the secret of your refusing to go to India with the money of this old fool whom you have robbed! Or rather whom she has robbed, for she was the messenger who brought it to you; and it is doubtless she who has beguiled this dotard out of the bank-notes which she handed over to you, her lover! *Peste!* If that slavish love I have for you were not mixed with the dread and terror which I have learned from experience, I would escape with this money to my own land, and leave you and your *mignonne* to make it out as best you might; but I am weak enough to love you still, and my revenge on her must wait for a more fitting opportunity."

Her passion spent, Pauline gathered her shawl tightly round her, and walked away towards the town.

On board the steamship "Massilia," matters had happened pretty much as Tom Durham had predicted. That capital sample of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's fleet worked out of harbor, at half-past two, and, in charge of a pilot, made her way slowly and steadily down Southampton Water. The wind freshened, and, darkness coming on, the

captain decided on anchoring off Hurst Castle for the night, and proceeding on his voyage at daylight. This decision was greatly to the delight of the passengers, who had not yet shaken down into that pleasant companionship which such a voyage frequently brings about, and who, restless and strange in their unaccustomed position, were glad to seek their berths at a very early hour. During the afternoon's run, Tom Durham had succeeded in creating for himself a vast amount of popularity. He chatted with the captain about nautical matters, of which he had obtained a smattering when he was apprentice on board the old East Indiaman; he talked to the lady passengers, deprecating their dread of sea-sickness, and paying them pleasant attention; while he smoked with the gentlemen, and took care to let them all know the important position which he occupied, as the agent of Calverley and Co. Never was there so agreeable a man.

At about one in the morning, when perfect quiet reigned throughout the ship, the passengers being asleep in their berths, the men, save those on duty, sound in the forecastle, and the echo of the watch-officer's footsteps dying away in the distance, Tom Durham suddenly appeared at the head of the saloon companion, and made his way swiftly towards the middle of the ship. He was dressed as in the morning, save that he wore no coat, and on his feet instead of boots he had thin, light slippers. When he arrived opposite the huge half-circle of the paddle-box he stopped, and, groping with his hands, speedily found an iron ring, seizing which he pulled open a door, which revolved on its hinges, disclosing a wooden panel, which he slid back, and stepping through the aperture found himself standing on one of the broad paddles of the enormous wheel. In an instant he had pulled the first door back to its previous position, and stepping lightly from paddle to paddle, stood on the nethermost one, just above the surface of the water. He paused for a moment, bending down and peering out into the darkness, then raising his hands high up above his head and clasping them together, he dived down into the water, scarcely making a splash.

Ten minutes afterwards, one of the two men who are always on duty in the little telegraph hut under Hurst Castle, opened the door, and, accompanied by a big black retriever, who was growling angrily, walked out into the night. When he returned, his companion hailed him from the little bedroom overhead.

"What's the matter, Needham? What's the dog growling about?"

"I thought I heard a cry," said the man addressed. "Nep must have thought so too, by the way he's going on; but I can see nothing. When I was out a few minutes ago I thought I saw somethinglike a dog swimming near "The Massilia," lying at anchor there; but it isn't there now. I doubt after all, it may have been my fancy."

"I wish you would keep your fancy to yourself, and not let it rouse me up," growled his mate. "One don't get too much rest in this blessed place, at the best of times."

ENGLISH ESSAYISTS.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

THE essay in a prose composition may bear some analogy to the sonnet in a poetical one. It comprises a condensation of thought upon a given subject, to be delivered within a certain limited space. In the sonnet, the thought, or reflection upon the thesis, must, by law, be prescribed within the compass of fourteen lines. In the essay the restriction, it is true, is not so stern; but a conventional dilation is understood and generally adhered to, or the essay extends into the more important character of the "Treatise."

The first, I believe, and certainly the most important of English essays, are those immortal quintessentialisms of wisdom, the essays of Lord Bacon; in which each subject, or thesis of his discourse, is treated in the most brief, and at the same time in so comprehensive and plenary a manner, that it were difficult to conceive how any thing more could be said upon the topic, and, consequently, still less how that more could elucidate and improve the writer's argument. The author might well say, with an honest appreciation of their quality (although the offspring of his own brain), that they were composed of the stuff and matter that "come home to men's business and bosoms," and that he believed they "would last as long as books should last;" and so they certainly will, or another hyperborean darkness will have spread over the world's wisdom and literature; or, to apply by metaphor his own sublime picture of physical and material dissolution, wherein he says, "Deluges and earthquakes are the two great winding-sheets that bury all things in oblivion;" so a deluge of barbarism only will deprive the world of Bacon's essays. Of all the books in my own little collection (Shakspeare only excepted) no one is so scored, or has so many marginal recognitions of the author's wisdom, — moral, practical, and theoretical, — as that little microcosm of ethical philosophy; "little body, indeed, but with a mighty heart."

It is not my intention, because it would not suit my space and purpose, to enter into any account of the foreign essayists upon the morals, manners, and customs of their contemporaries; such writers as Casa, in his treatise on "Manners," and Castiglione, in his book entitled the "Courtier:" works universally esteemed in their day for their grace and purity of diction; but which, like vegetable and animal growths, having fulfilled their mission, have passed from the modern world's recognizance, or are known only to the literary antiquarian. Their authors addressed themselves to their own, and not to "all time," and hence their mortality.

The most vigorous and undying book of foreign essays, in my own recollection, I should pronounce to be that highly interesting record of individual feelings, thoughts, reflections, and egoistical sensations, by the celebrated Montaigne: a book which, from its very egoism and individuality, with quaint and varied matter, will remain forever a classic in its rank of literature. It is needless to inform any one who is acquainted with our English version of the work that Cotton, the angler and pupil of old Izaak Walton, was our first translator of it; and I remember hearing the late Mr. Barnes, of the *Times*, pronounce it to be one of the finest translations he knew of any book.

Besides Bacon, in our own nation, we have had several grave and sound writers — as essayists — upon the morals and manners of their several ages, such as Peacham and Braithwaite, and Sir Francis Vere — men of no insignificant standing in their day, although, like some of their contemporaries, they were more to be esteemed for their weight of matter than for a captivating popularity of manner. We have also had our essayists upon general subjects and topics: Feltham's "Resolves," for instance, at one time claimed a large share of popular favor; and they who seek for, and can appreciate, sound and sincere, with original thought, and who look for something beyond mere evanescent entertainment, will arise from the perusal of some of his tracts and reflections with an elevated feeling of the author's mind, and with an improvement of their own.

But nothing had yet been projected of a periodical nature, light and airy in manner, which should attract the attention of the thoughtless many, at the time that it was preaching to them lessons of moral rectitude; and at the same time was chastising their vices, or laughing at their follies and impertinences. The drama and the stage had, in the first instance, been the chief exemplars of good manners, and the satirists of vice and folly, till both writings and representations had sunk into that revolting state of corruption and licentiousness as we find them when that tide of obscenity poured in upon us with the Restoration. The public amusements (which should always respect if not elevate the manners of a nation) had in that period (and a short time before it) of our history reached a pitch of grossness and absurdity that we, in our day, can scarcely realize, even while we read them.

Nicholl, in his preface to an edition of the periodicals of Steele and Addison, makes the following observation: "In

all changes of English manners a foreign influence has long been predominant. The earliest accounts inform us that those who were allowed to prescribe the modes in dress, language, and sentiment collected their knowledge in their travels, and were not ashamed of being conquered by the *follies* of a nation whose *arms* they despised. About the time we now treat of, foreign fopperies, ignorance of the rules of propriety, and indecorous affectations, had introduced many absurdities into public and private life, for which no remedy was provided in the funds of public instruction, and which, consequently, prevailed with impunity until the appearance of the essayists." Nicholl here means distinctly the essayists of the eighteenth century, — the periodical essayists; and the father and originator of these was Richard Steele. "This useful and intelligent class of writers (and he at their head), struck with the necessity of supplying the lesser wants of society, determined to subdivide instruction into such portions as might suit those temporary demands and casual exigencies which were overlooked by graver writers and more bulky theorists; or, in the language of Addison, 'to bring philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses.'"

This great and important work of public improvement, moral and intellectual, Steele originated in the *Tatler*. I have heretofore spoken of this eminent and very useful man; and I do not find that I have much to add to what I then advanced, respecting his genius, and career of public utility. That Steele had more inventive talent than Addison must strike every one who canvasses the productions of the two authors. Addison does not exhibit much originality in developing character; nevertheless, his portraits of the several members of the club in the *Spectator* are drawn with much elegance of manner, and delicacy of finish; and another important exception to the opinion just given must be made in the instance of Sir Roger de Coverley, one of the chastest and most exquisite specimens of individuality in literary portraiture that could well be quoted. Sir Roger stands out distinctly as *the* exemplar of the country gentleman of the eighteenth century. Addison also exhibited a graceful imagination in his allegorical inventions; and of these, "The Vision of Mirza" stands in the first rank of this class of writing. But in his dramatic inventions he has betrayed how very little genius he possessed for that department of composition; his "Cato" being totally barren both of plot and character; while his "Drummer" (taken for a sample of comic humor) is as melancholy as a morass. The brilliant quality of Addison's genius displayed itself in the sterling purity and elegance of his wit, with a classical correctness of diction. These phases of his intellectual character Steele placed constantly in his view for the purpose of his own improvement in style; and the result was, that his latter papers bear so strong a resemblance to the manner of his model, that it is difficult to distinguish them. The style and manner of this era, and of those two graceful writers in particular, bear a close affinity to the social deportment of the intellectual better circles of the same period: precise, and yet gay; fluent and easy, yet unfrivolous; graceful, polished, and keen, yet not acrimonious; never, indeed, ill-tempered, and therefore gentlemanly. I do not think that our feelings ever rise into the glow of admiration at their effusions, either of wit or pathos: at the same time, they rarely sink into indifference, and never into contempt. Some of Steele's little stories, written for a social and moral purpose, will be read with a grateful interest so long as true love and the principles of *just* equality are held in any esteem in the world: while the wickedness of avarice, selfishness, and cruelty, stands illustrated forever in that most bitter of all sarcasms upon commercial cupidity, the "History of Inkle and Yarico."

In the first paper of the *Tatler*, Steele in his pleasant and gay manner announces that he had "invented its title in honor of the fair sex." The *Tatler*, in fact, consists of a running fire of comment upon the follies, the gayeties, the levities, the humors, the absurdities, the fashions, and the vices of the wits, the beauties, and the "pretty fellows" about town; recording the sayings and doings, and comings and goings, the hundred thousand nothings, that comprise the life of the fashionable world; and a most faithful mirror of the age it is. He (the *Tatler*) laughed at frivolity, rebuked vice, and reformed both with a quill of spontaneous natural wit and buoyant humor; and effected with the airy wave of his pen what might have been attempted in vain by a whole crusade of ponderous moralists, with voluminous gravity. He rallies the women out of the preposterous amplitude of their hoop-petticoats, and laughs the beaux out of the ridiculous length of their swords; he banters and shames the ladies out of the scantiness of their tuckers, while he mocks the gentlemen out of the extravagance of their wigs. His manner were well worth the consideration of many a censor and critic of our own day; for he is never rough and unkind, and, consequently, he is always the gentleman.

Almost the only occasions on which Steele allows himself to be seriously sedate, and to argue gravely, are when he is upon the subject of seduction or duelling. On the latter point he felt deeply, as has already been recorded in a former essay. A quarrel was fastened upon him, which he endeavored to avoid; and, when forced into the fight, he killed his antagonist by accident.

It is to be observed that in questions involving an arbitration of justice between the two sexes, Steele is uniformly inclined to favor the women. He was a true "knight of dames." He chivalrously pleads the cause of the weak against the strong; and almost forgets the sternness of the judge in the zeal and warmth of the advocate. It was Steele who uttered that ever memorable and witty sentence upon the subject of seduction. He said, "To the eternal infamy of the male sex, falsehood among men is not reproachful; but credulity in women is infamous."

Upon the subject of marriage too, although he is wonderfully out-speaking on those alliances of worldly convenience, he yet frequently expresses himself with so tender a consideration, and with such gentleness of feeling towards the feebler party, that his precepts contributed in no slight degree to induce a better state of social feeling between man and wife than had ever existed before the period when those essays were written. Here is a passage on this same subject, which affords a good specimen of Steele's style, — sufficiently earnest to gain attention, yet sly and playful enough to attract the butterfly readers to whom he addressed himself.

"There is a relation of life (he says) much more near than the most strict and sacred friendship; that is to say, marriage. This union is of too close and delicate a nature to be easily conceived by those who do not know that condition by experience. Here a man should, if possible, soften his passions [Steele here means his temper]; if not for his own ease, in compliance with a creature formed with a mind of a quite different make from his own. I am sure I do not mean it an injury to women, when I say there is a sort of sex in souls. I am tender of offending them, and know it is hard not to do so on this subject: but I must go on to say that the soul of a man, and that of a woman, are made very unlike, according to the employments for which they are designed. The ladies will please to observe, I say, our minds have different, not superior qualities to theirs. The virtues have respectively a masculine and a feminine cast. What we call in men wisdom, is in women prudence. It is a partiality to call one greater than the other. A prudent woman is in the same class of honor as a wise man, and the scandals in the way of both are equally dangerous. But to make this state any thing but a burden, and not hang a weight upon our very beings, it is proper each of the couple should frequently remember that there are many things which grow out of their very natures that are pardonable,—nay, becoming, when considered as such, but without that reflection, must give the quickest pain and vexation. To manage well a great family, is as worthy an instance of capacity as to execute a great employment; and for the generality, as women perform the considerable part of their duties as well as men do theirs; so, in their common behavior, females of ordinary genius are not more trivial than the common rate of men; and in my opinion, the playing of a fan is every whit as good an entertainme .. as the beating of a snuff-box."

Steele will sometimes hit off a satire in a few words, or

in a happily-turned sentence. Here is one where he is animadverting on the folly of giving children an indiscriminately similar education, and one unfitted for their mental constitution, as well as for their future sphere in life (a sentence accurately in tone with the present educational question); and of setting them all to learn the classics, whether they will hereafter require them or not. He says, in the character of Old Isaac Bickerstaff, —

"The pastry-cook here in the lane, the other night, told me he would not yet take away his son from his learning; but has resolved, as soon as he had a little smattering in the Greek, to put him apprentice to a soap-boiler."

The papers in the *Guardian* (as may be expected from its name) are of a graver tone generally than those in the *Tatler* and *Spectator;* but there is one playful paper by Steele upon those pestilent burrs in society, who may be called the "button-holders." He files a vehement protest against these "ingenious gentlemen" (as he styles them), who, he pronounces, "are not able to advance three words until they have got fast hold of one of your buttons; but as soon as they have procured such excellent handle for discourse, they will indeed proceed with great elocution." He complains that "this humor of theirs of twisting off your buttons" leads him into some cost; as he is compelled to order his tailor to bring him home with every suit at least a dozen spare ones, to supply the place of the buttons he thus loses. He tells of one of these active and boring arguers, who, while he is discoursing to him of the Siege of Dunkirk, "makes an assault upon one of his buttons, and carries it in less than two minutes, notwithstanding as handsome a defence as possible." He computes his losses on these occasions, and winds up with the following estimate: —

"In the coffee-houses here, about the Temple, you may harangue, even among our dabblers in politics, for about two buttons a day, and many times for less. I had yesterday the good fortune to receive very considerable additions to my knowledge in state affairs, and find this morning that it has not stood me in above one button."

Swift contributed some papers to these periodicals; but I do not recollect any that would be apt for quotation, being imbued with his bitterly cynical faculty, and not distinguished for their delicacy. I have heretofore said so much (and with mental recreation) of this extraordinary genius, that I may, without offence, pass him upon the present occasion with a bare record among his contemporaries. One specimen of Swift's quieter satire in essay composition occurs in a parody upon the philosophy of the Hon. Robert Boyle; who, with all his undisputed excellences, was not untinged with a pompous pedantry. Swift has humorously imitated his manner in a paper which he entitles "Thoughts on a Broomstick." By the way, that homely implement appears to have been a favorite object with Swift for comical illustration. In the "Tale of a Tub," the reader will remember that he makes Brother Peter interpret one of the injunctions in their father's will, that his sons shall in no wise wear silver fringe upon their coats. Peter, who is a learned brother, observes, that he finds the same word, "fringe," also to mean a "broomstick:" he therefore concludes that their father never intended to prohibit their wearing broomsticks on their clothes. How fine this satire upon the warping of texts in Scripture for the purpose of evasion, or of propping a rickety argument! No wonder that Swift was an object of aversion to the temporizers and the self-seeking.

There are two agreeable papers in the *Guardian* ascribed to the pen of that very amiable man and sterling wit, John Gay: one on "Flattery," where he acutely says, "Of all flatterers, the most skilful is he who can do what you like, without saying any thing which argues that he does it for your sake." The other essay is on "Dress;" wherein he deduces an ingenious analogy between the sciences of poetry and dress, declaring that "the rules of the one, with very little variation, may serve for the other." This he proceeds to show in a playful argument, and then says, —

"A poet will now and then, to serve his purpose, coin a word; so will a lady of genius venture at an innovation in the fashion: but as Horace advises that all new-minted words should have a Greek derivation, to give them an indisputable authority, so I would counsel all our improvers of fashion always to take the hint from France, which may as properly be called the fountain of dress as Greece was of literature. Dress may bear parallel to poetry with respect to moving the passions. The greatest motive to love, as daily experience shows us, is dress. I have known a lady, at sight, fly to a red feather, and readily give her hand to a fringed pair of gloves. At another time, I have seen the awkward appearance of her rural "humble servant" move her indignation. She is jealous every time her rival hath a new suit; and in a rage when her woman pins her mantua to disadvantage. Unhappy, unguarded woman! Alas! what moving rhetoric has she often found in the seducing full-bottomed wig! Who can tell the resistless eloquence of the embroidered coat, the gold snuff-box, and the amber-headed cane?"

In the *Guardian*, again, there is a sprightly picture of the French people, by Addison, which in its sarcastic painting is still so faithful to the national character that it shall be quoted; also as a specimen of his well-bred and pointed style.

It may not be irrelevant to notice, by the way, how palpably each era in our literature has its distinctive feature and manner, as generic of its class of writers; so much so, and so decided in their several characters, that an essay of no ordinary interest might be composed upon the collective individuality of the writers in the great ages of our literary history: the brawny and Atlean strength of the Elizabethan era; the light horseman and foraging scamper and vivacity of the cavalier style, in the Second Charles's reign; and the refinement upon that, with the courtly and epigrammatic sententiousness, that distinguishes the Augustan age of Queen Anne, and which, to a certain extent, is a reflex of the manner belonging to the Academy of Louis XIV.

The short specimen just quoted from Gay might easily be mistaken for an extract from Addison, so strong is the family likeness of that school of writers. Speaking of the French people, Addison says, —

"One can scarce conceive the pomp that appears in every thing about the king; but at the same time it makes half his subjects go barefoot [this was in the so-called "good old times" of the *ancien régime*]. The people, however, are the happiest in the world, and enjoy — from the benefit of their climate and natural constitution — such a perpetual gladness of heart and easiness of temper, as even liberty and plenty cannot bestow on those of other nations. It is not in the power of want or slavery to make them miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the country but mirth and poverty. Every one sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable; for if they have any wit or sense, they are sure to show it. They never mend upon a second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first sight that a long intimacy or abundance of wine can scarce draw from an Englishman. Their women are perfect mistresses in the art of showing themselves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off the worst faces in Europe with the best airs."

The polished antithesis of Addison's style here is almost like French writing itself; for that language is remarkable for its susceptibility of such treatment, and its authors are prone to a frequent employment of this kind of rhetorical inversion; a peculiarity of style so predominant among them that I have been struck with the character of wit which is thus given to some of their gravest compositions. In the classical tragic writers, for instance, Corneille and Racine, there may be found many of their most passionate periods composed of a startling paradox, and their most mournful cadences rounded with a brilliant antithesis. Out of the numbers that could be instanced, it may be sufficient merely to adduce the celebrated expression of Hermione, in Racine's "Andromache." When she has engaged Orestes to murder Pyrrhus, her lover, who has roused her jealousy by his preference for Andromache, she

exclaims in her anguish, "Je *percerai* le cœur que je n'ai pu *toucher*."

There is a delightful paper by Pope, again, in the *Guardian*, wherein, with his lighter vein of wit, he satirizes the mere "mechanical rules" of poetry manufacture, and gives "a receipt for making an epic poem," after the style of a cookery-book. He promises to show how "epic poems may be made without a genius — nay, even without learning and much reading;" and which, he says, "must necessarily be of great use to all those poets who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn." He wittily proceeds: —

"What Molière observes of making a dinner — that any man can do it with money, and if a professed cook cannot without, he has his art for nothing — the same may be said of making a poem; it is easily brought about by him that has a genius; but the skill lies in doing it without one."

The "recipe," admirable as it is, will not, on account of its length, allow of quotation; but it can be read at full in No. 78 of the *Guardian*, and here these scraps may serve for a taste of it: After describing how to prepare the "fable," the "argument," the "hero," the "machinery" of your "epic," he proceeds to the "descriptions." For instance: "For a tempest, take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse."

[Una Eurusque, Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis Africus. — *Virgil.*]

"Add to these, of rain, lightning, and thunder (the loudest you can), *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head before you set it a blowing." "For a battle, pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's 'Iliad,' with a spice or two from Virgil; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle." "For the moral and allegory, these you may extract out of the 'fable' afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently."

I have purposely avoided allusion to the *Spectator*, in my present reference to the writings of Steele and Addison, because that delightful collection of essays formed an important feature in my previous remarks upon those two eminently brilliant wits. The *Spectator* succeeded the *Tatler*, and the *Guardian* was, in effect, no more than a continuation of the *Spectator*, under another name. Steele having had a quarrel with his bookseller, Tonson, abruptly concluded the *Guardian*, and commenced the *Englishman*, which he called "A Sequel to the *Guardian*." He afterwards originated and conducted a multitude of other works of a similar character; the mere titles of the books that Steele projected, as well as those which he actually undertook, would form a considerable list. His activity of invention in this direction only was extraordinary. In addition to the periodicals already named, we have the *Spinster*, the *Reader*, the *Plebeian* the *Lover*, the *Tea-table*, the *Town-talk*, the *Examiner*, the *Connoisseur* and the *Theatre*. It is in the last-named publication that he pays that honorable and affectionate tribute to the memory of his wife, whom he styles "the best woman that ever man had;" and he adds that "she frequently lamented and pined at his neglect of himself." Steele was a thoughtless and unthrifty man, so that his wife, being a true friend to him, and probably his monitor (what Charles Lamb used to say of his sister — his "second conscience,"), Lady Steele obtained the character among his associates of being "cold and penurious." The prudent partners of extravagant husbands must expect to be called "stingy," — it is the eulogy of squanderers. Steele, however, was not the mere talker about matrimonial interchanges of little kind actions; some of his letters to his wife — and some of them consisting of two or three lines only — express an unaffected and exquisite tenderness of sentiment; in short, with all his errors, — and they were errors of the head alone,— Steele was as lovable as a man as he was refined as a wit.

The next eminent writer to be named in the list of our essayists is Dr. Johnson; and in doing so the question might be started whether the great lexicographer and burly moralist can be said to take any station among the humorous writers of England. Johnson, however, was not deficient in a certain comic vein of a peculiar cast; it was satiric, austere, and ponderous. Its freaks and sallies were elephantic. He himself compared the intellect of a genius to the trunk of that animal which "could knock down a man, and pick up a pin." The illustration was unfortunate as applied to his own mental conformation; for so little could he descend to the livelier and lighter graces of intellectual exercise, that one could hardly point to a more monographic and mannered style than his own in the whole range of our literature. He could, doubtless, have "knocked down the man" with his trunk, but it would have "picked up the pin" like a leg of beef. He was always magniloquent and unwieldy; had he had to describe the machinery of the universe, or to write a receipt for pickling cabbage, the phraseology would have been the same. The finer phase of Johnson's character evidently appears in his social and conversational hours, as we gather from that very industrious short-hand report of his commonest sayings and doings by Boswell.

Much has been said of Johnson's greatness and independence of soul; and Mr. Carlyle has placed him in his temple of heroes, laying frequent and much stress upon his magnanimous indignation in hurling out a pair of new shoes that some kind-hearted and (be it observed) anonymous worshipper had placed at his chamber door. He scorned the eleemosynary pair of shoes, but his "independence" did not extend to the consistency of rejecting a pension from the whole country. I can perceive no difference between receiving alms from one man and from one million of men; and rather would I receive, upon principle, from the unknown one, than from the ostentatiously bounteous million. When the pension was announced to him he acknowledged the boon in the following speech: "The English language is incapable of expressing my sentiments upon the occasion; I must refer to the French, — I am *accablé* with his Majesty's bounty." Can he have intended this for irony? He, however, accepted the gratuity.

Nevertheless, in many — very many — points of his character, Johnson was a grand fellow, — grand in some of his conceptions, grand in his social emotions. He was constant and steady to those whom he loved. There was a sort of intellectual conjugality in his friendship: he would satirize and even scourge those whom he esteemed; but to no one else would he allow the same privilege. Both Goldsmith and Garrick were subject to his tremendous sarcasms; but in their absence he was their champion and eulogist. Of Goldsmith especially he would bear glowing testimony to his fine qualities, both of head and heart. Mr. Forster has recorded some noble eulogies of Goldsmith's talent from the conversations of Johnson. And not the least grand feature in the Doctor's character is the strenuous and honest way in which he went on for years, steadily and sturdily, through huge obstacles, carving out and raising the monument of his own fame and fortune. Here, indeed, he was the honorable, the magnanimous, the truly "independent" man; and, for an example of his fearless and sturdy independence of soul, it is needful only to refer to his celebrated letter, addressed to Lord Chesterfield, when his great labor of *the* "Dictionary" was completed and made public; in which he states that his lordly patron had neglected him during the progress of the work; but when he found that it was really finished, he thought to secure the dedication of it to himself by launching two "little cock-boat puffs" (as Johnson called them), announcing the approaching advent of the great undertaking. Johnson's sarcasm upon this occasion was sufficiently formidable to produce an explanation, if not a *defence*, on the part of the nobleman, and this has been attempted by an editor of Boswell's life of the Doctor; it has, therefore, been thought sufficient for this purpose to state that the Earl was so conscious of the wilfulness of the Doctor's misstatement, that he laid the public letter upon his own drawing-room

table, assuming that act to be sufficient to clear his conduct in the mind of every visitor who might read it. The act was doubtless a very ingenious one, and perfectly aristocratic in character; but we are to suppose that the general and public reader of the original charge would never suppose for a moment that Dr. Johnson would connect so fierce and so formidable a statement, which, from beginning to end, would be an elaborate and a positive falsehood. The future reader of the whole transaction will therefore form his own opinion of it.

The *Idler*, which is perhaps the least known of his periodical essays, at all events less than the *Rambler*, was written professedly in the manner of the *Spectator*. But it was hardly to be expected that the pen of the lofty and sonorous Doctor could be wielded with the ease and lightness so peculiarly characteristic of Steele and Addison in this walk of literature. There is accordingly a stiffness in the *Idler's* slip-shod moods; a consciousness in his assumed unconcern; while his playfulness is uncouth and grim. Among the papers, however, of this periodical, is one of a somewhat pleasant cast, upon the preparations for war that were then making, and the encampment of the troops "in the pathless deserts of the Isle of Wight." The *Idler* condoles with the "two hundred thousand ladies that are thus left to languish in distress, who (he says) in the absence of these warriors, must run to sales and auctions without an attendant; sit at the play without a critic to direct their opinion; buy their fans by their own judgment; dispose shells by their own invention; walk in the Mall without a gallant; go to the gardens without a protector; and shuffle cards with vain impatience, for want of a fourth to complete the party." "Of these ladies. some (he says) have lap-dogs, and some monkeys; but they are unsatisfactory companions. Many useful offices are performed by men in scarlet, to which neither dog nor monkey has adequate abilities. A parrot, indeed, is as fine as a colonel; and, if he has been much used to good company, is not wholly without conversation; but a parrot, after all, is a poor little creature, and has neither sword nor shoulder-knot,—can neither dance, nor play at cards." When Johnson and Garrick were once introduced to a person who was reported to have great conversational powers, and had given a detailed specimen of his talent, the lively actor turned to his companion's ear, and imparted the following condensed criticism upon what they had heard: "Flabby, I think; flabby!" I fear that the same judgment must be passed upon the specimen just produced of the Doctor's humor. And here is a sample of the true Johnsonian style, from another paper in the *Idler*, wherein he maintains that the "qualities requisite to conversation are very exactly represented by a bowl of punch." The argument is conducted with his own portentous swing of diction. Thus, he tells us, that "acids unmixed will distort the face, and torture the palate;" that "the taste of sugar is *generally pleasing*, but it cannot long be *eat'en by itself!*" And he concludes with the following peroration:—

"He only will please long who, by tempering the *acidity* of satire with the *sugar* of civility, and allaying the *heat* of wit with the *frigidity* of humble chat, can make the true punch of conversation; and as that punch can be drunk in the greatest quantity which has the largest proportion of water, so that companion will be the oftenest welcome whose talk flows out with inoffensive copiousness and unenvied insipidity!"

Surely Poole's parody upon the Johnsonian style, in the notes to his "Hamlet" travesty, was no caricature; but one would ask, which of our magazine editors of the present day would accept, and pay for, the above article, coming from an unknown writer?

We are to speak of Goldsmith, sincere Oliver Goldsmith, in the character of an essayist. Heretofore he has claimed our attention as an historian, a biographer, a naturalist, a poet, a dramatist, and writer of fiction. In the two last compartments of literature he shines to the greatest advantage, having taken his position among our classics as one of the elect. If any thing could prove the true test of genius under the cloud of prejudice, or say, of misapprehension arising from misrepresentation, it would be the gradual and firm hold that the writings of this enchanting author have taken upon the affections of the civilized world, in the face of an insinuated contempt for his social character, and which produced an unrecognized influence upon that of the intellectual man. It is remarkable, that, in consequence of the stupid misconceptions by Boswell of Goldsmith's real nature and disposition, his talent has rarely been the subject of conversation, without the accompanying remark of his having been a very vain man, and a very weak man,—vain to a Narcissus-like admiration of his own person; and weak, even to envy, upon hearing a young lady praised for her beauty. And so the true character of Goldsmith has waited its time: "it could afford it," as Douglas Jerrold happily said; and it has now received retribution at the hands of Mr. Forster, in his ample biography of the man. I request emphatically to express my own individual thanks for the completion of this "labor of love," for such it has evidently been; and thereby for the justice rendered to the character and fame of a true genius, and an estimable being; for from my youth I have felt the necessity of the vindication that has at length been so fully and ably and gracefully fulfilled.

In the essays of Goldsmith, as in his "Citizen of the World" (which is but a series of lively essays, in another form, upon the national character, habits, and customs), the same *un*labored fine sense is apparent in every page; the same shrewd perception of human nature in all its workings and petty chicaneries; the same sweet-tempered rebuke and raillery; the same toothless sarcasm; the same gentle wit and bland humor. What can be more lively and pleasant than his dialogue with the seaman who has lost a leg in the wars, and is deprived of assistance from his country, because the accident happened in a privateer's and not in the Government service: with his amusing and rational antipathy to our "national enemies," as Christian rulers have called the French. "I hate the French (says Jack), because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes." The philosophy of fortitude, endurance, and cheerfulness in the midst of privation, so beautifully illustrated in the hero's own simple memoir, who, although his whole career has been a series of disaster, is merry and hopeful to the last. This is quite in the philosophy of Shakspeare.

"If I had had the good fortune (he concludes) to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will forever love liberty and old England. Liberty, property, and old England forever. Huzza!"

And then succeeds one of Goldsmith's unostentatious little pieces of worldly wisdom:—

"So saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration of his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging that as habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it."

Again, in the conversation between the soldier, the porter, and the debtor, at the Counter-prison window, upon the prospect of an invasion from the French. The debtor's apprehension lest we lose our liberties; the porter's remark that the French are all slaves, and fit only to carry burthens; while the soldier's alarm is—

"Not so much for our liberties as for our religion. What will become of our religion, my lads? May the Devil sink me into flames (such was the solemnity of his adjuration) if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone."

And so might be cited, from the little volume of his "Essays" alone, a hundred shrewd and lively and amiable passages and descriptions.

Again, and lastly, how thoroughly wise and practical (in the thick of its sprightly humor) is the moral at the end of his account of the friend, who, in his penury and destitution,

seeks in vain to borrow the sums which had been volunteered when he needed no assistance; and who ends in missing his aim even to be invited to a dinner that he wanted. There is something pathetic in the satiric truth and jesting that conclude this essay. It may appear trite to our ears; but many of Goldsmith's axioms have been re-fused and remodelled and re-applied, till they are like Old-World sayings. Few authors, indeed, have been more ruthlessly pillaged than Goldsmith was in his day. He was compelled to collect his essays, and subscribe his name to them, in order to prevent their being wholly and irredeemably claimed and possessed by mere marauders. In his preface to the collection he pleasantly excuses himself for the publication of papers so well known to the reading world:—

"Most of these essays," he says, "have been regularly reprinted twice or thrice a year, and conveyed to the public through the channel of some *engaging publication*. If there be a pride in multiplied editions, I have seen some of my labors sixteen times reprinted, and claimed by different parents as their own. I have seen them flourished at the beginning with praise, and signed at the end with the names Philantos, Philalethes, Philalentheros, and Philanthropos. These gentlemen have kindly stood sponsors to my productions; and, *to flatter me more, have always taken my errors on themselves.*"

This pleasantry has all the satiric grace of Steele or Addison. And here is the passage of half humorous, half pathetic advice that concludes his account of the man who could not compass an invitation to dinner:—

"O ye beggars of my acquaintance! whether in rags or lace, whether in Kent Street or the Mall, whether at the Smyrna or St. Giles's, might I be permitted to advise you as a friend — never seem to want the favor you solicit. Apply to every passion but human pity for redress: you may find permanent relief from vanity, from self-interest, or from avarice; but from compassion, never. The very eloquence of a poor man is disgusting. . . . To ward off the gripe of poverty, you must pretend to be a stranger to her, and she will at least use you with ceremony. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porringer of pea-soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your frugal repast. You may observe that Dr. Cheyne has prescribed pease-broth. Hint that you are not one of those who are always making a deity of their bellies. If, again, you are obliged to wear flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first to remark that stuffs are very much worn at Paris; or if there be found some irreparable defects in any part of your equipage, which cannot be concealed by all the arts of sitting cross-legged, coaxing or darning, say that neither you nor Samson Gideon were ever very fond of dress. . . . In short, however caught, *never give in*, but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances. To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise. Pride in the great is hateful; in the wise it is ridiculous; but beggarly pride is a rational vanity, which I have been taught to applaud and excuse."

And admirably has he illustrated the principle of this philosophy in the well-known account of that most amusing of all coxcombs and mendicant tuft-hunters, the inimitable little Beau Tibbs.

Goldsmith was a fine, warm-hearted, honest fellow; and the emotions of his heart are to be quite as much reverenced as the emotions of his head; and, of a surety, the results of the one are dependent upon the constitution of the other; they act in concert.

The cant phrase has been constantly applied to him (and has, in a former essay, been repeated), that "he was no man's enemy but his own;" and, as Hazlitt well replied, "Then every man ought to have been his friend." In alluding to that truly fine writer, William Hazlitt, it will naturally be inferred that he should be introduced among our national "essayists;" and he stands, indeed, in the first rank with the greatest. But in this essay, forming one of the series upon "The Comic Writers of England," I could, with consistency, do little more than *allude* to him in his essay-character. Hazlitt was essentially a grave writer, possessing a metaphysical faculty of high order; also possessing a formidable power of contemptuous sarcasm, and at times displaying a lustrous feeling for, and effusion of, the poetical in his language. It has been objected to him that he was too prone to the paradox in his writings, — a charge not groundless; but I think that upon almost every occasion of his using the paradox, he will be found both to prove his case and reconcile the apparent inconsistency. His "Table Talk," and other essays; his criticisms, dramatic and other lectures, — have deservedly become standard classics; and he himself, in his public character, will live in the memory of posterity as being almost the only one of a knot of political out-and-out reformers, who to the last "held fast his integrity," — living and dying an honest, consistent lover and worshipper of liberty in the abstract.

They among my readers who happen not to have read Charles Lamb's two essays, the one upon "King Lear," and the other upon the "Genius of Hogarth," have yet to become acquainted with two among the most masterly compositions in this class of writing. They are to be read for their perfect comprehensiveness of the subjects; for their completeness of argument; for their refinement of taste; and for the choice and classic structure of the language. I never knew Lamb, in conversation, fail to establish his position in an argument; and moreover, he was sure to attain his end by an unexpected and original train of thought. It was perfectly true what Hazlitt said of him, that whoever or how many soever might have been of the party, Lamb always said the wittiest and best thing of the evening. So in his written compositions, I could not name one of his contemporaries who would have been able to have treated the subjects he selected with more definitiveness of reasoning, more rareness and elegance of illustration, more novelty and delicacy of wit and humor; for the character of Lamb's wit and humor are quite as original as they are exquisite and true. Who could have surpassed him in that paper in the *Elia* series which is entitled "The Two Races of Men?" wherein he merges all classes and distinctions and varieties of the human animal into two master-races; and these he denominates "the borrowers and the lenders." "The human species (he says), according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, — the men who borrow, and the men who lend. To these original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, and red men. All the dwellers upon earth, 'Parthians and Medes and Elamites,' flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former (the borrower), which I choose to designate as the great race, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter (the lenders) are born degraded. 'He shall serve his brethren.' There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean and suspicious, contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the borrower." The delicacy and polish of this satire is worthy of Addison in his richest vein; indeed, it is worthy of any wit, — it is worthy of Rabelais; and Rabelais has a wonderful chapter in commendation of borrowing: one of his arguments is, that the debtor has this advantage over the creditor, and the man of wealth with his heirs and his expectants, that the debtor is sure to have the prayers of all his creditors; because they take an intense interest in his existence and well-doing in the world. Not so the man of wealth, — the sooner he is out of it, the sooner others will be benefited. Lamb's portrait of one of the "great race" is sketched in his best manner. He says, "What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! What a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest, taking no more thought than the lilies! What contempt for money! accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross. What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*! . . . He is the true taxer, who 'calleth all the world up to be taxed;' and the distance is as vast between him and one of us, as subsisted between the Augustan Majesty and the poorest obolary Jew that paid it tribute-pittance at Jerusalem. His exactions, too, have such a cheerful, voluntary air! He

cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. . . . He is the true Propontic, which never ebbeth! — the sea which taketh handsomely at each man's hand." If this be not wit, and of the first water, then are the terms convertible, and dulness has the ascendent. They have little perception and judgment who consider Lamb a mannered reflector of our old writers. He did live in the past confessedly: he was a link in the golden chain of intellect that has descended from our Olympus; and he is one of the high conclave. Lamb thought like our great wits, but he thought also for himself; and he was a very original thinker, — so much so, that I know no one to whom I could strictly liken him, either in his sedate and grave moods, or in his wit and his humor. The choice and even fastidious delicacy of his fancy, his quickness of perception, the felicity and wisdom of his humor, all linked and glittering in sportive combination throughout his writings, are distinctly and implicitly his own.

The least original of his compositions in point of manner, and perhaps the most artificial in style and sentiment (notwithstanding the beauty and gentleness of the machinery), is the "Rosamund Gray;" and he once, of his own accord, acknowledged to me that it was "affected in its construction, and that he wrote it in imitation of the sentimental school of Mackenzie."

One prominent characteristic of Lamb's mind consisted in an orthodox reverence for opinions and customs that have received ancestral sanction and respect. I never knew a more practical quietist than he. He disturbed no one's opinions where he thought them sincere, and he thwarted not the customs of his friends. It is not here inferred that he would refrain from a joke or a banter, but it would be a harmless one. Those whom he inclined to like (young people especially) he would try with sallies of satire; and, if they endured his ordeal with temper, they at once insured his friendly consideration. And what a "friend" he was to possess! — what frank and sincere advice! and what a sound and unerring judgment! For with all his living in the "past," and his remote associations with the Old World, Lamb had a social communion with the present. No one more truly sympathized with his species. He never chattered about sympathy, — he acted. He allowed his infant school-mistress thirty pounds a year till her death. What millionist that ever existed dispensed the same proportion of his income to his mental nurse? Lamb had his reward here; for no man could have received more sincere respect and friendly affection than he. His grateful worshipper, Moxon, well and truly says of him, "His very failings were such, that he was loved rather for them than in spite of them."

A worthy monument has been erected to his memory in the two last volumes of his life and letters. They ought to be known to all readers; for he there appears in a glory of unselfishness and magnanimity that of itself alone is sufficient to make one hopeful for human nature, in an age of speculative more than practical loving-kindness. Nothing but the divulging of Lamb's conduct towards his sister could have extenuated the publication of that awful catastrophe which befel her. We will not dwell upon the fact but to justify the recording of the sad event, on the ground that she most assuredly would have been the first to have sacrificed her own feelings upon the occasion, and in doing so have exalted the character and conduct of her brother.

The finest of Lamb's essays (after those already alluded to) are, "The New Year's Eve;" "Mrs. Battle's Opinion of Whist," an exquisitely playful paper; "The Old and the New Schoolmaster," in which the touching description of the teacher's wife is from the pen of Mary Lamb; the essay upon "Imperfect Sympathies;" "Mackery End in Hertfordshire;" "Grace before Meat," and which contains some of his finest and most varied thought; the description of "Some of the Old Actors;" that perfect one, "On the Acting of Munden," whose talent deserved such a recorder; and lastly, his most humorous and best known, the "Dissertation on Roast Pig." The mock gravity and quiet drollery in this remarkable paper has, I should suppose, rarely been exceeded. How amusing the record of the infant dawn of the culinary art! — that the first discoveries of the glories of roast pork and of crackling should be traced to the burning down of a pigsty! And then the slow progress of human improvement, — that houses were to be slightly built (for the sake of economy), in order that they might be fired when a pig was to be roasted; and lastly, the apotheosis upon the suckling when he is brought to table. "There is no flavor (says the eulogy) comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted crackling, as it is well called. The very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance with the adhesive oleaginous — oh, call it not *fat!* — but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it, the tender blossoming of fat, — fat cropped in the bud, taken in the shoot, in the first innocence, the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food; the lean no lean, but a kind of animal manna, or rather fat *and* lean (if it must be so), so blended and running into each other that both together make but one ambrosian result or common substance." The "Almanach des Gourmands" has no eloquence comparable with this. Apicius or Dartneuf, or any other epicure (Dr. Kitchener in the list), would have turned pale at such a *carmen triumphale* to the perfection of the art.

Lamb's letters, I was going to say, are as fine as his essays; and I do not feel inclined to withhold the opinion. In their class of composition, — as letters, — familiar communings with his friends, they are incomparable: so spontaneous; so little of the professor of literature in them; so natural, so reflective, so wise, so profoundly pathetic, so cheerful, so polished, so humorous, — in short, so totally unconscious of their being converted into an epistolary apotheosis.

The one to Baron Field, who was a judge in South Australia, is absolutely perfect for its wit and originality of thought. Those also to Manning are full of pleasantry. One of this complexion, dissuading him from a project of making a tour to "Independent Tartary," is a complete transcript of his peculiar vein of drollery. "For Heaven's sake (he says), don't think any more of 'Independent Tartary.' . . . . I tremble for your Christianity. . . . . There is a Tartar man now exhibiting at Exeter 'Change. Come and talk with him, and hear what he says first. Indeed, he is no very favorable specimen of his countrymen. But perhaps the best thing you can do is to *try* to get the idea out of your head. For this purpose repeat to yourself every night, after you have said your prayers, the words 'Independent Tartary — Independent Tartary,' two or three times, and associate them with the idea of oblivion." Again he says, "Some say these Tartar people are cannibals! and then conceive a Tartar-fellow eating my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar!" Further on he returns to the charge: "The Tartars are really a cold, insipid, smouchy set. You'll be sadly moped (if you are not eaten) among them. Pray, *try* and cure yourself. Take hellebore (the counsel is Horace's, 'twas none of my thought originally). Shave yourself oftener. Eat no saffron, for saffron-eaters contract a terrible Tartar-like yellow. . . . . Shave the upper lip. Go about like a European. Read no books of voyages (they are nothing but lies); only now and then a romance, to keep your fancy under. Above all, don't go to any sights of wild beasts. *That has been your ruin.*" And he concludes: "Have a care, my dear friend, of *anthropophagi!* their stomachs are always craving. 'Tis terrible to be weighed out at fip-pence a pound! To sit at table (the reverse of fishes in Holland), not as a guest, but as a meat! God bless you! Air and exercise may do great things. . . . . Talk with some minister, — why not your father?"

In taking leave of a subject that has naturally run out ome length, I cannot, nevertheless, conclude without naming one essayist of our own time, who may rank with the very best I have enumerated. I mean the ever sparkling, ever graceful-minded Leigh Hunt, whose conversation was the champagne of colloquial wine; whose breakfast-table

was as vivacious as most men's supper-tables; whose lips flowed with sentences that might have figured in papers on blithe themes, or have suggested essays upon mirthful wisdom. Charmingly as Leigh Hunt wrote, — and few writers possess such an ever-fresh charm in their style, — his talk was even yet more charming. Effortless, brilliant, full of a delightful ease and spontaneity of expression; teeming with kindly and liberal thoughts towards his brother men; pregnant with the enchanting impression that he himself enjoyed what he was speaking of; possessing the added attraction of lively manner and demeanor, sweet voice and look, with a vast fund of animal spirits, — Leigh Hunt's spoken effusions surpassed his written effusions in vivacity and impulse; although his essays are among the most vivacious and impulsive of animated writings. He had the gift of investing the most ordinary of subjects with a quite peculiar grace and zest, and could make even commonplace attractive by reason of his power in getting at the core of whatever beauty lay natively enshrined therein. The mere titles of some of his best papers in his *Indicator* and *Companion* testify this gift of Leigh Hunt's: witness his essays "On Coaches," "On Hats," "On Sticks," and "On a Pebble," each of which serves exquisitely to illustrate the philosophy of our great poet's significant words: —

"Most poor matters point to rich ends."

CANDOR.

There are, in spite of all proper platitudes to the contrary, a good many virtues which are more offensive than vices. We can forgive a man for being an habitual drunkard, or even for habitual lying; but it is terribly difficult to forgive him for systematic punctuality and early rising. The whole group of virtues of which those practices are generally symptomatic is of an offensive cast. Probably their possessors are so well aware that their habits are generally considered insulting to their neighbors, that they wrap themselves in more than the ordinary pomp of self-righteousness. They are obliged to wear a good thick armor to protect themselves from the odium due to their unsocial excellences. The taste for such observances grows by indulgence. As the first glass of brandy is frequently the ruin of the unfortunate man in whom a turn for dipsomania is latent, so the delight of rising one morning and glorying in imagination over millions of one's recumbent fellow-creatures is so keen, that the downward step is rapidly followed by others. The man who would be agreeable to mankind should guard against the first lapse into virtue. As a rule, the taste is acquired at an early period of life, before the full consequences of unswerving morality are appreciated. It is prevalent amongst those excellent and oppressive young men who at a later period rejoice in the possession of a high moral sense. A little knot of sympathetic youths gathers at a university; they divide the various talents and virtues among themselves with the confidence of youthful Alexanders partitioning the world among their followers; and, if the priggish element happens to be powerful, they affect what used to be called earnestness, — a term which, as we believe, is now becoming utterly obsolete. It means a profound conviction that the earnest person regulates all his actions according to a lofty moral code; or, which is supposed to come to much the same thing, that a lofty moral code is sure to justify whatever he does. The duller members of the body have to content themselves with aggravated forms of punctuality, pecuniosity, and other small virtues; the cleverer probably succeed in imposing upon the world at large, which is always willing to join in a chorus of vigorous laudation, and develop into conscientious ministers, bishops, and chancellors. They are so elaborately scrupulous, that whatever they do has a peculiar grace; and those actions which would be considered as jobs or time-serving in the worldly, have a fine moral flavor in their mouths, which gives to any cavil a distinct air of profanity. The world is said to be censorious, and to be too ready to suspect good men of having a touch of the Pecksniff in their compositions. We are more often surprised, we must confess, at the readiness with which a man's own valuation of his merits is generally accepted; but it is true that a certain smouldering disposition to revolt is frequently generated by these irrepressibly virtuous persons.

There is one virtue which is frequently affected by men of this kind. They are given to insisting, with ostentatious humility, upon their admirable candor. The objections to this quality in private life are pretty generally understood. It means a disposition to tell a friend of his faults, not because you want to annoy him, which is pardonable, but because you are anxious to do him good, which, as need hardly be said, is intolerable. The character is a tempting one for purposes of fiction, and has been pretty well worked out by novelists and playwrights. They indeed generally fall into the error of representing the practice as a piece of conscious hypocrisy. Sneer tells Sir Fretful Plagiary of the criticisms which have been directed against him with the comparatively innocent motive of deriving amusement from the irritability of his acquaintance. The more frequent character in real life is the man who really thinks that his unpleasant information will improve his victim. He has been so much accustomed to think of himself as a kind of voluntary missionary to the misguided mass of his fellow-creatures, that he falls into the natural error of believing good advice to be sometimes useful. He has convinced himself, or rather he has unawares adopted the pleasing delusion, that to tell a man to walk due south is not the most probable means of starting him towards the north pole. It requires unusual force of sympathetic imagination to understand the strange transmutations to which any sentiment will be subjected when it is transferred from your own mind to that of another person; and sympathetic imagination is precisely the quality in which a gentleman excusably absorbed in the contemplation of his own virtues is apt to be deficient. There is another form of the virtue, however, which is defended upon more refined principles, and which is, perhaps, not without its merits when it is genuine — that, namely, which is called intellectual candor. The genuine quality is as useful as it is rare. Nobody can read much of the controversial literature of the day, without perceiving, that, as a general rule, each side confines itself to the study of its own literature. We should not see a confident opinion about matters in which the ablest men are at variance commended as a virtue in those who are totally unable to appreciate the first conditions of the problems at issue, were it not that each party generally forms a little world of its own, and is as incapable of appreciating the state of mind of its opponents as of entering into the prejudices of the inhabitants of the moon. Mr. Mill somewhere strongly recommends the practice of steadily reading the works of our antagonists; and he has himself given some excellent examples of the advantage of the practice. It has perhaps one recommendation which its advocate did not directly contemplate. A Radical, for example, who only reads Radical literature, is apt to become doubtful of his own convictions when he observes how many of the stupidest and most ignorant of mankind entertain them as firmly as himself. It is necessary, in order to restore his self-complacency, that he should plunge for a time into the hostile literature; he will be repaid for the first shock of natural antipathy by the discovery that folly and stupidity are not confined to any side of any question. The frame of mind which is generated by many-sided studies is certainly a desirable one, and it is frequently described by the name of candor. But there is a kind of bastard imitation of the same virtue, which is far more common, and by no means so estimable. A whole stock of commonplaces has been accumulated by the dealers in this commodity about theological and political questions. They are fond of talking about the falsehood of extremes, and have a summary mode of settling all controversies by striking a balance between the most remote opinions. There is something to be said for the ultra democrat, and something for the bigoted re-actionist. Go half-way between the two, and you cannot fail of being in the right. In æsthetic and

philosophical questions the same kind of opinion calls itself eclecticism; and it is infinitely comfortable to people who dislike the responsibility of striking out an original line for themselves. The doctrine commends itself very strongly to the earnest-minded person generally; he is anxious to recognize every thing which is put forward with due solemnity; and, by placing himself at a central point between the various extremes, he can gain at a cheap rate a reputation for large-mindedness and width of sympathy. Moreover, he can thus reconcile deep convictions with facility for gradually shifting into any system of opinion that may be convenient. A generous recognition of the good that may be found on all sides is a fine, decorous virtue, almost indispensable to the preservation of a high moral tone. When you consider a theory to be altogether wrong, you are apt to laugh at it; and the truly earnest man should never laugh.

Now, it is as plain that this theory has something in it, as it is plain that it is far from being an accurate statement of the truth. If we endeavor to apply the principle of striking an average between extremes to any case in which there is a general agreement of opinion, we at once come upon the most palpable absurdities. One set of philosophers held that the sun went round the earth, and another that the earth went round the sun; and the only mode of reconciling the two opinions, is to be found in the answer of that distinguished candidate at a competitive examination, who said that it was sometimes one and sometimes the other body which revolved. Or, to leave questions in which the method is obviously inapplicable, we might take some of the political compromises that have been held at different times. For example, there were the theories about toleration. The extremists were absurd enough to say that every creed ought to be tolerated. Locke, though a very enlightened man for his age, felt that this was going a little too far, and, in order to maintain a character for common-sense, decided that a line must be drawn somewhere, and drew it at atheists and papists. Others adopted a theory conceived in the spirit of that ingenious Cornish juryman, who, when a man was accused on doubtful evidence of poisoning an old woman, remarked that he would "gie un month in the debtors' ward." They thought that burning a Dissenter was wrong, but did not object to a reasonable amount of imprisonment. The case, indeed, was one in which the extremists on one side or the other were obviously right. We must either grant absolute freedom, which is the conclusion generally adopted, or persecute so vigorously as to suppress the heresy. Any number of other cases might easily be suggested, in which the choice really lies between one of two diametrically opposed principles; and any kind of compromise, even if advisable in practice for a time, is obviously untenable in theory. Indeed, it may be doubted whether this does not more frequently hold true than the opposite. The truth of which the doctrine of the advantage of middle courses seems to be an imperfect expression is, in its genuine form, of a different nature. It is quite true, and it is highly important to remember, that when any large number of people hold a given opinion, there must be some general cause for it; but it does not at all follow that the cause is that the opinion contains any large element, or even any element whatever, of soundness. Mankind is foolish, and has frequently maintained a passionate belief in degrading superstitions of various kinds for many centuries together. Any such superstition must have had some reason for permanence; that is to say, it must have gratified some moral or intellectual instincts. A satisfactory explanation of the facts to which it refers must explain what was the nature of its influence; but it does not follow that the influence depended, even in the very smallest degree, upon the truth of the opinions held. It is an easy misapplication of this obvious truth, to assume that any two hostile opinions are always complementary, and that a complete theory may be reached by combining them. The method is attractive in proportion to its easiness; but, unluckily, it will not work. Genuine candor would force us to admit that no theory is sound which does not explain how it came to be generally misunderstood. When we know the real arrangement of the solar system, we can easily account for the delusions which retarded its recognition; and it is perfectly easy to understand why toleration has made such slow progress in the world: but it would be the height of absurdity to attempt a discovery of the truth by combining the opposite doctrines. And thus it is well to remember that candor may sometimes compel us to say, not that everybody is more or less right, but that a large part of mankind is hopelessly stupid and ignorant, and has accepted many doctrines because a gross blunder is often much easier than a true solution of a difficulty.

THE NEW GULLIVER.

IT is obvious that we have amongst us a satirist of very remarkable literary power, as well as of a very cynical turn of mind. Since the days of Swift, nothing has been written abler, in its peculiar way, and certainly nothing more thoroughly bitter and contemptuous in its drift, than the little book called "Erĕwhŏn; or, Over the Range," — the reader will see that Erewhon is a very simple disguise of "Nowhere," — just published by Mr. Trübner. While Swift, however, in his voyage to the country of the Houynhyms and voyage to Laputa, directed his satire chiefly against the vices of man and the degradation of human manners and intellect, — for in his admiration for the equine form of the Houynhyms, as compared with that of the Yahoos, he only expressed a coarse physical disgust for the human form in its degraded condition, — the author of Erĕwhŏn," on the other hand, directs all the force of his satire, not against the practical life of men as they are, but against the morality and the religion of men and the higher workings of their intellect. His satire is, at bottom, a philosophical attack veiled in fable, on the prevalent notions of human responsibility, on the personal forms of human faith, and on the capacity for intellectual perversions. His object — if, as we feel no doubt, the book *has* an object beyond the fanciful exhibition of a topsy-turvy sort of moral and intellectual world — is to make men blush, not for what they do, but for what they think and feel; and not for what they think and feel in their lowest, but in their highest moods. We conjecture that the author is a universal sceptic, who intends to illustrate strongly the absurdity (as he holds it) of treating men as at all more responsible for their moral than for their physical health; further, the absurdity of believing that any real being gives the law to our thoughts of what is fitting; and, finally, the absurdity of speculating too much, even as to the possible developments of what is already in existence. The author of "Erĕwhŏn" differs widely from Swift in directing all his satire against what would usually be called the highest morality, faith, and philosophy of the day. What he seems to want to impress on his readers is the hollowness of all the higher creeds, whether as to ethics, religion, or philosophy, — the wisdom of quietly taking your notions of what is best from the society around you, without inventing fictions as to any power of the understanding to penetrate beneath or beyond them. In one page the author confesses that the "high Ydgrunites," — i.e., the higher worshippers of Ydgrun (Mrs. Grundy), who always defer to her without ample reason for resistance, but then override her with due self-reliance, appeared to him to have got "about as far as it is in the right nature of men to go," — a judgment which he only modifies by saying that they ought to speak out more clearly what they really think. Of course this, too, may be veiled satire; but, if it is, the book is without definite drift, which no one who reads it carefully will easily believe.

One of the most skilful parts of the book is the account of the adventures of the colonist of the fable, in his discovery of the land of Erewhon; of the interview with the Indian Chowbok, in which the latter *acts* to him the terrors of the great mountain-chain he desires to cross between the pasture lands on the coast, and the unexplored interior, imitating the hideous faces of the stone giants whom the hero of the tale subsequently finds at the top of

the pass, and the unearthly sounds which the wind makes in blowing through them; of the three weeks' exploring with Chowbok, by which he reaches the foot of the pass, and his desertion by the terrified Chowbok before he attempts it; of his own dangers in the journey, and of his ultimate success. All this is told with a graphic minuteness that lends a good deal of external interest to the satire, but that we cannot stay to recount. When, at length, the adventurer descends into the land of Erewhon, his first remarkable experience is the approbation expressed of his physical health, after minute examination of his heart, lungs, and other organs, the praise of his light hair and complexion, and the exceeding disapprobation with which his watch is received, as though it were a kind of crime in him to be in possession of such an instrument. The hero speculates that the people, who present most of the features of European life with a difference, may, perhaps, be the Ten Lost Tribes; and one of the many bitter sarcasms directed at the Bible is introduced in reference to this suggestion: —

"To restore the lost Ten Tribes of Israel to a knowledge of the only truth: here would be, indeed, an immortal crown of glory! My heart beat fast and furious as I entertained the thought. What a position would it not insure me in the next world; or perhaps even in this! What folly it would be to throw such a chance away! I should rank next to the apostles, if not as high as they; certainly above the minor prophets, and possibly above any Old-Testament writer except Moses and Isaiah."

Soon he remarks that the people are very compassionate to him when he is out of temper, or when they think him so; and one of his visitors tell him quite kindly that though she knows how impossible it is to prevent being sulky at times, he "ought to see some one, if it became more serious," — just as we say that if cold takes further hold on a man, he ought "to see some one." On the other hand, when he tells the daughter of his jailer that he has taken cold, she fires up, and asks him what he means by it, and how he dare make such a statement, especially when he remembers that he is in prison; from all which he gradually elicits the view of the country to be, that illness is a crime to be seriously punished by the law; while what we call sins or vices are misfortunes, to be pitied and sympathized with, and removed only with the full consent of the patient, by the moral sagacity of the family "straightener" (or moral physician), whose prescriptions are followed as sedulously in Erewhon as those of our physicians of the body in Europe: —

"There are subdivisions of illnesses into crimes and misdemeanors, as with offences amongst ourselves — a man being punished very heavily for serious illness, while failure of eyes or hearing in one over sixty-five, who has had good health hitherto, is dealt with by fine only, or imprisonment in default of payment. But if a man forges a check, or sets his house on fire, or robs with violence from the person, or does any other such things as are criminal in our own country, he is either taken to a hospital, and most carefully tended at the public expense, or, if he is in good circumstances, he lets it be known to all his friends that he is indisposed, just as we do when we are ill; and they come and visit him with great solicitude, and inquire with interest how it all came about, what symptoms first showed themselves, and so forth, — questions which he will answer with perfect unreserve; for bad conduct, though considered no less deplorable than illness with ourselves, and as unquestionably indicating something seriously wrong with the individual who misbehaves, is, nevertheless, held to be the result of either pre-natal or post-natal misfortune. I should add that under certain circumstances poverty is considered criminal."

Consequently, when people meet each other in the morning, they do not ask after health, which would be gross ill-breeding, but after temper or character, hoping their friends are "good;" that they no longer feel greedy, or malicious, or snappish, but are recovered from these little indispositions. The hero's host is taken with premonitory symptoms of embezzlement, having twice or three times laid hands on money not his own, till at last he cheats a confiding widow out of the whole of her fortune, — whereupon, seeing he had neglected himself too long, "he drove home at once; broke the news to his wife and daughters, and sent off for one of the most celebrated straighteners of the kingdom to a consultation with the family practitioner," and "expressed his fears that his morals were permanently impaired." This vein of satire, — its force depending, of course, on the many cases in which we make the opposite blunder, and treat as criminal, habits and dispositions which are, strictly speaking, moral maladies caught by contagion from evil parentage and evil circumstances, — is worked out very skilfully; young ladies, for instance, who are really weak in *health*, pleading dipsomania to conceal their weakness of health, just as in England similar young ladies sometimes plead hysterical or nervous weakness to conceal the dipsomania from which they are really suffering.

The other ideas of the day satirized in "Erewhon" are hardly as closely connected with this leading notion, — that we are really quite as responsible (or irresponsible) for our health of body as for our health of soul, — as they ought to be. A people who held that vice was mere illness, and that disease was crime, would hardly be the people to worship the personifications of Hope, Justice, &c., as they are here made to do. They would rather have worshipped the personifications of Strength, Beauty, Activity, &c., —which to them would be the moral qualities, and not mere gifts of fortune. However, the inner structure of satires of this kind must not be scanned too minutely. The attack of the author on these divine personifications is fierce, and but too evidently intended to go to the very roots of theism. Not that the author argues the question. It is the very danger of this sort of satire, that it throws ridicule on a faith without the slightest show of argument, except a faint argument from analogy, against it: —

"They personify Hope, Fear, Love, and so forth, giving them temples and priests, and carving likenesses of them in stone, which they verily believe to be faithful representations of living beings who are only not human in being more than human. If any one denies the objective existence of these divinities, and says that there is really no such being as a beautiful woman called Justice, with her eyes blinded, and a pair of scales, positively living and moving in a remote and ethereal region, but that Justice is only the personified expression of certain modes of human thought and action, — on this they become disturbed, and call the objector every kind of ill name, saying that he denies the existence of Justice in denying her personality, and that he is a wanton disturber of men's religious convictions. They detest nothing so much as any attempt to lead them to higher spiritual conceptions of the deities whom they profess to worship. Arowhena and I had a pitched battle on this point, and should have had many more, but for my prudence in allowing her to get the better of me. I am sure that in her heart she was suspicious of her own position, for she returned more than once to the subject. 'Can you not see,' I had exclaimed, 'that the fact of Justice being admirable will not be in the least affected by the absence of a belief in her being also a living agent? Can you really think that men will be one whit less hopeful, because they no longer believe that Hope is an actual person?' She shook her head, and said that with men's belief in the personality, all incentive to the reverence of the thing itself, as Justice or Hope, would cease; men from that hour would never be either just or hopeful again."

Arowhena might surely have replied, that, as a matter of fact, a just head of a family has a marvellous influence on the respect for justice in the minds of the children; and the disappearance of that just head of the family, — or of the trust in him, if he be invisible, — is necessarily a great loss to the characters of the children; but this side of the question it did not suit our author to suggest. The attack on our churches, under the thin veil of "musical banks," — places where the superstitious and chiefly feminine population of Erewhon go to hear music, and receive a kind of sacred currency not much used in the business of real life, but supposed to be all the more profitable on that account to the users, — will strike home much more to the minds of those who believe in the objects of Christian worship, than of those who believe, as the author evidently does, in the utter emptiness and folly of that worship. One of the most

telling and bitter touches of irony in the book is the author's attack on the feminine, wistful half belief and half unbelief in religious rites, in daily services, and the like. He puts it in the form of an observation on the manner of the ladies when going every morning to their "musical banks" to get some of the mysterious currency supposed to be especially profitable to them in a spiritual sense. He says that whenever he asked them where they were going, they answered with a certain air of reserve; but that there was always something wistful about the manner, "something of regret, something as though they would wish to take me with them, but did not like to ask me, and yet as though I were hardly to ask to be taken." These are the comments on the service after it was over:—

"At last I ventured to remark that the bank was not so busy to-day as it probably often was. On this Mrs. Nosnibor said that it was indeed melancholy to see what little heed people paid to the most precious of all institutions. To this I could say nothing; but I have ever been of opinion that the greater part of mankind do, on the whole, know where they get that which does them good. Mrs. Nosnibor went on to say that I must not imagine that there was any want of confidence in the bank because I had seen so few people there; the heart of the country was thoroughly devoted to these establishments, and any sign of their being in danger would bring in support from the most unexpected quarters. It was only because people knew them to be so very safe, that in some cases (as she lamented to say in Mr. Nosnibor's) they felt that their support was unnecessary."

Does the author really believe "that the greater part of mankind do, on the whole, know where they get that which does them good"? We doubt it. He only says so when it tells on the sceptical side. If he takes the emptiness of the churches as evidence on the one side of the case, he should take their fulness as evidence on the other; which he certainly shows no disposition to do. However, the assertion of one of the musical-bank managers that all would be right now that "they had put fresh stained-glass into all the banks of the country, and repaired the buildings, and enlarged the organs, and taken to talking nicely to the people in the streets, and to remembering the ages of their children, and giving them things when they were ill," is a happy enough caricature of the dim hopefulness of our High-Church clergy. The poorest thing in "Erewhon" is the account of the Colleges of Unreason,—the equivalents for our universities,—with regard to which almost every thing said is stale and conventional.

One of the cleverest elements in the satire is the account of "The Book of the Machines,"—an elaborate argument by one of the learned men of Erewhon, to show that machinery was improving so much more rapidly than man, that, in the course of a few centuries, machinery would probably develop complete self-sustaining power, and reduce man to a quite secondary position in the universe; "machinery" being supported by "mannery," rather than man by machinery. The argument that machinery could not acquire a reproductive system is thus happily rebutted:—

"What is a reproductive system, if it be not a system for reproduction? And how few of the machines are there which have not been produced systematically by other machines? But it is man that makes them do so. Yes; but is it not insects that make many of the plants reproductive? and would not whole families of plants die out, if their fertilization were not effected by a class of agents utterly foreign to themselves? Does any one say that the red clover has no reproductive system, because the humble-bee (and the humble-bee only) must aid and abet it before it can reproduce? No one would venture upon such an obviously absurd assertion. The humble-bee is a part of the reproductive system of the clover. . . . .then why not we part of that of the machines?"

The argument had taken so much effect in Erewhon, that, after a great revolutionary agitation, it was decided to destroy all machines invented for the previous two hundred and seventy-one years, and never permit the introduction of any new machine; and this was the reason why the hero's watch brought him into so much danger when he entered Erewhon. The drift of this part of the satire—skilful beyond measure as it is—is hardly so clear as that of the rest of the book; but its general intention evidently is, to discredit the confidence placed in long trains of intellectual reasoning, to suggest the danger that great scholastic institutions may lead a nation into the most absurd and ruinous conservatism, and to illustrate the writer's strong conviction that half the moral creeds of nations are mere arbitrary inheritances from the past, originating in the dominance of some powerful but prejudiced mind. "The Book of the Machines" is a sort of intellectual Bible of falsehood, which the writer wants to exhibit as exercising precisely the same kind of dominating authority as our own spiritual Bible,—whose creed he clearly holds to be quite as false and more dangerous than that of his own imaginary "Book of the Machines." "Erewhon" is intended to suggest that man's physical and moral being are equally subject to absolutely necessary laws; that responsibility and God are alike fictions; that the power of moral and intellectual tradition and authority is overwhelming, and that the true conduct-creed—it is a perversion of language to call it moral—would enjoin general conformity to a public opinion formed with reference to general interests, but constantly modified by the courage requisite to prevent it from petrifying or standing still. It is certainly quite true that if any one will accept the implied satiric teaching of the book, he will find himself morally and intellectually "nowhere,"—i.e., in Erewhon,—when he has done.

YESTERDAYS WITH AUTHORS.

THIS volume consists of a collection of articles that appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* last year, containing Mr. Fields's personal reminiscences of authors, whose names are household words in both worlds.* Every lover of books and their authors will thank Mr. Fields for this very pleasant volume. The matter is always interesting, and the manner of telling it always tasteful. The article on Charles Dickens will be especially relished by those whose appetites have been whetted by Forster's first volume. For this reason we will at once proceed to discuss its contents, with the prospect of many good things to follow, in the shape of Thackeray, Hawthorne, and Miss Mitford.

Mr. Fields first saw Dickens at Boston in 1842.

"You ask me what was his appearance as he ran, or rather flew, up the steps of the hotel, and sprang into the hall. He seemed all on fire with curiosity, and alive as I never saw mortal before. From top to toe every fibre of his body was unrestrained and alert. What vigor, what keenness, what freshness of spirit, possessed him! He laughed all over, and did not care who heard him. He seemed like the Emperor of Cheerfulness on a cruise of pleasure, determined to conquer a realm or two of fun every hour of his over-flowing existence."

Some of Dickens's choicest bits of fun are to be found in his letters written at this time. In a letter of his, written to Mr. Felton, Greek Professor at Cambridge, he complains that two L.L.'s (see Chuzzlewit) were ambitious of a personal introduction to him; but he adds that he will draw a veil over his sufferings. From Niagara, he writes,—

"I have long suspected that oysters have a rheumatic tendency. Their feet are always wet; and so much damp company in a man's inside cannot contribute to his peace."

On oysters again:—

"A terrible idea occurred to me as I wrote those words. The oyster-sellers,—what do *they* do when oysters are not in season? Is pickled salmon vended then? Do they sell crabs, shrimps, winkles, herrings? The oyster openers,—what do *they* do? Do they commit suicide in despair, or wrench open tight drawers and cupboards, and hermetically sealed bottles, for practice? Perhaps they are dentists, out of the oyster season. Who knows?"

* Yesterdays with Authors. By James T. Fields. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

On his homeward voyage he established a club, called the "United Vagabonds," to the great amusement of the rest of the passengers. With two of his associates, dressed up like Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen, Dickens went round to all the sick in the ship, bearing enormous rolls of plaster, and huge pairs of scissors. His man Topping is as good as Sam Weller.

"The aforesaid groom — a very small man (as the fashion is), with fiery red hair (as the fashion is *not*) — has looked very hard at me, and fluttered about me at the same time, like a giant butterfly. After a pause, he says, in a Sam Wellerish kind of way, 'I vent to the club this mornin', sir. There vornt no letter, sir.' 'Very good, Topping.' 'How's missis, sir?' 'Pretty well, Topping' 'Glad to hear it, sir.' '*My* missis ain't very wel, sir.' 'No?' 'No, sir; she's a going to have a hincrease very soon, and it makes her rather nervous, sir; and ven a young woman gets at all down at sich a time, sir, she goes down wery deep, sir.' To this sentiment I reply affirmatively; and then he adds, as he stirs the fire (as if he were thinking out loud), 'Wot a mystery it is! Wot a go is natur'!' With which scrap of philosophy he gradually gets nearer to the door, and so fades out of the room."

Of Dickens's second visit to America Mr. Fields gives us his personal recollections. Dickens was not in good health; and he therefore put himself into training, as it were, for his public readings, by exercise and abstinence from dinner entertainments. His wonderful spirit kept him always ready for his evening work, though his appetite was so bad that Mr. Fields scarcely saw him eat a hearty meal during his whole stay in America. His letters of this date abound in the usual humor. He thus describes his adventures on the way to Albany: —

"We had all sorts of adventures by the way, among which two of the most notable were, —

"1. Picking up two trains out of the water, in which the passengers had been composedly sitting all night, until relief should arrive.

"2. Unpacking and releasing into the open country a great train of cattle and sheep, that had been in the water I don't know how long, and that had begun in their imprisonment to eat each other. I never could have realized the strong and dismal expressions of which the faces of sheep are capable, had I not seen the haggard countenances of this unfortunate flock, as they were tumbled out of their dens, and picked themselves up and made off, leaping wildly (many with broken legs) over a great mound of thawing snow, and over the worried body of a deceased companion. Their misery was so very human that I was sorry to recognize several intimate acquaintances conducting themselves in this forlornly gymnastic manner."

Apropos of Dickens's readings, a famous actress, Mrs. K——, said of the murder scene in "Oliver Twist," the question of reading which was under discussion, "Why, of course, do it; . . . the public have been looking out for a sensation these last fifty years or so, and, by Heaven, they have got it!"

Mr. Fields gives us an interesting account of his wanderings through London, made in the novelist's company. They visited the room in Furnival's Inn where "Pickwick" was written; they heard the haggard old opium-eater of "Edwin Drood" keep repeating, "Ye'll pay up according, deary, won't ye?" in the opium dens crowded with Chinamen and Lascars; of penny lodging-houses, cheap theatres, and casual wards, Dickens must have been a perfect *cicerone*. Once they came across a little girl in a police-office, who had lost her way. She was between four and five, was dressed in a coalscuttle bonnet of her mother's, made ten or fifteen years ago. She could give no account of her home or parentage; but when asked if she would have any thing, answered gayly, "Cake and candy." Dickens held a conversation with her, which yielded much fun, but soon even the creator of Little Nell and Paul Dombey gave her up in despair. The child, they learned subsequently, was claimed by her parents.

The life at Gad's Hill, only twelve months before that sad 9th of June, will probably be thought the choicest scrap in the paper. Dickens was an excellent host: —

"Every day we had out-of-door games, such as bowls, Aunt Sally, and the like, Dickens leading off with great spirit and fun. Billiards came after dinner, and during the evening we had charades and dancing. There was no end to the new *divertissements* our kind host was in the habit of proposing, so that constant cheerfulness reigned at Gad's Hill. He went into his workroom, as he called it, soon after breakfast, and wrote till twelve o'clock; then he came out, ready for a long walk. . . . Then Dickens was at his best, and talked. Swinging his blackthorn stick, his lithe figure sprang forward over the ground, and it took a practised pair of legs to keep alongside of his voice."

His practical jokes, with all their fun, were always harmless. As an instance we can only refer to the scene in the churchyard at Cooling, where, by the aid of a towel and napkin, he transformed himself into a head waiter (p. 225). Mr. Fields sums up Dickens's character in pages of the deepest interest. No writer ever lived who was more industrious, more exact, or more punctual, than was Dickens. He never shirked the labor necessary to make his creations lifelike. When he was writing "Hard Times," he used to spend many hours behind the scenes, with the riders and among their horses; and he banished himself for two years to France when the "Tale of Two Cities" was in contemplation. His powers of observation and memory must have been enormous. During the composition of his earlier works, the characters he was engaged on never left him: he was, no doubt, as enraptured with them as Pygmalion was with his ivory statue, or as Gibson was with his colored Venus. He seemed to enjoy intensely the fun of his comic people. He was devoted to animals, and knew the whereabouts of every claw, foot, or fin in the Zoölogical Gardens. Among authors, Cobbett, DeQuincey, Sydney Smith, Carlyle, Pepys, and Smollett, were his favorites. He never composed a line of any speech he was to make, but considered his subject during a long walk into the country, and when he came back, was ready for the occasion. When the personal recollections of such a man are so interesting to those who love his works, how fraught with sadness must they be to those who loved the man!

Whereas Dickens preferred Smollett to Fielding, Thackeray looked upon the author of "Tom Jones" as his exemplar; and said to Mr. Fields, "My English would have been very much better if I had read Fielding before I was ten." In many respects Thackeray was the exact opposite of his great contemporary. His habits were unmethodical and procrastinating; his maxim being to avoid doing to-day what could be postponed till to-morrow. "Nearly all his stories were written in monthly instalments for magazines, with the press at his heels. . . As he wrote from month to month, and liked to put off the inevitable chapter till the last moment, he was often in great tribulation." On one occasion, after he had kept a party of friends waiting an hour or two for dinner, which he was to give at Greenwich, he burst in among his hungry guests with the exclamation, "Thank Heaven! the last sheet of 'The Virginians' has just gone to the printer." Again, unlike Dickens, he was a poor speaker; or rather, his attempts at speaking were woful failures. At the opening of the free library in Manchester, when he was expected to deliver a great speech, after three minutes he sat down with a look of comic despair, his hands thrust into his pockets. He said to Mr. Fields, as soon as the meeting was over, "My boy, you have my profoundest sympathy: this day you have accidentally missed hearing one of the finest speeches ever composed for delivery by a great British orator." Thackeray never took any exercise, and thought that *high* living and high thinking was the correct reading of the proverb. When he was in America, the oysters seem to have struck him as much as they did Dickens. Once he rejected a large one because he said it resembled the high priest's servant's ear that Peter cut off; and when he had swallowed the smallest he could find, "opening his mouth very wide, he struggled for a moment, and then all was over. . . . I broke the perfect stillness by asking him how he felt. 'Profoundly grateful,' he replied, 'and as if I had swallowed

a little baby.'" His playfulness was a marked peculiarity in his character, and knew no bounds when he was released from his work. In America Mr. Fields found it necessary sometimes to repress Thackeray's exuberant spirits. His departure from the New World happened in this wise: "He was to have visited various cities in the Middle and Western States; but he took up a newspaper one night in his hotel in New York before retiring, saw a steamer advertised to sail the next morning for England, was seized with a sudden fit of home-sickness; rang the bell for his servant, who packed up his luggage that night, and the next day he sailed. The first intimation I had of his departure was a card, which he sent by the pilot of the steamer, with these words upon it: 'Good-by, Fields; good-by, Mrs. Fields; God bless everybody, says W. M. T.;' Among other accomplishments, Thackeray reckoned calligraphy; and he once said, that, if all trades failed, he would earn sixpence by writing the Lord's Prayer and the Creed in the size of that coin. Mr. Fields is very happy in his estimate of Thackeray's powers, — "a master in every sense, having, as it were, in himself a double quantity of being. Robust humor and lofty sentiment alternated so strangely in him, that sometimes he seemed like the natural son of Rabelais, and at others he rose up a very twin brother of the Stratford seer. . . . Whatever he chose to do was always perfectly done."

Nathaniel Hawthorne must have been a child of precocious powers, for when he was six years old his favorite book was the "Pilgrim's Progress." As weigher and gauger in the custom-house, he performed his duties like a real man of business, rather than as a brilliant romancer. He was a hearty devourer of books; and, in certain moods of mind, it made very little difference what the volume before him happened to be. An old play, the advertisement sheets in newspaper files, gave him great delight. De Quincey, Sterne's Sermons, Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," and the novels of Scott, G. P. R. James, and Trollope, were especial favorites. We are told an interesting story about the origin of Longfellow's "Evangeline." A friend endeavored to persuade Hawthorne to write a tale on the subject of a legend of Acadie, but without success. Whereupon Longfellow said to Hawthorne, "If you have really made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you give it to me for a poem?" From this conversation sprang "Evangeline." Of Hawthorne, Mr. Fields writes, "I do not remember a single slovenly passage in all his acknowledged writings. He was unlike any other author I have met; and there were qualities in his nature so sweet and commendable that, through all his shy reserve, they sometimes asserted themselves in a marked and conspicuous manner." His death, sudden at the last, was as peaceful as was that of Dickens and of Thackeray.

Mr. Fields ends his volume with a series of letters written by Miss Mitford to himself during the last six years of her life. All who like well-written letters will enjoy these; for as Mr. Fields says, as a letter-writer, Mary Mitford has rarely been surpassed. One of her peculiarities was her power of admiration, and one of her most revered idols was Napoleon III. She called him the most graceful of European chiefs; in whom she confesses the interest that all women feel in strength and courage, and to see whom — as Napoleon the First's heir — at the Elysee, seemed to her "a real piece of poetical justice." "If one did not admire Louis Napoleon, I should like to know upon whom one could as a public man fix one's admiration;" Ruskin and Béranger were other idols worshipped by her with an equal enthusiasm. During the last few years of her life, Miss Mitford was always cheerful, an excellent talker, with a vivid power of representing old actors and other celebrities, and as good a hater as admirer.

Great writers have been called by one who was eminently a great writer, the friends and benefactors of their readers. We ought, then, to feel doubly grateful to all who can keep alive in us the sense of gratitude to those to whom we owe so much. We thank Mr. Fields most heartily for the pleasant "Yesterdays" we have passed in such good company.

PUNCH AND THE PUPPETS.

OF the once numerous race of puppets, Punch is by far the best known in England at the present time. He, in fact, alone of all the puppets which once used to amuse English audiences, retains his hold on the popular favor. Every one who has lived in a large town must be tolerably familiar with the shrill squeak and absurd appearance of the performers, going through their various parts in a comedy, which, when considered from a moral point of view, is contrary to all our previously-received ideas. A writer in *All the Year Round*, speaking of those who stop and thoughtlessly look, for a few minutes, at the performance of Punch, observes, "And then they walk away, to keep important appointments, and to transact important business, little reflecting that they have witnessed one of the most awful tragedies ever offered to the contemplation of mankind. They have, in fact, seen represented a series of murders, all perpetrated by brutal means, that would raise the horror of civilized Europe if brought before the notice of a legal tribunal, and all accompanied by reckless derision on the part of the murderer, an uncouth being, whose form and voice seem to separate him from the rest of mankind."

Without adopting the ironical criticism of this writer, it must be admitted that its morality is not the highest recommendation of Mr. Punch's comedy.

It is a curious and interesting question, whence can have originated this odd little drama. Probably of the thousands who have looked on while it was being performed, very few, indeed, have been at all curious as to when and whence it arose, but have contented themselves with the vague general impression that it is the Italian Pulcinella in an English dress, if, indeed, they troubled their heads at all about the matter.

Two theories only, as to the origin of Punch, appear to have any tinge of probability. The one is, that the idea of Punch first originated in the mind of an ingenious Italian in the city of Acerra, near Naples, about the beginning of the seventeenth century. Three Italian authors, Riccoboni, Giunna, and Segniorelli, state this; and Giunna is so precise as to give the name of the ingenious inventor. He says, "Silvio Fiorelli, comedian, invented the Neapolitan Pulcinella, to which Andrea Calcese, by study and natural grace, added much." Mr. Payne Collier, in his work entitled "Punch and Judy," has adopted this account as the most probable, though even he admits that it is open to doubt whether Punch is not one of a family of far greater antiquity. The other theory as to the origin of the English Punch is that which Dr. Johnson was accustomed to support; namely, that he is not the invention of any particular man or time, but the amalgamation of several characters, which were all well known in the puppet-plays of the Middle Ages, more especially of that one called the Vice, or Iniquity, of the morality plays, which took the place of the miracle plays of an earlier epoch.

But, in truth, puppet-plays, or plays by "motions" as they were called, were so common all over civilized Europe, and came into existence at so extremely early a date, that it seems far more probable that the small drama we are considering grew, or was developed, out of others that had preceded it, than that it should have been definitely invented by some person at a particular time. And this appears the more probable when we consider that one character, at least, in the old puppet-shows, had a part to play containing some of the very same incidents which are now thought to be the characteristics of our friend and favorite Punch.

Thus, the Vice of the miracle and morality plays always ended his wicked career in a combat with the Devil, by whom he was ultimately carried off. Now, although Punch, on the other hand, succeeds in vanquishing his satanic majesty, yet this novelty of reversing the parts of these two performers had crept into the morality plays before the earliest date to which the birth of Punch can be assigned. For the birth of Punch, in Italy, has never been fixed at an earlier period than the beginning of the seven-

teenth century, and Giunna and Segniorelli put it rather later. But Ben Jonson, writing in 1616, says, in his play of "The Devil is an Ass," that formerly the Devil was accustomed to carry off the Vice; but to-day their parts are changed, and it is the Vice who carries off the Devil; "and," says the learned and painstaking author of the *Histoire des Marionnettes*, in the *Revue des deux Mondes* (August, 1849), whose admirable series of articles forms the groundwork of this paper, "this novelty pleased the public, and passed from the theatre of Blackfriars to the theatres of the marionettes; and Punch, when he arrived in England from Paris or Amsterdam, did not fail to appropriate to himself this part of the old Vice, his predecessor.

That the change thus introduced was highly appreciated by the populace, we hear also on the evidence of Mr. Payne Collier, who tells us that a certain travelling puppet-showman having, from religious scruples, refused to allow the Devil to be killed by Punch, not only saw the hopes of his gains vanish, but was even assaulted, and put to flight, by the spectators.

This much, at any rate, is clear: that this particular feature of Punch's exploits is not peculiar to him, but was copied by him from puppet and other plays that were common in Europe before he was ever thought of.

Yet Punch, as the English representative puppet, has a high and ancient genealogy, which he would do ill to exchange for his alleged Italian origin. He and his troupe are in England almost the only surviving representatives of a race of small beings, whose birth dates beyond the times of the ancient Romans; and who, for centuries, enjoyed universal popularity. By assenting to the theory that would place his birth at Acerra, in the seventeenth century, Punch would cut himself off from an illustrious ancestry, whose exploits are to be found recorded in the pages of Plato, Aristotle, Horace, Petronius, Galen, Apuleius, Tertullian, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Ben Jonson, Molière, Pope, Swift, Fielding, Voltaire, Goethe, and Byron. Yes: the pages of all these great authors contain some reference to puppet-plays and players, who are the direct ancestors of Mr. Punch.

Nay, it would almost appear as if the Romans had some conception of that illustrious personage himself; for, in the year 1727, a bronze statue of a Roman mime called Maccus was discovered, which is said to have borne the well-known physical characteristics of Punch. "This statue," says Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," is "engraved in a work on the Roman comic stage, by an Italian named Ficoroni." If this be so, the discovery of this statue seems to confirm the theory that our friend Punch is not the creation of one mind, but the embodiment of several characters which formed part of the *dramatis personæ* of the real and the puppet stage from a very early period.

It is no figure of speech to say a very early period, for the practice of representing scenes and incidents dramatically, by means of puppets, is of extreme antiquity.

Herodotus, in the hundred and forty-eighth chapter of his second book, states that the Egyptians, in their ceremonial of the worship of Osiris, used to carry about small Phallic images, or puppets, the limbs of which were moved by strings. The same performance, the pseudo-Lucian tells us, took place at Heliopolis.

Again, we are told that automaton images were common at the festivals of Bacchus, who is the same as Osiris; for Calixenes, in his work, "The Banquet of Athenæus," tells us that on one occasion, when Ptolemy Philadelphus held a festival in honor of Bacchus, a statue of that deity was carried about, which raised itself at its own will, poured out a libation of milk, and sat down again.

A very celebrated group of automaton images at Præneste is mentioned by Cicero, in his book "De Divinatione." It consisted of Jupiter, Juno, and their children, seated on the knees of Fortune; and they appeared to move of their own will.

The knowledge of the contrivances by which these little beings were made to appear to move at their own will was at first entirely in the hands of the sacerdotal caste, who were the educated class; and, whilst this was so, automaton images and puppets were found at religious ceremonies alone. But, when the science of mechanism and geometry was divulged, it became a means of ministering to the passion of the Greeks for plays and amusements; and two mathematicians, Archytas of Tarentum and Eudoxus, are said to have introduced automaton puppets into the popular recreations. Favorinus of Arles mentions one of the inventions of Archytas. It was a wooden dove, which used to fly, to the astonishment and amusement of the spectators.

But the greatest light has been thrown on the ancient puppet stage by the discovery of a whole shop or store of puppets, under the ruins of the ancient city of Camarina. This collection is now at Catania, in the museum of the Prince of Biscari. One very remarkable puppet is mentioned by M. Muret, formerly one of the keepers of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, and a drawing of it has been published by him. It was found at the ancient Panticapeum, the modern Kertch, in the Grimea, and was very ingeniously and skilfully contrived. The legs and arms were cleverly fitted into their places and articulated; motion was communicated by means of a thread which traversed a hole pierced in each thigh. These are merely individual puppets, and there is nothing to show that they formed part of any little theatre; but we are fortunately supplied with an account of a performance of puppets in ancient times by no less an authority than Xenophon.

That celebrated author tells us, in his account of the famous banquet of Callias, that amongst the amusements which that attentive host had prepared, was a Syracusan player of marionettes. There is abundant evidence to show that this taste for puppet-players spread universally in Greece and Rome; so that when the Greek stage began to fall from its original excellence, under the influence of the Macedonian faction, the Archons authorized a skilful puppet-maker, named Pothinus, to produce his wooden actors upon the stage of the theatre of Bacchus at Athens.

When Christianity became the religion of the world, the drama, both the real and that represented by marionettes, fell into disrepute. Naturally the early Christians looked with more than suspicion on an art that had been so closely allied, as this had been, with the false worship of the heathen deities, and centuries elapsed before the puppet race began again to lift their heads.

When, however, it came to be recognized that art and science might be used in the interest of religion, a great step had been taken in the direction of a point which was reached later, of admitting dramatic representations of religious subjects.

At first these representations were performed by religious confraternities, and later were transferred to the puppet stage. When they were thus transferred, it is not possible to determine very accurately; but Eustathius, who was Archbishop of Thessalonica in the twelfth century, in his commentary on the "Iliad," when explaining the hundred and twenty-second verse of the fourth book, expresses his astonishment at the renown of the Greek neurospast Pothinus, but he at the same time states that the art was well known in the Greek empire.

Proof of the existence of the puppet drama in the West in the twelfth century was supplied by an exceedingly valuable manuscript in the library at Strasburg, which it is much feared must have perished in the German bombardment. It was called Ludus Monstrorum, and amongst them was a show of marionettes. In this same manuscript was a book by a celebrated abbess of Hohenberg, on moral and religious subjects; amongst the various matter is a gloss upon that verse of Ecclesiastes, "Vanity of vanities," &c.; and the illumination by which it is illustrated is a representation of a little marionette man worked by a thread.

Between this epoch and the early part of the sixteenth century, puppet-plays seem to have gone into desuetude; but a certain Italian doctor of Pavia, Cardan by name, describes marionette plays with full details. He says, "If I wish to enumerate all the marvels that can be produced by means of threads on wooden statues, a whole day would

not suffice me; for these little figures play, fight, hunt, dance, sound the trumpet, and cook, very skilfully."

It has already been stated that the miracle plays which used to instruct and amuse the people in the Middle Ages were first performed by members of religious confraternities, who, on Sundays and saints' days, were accustomed, after morning service, to give representations of certain scenes of Scripture history. We are told that the denunciation of Nineveh, Jonah in the belly of the whale, and especially the Deluge, with Noah in the ark, were favorite subjects, and continued to hold their place even after the morality plays had been introduced.

These seem to have been added to the miracle plays about the middle of the fifteenth century. They received the name of morality plays, because the players took each the part of some virtue or vice, and carried out the part in a manner appropriate to that character.

By degrees, however, instead of representing each vice separately, the confraternities invented a character who should always appear, and who should be a sort of embodiment of all the sins. This personage got the name of the Vice and the Iniquity, and was always closely associated with the Devil. Shakspeare, in "Twelfth Night" (fourth act, second scene), speaks of this personage as being then an old *habitué* of the morality plays. The clown in that play sings:—

"I am gone, sir;
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain:
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, Ah, ah! to the Devil."

Again, the reference in "Hamlet" shows that the author knew that he was making an allusion that would be understood by his audience. In the reproaches which Hamlet heaps upon his mother, for her passion for his uncle, he thus describes him:—

"HAM. A murtherer and a villain;
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lor! a *vice* of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!"

The subjects of these miracle and morality plays seem to have been represented by puppets certainly as early as the middle of the sixteenth century; for, in "King Lear" (second act, second scene), Shakspeare makes an allusion which can only refer to the representation of morality plays on the puppet stage. The Earl of Kent thus addresses the servant of the undutiful Goneril, whom he has seized: "Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king, and take Vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father."

The Reformation under Henry the Eighth treated the puppet stage with consideration. Extravagant fanatics, such as the New Gospellers and extreme Puritans, cursed all amusements: but the churchmen took a more enlightened and liberal view of the matter; and an Irish bishop, John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, composed, and had represented by the pupils of the Episcopal college at Kilkenny, a score of miracle and morality plays, inculcating Protestant principles.

Under Queen Mary, of course, Protestant plays gave way to Romanist, which were carried out with great pomp in London.

Queen Elizabeth was somewhat in a difficult position with regard to the stage. She was supported by the Puritan party, whilst her own views had nothing in common with puritanism; and she had no wish that her countenance of the drama should seem to favor either party. She therefore solved the difficulty, in a characteristic manner, by prohibiting performances of a religious kind altogether. The consequence of this prohibition of religious plays was, that secular plays of a classical turn became very common in this reign.

In 1562 the stage, both great and small, fell under the ban of Calvin, who prohibited scenic representation with the utmost rigor. The effect was immense, says a French writer. All the Presbyterians of the three kingdoms, with whom the word of Calvin was more holy and sacred than the gospel itself, raised a howl of reprobation against the theatre, which came, they said, from the ashes of paganism.

From this time, owing partly to civil and political difficulties, as well as to the Puritan influence, the drama declined, till it was finally prohibited altogether by the Long Parliament under Cromwell; who, curiously enough, had himself taken part in a morality play when an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge. The piece was "The Combat between the Tongue and the Five Senses," and Oliver Cromwell played the part of Touch.

At the *Renaissance* of the stage, the puppet drama revived also, and does not appear, even in the worst days of the Restoration, to have lent itself to the immoralities and indecencies that disgraced the plays of that period.

We are now approaching that epoch when our friend Punch appears on the miniature stage in his own peculiar character.

Mr. Payne Collier thinks this character first appeared in 1688, and came in with the House of Orange at the great Revolution. On the other hand, Grainger, in his Biographical History, asserts that traces of him are to be found before that time; and he is of opinion that he came from France, in the retinue of the Stuarts, at the Restoration, to dethrone the old Vice.

It certainly is somewhat strange that authorities should be so little agreed as to the advent of this illustrious personage, whose appearance and character are sufficiently remarkable to justify us in expecting a little more exact information on this point. But, in truth, this uncertainty as to the time when Punch is said to have arrived in England is one reason which leads to a doubt whether he is an independent and original character, rather than (as has been suggested) an adaptation of the character of the old Vice, or perhaps an amalgamation of that personality with some other. One thing is certain, that after the introduction of Punch into the puppet drama in England, the old Vice disappeared, whilst his *rôle* was continued in the part taken by Punch. Several theories of the derivation of this name have been started; perhaps the most commonly received was that which professed to see some connection between Punch and Pontius Pilate, and between Judy and Judas. But this is the merest speculative etymology, suggested by the alliteration of the words. The best authorities are quite agreed that the name Punch is really Pulcinella, abbreviated to suit the taste of the English language. It must be conceded that our Punch gets his name from Italy; but his modern character and his play were conceived in England.

The part of the Italian Pulcinella was much more that of harlequin or clown than that of our Punch. He filled up the gaps in the piece with jokes and by-play, and was by no means the principal personage, round whom, as in the case of Punch, all the rest revolve. His part was that of mimicry and buffoonery, like that of the ancient Roman mimes, from whom his character seems to be derived.

But the French claim to have had a personage called Polichinelle as early as the reign of Henry IV., who was assassinated in 1610. Some of the couplets he used to sing in his play are preserved, and refer to the wars with Spain which took place in this reign. They run thus:—

"Je suis le Polichinelle,
Qui fait le sentinelle,
A la porte de Nesle;
Je suis le fameux Mignolet,
Général des Espagnolets," &c.

The last line, alluding to the Spanish wars, places the date of the song certainly as early as 1590; whilst no one has claimed a birth for the Italian Pulcinella earlier than the beginning of the seventeenth century.

It appears, then, that a character called Polichinelle, utterly different from the modern Punch, was known in France in the sixteenth century; and it has been already shown that the character of the Italian Pulcinella was not that of the Punch as we know it, but that of clown or harlequin. The origin of our friend's name may be Italian or French, but he himself, as known to us, and his play, are undoubtedly English.

It was, however, not in his present character of chief performer in his own drama that Punch first appeared, but in one that combined the parts of the clown in a pantomime and that of the old Vice. Even as late as 1697, Punch was a roystering blade, with nothing of the mixture of the character of Bluebeard and Don Juan that he assumed later. Addison has described him at this date, in a charming Latin poem, which was published at Oxford in 1698, in a volume entitled "Musarum Anglicanum Delectus Alter," and of a few lines of which the following is submitted as a translation:—

"A tiny folk disports itself among
The trappings round a tiny stage uphung;
But o'er the rest a mannikin is seen,
Of harshly croaking voice, and pompous mien.
Huge is his stomach, swelling proud and high;
Behind, a monstrous hump-back meets the eye.

. . . . . .

Oft doth he seek the converse of the fair;
With saucy lip doth court the lover's bliss,
And still on cheek reluctant prints the kiss."

The puppet-show of Punch here described was apparently that of Powell, which enjoyed great popularity at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The following advertisement of a sort of miracle play, in which Punch appears, serves to show what his part in the puppet drama was in 1703. It is to be found in "Strutt's Ancient Mysteries," page 230:—

"At Crawley Lodge, opposite the Crown Tavern in Smithfield, there will be performed, during St. Bartholomew Fair, a little play called 'The Ancient Creation of the World,' newly touched up and improved by the addition of the Deluge. Many fountains will play during the piece. The last scene will show Noah and his family going out of the ark, with the animals in pairs, and all the birds of the air perched upon trees. Finally, by means of various contrivances, will be seen the bad rich man going into hell, and Lazarus being carried into Abraham's bosom. Several figures will dance jigs, sarabands, and quadrilles, to the admiration of the spectators, all accompanied by the joyous fantasies of Segnior Punch and Sir John Spendall."

It was a very common incident of these puppet-plays to introduce Punch into the ark; for it is related by the author of "Punch and Judy," that in one of these shows of the Deluge, Punch appears from behind the curtain, when the rain begins to fall, and observes to the patriarch, "Very hazy weather, Master Noah."

A most amusing account of Mr. Powell's celebrated puppet-show, in which Punch appeared, is given in the sixteenth number of the *Tatler*. Two fashionable ladies are striving for the leadership of society at Bath; and the test is, which will get the world to follow her to the amusement she selects on a particular evening. The one invites her friends to go with her to the theatre to see the play of "Alexander the Great;" the other calls her followers to her house to see the creation of the world. This lady carried all before her, and her house was crowded, because it was given out that no one could get in; but here the *Tatler* must be allowed to speak for himself. "When we came to Noah's flood in the show, Punch and his wife were introduced dancing in the ark. An honest plain friend of Florimel's, but a critic withal, rose up in the midst of the representation, and made many very good exceptions to the drama itself, and told us it was against all morality, as well as the rules of the stage, that Punch should be in jest in the Deluge, or, indeed, should appear at all. This was certainly a just remark, and I thought to second him; but he was hissed by the other party, whereupon we, who were his friends, hissed him too. Old Mrs. Petulant desired her daughter to mind the moral, and whispered to Mistress Mayoress, 'This is very proper for young people to see.' Punch, at the end of the play, was very civil to the whole company, making bows till his buttons touched the ground."

In no one of the three authentic scenes here quoted, does the *rôle* of Punch at all resemble that which he adopted in late years: it seems, therefore, to follow that his own peculiar drama was the work of a later age. The particular time when Punch changed his character to become a *roué* and a murderer, is not precisely known; but from a satire of Swift, written in 1728, and addressed to a friend under the name of Timothy, we learn that he had then taken steps in that direction.

In 1790, he had quite accepted his wicked *rôle*, as we learn from the following verses (taken from Mr. Payne Collier's book on Punch and Judy), which date from that period:—

"Oh! hearken now to me a while:
A story I will tell you
Of Mr. Punch, who was a vile,
Deceitful, murderous fellow;

"Who had a wife, a child also,
And both of matchless beauty.
The infant's name I do not know:
It's mother's name was Judy.
Right toll de roll, &c."

Since 1790, Punch has continued to play the part here assigned to him. From time to time, incidents of popular interest have been introduced into his drama, as they are now introduced into the pantomime; but the main features of the play remain the same, and probably ever will, since they have been so successfully stereotyped by Mr. Payne Collier and Mr. Cruikshank.

TAILORS.

WHO first said that nine tailors make a man? And when did he say it? And why did he say it? And why is this kind of plurality more needed with tailors than with any other handicraftsmen? Investigators of the origin of old sayings, odd proverbs, slang phrases, nicknames, and queer words, have not left this particular subject unnoticed; and, if they have failed in furnishing decisive answers to the above four questions, they have, at any rate, accumulated abundant testimony showing the widely-spread familiarity with this joke.

The modes of applying it, by wits, retailers of wit, and inventors of jokes, are almost endless. A gentleman accepted a challenge from a tailor: they met on the field of fight, when the gentleman said to the challenger, "Where are the other eight?" In the days when the trained or train bands were among the institutions of London, a tailor, rated to supply half a man to the band, asked how this could be done: he was answered, "By sending four journeymen and an apprentice." Orator Henley, who was not particular concerning the sources of his jokes, provided he could make a smart hit with them, once said, that "as no man puts new cloth upon an old garment," a tailor cannot be a man. Carlyle, in his "Sartor Resartus," says, "Does it not stand on record that Queen Elizabeth, on receiving a deputation of eighteen tailors, addressed them with a 'Good-morning, gentlemen both'?" And did not the same virago boast that she had "a cavalry regiment whereof neither horse nor man could be injured; her regiment, namely, of tailors on mares"? This story of the cavalry regiment was told in the following form in the *Chester Courant*, a great many years ago: "In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the tailors petitioned her Majesty that a regiment might be raised, composed entirely of their craft, to go abroad into Flanders. The queen assented. She ordered that (as there never was known to be a regiment of tailors before) they should all be mounted on mares. In a short time the regiment was completed, equipped and drilled, reviewed by Elizabeth, and sent off to fight the queen's wars in Flanders. They rushed to the front in battle, fought valiantly, and

were every one killed. Her Majesty was greatly affected when she heard this news; but thanked God that she had neither lost man nor horse." A search for such an incident in Froude or Miss Strickland would probably not be rewarded with success.

Nor is this curious joke (whatever be its origin) confined to England. It is met with in many foreign countries, sometimes varied with another number instead of nine. The Count de la Villamarqué, in his "Collection of Breton Ballads," tells us that to this day the peasants of Brittany have a familiar saying, "qu'il faut neuf tailleurs pour faire un homme," — precisely our formula which seems to be accepted in all the four divisions of the United Kingdom. In Hanover, it seems, it requires *twelve* tailors to make a man; and in some parts of Germany the number is thirteen. In Silesia, through some unexplained peculiarity, the twelve fractions required to make a man are said to be button-makers (*Knöpfmacher*), instead of tailors.

Now, what are we to think of all this? It must have had *some* origin. No saying or proverb, story or joke, traceable into several countries, expressed in various languages, and kept alive for some centuries, could have sprung into existence without a cause; and we are left to speculate whether the cause, whatever it may have been, was purely accidental or designedly concocted.

One explanation, presented in multiplied form, is based upon the phrase, "Make a man of him;" that is, rendering some substantial service. In Rhenish Prussia the story is told somewhat in the following way: "Nine tailors were working together in a warm, comfortable room: the season was mid-winter, and all without was sleet, snow, and bitter cold. A poor, hungry, ill-clad tramp knocked at the workshop door, and solicited alms, saying he had walked many a mile, and was faint for lack of warmth and food. The kindly tailors not only shared their meal with him, but sent him away rejoicing with a few *groschen* in his pocket; and he exclaimed gratefully, 'You have made a man of me!'" If nine tailors "make a man" in *this* sense, so much the more to their credit.

But then this gives the honor to Germany, an arrangement which certain English versions of the story certainly do not indorse. Here is one of the versions: "In 1742, an orphan boy applied for alms at a fashionable tailor's shop in London, in which some journeymen were employed. His interesting appearance opened the hearts of the benevolent gentlemen of the cloth, who immediately contributed nine shillings for the relief of the little stranger. With this capital, our grateful hero purchased fruit, which he retailed at a profit. Time passed on, and wealth and honor smiled upon the young tradesman; so that when he set up his carriage, instead of troubling the Heralds, College for a crest, he painted the following motto on the panel: 'Nine tailors made me a man.'" As far back as 1682, in a book called "Gramatical Drollery," one of these stories made its appearance, in a versified form: —

> "There is a proverb which has been of old,
> And many men have likewise been so bold,
> To the discredit of the taylor's trade, —
> Nine taylors goe to make a man, they said.
> But for their credit I'll unriddle it t' ye:
> A draper once fell into povertie;
> Nine taylors joined their purses together then,
> To set him up, and make him a man agen."

But perhaps the most novel and unexpected attempt at an explanation is one contained in a monthly magazine two or three years ago. The author does not seem to be poking fun at us: he is a clergyman, and follows his chain of reasoning steadily. He adduces the well-known phrase, "To toll a bell," as the means of announcing a decease; he states that the original and proper form is, "To tell a knell on a bell;" and, in connection with this "telling" or "tolling," he contrives to bring in the nine tailors. In some places, he proceeds to inform us, after a knell, a certain number of distinct bell-strokes are made, to denote whether the deceased was a man, woman, or child; often the numbers were, nine for a man, six for a woman, and three for a child. These strokes on the church-bell were listened to and counted by the parishioners or villagers who heard them; and then the knell at its conclusion was said to be "told," or counted. By degrees this idea became confused or lost, and the participle "toll'd" was referred to a supposed infinitive "to toll," instead of its natural infinitive "to tell," or "count." So much for this little bit of grammar and etymology; and now for the tailors. The strokes "told" or counted at the end of a knell were (according to the theory now under consideration) called, from their office, "tellers." This term was corrupted into "tailors," on account of the sounds coming at the tail or end of the knell. Nine of these being given to announce the death of an adult male, it being intelligible that nine tellers or tailors denote or make a man, an adult male — from which we may slide easily into "Nine tailors make a man." This writer is certainly correct on one point, — *telling* as having the same meaning as *counting*, reckoning the number of strokes. When Richard III. was in his tent at Bosworth Field, and the clock strikes, he said, "Tell the clock there;" that is, "count the hours."

And now, which theory will the reader accept, — the making a man by befriending him in the time of need, or numbering the strokes on a bell to denote the death of a man, as distinguished from a woman or child? In either case, "Nine tailors make a man" may be accepted without any discredit to this useful class of handicraftsmen.

There is, however, another set of old jokes, which come heavily on the fraternity in regard to honesty. In bygone times, the tailor was wont to go to the houses of his customers, and make garments of cloth which they had purchased: the list and small cuttings were acknowledged to be his perquisite; but he was constantly accused of appropriating other portions of the cloth. Sometimes the tailor worked in his own shop, but still upon materials which had been furnished to him; and a like unfavorable accusation was often hurled at him. The jokes seem to point to a period when the tailor was usually a workman plying the needle for a customer; the master or employer, if there were one, being a draper, and often so called. In Flanders, there is a saying which separates a debt to a tailor from all others, as an "honorable debt," one that need not be paid in a hurry, as the creditor has already found some means or other to pay himself, partially if not wholly. Massinger says, in one of his plays: —

> "Were one of ye, knights of the needle,
> Paid by the ninth part of his customers,
> Once in nine years, the ninth part of his bill,
> He would be nine times overpaid,"

— an almost appalling example of the results of repeatedly dividing by nine. A cruel old saying is, "Put a tailor, a weaver, and a miller into a sack; and the first that puts his head out is a thief." The tailor's *cabbage* has not escaped the wits. The word seems to have originated in the wrongful appropriation of cloth, above adverted to. But then, why "cabbage"? What does the word mean? Some think it may have come from "cabotage," a kind of smuggling; one traces it to "cablesh," a name in some countries for windfalls, fruit that comes to you by luck and not by choice. Phillips, in his "History of Cultivated Vegetables," tells us that among the *brassica* tribe, comprising the cabbage, cole, cauliflower, broccoli, &c., "cabbage" is really the proper name for the firm head or ball that is formed by the leaves turning close over one another; insomuch that "The cole has cabbaged" has a definite meaning in connection with the growth of the vegetable. He adds: "From thence arose the cant word applied to tailors, who formerly worked at the houses of their customers, where they were often accused of 'cabbaging,' that is, rolling up good cloth with the waste or perquisites."

The stories about tailors are numerous, comical, and in many cases evidently made up for the purpose. After the battle of Waterloo, when the treaty of peace re-opened communication between England and France, two master-tailors from the West End went over to Paris to pick up the fashions. They went to a good hotel, and ordered breakfast. "Certainement, messieurs, tout à l'heure," said the obliging garçon. Upon which, looking at each other, one of them exclaimed: "Two tailors! Are we discovered already?"

The late Daniel O'Connell, addressing a large meeting once in a public building, was interrupted by a noise among the auditors, who protested against the conduct of a man who obstinately persisted in standing up, and interrupting the view of those who were sitting. "Pray, let the worthy gentleman have his way," said O'Connell: "he's a tailor, and wants to rest himself." This sally at once brought down the obnoxious individual to his seat, — tailor or not. Desbois, in his "Recueil de Bons Mots," tells a story of a tailor who grew rich, lived in style, wished the world to forget what he had been, and had a favorite and comfortable seat at church. A lady, on one occasion, asked if he could kindly make room for her. He discourteously refused; whereupon she remarked, "I forgot: you have been accustomed to take up a good deal of room in sitting." In a Paisley churchyard there is a tombstone with the inscription, "George Mattley, Taylzeour, 1704;" beneath the name is a pair of tailor's shears, and between the blades of the shears is a tailor's goose. A "tailor's mense," ration, or allowance, is, according to an old saying, a small portion of a meal left for good manners, only one-ninth part of the quantity required for a man.

One thing is quite certain, that this custom of poking fun at a particular trade is going much out of use. The tone of society tells against it; the organization among the average and better members of the craft is quite as rational and well-planned as among other bodies of working-men. Nor must we forget that there have been learned tailors as well as learned shoemakers. There was John Speed, the Cheshire historian and antiquarian. There was John Stow, the excellent topographer of London, concerning whom we read that "Grindall, Bishop of London, wrote a letter to the Privy Council, announcing that a search had been made for papistical books by his chaplain at the house of John Stow, the tailor;" but it does not appear that the search in anywise compromised Stow, for the books in his house mostly related to the topography, buildings, manners, and customs of old times. There was Sir John Hawkwood, who had been a tailor, and who was knighted by one of our early monarchs for his gallantry; Hawkwood, in the quaint language of old Fuller, "turned his needle into a sword, and his thimble into a shield." There was Benjamin Robins, the tailor of Bath, and afterwards compiler of the narrative of Lord Anson's voyage. There was Robert Hill, the tailor of Buckingham, who, amid the struggles incident to the support of a large family, taught himself Hebrew, and left a manuscript commentary on the margins of a Latin Bible. There was Henry Wild, the learned tailor of Norwich, who most creditably maintained a position in the very centre of learning. He worked seven years as an apprentice, and seven as a journeyman, at the tailoring trade; fell ill; relieved the monotony of the sick-room by reading works on controversial divinity; studied Hebrew; and was sent by Dean Prideaux to Oxford. He was there employed for many years at the Bodleian Library, translating and extracting from Oriental manuscripts. He then removed to London, where he published a translation from the Arabic of "Al-Mesra; or, Mahomet's Journey to Heaven." There was the late Mr. Francis Place, whose writings on political subjects attracted attention. And last, though not least, there is the remarkable man who, once a tailor, rose to the highest attainable position in the great American republic, we, of course, mean Andrew Johnson, who succeeded Abraham Lincoln in the presidency. Let it be recorded that in 1868 the members of a tailors' union waited upon him to do him honor; and that he declared to them "the most pleasant hours of his life were those he had spent in his tailor's shop."

PARENTAL SAGACITY OF THE SWALLOW.

In the early part of last spring I had a visit from a brace of swallows, who commenced to build a nest under my balcony, in the fork of the bracket which supported it. The floor of the balcony being boarded, afforded complete shelter from the rain. As, however, the parlor-window was immediately under the nest, the fumes from the gas, when the window was opened, proved too noxious, and they abandoned the idea of using it, and forthwith removed to the adjoining bracket, where they finished a suitable nest, their mode of construction being the following: They carefully collected all the fibrous matters they could, — horse-hair, wool, thread, &c., — and rolling these in the small pools made by the water-carts in the street, they then formed them into little balls, about a quarter of an inch in diameter. These they carried to the bracket under the balcony, and fixed them in the fork thereof. The nest, when completed, formed an inverted cone about six inches deep, leaving a space of a little over two inches from the under floor of the balcony on the south side, the north side being continued unto the floor of the balcony.

All went well until the young birds were hatched, when some mischievous youngster discovered them, and, in an endeavor to obtain possession of the nest, broke the wall of it, when the three little inmates fell into the passage in front of the house, where my man-servant discovered them; and as he had been for many years in Spain, where these birds are protected with religious care, he put them on a napkin and brought them to me. I immediately took them to the balcony, and placed them in a nest formed of French cotton, and protected, as well as I could, from the cold and possibility of wet, but leaving a space large enough for the parent birds to get to them. I then closed the window, pulled down the blind, and gave directions that no person should enter the room lest they might be disturbed. In a little time I had the satisfaction to see one of the parent birds return, and, after much fluttering about and cautious approaches, eventually bring them some food (insects).

In an hour after, I found the old birds busily engaged repairing the nest, using in this instance the material composing the abandoned nest, which they carefully broke up, and carried in small pieces to the street, rolling the little pellets in the mud, and then fixing them to the wall of the injured nest. Notwithstanding all the diligence they used, they progressed but slowly; and, after four hours' work, the extent of repairs did not exceed three-quarters of an inch in heighth by two inches in length. The following morning the work was continued; and as the little ones were still alive, and in much the same condition as I had left them, I concluded they were well looked after by the parent birds. I left bird-seed, oatmeal, and water on the balcony, but the old birds did not touch any. At evening the repairs had progressed so far as the gathering in of the lining, and general trimming up of the jagged edges; but the reconstruction had advanced but little, the day having been very wet and stormy; so much so, that a considerable portion of the cotton was blown from *my* nest, and I had to move it into a more sheltered spot.

The next day proved fine, and the new wall was raised more than an inch in height, whilst the length, being so much greater as they approached the top, gave evidence of continued industry; the abandoned nest was also considerably reduced in size. Another day of hard labor reduced the gap, and the opening had a semi-circular form, about one-third of the damage being repaired.

On the morning of the fourth day after the calamity, I paid an early visit to the little ones, the sun being bright and warm, whilst the air was perfectly calm. Approaching the blind cautiously, I peeped through and discovered one of the old birds carefully pushing a little one to the edge of the balcony, where the other parent bird was fluttering and supporting himself by the bill, just on a level with the flooring. In a few minutes the operation was completed by the safe transfer of the youngster to his back; the other parent immediately joined; and by the time I got down to the hall door, the youngster was safely lodged in the nest, with its mouth open, anxiously expecting its breakfast, which was quickly brought by one of the old birds, who made a rapid flight up and down the street, and secured a prize insect as a reward. The remaining little ones were transferred in the course of the day. But, on the following day, my servant brought one of them to me, *dead*. I suppose it fell from the nest, as the wall was very low. The old birds continued to repair the nest until the aperture

was reduced to a small semi-circular opening, through which a lady's hand might pass; and for a considerable time one of the old birds remained continually in the nest.

In about three weeks after the restoration of the nest, I observed, one morning, the old birds very busy about the nest; and, having concealed myself from sight, I observed a parent bird take one of the young ones on his back, and fly a short distance off, — not more than a yard, — and return with his charge to the nest; the other parent bird being always in close attendance, and assisting in the interesting ceremony. In a few days more, I observed the parent bird take the young one on his back to the street, and let it fly off of its own accord, but always accompanied by both parents, one being in front, and the other immediately under the youngster. In this way the little ones were exercised alternately, principally in the early morning, when the street was comparatively quiet. As the season advanced, the flights became longer, and both the little ones were taken out together; the noise occasioned by their delight and the instructions of the old birds being considerable. Eventually, the quartet proceeded on country excursions, sometimes not returning for a couple of days. Ultimately, I received a visit of longer duration from one of the old birds and the two youngsters. I began to fear an accident had occurred to the other parent. But in about three weeks he joined the party again, and took them off. Before leaving, they completely closed up the entrance to the nest; and I fondly hope to receive a visit from my feathered tenants next spring.

PROFESSOR MAURICE.

SINCE Dr. Arnold's death, Prof. Maurice has been regarded, far and wide, as the leader of the Broad Church party. Beyond this, the latter proved himself to be, for many years past, the most energetic promoter, if he was not indeed the actual originator, of the Christian Socialist Movement. His doctrinal views on many points were boldly pronounced and thoroughly independent. No English theologian of his time more signally vindicated in his own person, as a member of the National Church, what he thought at the root of it, as not only its great fundamental principle, but the one especially distinctive of its whole character, the right of private judgment. Coming into collision, as his theological views did, with those of the academical authorities under whom he was at the moment acting, and occasionally also with those of his ecclesiastical superiors, it not unnaturally comes to pass, more than once during his life-time, that his name was the signal for much angry controversy. Although it was thus with him, however, among those who were constrained, by the sincerity of their own convictions, to repel the conclusions at which he had arrived, and to do so in the direct attitude of antagonism, it must be added at once, that, while even these never failed to recognize his single-minded sincerity and conscientiousness, among those whose opinions were in any way sympathetic with his own, no man was more entirely beloved and revered among the mass of his contemporaries. Bandied about though his name was repeatedly, as a very symbol of discord, personally he had always around him at every stage of his career "troops of friends," and a more or less conspicuously increasing throng of devoted followers. It is no way essential, as it appears to us, to be either the one or the other, in order that we should be able to recognize the truth of what has here been stated in regard to Prof. Maurice. Altogether apart, moreover, from whatever was peculiar in his opinions as a theologian, the fact was patent and undeniable, that those opinions vitally influenced the religious sentiments of his generation. More than that, the truth could nowhere be gainsaid, that in this successor of Dr. Arnold, as the leader of the Broad Church party, in this associate with the Rev. Charles Kingsley and others in the promotion of what has been already referred to as the Christian Socialist Movement, every one could recognize, even those whose ideas were the least in harmony with his own, the earnest sincerity of the believer, and the large heart of the philanthropist.

The Rev. John Frederick Denison Maurice, who was born in 1805, and whose death, on the first of last month, occurred rather suddenly, was the son of a Unitarian clergyman. His education, as it happened, was ministered to by both the great universities. His academical studies, in fact, were commenced at Cambridge and were completed at Oxford. How this came to pass is easily explained; and the explanation will of itself illustrate signally enough, on the very threshold of Frederick Maurice's career, the marked independence of his character, the earnest sincerity of his religious convictions, and above all the intense scrupulosity of his conscientiousness. He was first entered as a student at Trinity College, Cambridge. There he first made the acquaintance of one who soon afterwards became his intimate and devoted friend, — one, the thread of whose life often running for some time in a manner parallel with his own, was eventually to be, it might almost be said, interwoven with it almost by the ties of relationship. Allusion is here made, of course, to the gifted, but in some sense ill-fated John Sterling, whose life was prematurely closed on the 18th of September, 1843, his brief and wayward course having been since then celebrated in 1848 by Archdeacon Hare, then simply rector of Hurstmonceux, and afterwards more memorably in 1851 by the masterhand of Thomas Carlyle. At the period when Frederick Maurice and John Sterling first encountered each other as fellow-students of Trinity College, Cambridge, it so happened that the latter's tutor there was no other than Julius Hare, his future biographer. Among their contemporaries at the university, as leading members of the famous debating society of the union, it is interesting to remember now that there were associated with the names of Maurice and Sterling those of Charles Buller, the orator and statesman of the hereafter; of Monckton Milnes, the poet, subsequently raised to the peerage as Lord Houghton; of John Kemble, the Anglo-Saxon Archæologist; and of Richard Trench, now the Archbishop of Dublin, after having been long popularly known as Dean of Westminster. As illustrative at once of the cordial intimacy of the friendship which at once sprang up between Maurice and Sterling, it may here be mentioned that after the latter had been a little more than a year at Trinity College, he unhesitatingly followed the example then set him by his devoted ally and associate Frederick Maurice, by taking his name off the books of that foremost of all the colleges of the university, and migrating thence to Trinity Hall, in every respect a much smaller establishment. Sterling did so at the time with the intention, never realized, of graduating in law. Ultimately, in 1827, — again in this like the veritable *fidus Achates* of Maurice, — he quitted Cambridge without taking any degree whatever. Speaking of the peculiar and exceptional cordiality which already subsisted at that time between them, Archdeacon Hare has said in regard to Sterling, that, "of those with whom he lived familiarly, several continued his intimate friends through life, especially Richard Trench and Frederick Maurice, both of whom he loved and revered with an affection such as can only spring from a strong and deep heart;" and the Archdeacon might have added with equal justice, such as could only have been inspired by characters worthy of calling forth such elevated sentiments.

Although Frederick Maurice at Cambridge passed through the various examinations there with the highest distinction, he eventually, as we have just now intimated, quitted the university without taking his degree and going in for a fellowship. He did so, not merely from the highest and most conscientious motives, but in direct opposition to the earnest advice then tendered to him, that he should still leave his name on the roll of the university for the chance of his later returning there to win what was felt already to lie within his grasp, — the honor of a degree and the reward of a fellowship. The one simple reason actuating Maurice in his decision to the contrary was not only sufficient, but immovable and insurmountable. It was a scruple of conscience, that had sprung from the depth of his religious convictions. Subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles was his stumbling-block. And he resolutely

urned a deaf ear to the blandishments of those who would in have had him retain his name on the university books, pon the mere contingency of his finding his objections ventually dissipated, and in that case returning there, on eir being so, for his simply postponed fellowship. It emed to him that his assent to any such proposition would e so far paltering with his conscience that it would be ke holding out a bribe to it by the mere acceptance of ch a contingency, as in any way possible. Resolutely aving Cambridge, with his ambition thus balked, Maurice was soon afterwards followed to London by his friend terling, who curiously enough was very much in the same light with himself. The honors of the university being hus denied to them, or rather deliberately denied by them o themselves, they looked around for some new field of ction in which to apply their youthful energies, and simultaneously resolved, twin brothers as they were, to aspire, here and then, in companionship, to the honors of journalism and of literature. Not long previously a new literary ournal had been started in London by James Silk Buckingham. The title of it was the *Athenæum*. As a commercial undertaking it was any thing but a success. Its enterprising projector was already disenchanted. He was looking out at this moment in the hope of finding a purchaser or the whole property, rather than for the publication. The proprietorship and editorship of the *Athenæum* were assumed then by John Sterling and Frederick Maurice, affording them the very opportunity they were in quest f. Soon after this, according to Carlyle, it began to be emarked here and there in London that there were papers f unusual ability appearing from week to week in a publiation nobody had heard until then any thing at all about, o whom its very name indeed was unfamiliar. It is curius to note here, even in regard to so robust an intellect as hat of Carlyle, that so infected was he by what Macaulay as termed the *lues Boswelliana*, that he leaves his reader ntirely under the impression that the powerful writing oticed, as appearing in the *Athenæum*, was mainly, if not ntirely, from the pen of the hero of his biography. So ar was this from being the case in reality, however, that Sterling himself, when writing to Julius Hare in 1829, says mphatically in the course of one of his letters in allusion o Maurice, "Of what good you have found in the *Athenæum*, by far the larger part is attributable to him," adding racefully, yet, if possible, still more emphatically, "When have done any good I have seldom been more than a atch of sand to receive and retain the impression of his ootstep." Of the passage here cited the *ipsissima verba* nay be found at page 14 of the sketch of Sterling's life prefixed to the posthumous collection of his works, in two volmes, edited by the archdeacon of Lewes, or rather, as the atter was then, the incumbent of Hurstmonceux. In that ollective edition of Sterling's writings, the very first on he list, the essays occupying the post of honor at the head f the first volume, he himself thus speaks of in another of is letters to Julius Hare, immediately upon their first appearance anonymously in the pages of the *Athenæum*— "'The Shades of the Dead' are mine, but all that is in hem I learned from Coleridge or Maurice." Frequently, according to his earlier biographer, he had been heard by im to declare that to Maurice "he owed more than to any ther man except Coleridge." Between the two young men, t this period especially, there was a profound sympathy, s, for that matter indeed, was there up to the very last. Strange is it now to remember, seeing how widely their iews diverged before all was finished. As yet for them, owever, life was in its halcyon days. It is charming to emember of them that, as yet, they were as one even in heir dreamings. Each was engaged during his leisure ours in writing a novel. That by Frederick Maurice was irst finished. It was his maiden work, and was published n 1831, under the title of "Eustace Conway; or, the Brother and Sister." Sterling's novel, on the other hand, was ot completed until two years afterwards, when it appeared n 1833, under a name destined in little more than another lecade to be otherwise rendered famous in imaginative iterature.

"Arthur Coningsby" was the name of Sterling's book, as well as of his hero — "Henry Coningsby," winning all the honors eventually, when called into existence by a novelist who was later on to become Prime Minister of England. Returning, however, to the journalistic labors of Maurice, let us say at once that they terminated not very long after their commencement. How it was they came to be thus abruptly closed, Mr. Carlyle has explained in a few words of dryly humorous significance. "Money," quoth he, oracularly, "is the sinews of periodical literature, almost as much as of war itself." Having said which, he adds with comic gravity, no less sententiously, "Without money, and under a constant drain of loss, periodical literature is one of the things that cannot be carried!" The *Athenæum*, which, up to that moment, had consistently "on the commercial side lacked success," passed then, at length, into the hands of the man by whom its fortunes were soon afterwards triumphantly established. Standing intermediately between its nominal and its real founder, Maurice and Sterling, having received the *Athenæum* as the mere seed-germ of a literary property from Mr. Silk Buckingham, passed it on, about a year and a half afterwards, with its reputation, at any rate, enhanced, if its money value still remained inappreciable, into the hands of Mr. Dilke, under whose able guidance it soon began to flourish.

Meanwhile, the religious opinions of Frederick Maurice had so far become modified by reflection, that he not only recognized the possibility of his conscientiously subscribing to the Thirty-nine Articles, but even of taking orders at once in the Church of England. Born and bred though he had been, from his earliest years, among a race of nonconformists, he saw his way clearly to his becoming a clergyman of the church. As early as in 1828, he received his ordination as deacon. It was desirable that he should now take his degree, as a judicious preliminary step to his further advancement. So sensitively did he shrink from the risk of calling down upon himself any invidious imputation as to the motives guiding him in his decision, however, that, instead of returning to Cambridge, he entered his name at the rival university on the books of Exeter College, Oxford; where, after the lapse of three terms, in 1831, he graduated B.A. In due course he was ordained to the priesthood, and in 1834, when his almost forgotten novel of "Eustace Conway," the MS. of which he had sold as many as four years previously to Mr. Bentley, was at last published, he was startled in the midst of the seclusion of his life, then as a curate in Warwickshire, by receiving a challenge to fight a duel from a rival novelist, of whose very existence strangely enough, until then he had never heard, — Mr. Maurice's angry challenger being no other than the well-known seacaptain and humorist, Capt. Marryat. The offence imputed to Frederick Maurice was this, that in his anonymous fiction he had, unwittingly as it happened, but to all appearance very invidiously, dubbed the rascal of his story Capt. Marryat. The explanation which ensued cleared the young clergyman at once, of course, from the charge of malignity, but in a way that was any thing but complimentary to the fame of his blithe-hearted but irascible challenger.

On Trinity Sunday in that same year, 1834, Maurice's intimate friend Sterling was, unhappily for himself as it soon proved, ordained deacon at Chester; his novel, by the way, of "Arthur Coningsby," having been published the year previously. Sterling, as it happened, was never admitted to priest's orders: his thoughts were drifting far away beyond the border-land of any thing bearing even the semblance of orthodoxy. Even then, however, as Carlyle has said, "the most important" of the old college friends of that gifted but erratic creature was Frederick Maurice, "who was still," — we are quoting from Carlyle's life of Sterling, — "as he had long been, his intimate friend and counsellor." Commenting yet more strongly upon their widely different natures, and yet upon their unmarred affection for each other down to the very last, Carlyle has further remarked at this point very impressively, "Their views and articulate opinions, I suppose, were now fast beginning o diverge; and these went on diverging far

enough; but in their kindly union, in their perfect, trustful familiarity, precious to both parties, there never was the least break, but a steady, equable, and duly increasing current to the end." A flood of light, as it seems to us, is thrown upon the whole career and character of Frederick Maurice by his faithful attachment, through all his wayward opinions, to this devoted associate of his, whom he had first learned to love, and who had first learned to love him, in their college days. The heart-whole friendship which so long bound them together was in the end, as we have already intimated, cemmented or perfected into a sort of relationship by their marrying two sisters. Frederick Maurice, before the close of 1837, was united in marriage to Anna, the younger daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Barton; her elder sister, Susannah, having seven years previously, in the autumn of 1830, become the wife of John Sterling. As having been thus in a manner the brother-in-law of Frederick Maurice, fragments of Sterling's life have so far long since come to be regarded as integral portions, so to speak, of the eminent career upon which we are now commenting, that a few words in reference to the former may be considered not only allowable, but almost, we had said, essential, in the way of elucidation. Remarkable as John Sterling was in himself, he was perhaps more remarkable by reason of his father, who was no less notable a man than the Thunderer of the *Times* newspaper, the long famous Capt. Edward Sterling, or, as Thomas Carlyle used to call him characteristically enough, Capt. Whirlwind. Sketched as the latter has been in enduring lines by the master-hand of his son's biographer, we seem to realize, almost as clearly as though we had known him personally, what manner of man he was, this redoubtable journalist. "A stout, broad gentleman of sixty" he was when Carlyle first set eyes upon him, in the summer of 1834, "perpendicular in attitude, rather showily dressed, and of gracious, ingenious, and slightly elaborate manners, over whom," as the inimitable sketcher adds, with a sort of gloriole of ink, "hung, moreover, a kind of incubus, as the principal or one of the principal writers of the *Times*, which gave an interesting chiaroscuro to his character in society." Not the least significant touch of all imparted to the delineation of this great representative person was the sardonic remark thrown out casually one day, in regard to him, when speaking of Capt. Whirlwind, in a knowing aside: "Three hundred and sixty-five opinions in the year, upon every subject!" quoth a wag, with a deadly gibe, both at the *Times* and at the great Thunderer.

Recalled to London from his provincial curacy, the Rev. F. D. Maurice had, by 1839, been formally installed in what his remarkable powers as a preacher soon rendered for him a sufficiently notable position; meaning that afforded to him on his acceptance of the chaplaincy of Guy's Hospital. Often enough, at this time, a sally across London Bridge, "Going to Guy's to-day," was one of John Sterling's commonest expeditions. For himself, eight months altogether sufficed for what Carlyle cynically calls his "clerical aberration." So daringly would he talk, even at this period in his semi-ecclesiastical character, that he once startled a goodly company, in the hearing of his future biographer, by exclaiming fervidly, "I could plunge into the bottom of hell, if I were sure of finding the Devil there, and getting him strangled." Another lustre only was there to run out before, consoling himself at the last by muttering simply, "God is great; God is great," that poor, weary, sorrow-laden heart was to heave its last sigh at Bonchurch. As yet, however, when, in 1839, Maurice was still chaplain at Guy's Hospital, Sterling found solace intermittently in the religious thoughts kindled by that true brother's companionship. For all that, nevertheless, when we recall to mind the admiration with which the Chevalier Bunsen, about that very time, was summarizing Maurice's impressive and arresting sermon on "The Kingdoms of the World and the Glory Thereof," we could almost imagine John Sterling, in spite of his affection for the pulpit-orator thus fervidly eulogized, tempering the religious ardor of the good German diplomatist somewhat after the whimsical manner in which the latter's enthusiasm, religious exaltation, is said once to have been responded to by Thorwaldsen.

The incident here particularly referred to is said to have occurred in the Eternal City, upon the occasion of a party at Bunsen's house on the Capitoline Hill, upon the very site of the Temple of Olympian Jove. Sterling himself has related the anecdote in the course of one of his delightful letters, and has done so with an ill-concealed gusto. There it was, on that height of the Capitoline, upon the site of the classic temple dedicated of old to the Father of Olympus, that the conversation of those assembled round Bunsen's table having, as very often happened under his guidance, taken an intensely Christian turn, Thorwaldsen remarked, through an opposite window, "swimming into his ken" in the blue ether then deepening into twilight, poised above the noble panoramic view of Rome, the planet Jupiter in all its glory! And, filling his glass to the brim, the more than half pagan sculptor-poet cried out suddenly, — can't we fancy to what dismay of Bunsen and his sympathizers, — "Well! Here's in honor of the ancient gods!" The bond of intimate alliance knitting together in loving concord, from first to last, the tenderest feelings and loftiest aspirations of Maurice and Sterling, was precisely that which kindled in the hearts of both such warm admiration for Carlyle, namely, what Archdeacon Hare speaks of as their "deep sympathy with the errors and faults, and even the sins, of mankind." This abounding, all-embracing sympathy, in truth, all through his life, was underlying Maurice's interpretation of the law of love enjoined him in regard to his neighbor. This it was that drew so nearly and directly towards his own the hearts of those who came more immediately within the range of his personal influence. The opportunities allowed him for the exercise and manifestation of this same personal influence were, as it happened all through his career, restricted in their scope, and uncertain, even, it might be said, fitful, in their duration. Subsequent to the period within which he held the chaplaincy at Guy's Hospital, Maurice was nominated, if we remember rightly it was in 1846, the chaplain and reader to Lincoln's Inn. Finally, bringing, as it were, to the very homeliest close the long and ardently sustained series of his pastoral labors, he was appointed, under the Crown patronage, Incumbent of St. Peter's Chapel in Vere Street, Marylebone. Two academical positions of some eminence he attained and held for several years, with great honor to himself and with no small reflected honor to the important institutions with which he was thus conspicuously associated. At King's College, London, he occupied, for example, in this way, the chair of Professor of Divinity and Modern History until constrained to resign it because of the violent objections raised to certain religious opinions he had enunciated in his "Theological Essays." These had reference, to a certain extent, to his views in regard to the doctrine of atonement; but principally, as it happened, to his interpretation of the word "eternal" as applied to the punishment of the wicked in the hereafter. The sincerity of his convictions upon this occasion he signally evidenced in a remarkable letter, published in the midst of much angry controversy in 1853, and addressed by him to Dr. Jelf, the then principal. In the October of 1866, he received a tribute, however, that came to him doubtless as an immense consolation under any still poignant remembrance that might have clung to him of the obloquies and rebuffs to which he had been previously subjected. For then it was he had the gratification of finding himself elected to the ancient professorship established at Cambridge in 1688 by Dr. Knightsbridge. The chair was that of Professor of Casuistry and Moral Philosophy. In its mere money value it represented no more than an additional three hundred pounds a year. But its intrinsic value was for him simply incalculable. It was an attestation of the most marked, as well as the most spontaneous, character of the estimation in which his career and his capacities were held by the most eminent men in his old university. Those by whom he was selected included among them the Vice-Chancellor, the Regius Professor of Divinity, the Public Orator, and the Master of St. Peter's College. During the course of the following year he received, on the 28th March, 1867, the honorary degree of M.A. from the University of Cambridge,

where his intellectual powers had been first developed, and his high conscientiousness first manifested.

A cursory glance even along the shelves laden with the published works of Prof. Maurice will suffice to realize vividly the range of his knowledge and the diversity of his researches. They are attestations at once of great zeal, of untiring industry, and of resolute perseverance. Through them may be recognized the fact that the author of those voluminous and earnest productions laid claim to the varied character of theologian, orator, controversialist, philosopher, and philanthropist. Lectures, sermons, tracts, treatises, essays, pamphlets, were squandered around him broadcast and abundant for forty years, together with a fecundity that seemed to be inexhaustible. For considerably more than half his life the ink appeared to be replenished in his pen unceasingly. His principal writings are long since familiar to the generality through the popular editions published by the Messrs. Macmillan. "The Conscience" is the title of the lectures on Casuistry delivered by Prof. Maurice in the University of Cambridge. Two of the more important works issued from the press by him in his capacity as a biblical scholar are entitled, one of them, "The Patriarchs and Law-givers of the Old Testament," the other, "The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament." Two of the most noteworthy among his expositions of the New Testament, on the other hand, have reference, one of them to "The Gospel of St. John," the other to "The Epistles of St. John;" the former appearing simply as a series of discourses, the latter as a series of lectures on Christian ethics. A work published by him in these volumes very early in his career, as far back, indeed, as in the year 1838, was entitled grandly "The Kingdom of Christ." Consequent, no doubt, upon his early nonconformist surroundings, it embraced within it extensive views of the Quakers, as set forth by Penn, by Fox, and by Barclay; but, at the same time, it abounded in copious extracts from the writings of Locke, of Luther, and of Stillingfleet. Among the most striking and powerful lectures given to the world in his time by this earnest thinker, were those originally published by him in 1846, on the "Epistle to the Hebrews;" those given in 1854 on the "Ecclesiastical History of the First and Second Centuries;" and those he delivered in 1861 on the "Apocalypse, or Book of Revelations." In one sense, the most comprehensive of all his writings was the one in which he set forth his views of "The Religions of the World and their Relations to Christianity." Besides the lectures an Casuistry, already mentioned, several remarkable lectures were delivered by the Professor at Cambridge (twenty-one in all) on "Social Morality." Before passing on to the consideration of his more practical labors as one of the most energetic philanthropists of his time, and his profound disquisitions as a philosophic inquirer, we would particularly refer, in passing, to two of the more popular of his minor works; one setting forth the claims respectively of the Bible and of Science, the other tracing out in bold and vivid lines what he conceived to be in very deed and truth the "Ground and Object of Hope for Mankind." As a preacher, Prof. Maurice was singularly persuasive, without rising, except upon the very rarest occasions, to any thing like impassioned eloquence as a pulpit orator. An exact catalogue of his sermons could be compiled only with the greatest difficulty, and would be tedious in its length, even if it were procurable. Perhaps as well known as any of those collected together in a popular form, are his nine sermons on the Lord's Prayer, delivered in 1848, and his nineteen sermons on the Prayer-Book, preached in the following year; the latter course having "especial reference to the Romish System," as its title-page expressly indicated. Four lectures were given by Prof. Maurice in 1854, on the "Religion of Rome;" six in 1855, on "Learning and Working;" besides a notable series in 1864, on the "Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven." As far back as in 1839 he is remembered to have delivered one of singular force and cogency in relation to the momentous question as to whether the Church or State has power to undertake the weighty responsibility of the national education. In addition to the sermons already specified, mention may here be made of twelve delivered by Prof. Maurice in 1850, on the "Church as a Family;" of five delivered by him three years afterwards, on the "Sabbath Day;" of five others in 1857, on the "Indian Crisis," as well as of single sermons in various years, particularly worthy, at least, this passing commemoration, as on "Lying and Truth," on "Christmas Day," on "Trinity Sunday," on the "Worship of the Church," on the "Teacher of the Gentiles," on the "Faith of the Liturgy," and the "Doctrine of the Thirty-nine Articles," besides one entitled the "Warrior's Prayer," and another entitled "Life and Death," a funeral discourse, *in memoriam* C. B. Mansfield. In 1854 appeared Prof. Maurice's work on the "Unity of the New Testament," as well as his argument in regard to the "Doctrine of Sacrifice." It was in 1855 that he commented upon the difficulties and possibilities of "Administrative Reform;" eleven years later, in 1866, expatiating with singular fervor on the "Commandments as Instruments of National Reform." His once popular, but now almost forgotten work, antithetically entitled "Protestant Catholicity," appeared as long ago as in 1842; his powerful argument in regard to the "Conflict of Good and Evil," as recently as in 1865. Before his clerical career can be said to have fairly foreshadowed itself, even in his own imagination, we find him in 1838 discussing the "Responsibilities of Medical Students." When his priestly labors were already drawing to a close, we find him in 1866 forcibly setting forth his views in regard to the "Workmen and the Franchise;" and later still, in 1870, addressing to his contemporaries, as a matter very near, indeed, to his heart, a few earnest words on the subject of "Secular and Denominational Education." Hardly an ecclesiastical question of any interest arose in his time, but Prof. Maurice had something to say upon it, very directly to the purpose. Thus, for example, in 1845, he took occasion to descant upon the "New Statute and Mr. Ward;" and two years later, in 1847, was pointing out, one while, in a pamphlet of considerable ability, what he conceived to be the "Duty of Protestants in the Oxford Election;" and another, commenting in a letter of unusual power, on the "Attempt to Defeat the Nomination of Dr. Hampden." In 1859, again, he showed how keenly he was alive to the *vexatæ questiones* of his time by then issuing from the press his well-remembered "Reply to Mansel's Bampton Lectures." Besides editing the *Athenæum*, we have seen, in collaboration with Sterling, for upwards of a twelvemonth, Prof. Maurice, as long ago as in 1840, undertook the editorship, for a while, of a new series of the *Educational Magazine*. Twice in his life he essayed unhesitatingly — first in 1859, and afterwards through a sequel to his argument in 1860 — to answer the momentous question, "What is Revelation?" Wherever his co-operation was sought, in furtherance of what in any way excited his sympathies, it was never sought in vain, but was vouchsafed at once frankly and cordially. It mattered nothing to him at those times whether his help was to be accorded by word of mouth, or whether, with his ever-ready pen, he was asked to forward some new literary enterprise of a moral or religious character. Thus, for example, we find Prof. Maurice contributing in 1861 two of the most remarkable among their number to the "Tracts for Priests and People," — one of these being No. 2, entitled, "The Mote and the Beam;" the other, No. 6, headed simply, "Morality and Divinity." Thus, moreover, another while, we find him taking his part with fellow-laborers, like Dr. Brewer and the Rev. Charles Kingsley and Mr. Tom Taylor, in producing those "Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects," which were afterwards spoken of by the *Edinburgh Review* as "the best thoughts of manly minds." It was characteristic of his readiness again to further any work he heartily admired, that in 1857 he genially edited Barwell's "Care of the Sick;" and in another instance contributed a thoroughly appreciative Preface to Kingsley's "Saint's Tragedy." In addition to the very diversified works already particularized, there are other scattered writings of a miscellaneous character which at various times have come from the pen of Prof. Maurice in such abundance, that it would be difficult to enumerate them: such effusions,

for example, as his disquisition on the "Law of the Fable of the Bees," his letters on the "Name of Protestant," his exposition of the "Object and Method of Queen's College," his outspoken arguments on the "Right and Wrong Methods of Supporting Protestantism," and his "Dialogues Between a Clergyman and a Layman on Family Worship."

As affording altogether the fullest evidence of the wide range of his intellectual powers and of his vigorous grasp of knowledge, the *opus magnum* of Prof. Maurice may be found in the two masterly volumes, comprising within them his treatises on "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy." These were originally contributed to the pages of the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana." Since their appearance for the first time as an integral and a very notable part of that voluminous work, they have been again and again reprinted as a substantive publication. They embrace within their comprehensive survey every known system of philosophy, ancient and modern, mythical it might almost be said, and mediæval, pagan and Christian. Beginning in the remotest antiquity, the record thus given extends over the whole historical period anterior to the coming of our Lord, and thence downwards, century by century, until the outbreak of the first French Revolution; a supplementary glance being taken even at the late systems of philosophy that have since then sprung into existence, some of which, indeed, in their origin, may be regarded as actually contemporaneous. Referring more particularly, no doubt, to the elaborate and luminous repertory of knowledge, Prof. Garbett has not hesitated in the course of his Bampton Lectures to speak of Prof. Maurice as "the most philosophical writer of the day." That he was one of the most philosophic, few will have the hardihood to deny. If his judgment was not always in equipoise, his sympathies at the last were wonderfully comprehensive. If his views were not unfrequently warped by prejudice, he had at the same time the courage and the magnanimity to pay many a generous tribute to those to whose religious convictions his own were diametrically opposed. Gregory the Great he incidentally refers to as "an admirable man." Pascal he speaks of, as one may say, in tones of carefully-balanced equanimity. Deprecating on the one hand what he regards as the scoffing manner by which the "Provincial Letters" are pervaded, he recognizes fully and freely, on the other, the profoundly meditative spirit which came forth in his other writings, and which "assuredly," as he says, "helped to preserve the mind of France for a while from the corruption which on many sides was threatening it." As illustrative of the candor with which the varying phases of modern philosophy are here described by Prof. Maurice, we would now instance, *en passant* and almost haphazard, a few of the opinions set forth by him in no flattering accents in this remarkable treatise. Having observed in the earlier part of his disquisition upon Locke that it had been unquestionably Plato's great object to explain what he meant by an idea, and how it differs from a notion, Prof. Maurice goes on to say, "Locke did not take the pains to understand him; perhaps it was not worth his while; but, at all events, he did not confute him." Nay, further than that, he says of Locke's — shall we call it obtuseness or carelessness? — "He does not indicate in any one syllable of his essay that he had a glimpse (we do not say of Plato's meaning, but) of the possibility that he should have had a meaning." After this it is that Maurice so finely epitomizes, in a few colloquial words, what Leibnitz remarked so admirably, even it might be said so wittily, in answer to Locke's assertion as to there being no innate ideas: "You say that there is nothing in our understanding which is not derived to it from the senses. 'True,' said Leibnitz, 'but there is the *understanding itself*.'" With reason enough does Prof. Maurice, when insisting upon the importance of this proposition, declare that in one sense it is the strongest practical answer to Locke's whole argument. Still referring to the masterpiece of our great English metaphysician, Maurice well observes that Bishop Berkeley converted the objective philosophy of Locke into a purely subjective one; and, further than that, pronounces Berkeley's book to have been so far valuable, at any rate, that it was one of the steps towards a new era in philosophy. Hume's name having been spoken of accurately enough as one "which we inevitably associate with the last possible — nay, with an almost inconceivable and transcendent degree of scepticism," Prof. Maurice, as sagaciously as sententiously, remarks immediately, "Therein, however, lay its advantage, — it was inconceivable and transcendent." Hume's whole system he cleverly hits off in one apt phrase, where he alludes to it as "the worship of experience." Viewed through the eyes of Maurice, Shaftesbury, when brought into contrast with Bolingbroke, we are not surprised to find, is regarded as a far nobler type of patrician morality. Speaking of Hobbes, whom he designates emphatically the strongest of all dogmatists, the Professor, with overwhelming irony, applies to the Philosopher of Malmesbury the description given of the animal which has furnished him with the title of his greatest work, meaning, of course, The Leviathan, "His scales are his pride, shut together with a close seal; one is so near to another that no air can come between them. They are joined one to another; they stick together that they cannot be sundered. The flakes of his flesh are joined together; they are firm in themselves; they cannot be moved. His heart is as firm as a stone, — yea, as hard as a piece of the nether mill-stone." Summing up the purport of his own protracted investigations in a single sentence, Prof. Maurice maintains clearly enough, with the energy of his whole nature, that "Moral and metaphysical inquiries have reference to realities, not dreams." His last words quoted from Holy Writ, on bringing this majestic survey of human meditations to a close, have about them a profoundly chastening, and yet elevating significance: "Whoso humbleth himself shall be exalted, whoso exalteth himself shall be abased." Intellectually, as we have said, this was indubitably the *opus magnum* of Prof. Maurice. Morally his *opus magnum* was his whole life. Putting altogether on one side the peculiarities of his religious teaching upon doctrinal matters, his practical philanthropy could not but command universal admiration. His tender sympathy at all times for his fellow-mortals, most of all it seemed for the lowliest and the least, won to him, all through his course, the hearts and affections of all who approached him. In the interests of the working-men, and of the young men more especially, he "spent himself" to the last with a generous self-abandonment. His memory will long be cherished as the founder in the October of 1854, and the principal ever since then, of the Working-Men's College in Great Ormond Street, Red Lion Square, the first working-men's college ever opened in the metropolis. He will long be held in grateful remembrance also as the foremost originator and the chief promoter of the Queen's College for ladies in Harley Street. His zeal in the furtherance of social reforms of every kind was at all times, in the fullest sense of the words, exemplary. The Christian Socialist Movement, already referred to as one regarded by him with especial favor, had for its object the advancement of a scheme almost Quixotic in its benignity, namely, the abolition, so to speak, of competitive labor, through the association of the working-classes into small communities, undertaking the work in common, and dividing the proceeds among themselves. For the education of the working-classes, moreover, he had, for years upon years past, a ceaseless solicitude. A couple of dates selected at random from the noble record of his life will serve to illustrate the strenuous and long-sustained efforts made by him to benefit, in the most practical way possible, the humbler and the younger members of the toiling classes among his contemporaries. In 1849 he was delivering the introductory lecture to the Metropolitan Evening Classes for Young Men. On the 2d of January, 1860, he was delivering at Lower Norwood the inaugural lecture on the opening there of the Local Working-men's Institute. Winning to himself, not unnaturally, the grateful affection of the humbler throng of those for whom he thus labored unceasingly, Frederick Maurice secured to himself at the same time the love of those chosen spirits among his contemporaries who esteemed his friendship among the dearer treasures of their life. Dean Stanley, in preaching his funeral sermon on the

seventh instant, in Westminster Abbey, spoke of him quite justly in one breath, as "the most peaceful and pacific of men;" and in another, one whose whole existence was not of peaceful ease, but of incessant, unwearied toil, — a flash ever burning, and, as it burned, consuming with its own unextinguishable zeal the mind and body that enclosed it." Even while it so consumed itself away, it was watched lovingly by those by whom, among such as were immediately around, it could best of all be appreciated. It was to Frederick Maurice that Thomas Hughes inscribed his "Tom Brown at Oxford," in words expressive of "ever-increasing affection and reverence." It was to him, in the January of 1854, that Alfred Tennyson addressed those beautiful stanzas of invitation to the poet's home in the Isle of Wight, closing with, —

"Come, Maurice, pay one visit here,
For those are few we hold as dear;
Nor pay but one, but come for many,
Many and many a happy year."

Eheu fugaces! The last of them has now rolled by forever inexorably. And mourning for the loss of his friend, as the Poet Laureate doubtless still does very poignantly, we would place here in solace upon his lips, with one slight modification, one of his own exquisite stanzas from his peerless "In Memoriam:" —

"O life *not* futile, then, *though* frail!
Oh for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil."

FOREIGN NOTES.

By order of the Emperor of Russia, the *impesario* Merelli has engaged Mlle. Nilsson to pay a visit to St. Petersburg.

An Italian critic on Wagner's "Lohengrin" unkindly says, "Science is a fine thing — but for sleep, I prefer a good bed."

A French critic on art, M. Louis Viardot, says the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington on the Marble Arch, London, resembles Punch mounted on Balaam's ass.

The Khedive, in addition to paying Verdi seven thousand pounds for the *primeur* of "Aida" for the Cairo Opera House, has sent the composer the decoration of Commander of the Order of the Osmanié.

A great impression has been produced in Paris by a sentence of fifteen days' imprisonment to which Prince Bibesco has been condemned, for having engaged in a duel with the Prince de Beauffremont. This is the first time for many years in which participation in a duel not attended with fatal results has been so punished.

A benevolent London School Board gent, recently, questioning a little boy on serious matters, and wishing to imbue his mind with a sense of comfort and security, said, "Should your father and mother die or forsake you, do you know who will take you up?"—"Yes, sir," said the scholar. "And who?" asked the gent. "The police," was the reply.

We print in this number the opening chapters of Mr. Edmund Yates's new novel, "The Yellow Flag." The readers familiar with the earlier series of this journal, will assuredly give a warm welcome to a new work of fiction from the pen of the author of "Black Sheep." With the possible exception of Charles Reade and George Eliot, no English novelist has a larger circle of readers than Edmund Yates. "The Yellow Flag" will be published in Every Saturday in weekly instalments.

Everybody who has been in Florence, says an English paper, is aware that on Holy Saturday a dove, charged with fireworks, is sent at mid-day through the Duomo from a house hard by. It should explode at a given moment, and set off the rockets, which are a signal for the bells — silent during the previous forty-eight hours — to clash forth simultaneously, and proclaim the end of Lent. A popular superstition, once deeply rooted, has it, that, if the fireworks explode properly, a good harvest may be confidently relied on. This year the dove went off too soon, and the *fiasco* ensuing did not fail to be regarded as portentous by many.

The funeral of Alexandre Dumas at Villers-Cotterets was attended by a great number of the principal literary celebrities of Paris. Five addresses were pronounced over the grave: the first by M. Ferdinand Dugue, who confined himself to praising the social and general qualities of the defunct; the second by M. Gonzalès, representieg the Société des Gens de Lettres; the third by M. Perrin, director of the Théâtre-Français; the fourth by M. Charles Blanc, director of the fine arts, on the part of the Minister of Public Instruction; and the fifth by M. Pothier, secretary at the Mairie of Villers-Cotterets, who praised the courage which M. Dumas had exhibited as a republican. The son of the deceased then, in a few words of deep emotion, thanked the persons present for their kind attendance, and the assemblage separated.

The *Journal de Rouen*, a paper which is conducted with remarkable ability, announces that Napoleon III. has contracted a loan of seven million francs with some of the most important London houses. One clause in the contract gives his ex-Majesty the right of increasing the loan to fifteen million francs, on the condition of giving the bankers three days' notice. The lenders have no other guarantee than the chance of Napoleon III. remounting the throne of France. The *Journal de Paris* says that this news, incredible as it may appear at the first glance, is not impossible, as it is well known that the English dearly love speculation. The Tichborne affair, adds the writer, has furnished us with a proof of that.

Alexandre Dumas opens his "Mémoires" with the following passages: "I was born at Villers-Cotterets, a small town in the department of the Aisne, two hundred paces from the Rue de la None, where Demoustiers died, two leagues from Ferté-Milon, where Racine was born, and seven leagues from Château-Thierry, the birthplace of La Fontaine. My birthday was the 2d of July, 1802; and I was born in the Rue de Lormet, in a house belonging to my friend Cartier. My friend will some day sell me the house, so that I may go and die in the chamber where I was born, and may enter upon the night of the future from the same place where I emerged from the night of the past." This wish was not fulfilled; but Dumas's body at least rests in Villers-Cotterets, and his grave preserves the same relative distances from the birthplaces of Racine and La Fontaine which his cradle did.

The whole religious machinery of the Middle Ages seems in full play in France at the present moment. Miracles take place, and the trade in relics is even looking up; but the course of business in this line does not always run smooth. We read in the *Renaissance* that Dom Lombard, the last prior of the celebrated Abbey of Senones, having died in 1813, in the odor of sanctity, the present parish priest of Senones entered into an agreement with a rich inhabitant of the place for the sale of the holy man's skeleton. The bargain stood thus: one hundred francs down, payable before delivery; cost of exhumation, packing, and carriage, to be defrayed by the buyer. A favorable opportunity soon presented itself for the delivery of the goods, but complications supervened at the moment of departure. Some notables of the parish, especially the *maire* and his assistant, opposed the removal of the precious remains; the country people ran up with cries and threats, and proposed ringing the alarm bell. At length, the priest was obliged to yield, and Dom Lombard was restored to mother earth.

For the last two years, those honorable members of Parisian society, the *rodeurs de barrière*, had retired into private life, or sought in other centres of France their means of existence. Within two or three months, however, they have once more gratified the French capital with their presence; and their presence reveals itself by a serious number of attacks on *passants*, which have become

as alarming by their frequent repetition as by their brutal character. These ruffians do not actually confine their doings within the outside circle of Paris, but invade the *rive gauche*, and even venture to "work" in the more fashionable quarters of Paris. The French papers have to record daily some murderous attack made with the greatest audacity. This recandescence of crime may be owing to the vast number of common convicts who were either liberated during the Franco-Prussian war, or availed themselves of the Communal revolution to make good their escape. The quarantine, to which the prisoners returning from the pontoons are subjected by the French authorities, tends also to aggravate this state of things. Many individuals, of indifferent morality, return from Brest or Lorient, and, being prevented from finding work by the unwise measures of the police, augment the already numerous body of *rodeurs de barrière*, and make the streets of Paris almost as unsafe as they were in the last century.

SPRING'S MESSENGERS.

HAPPY the ear which first perceives,
From depths of freshly blowing leaves,
The sparrow's cry along the caves.

Spring's herald he; for when the rain
Is blown in gusts against the pane,
His is the blithest, loudest strain.

A certain sobbing music fills
The violet hollows of the hills,
Where wink the yellow daffodils.

The rust-incrusted oak is mute;
But, from the fissures round its root,
The sweet, faint-smelling cowslips shoot.

And in the woods, yet soft for showers, —
In Winter's wild, dishevelled bowers, —
The violet takes heart and flowers.

Happy the eye which then can see,
In fallow field or bursting tree,
The watchful, kind Divinity!

Seasons of hurtling storms and snows
Hold i' the dark the early rose;
But fair the honeysuckle blows.

From breezy hedges, cottage-walls,
Where most at morn the sunshine falls,
Its odor comes at intervals;

And where the parted branches hold
The light against the blackest mould,
The crocus shines in puce or gold.

Silver is on the spectral larch;
You see, through each fresh-mantled arch
Of boughs, the ruddy face of March;

The moon has not a redder light,
When, balefully and dimly bright,
She turns eclipse upon the night.

Sweet are the farms for new-pulled hay;
Sweet are the changing sounds of day,
From sunrise to the starlit gray:

The snooded girl that sits to sing
Beside the bracken-shadowed spring;
The church-bell's minute clinking ring;

The rooks' alarm, the swallows' cry,
The magpies' jangled litany,
The curlews' challenge shrill and high.

Happy the heart that at such time,
When even the breezes flow in rhyme,
Feels yearnings for a farther clime.

Sallow or fired, the day goes down,
Over the moorlands drear and brown, —
Over the sharply steepled town.

The crow goes broad-winged to his rest;
The linnet hides in ivied nest;
Orion flames above the west.

Then, white as is a dead man's face,
Smote with death's spiritual grace,
The rounded moon heaves up through space.

The lights go out; the village street
Is dumb; you hear no passing feet,
Nor yet the mill-wheel's plashing beat.

Happy the lids that now may close,
Nor fear the hour when Morning throws,
Through lattice panes, her dewiest rose.

For them the wind's prolonged surcease,
Earth's brooding calm, heaven's starred increase,
Shall be as ministers of peace.

AMERICAN ORGANS IN ENGLAND. — To obtain a market for his wares in England is no small credit to an American manufacturer. Wages are so much lower there than here, that the American production must have some extraordinary superiority to warrant the higher price. It speaks well, then, for the MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS, that they find a large and growing demand in England.

Sir Julius Benedict, one of the first musical authorities in London, allows himself to be quoted in the English papers as entertaining the highest opinion of these instruments, predicting for them the very widest popularity. Other London musical celebrities, among whom are Brinley Richards, Richard Redhead, Dr. Spark, Messrs. Westbrook, Hopkins, and Rimbault, recognize their superiority, and publicly indorse them. It may be, however, that this Company does not compete with English manufacturers at so great disadvantage, notwithstanding the greater cost of labor here. The public are familiar with what machinery has done in this country in the manufacture of watches; and Yankee ingenuity has produced curious labor-saving machinery for the production of the various parts of these organs also.

A recent article in the *Independent* explains some facts in regard to the MASON & HAMLIN CO., which are interesting as touching the question of the conflicting interests of labor and capital, and which may partially account for the great success of the Company. Its stockholders are nearly all actively engaged in the work; the majority of the stock is owned by the three Directors who manage all its affairs; and its foremen and principal workmen are also stockholders, so that each has a personal interest in what he is doing. — *Scribner's Monthly.*

THE Public have for years indorsed BURNETT'S COCOAINE as an unrivalled hair-dressing.

COLDS AND COUGHS. — Sudden changes of climate are sources of *Pulmonary and Bronchial Affections*. Take at once "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," let the Cold, Cough, or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight.

WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA will effect a cure if tried faithfully. Sold by all druggists.

BY the use of the famous HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE, your soup, fish, and meat are made more delicious and nutritive. Every person who uses the HALFORD is its proper reference. Physicians heartily recommend its use, for they know it to be made of choice material.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1872. [No. 21.

THE YELLOW FLAG.

BY EDMUND YATES.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III. — HOME, SWEET HOME.

FASHION, amidst the innumerable changes which she has insisted on, seems to have dealt lightly with Great Walpole Street. It may be that she has purposely left it untouched, to remain an example of the heavy, solemn, solid style of a hundred years ago; a striking contrast to the "gardens," "crescents," "mansions," all stucco, plate-glass, and huge portico, of modern days; or it may be that, finding it intractable, unalterable, unassailable, she has looked upon it as a relic of barbarism, and determined altogether to ignore its existence. Anyhow, the street is very little changed since the days of its first erection; it still remains a long, and to those gazing down it from either end, apparently interminable line of large, substantial, three-storied, dull-colored brick houses, stretching from Chandos Square in the south, to Guelph Park in the north; so long, so uniform, so unspeakably dreary, as to give color to the assertion of a celebrated wit who, on his death-bed, moaning forth that "there is an end to all things," added feebly, "except Great Walpole Street."

In its precincts, gravity and decorum have set up their head-quarters; on many of its door-plates the passer-by may read the names of distinguished members of the faculty, old in age and high in renown, pupils of Abernethy and Astley Cooper, who, with the first few hundreds which they could scrape together after their degrees were obtained, hired and furnished, as a first step to professional status, the houses in which they still reside, and in which they have since inspected so many thousand tongues, and passed the verdict of life or death upon so many thousand patients. Youth must be resident here and there in Great Walpole Street, as in other places; but, if so, it is never seen. No nurse-maids, with heads obstinately turned the other way, drive the pleasant perambulator against the legs of elderly people, airing themselves in the modified sunlight which occasionally visits the locality; no merry children troop along its pavement; from the long drawing-room windows, hung with curtains of velvet and muslin, issues no sound of piano or human voice. Although there is no beadle to keep inviolate its sanctity, the street-boy, as he approaches its confines, stops his shrill whistling, and puts his tip-cat into his pocket; the "patterers" of the second edition pass it by, conscious that the rumors of war, or of the assassination of eminent personages, will fall flat upon the ears of the inhabitants, while even the fragmentary announcement, "Elopement — young lady — noble markis," will fail in extracting the pence from the pockets of the denizens of the lower regions in this respectable quarter.

It is essentially a carriage neighborhood, with ranges of mews branching out of, and running parallel to it; and the vehicles are quite in keeping with the street and with their owners. Besides the doctors' broughams, high swinging chariots, now scarcely ever seen save on drawing-room days or in carriage bazaars, with huge hammercloths, and vast, emblazoned panels, are there common enough. Roomy landaus, broad barouches, with fat horses, the leather of whose harness is almost invisible beneath the heavy silver plating, coachmen in curly white bob-wigs, and giant footmen, gorgeous in hair-powder, — all these are to be found in Great Walpole Street.

Money, money, money! it all seems to say. We have money, and we will take care that you shall know it. We will not pay enormous rents for poky tenements in Mayfair, or straggling caravanseries in Tyburnia; we do not expend our substance in park-phaetons or Victorias, any more than in giving "drums" or "at homes." We have, during the season, several dinner-parties; at which the wine set before you does not come from the grocer's or the publican's, but has been in our cellars for years; several musical evenings, and one or two balls. We go to the opera three or four times during the season, occasionally to the theatre, frequently to a classical concert or an oratorio; but we would as soon think of attending a prize-fight as a pigeon-match, or of prohibiting our womankind from going to church, as of taking them to listen to comic songs in a supper room. We are rich, which you may be; but we are respectable, which you are not! Vaunt your fashion as much as you please; but the home of moneyed decency and decorum is Great Walpole Street.

Six o'clock on an October evening, with a chill, damp wind howling at intervals through the funnel made by the opposing lines of houses, is not the time in which this locality looks its best. If it is dreary in the spring brightness, in the summer sunshine, it is doubly dreary in the autumn decadence, when the leaves torn from the trees in Guelph Park mix with the dust and bits of straw and scraps of paper which gather together in swerving eddies in every possible corner, and when in most of the houses the shutters are still closed, and the blinds have not shed the newspaper coverings in which they have been enwrapped during the absence of the inhabitants. In one of the largest houses of the street, however, on the particular October evening in question, no such signs of absenteeism were visible; the whiteness of the broad door-step was unsullied, the plate-glass windows were free from speck or spot, the dwarf wire blinds in the dining-room stood rigidly defiant of all criticism, and the muslin curtains in the drawing-room seemed to have lost all the softness and pliancy of their nature, and hung stiff and white and rigid, as the gaunt and bony hands which from time to time pushed them on one side, as the blank and colorless face which from time to time peered through them into the street. These hands and that face belonged to Mrs. Calverley, the mistress of the mansion. A thin, spare woman of fifty years of age, with a figure in which were angles where there should have been roundness, and straightness of outline where there should have been fulness. Her silk dress was of an undecided fawn-color; and in place of any relieving white collar, she wore a wisp of black net round her throat. Her face was long, with a large, straight nose, prominent eyes of steely blue, and a long upper lip, between which and its thin, pallid companion there gleamed a row of strong white teeth. Her thin, scanty, iron-gray hair was taken off from her forehead above the temples, and gathered into a small knot at the back; such an expanse of colorless flesh, such a dull, level waste of human features, unrelieved by the slightest scintilla of interest or sympathy!

In her prim, flat-soled, creaking shoes, Mrs. Calverley walked to the window, pushed back the curtains, and looked out down the silent street; then, with a sound which was something between a sigh of despair and a snort of defiance, she returned to the low *prie-dieu* chair worked in wool, but covered with a shiny, crackling, yellow substance, and, arranging her scanty drapery around her, interwove her bony fingers in her lap, and sat bolt upright, staring rigidly before her. All the furniture in the room which was capable of being covered up was clad in a uniform of brown holland; the chairs were dressed in pinafores, the big broad sofa had a loosely-cut great-coat of the same material; even the chandeliers had on holland bags. There was no light in the room; but the gas-lamps in the street were reflected from the bare, shining rosewood table, from the long grand pianoforte, from the huge ormolu clock, ticking gravely on the mantlepiece, from the glass shades enshrining wax flowers and fruit, which made such a poor pretence of being real, and from the old-fashioned, handsomely-cut girandoles. By the chair in which Mrs. Calverley was seated stood a frame of Berlin work; in the middle of the hearth-rug before the fire-place — fireless now, and filled with a grim pattern of cut colored paper — lay a stuffed, white-haired dog, intently regarding his tail through his glass eyes, and apparently wondering what he had done in life to be consigned to such a degraded position.

A quarter-past six, half-past, a quarter to seven, ring out from the neighboring church; and at each sound of the chimes Mrs. Calverley rises to her feet, creaks across to the window, looks forth, creaks back again, and resumes her stony position. At length there comes a half-timid ring of the bell which she recognizes at once, straightens her back, and settles herself more rigidly than ever. A few minutes after, the drawing-room door opens, and a voice, the owner of which cannot be seen, is heard saying, "Dear me; all in darkness, Jane?"

Mrs. Calverley makes no reply, but rings the bell; and when the servant appears, says to him in a thin, acid voice, "You can light the gas, James; and now that your master has come home at last, dinner can be served."

Upon this remark, Mr. Calverley's only comment is a repetition of "Dear me." He is a middle-sized, pleasant-looking man, with fair hair, slightly sprinkled with gray, gray whiskers, light-blue eyes, and marvellous pink and white complexion, like a doll. A gentlemanly-looking man in his plain black frock-coat and waistcoat, gray trousers, black silk cravat, and pearl pin, and neat buttoned boots. He looks rather nervously to his wife, and edges his way towards her round the table. When he is within a few feet of her, he produces a newspaper from his pocket, and makes a feeble tender of it, saying, "The evening paper, my dear; I thought you would like to see" —

"I should like to see you attempt to relieve the monotony of my life, Mr. Calverley; and not to leave me here alone, while you were doubtless enjoying yourself."

"My dear, I assure you I have come straight home."

"Did business detain you until after six o'clock in Mincing Lane?"

"No, my dear; of course, not till six o'clock; I walked home, and on my way I just looked in at the club, and," —

"At the club!" That was all Mrs. Calverley said; but the manner in which she said it, had its due effect. Mr. Calverley opened the leaves of a photograph album, with every portrait in which he was thoroughly familiar, and began to be extremely interested in its contents.

"Dinner will be ready directly," said Mrs. Calverley; "had you not better wash your hands?"

"Thank you, my dear," said the disconsolate man; "but I washed them at the cl —" He pulled himself up just in time; the obnoxious word had very nearly slipped out; but the servant announcing dinner at the moment, and Mrs. Calverley laying the tips of her bony fingers in the hollow of her husband's arm, the happy pair proceeded to the banquet.

It was a good dinner, handsomely served, but Mr. Calverley can scarcely be said to have enjoyed it. At first he audibly asked for wine; but after he had been helped three or four times, he glanced hurriedly across the long table, at the other end of which his wife was seated, and furtively motioned to the butler by touching his glass. This pantomime and its results were soon noticed by Mrs. Calverley, who, after glaring at her husband for a moment, gave a little shiver, and said, —

"It is of no use paying Dr. Chipchase his fees, if his advice is to be scouted in this manner: you know what he said about your drinking wine!"

"My dear, I only" —

"You only fly in the face of Providence, Mr. Calverley; and behave unjustly to the office in which your life is insured. You only add another to the long catalogue of weaknesses and moral cowardices, by the constant display of which you render my life a burden to me. I am sick of talking to you myself. I shall write and ask Martin to come and stay with us for a few weeks, and see what effect his influence will have upon you."

"I am sure I shall be very glad to see Martin, my dear." said Mr. Calverley, after standing up reverently to say grace on the removal of the cloth: "he is a very good fellow, and" —

"Don't talk of a clergyman of the Church of England in that way, Mr. Calverley, if you please; 'good fellow,' indeed! My son Martin is a good man, and an ornament to his calling."

"Yes, my dear; of course he is; preaches an excellent sermon, does Martin, and intones quite musically. I should like to see him a little more cheerful, I mean a little less ascetic, you know; take his wine more freely, and not look quite so much as if he was fed upon parched peas and filtered water."

"You are profane, as usual," said his wife. "Whenever you touch upon any member of my family, your temper gets the better of you, and your uncontrollable tendency to scoffing and scepticism breaks forth. Perhaps you will not think it too much trouble to pass me the biscuits."

"My dear Jane!" murmured the wretched man; and, after handing the silver biscuit-barrel to his wife, he sat by, not daring to help himself to another glass of wine from the well-filled decanters before him, while the mere fact of seeing her munching away at the hard farinaceous food nearly drove him mad with thirst.

When Mrs. Calverley had concluded this succulent repast, she rose from her seat, and, without taking any notice of her husband, creaked stiffly out of the room. John Calverley, lover of ease and tranquillity as he was, scarcely regretted this little conjugal dispute, inasmuch as that if Mrs. Calverley had not, in consequence of the words that had passed between them, been on her dignified behavior, she would have remained to lock up the wine. Whereas John managed to swallow two glasses of his favorite Madeira before he joined her in the drawing-room.

It was not very cheerful in the drawing-room; the gas had been turned low down, and the principal light in the room, much softened and shaded, came from a reading-lamp placed immediately above the work-frame, at which Mrs. Calverley's bony fingers were busily engaged depicting the story of Jael, with a very rugged profile, and Sisera, the death-glare in whose eyes was represented by a couple of steel beads. John Calverley, furtively wiping his lips after the Madeira, shambled awkwardly into the room, and could scarcely repress a groan at the ghastliness of its appearance. But the generous wine which he had drunk helped to cheer him a little; and after wandering to and fro in a purposeless manner, he approached his wife, and said, —

"Wont you play something, dear?"

"No, thank you," replied Mrs. Calverley: "I wish to finish this work."

"It is rather a nice thing," said John, bending over the production, and criticising it in a connoisseur-like manner; "what is it all about?"

"It is well that no one is here to hear this lamentable display of ignorance," said Mrs. Calverley with a snort.

"It is a scriptural story, Mr. Calverley; and is intended as a footstool for the church of St. Beowulph."

"Oh, yes!" said John, nodding his head. "I know — Bewsher's place."

"It would be more decent, as well as more correct, to speak of it as the church in which Mr. Bewsher is officiating minister, I think," said Mrs. Calverley, with another snort.

"To be sure, my dear; quite correct," said peace-loving John. "By the way, talking about officiating ministers, perhaps you had better not ask Martin to come to us just yet: I have got to go down to that place in the North next week."

"What place in the North?" said Mrs. Calverley, looking up.

"What place? Why, my dear, Swartmoor, of course — the foundry, you know: that's the only place I go to in the North."

"I don't know what place you do or do not go to in the North, or anywhere else, Mr. Calverley," said his wife, sticking her needle into the canvas, and interlacing her bony fingers, and sitting bolt upright, as she glared straight at him: "I only know this, that I am determined not to stand this state of things much longer."

"But, my dear" —

"Don't 'my dear' me, if you please, but listen to what I have to say. When I married you, Mr. Calverley, to my sorrow, now some ten years ago, you were nothing more than the head clerk in the house of Lorraine Bros., which my grandfather had founded, which my father and uncles had established, and in which my late husband, Mr. Gurwood, had been a sleeping partner."

"I must say that" —

"Silence, if you please; I will not be interrupted. I took you from that inferior position, and made you my husband. I made you master of this house and my fortune. I raised you, Mr. Calverley. I tell you, I raised you, sir, from obscurity to position, from comparative penury to wealth; and what is my reward? Day after day you are absent from home at your counting-house in Mincing Lane. I don't object to that; I suppose it is necessary; but I know — yes, I know, Mr. Calverley — this is not my first experience of men of business; I have been a grand-daughter, a daughter, and a sister of the firm; and though latterly Mr. Gurwood was not quite regular in his attendance, at least at one time he was an excellent man of business — so that I may say also the wife of the firm; and I know that business hours are over at five, and that my sainted father used then to come straight home to Clapham by the omnibus."

"I" —

"You must allow me to speak, if you please: I will not be interrupted. Instead of which, I find you going to your club, and dawdling there to the latest minute, often keeping my dinner waiting; and when you return home, your conversation is frivolous, your manner light and flighty, and wanting in repose, your tastes and habits evidently unsuitable to a person in the position of my husband. I have borne all this without complaint: I know that all of us mortals — sinful mortals — have a cross to bear, and that you have been bestowed upon me in that capacity! But be a lone, deserted woman when I have a husband whose legitimate business it is to stay at home and take care of me, I will not! These Swartmoor Works are all very well, I dare say, and I know you declare that they bring in a vast deal of profit; but there was profit enough in my father's time without any of your iron-works; and if you intend to continue paying them a visit every fortnight, and staying several days away, as you have done lately, they shall be given up, Mr. Calverley — they shall be given up, I say! I may be of no more concern to you than a chair or a table, but I will not be a deserted woman, and these iron-works shall be given up!"

Those who had seen but little of the pleasant-faced John Calverley would scarcely have recognized him in the darkly frowning man, who now strode forward, and, crossing his arms on the back of a chair immediately in front of his wife, said, in a very quiet but very determined voice, —

"They shall not be given up! Understand that, once for all — they shall not be given up! You may say what you like, but I am master in my business, if not in my home; and they shall not be given up! And now, Jane, you must listen to me; must listen to words which I never intended to have said, if the speech you have just made had not rendered it necessary. You have told me what you have pleased to call facts; now I will give you my version of them. When I married you, ten years ago, — and God knows you cannot deplore that marriage more heartily than I do, — I was, as you say, the head clerk of the firm which your father had established. But, in his latter days, he had been ill and inattentive to business, and after his death, your uncles, to whom the concern was left, proved themselves utterly inadequate to its guidance; and if it had not been for me, the firm of Lorraine & Company would have been in the *Gazette*. You know this well enough; you know that I, as head clerk, took the whole affair on my shoulders, re-organized it, opened out new avenues for its commerce, and finally succeeded in making it what it was when you first saw me. You taunt me with having been raised by you from penury to position; but you know that the whole of your fortune was embarked in the business, and that if it had not been for my clear head and hard work, you would have lost every penny of it. You accuse me of being light and frivolous, and unsuited to you; of being away from my home, though, except on these business expeditions, not an evening do I pass out of your society. In return, I ask you what sort of a home you make for me? What sign of interest, of comfort, of any thing like womanly grace and feeling, is there about it? What reception do I meet with on my return from business? what communion, what reciprocity is there between us? Every word I say, every remark I make, you either sneer or snap at! You are a hard, intolerant Pharisee, Jane Calverley! By your hardness and intolerance, by your perpetually nagging and worrying at him, you tried to break the spirit of your former husband, George Gurwood, one of the kindest fellows that ever lived. But you failed in that: you only drove him to drink and to death. Now I have said my say; have said what I never intended should pass my lips; what never would have passed them, if it had not been for your provocation. I wish you good-night — I am now going to the club."

So saying, John Calverley bowed his head, and passed from the room, leaving his wife no longer rigid and defiant, but swaying herself to and fro, and moaning helplessly.

THE ENGLISH SONNET.

THE sonnet, as our readers know, owes its birthplace to Italy, and its earliest fame to the exquisite productions of Petrarch. Dante, Tasso, and indeed all the worthiest poets of that land, have composed sonnets of high, some of supreme, excellence; but so readily does the Italian language adapt itself to this form of poetical composition, that the wit, the courtier, and the lover became, unfortunately, as familiar with it as the poet; and in the sixteenth century, the infection spread so rapidly that, as Mr. Hallam has pointed out, it would demand the use of a library formed peculiarly for this purpose, as well as a vast expenditure of labor, to read the volumes which the Italians filled with their sonnets. For our purpose, at this time, there is only one point about the Italian sonnet that requires to be mentioned. In form it is what is generally known as legitimate; that is to say, the first eight lines, called the octave, possess only two rhymes, and the six concluding lines, called the sestette, never possess more than three. We may add that the poets of Italy were in the habit of closing the second quatrain with a full stop, so that with the ninth line commenced a new turn of thought.

The revival of intellectual activity in the sixteenth century, which produced such glorious fruit in this country, led, as was natural enough, to an ardent study of the best authors of Italy; and it is impossible to read any of the Eliza-

bethan poets and dramatists, without observing how vast and profound was the influence exercised over them by the wealth of fancy and imagination, of romantic narrative and history, stored up in the rich granary of Italian literature. Shakspeare, the greatest and most original writer of that age, or of any, lays the scenes of several of his plays on Italian soil, and derives the plots of them from Italian sources. For one he goes to Ariosto, for another to Boccaccio, for a third to Cinthio; and if we examine with this design the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Ben Jonson, of Massinger, of Webster, and of Ford, we shall be struck by their common partiality for the same fountain-head. It is not wonderful, therefore, that our poets, in their eager admiration of Italian literature, should have seized upon one of the most characteristic features of Italian poetry, and have transplanted the sonnet to their native land. They made it their own, however, in the process, gave to it greater elasticity, and produced in this shape such gems of English art, that it would be as reasonable to complain that English watches were not genuine, because the first watch was invented by a German, as that the sonnet does not form a genuine portion of English verse, because the first sonnets were written by Italians. No doubt, this idea has been encouraged by Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary* assertion, that the sonnet is not very suitable to the English language; but the worthlessness of the criticism is proved by the lexicographer's miserable estimate of Milton's majestic sonnets as deserving no particular comment, since "of the best it can only be said that they are not bad." It is a significant fact, and an ample refutation of Dr. Johnson's belief that the structure of the English language is unfavorable to this kind of composition, that, from Spenser downwards, it has been employed, with scarcely an exception, by our greatest poets; and this not merely as a poetical exercise, but because, in certain moods of feeling, they found in it the fittest vehicle of expression.

Assuredly, this was the case with Shakspeare, whose sonnets, illegitimate in shape, are marvels in their wealth of thought and felicity of language; with Milton, in whose hands "the thing became a trumpet;" with Wordsworth, who often felt it—

> "Sunshine to be bound
> Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground;"

and with Mrs. Barret Browning, whose noble song never rings more musically, or touches deeper chords of feeling, than when rounded by the fourteen lines which form the compass of the sonnet. It is a special advantage of this form of composition, that it necessitates the precision of language and the concentration of thought, which are of priceless value in poetry. In the sonnet every word should have a meaning,—every line add to the beauty of the whole; and the exquisite delicacy of the workmanship should not lessen, but should rather assist in increasing, the stability of the structure. A sonnet, brief though it be, is of infinite compass. What depth of emotion, what graceful fancy, what majestic organ notes, what soft, flute-like music, is it incapable of expressing! The amatory sonneteers of Italy become frequently monotonous by harping too long upon one string; but in England our poets have rarely fallen into this error, and the variety to be found in the English sonnet is one of its great charms.

The earliest of our sonneteers,— Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey,— friends in life, as well as in the art they practised, acknowledged Petrarch as their master; and the latter, who has been termed "the English Petrarch," deserves attention for the harmony of his versification, as well as for his originality of thought. In avoiding the quirks and quibbles recommended by the example of the Italian poet, the unfortunate Surrey shows that he possessed good taste, as well as poetical felling. Surrey was a mere boy when he was married to Lady Frances Vere; and the love that finds utterance in his verse is, doubtless, for the wife of his youth. He had, besides, a poetical mistress, the Lady Geraldine, whose name is almost as familiar to English ears as that of Petrarch's Laura; but since Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, the Geraldine of the poet, was a mere child at the time when Surrey, a married man, professed to be dying for her love, it is evident that the fair girl had no real place in his affections. It was like the pretty love-making of Prior "To a Child of Quality:"—

> "Nor quality nor reputation
> Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
> Dear five years old befriends my passion,
> And I may write till she can spell.
>
> "She may receive and own my flame:
> For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
> She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
> And I for an unhappy poet.
>
> "For, as our different ages move,
> 'Tis so ordained (would fate but mend it!)
> That I shall be past making love,
> When she begins to comprehend it."

We may add, before dismissing Surrey, that if it be true, as has been suspected, that the deadly hate of King Henry VIII. was roused against him by his sonnet "On Sardanapalus," the might wielded by the sonnet writer was early and fatally appreciated. "Drenched in sloth and womanish delight, feeble of spirit, impatient of pain," and enervated by "filthy lusts that stained his regal heart"— these are some of the terms used with regard to the Assyrian monarch which Henry might fitly apply to himself.

Surrey was executed in 1547; Wyatt died of a fever in 1542; but the births of Sir Walter Raleigh in 1552, and of Sir Philip Sidney in 1554 (men who added to the chivalric qualities which have made their names immortal, the gift of poesy), sustained the line of our sonneteers. Leigh Hunt points out, and the remark is noteworthy, that the "first three introducers of the sonnet in England, Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Earl of Surrey, and Sir Philip Sidney, were all knightly and accomplished men;" but it will be seen that he omits the name of Raleigh, who wrote one sonnet at least, that leaves upon the mind, as Mr. Hunt elsewhere acknowledges, the impression of triumphant force. The fame of these heroic men preserves their poetry, not their poetry their fame. But no reader can pass by with indifference Sir Walter Raleigh's bold and flattering judgment of the "Faerie Queene," or Sidney's beautiful sonnet addressed "To Sleep," or that to the moon, remarkable for its fine opening:—

> "With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies;
> How silently, and with how wan a face!"

"The best of Sidney's sonnets," said Elia, with something of the generous exaggeration with which he was apt to write of the merits of our elder poets, "are among the very best of their sort;" and he adds that "the verse runs off swiftly and gallantly," and "might have been tuned to the trumpet." Here is one written upon obtaining a prize at a tournament, admirably characteristic of the writer's style:—

> "Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
> Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
> Both by the judgment of the English eyes,
> And of some sent from that sweet enemy—France;
> Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance;
> Townsfolk my strength; a daintier judge applies
> His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise;
> Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
> Others, because of both sides I do take
> My blood from them who did excel in this,
> Think Nature me a man of arms did make.
> How far they shot awry! The true cause is,
> Stella looked on; and from her heavenly face
> Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race."

Samuel Daniel, who pursued his studies under the patronage of Sir Philip Sidney's sister, was a true, although not a great poet, and the praise awarded to him by Coleridge is well deserved; but his fifty-seven sonnets addressed to Delia demand notice only for two merits, ease of versi-

ication, and perfect purity of thought. Michael Drayton, who was born about the same year (1562) as Daniel, but long outlived him, is the most voluminous writer of poetry in the language, and has many merits of no mean order. In his "Barons' Wars" he shows himself a vigorous and often picturesque chronicler in verse; in his "Nymphidia" he exhibits a delightful play of fancy; his "Battle of Agincourt" has as much vigor and *élan* as any English war lyric; in his wonderful and well-nigh interminable poem "Poly-Olbion," he wanders over England, as Charles Lamb has beautifully said, "with the fidelity of a herald, and the painful love of a son, who has not left a rivulet so narrow that it may be stepped over without honorable mention, and has animated hills and streams with life and passion above the dreams of old mythology." Sir Walter Scott, in his "Life of Dryden," makes the extraordinary assertion that Drayton, though less known than Spenser, "possessed, perhaps, equal powers of poetry." No one who has wandered with Spenser through his Faerie Land to the sound of exquisite music, seeing visions such as few poets have dreamed of, and none described with such prodigal felicity of language, and has then trudged painfully along the by-ways of England, although not without compensation for the toil, with the poet of the "Poly-Olbion," can compare the two for a moment. But Drayton has written sonnets; and in spite of Leigh Hunt's assertion, that they are destitute of poetry, we venture to think that one of them is so remarkable for imagery and tender feeling, as to deserve a place among the loveliest poems of its class. Those of our readers who are familiar with the piece will be willing to read it once again; and to those who are not, we may hint that they are unlikely to do it justice by a single perusal: —

"Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part:
Nay, I have done; you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
And, when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!"

But the greatest of all Shakspeare's poetical contemporaries, and his predecessor in the art of sonnet-writing, was the divine Spenser, — the poet's poet, as he has been truly called, whose "Faerie Queene," notwithstanding its tedious allegory and its frequent archaisms, is the joy of all true lovers of poetry. One of the chief characteristics of Spenser's genius is expansiveness. His free foot cannot be confined within a narrow territory. So fertile is his imagination, so lively his fancy, that, unless he have an ample space over which to wander at will, and in contempt sometimes of the laws that bind other poets, he loses half his might. Spenser is a poetical democrat; precedent is nothing to him; he must do as seems good in his own eyes, or his song will be impotent to charm. Such a poet was not likely to submit readily to the seeming bondage of the sonnet. Wordsworth found in its brief space true solace and delight, and proved a perfect master of the instrument upon which he played; but Spenser, although using to the full the license of the times, appears, even in his loose sonneteering, to be like a man who is cramped and fettered with unaccustomed garments. These sonnets, eighty-eight in number, sing the cruelty and charms of his mistress in the conventional style so frequently adopted in that age. Her beauty is dissected in fantastical phraseology; her eyes, her teeth, her breath, her smile, her frown, are compared with lightning, with pearls, with the scent of flowers, with sunshine, with storms. The hardest steel wears in time, he says, but nothing can soften her hard heart; the lion disdains to devour the lamb; but she, more savage wild, "taketh glory in her cruelness;" she is a new Pandora, sent to scourge mankind; she is an angler, catching weak hearts, and then killing them with cruel pride; she is like a panther, who allures other beasts with his beauty, and then preys upon them. At the same time, she is her lover's sovereign saint, the idol of his thoughts, born "of the brood of angels," the Fairest Fair, who contains within herself all the world's riches, and her bosom is —

"The nest of Love, the lodging of Delight,
The bower of Bliss, the paradise of Pleasure"

Spenser's biographers, like Shakspeare's, in the dearth of much actual knowledge, have searched the poet's sonnets for additional information. The pursuit is alluring, but dangerous. The highest truths of poetry are generally uttered through a fictitious medium; but in the Elizabethan age, the poet, following the fashion of the time, was ready to invent a love-passion and to create a mistress, in order to serve the purposes of his verse. Spenser, it would seem, courted his divinity at the mature age of forty; and one feels quite sure that at that age no man with any mettle in him would undergo in reality the agonies Spenser underwent *in verse* for the sake of an obdurate mistress. It was the style of poetical phraseology current in that day; and Spenser made use of it, like others, without a feeling of its worthlessness such as we may harbor now. If these remarks were not generally true, it would speak ill, indeed, for the morality of the sonnet-writers. Petrarch's Laura, like Dante's Beatrice, was a married woman. Sir Philip Sidney's love-sonnets were addressed to Lady Rich, and were published in her own and her husband's lifetime; and although Spenser's are as pure as the rest of his poetry, and were dedicated to a real woman, it is evident that the larger portion of them, written as they are in the artificial diction of the period, must be chiefly regarded as clever exercises in verse. His heart was not in them as it is in the incomparable "Epithalamion," one of the loveliest, surely, of all lovely poems, which he sang upon the eve of his marriage.

Drummond of Hawthornden, a poet known chiefly by his sonnets, thought so meanly of Spenser's as to doubt whether they were really his productions. "They are so childish," he said, "that it were not well to give them so honorable a father." Drummond's early love was doomed to disappointment; but, like Spenser, he married in mature life, being fascinated with his second mistress from the resemblance she bore to the first. Immeasurably inferior as he is to the great poet of the "Faerie Queene" in all other respects, his superiority as a sonnet-writer is beyond question. His versification is singularly mellifluous, his thoughts are rarely injured by conceits, and many of the poems possess a symmetry and finish which make us forget, while reading them, that Drummond is divided from us by the wide gap of three centuries. Take but one specimen out of many of equal worth that might readily be selected: —

"Look how the flower, which lingeringly doth fade,
The morning's darling, late the summer's queen,
Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Right so my life, contentments being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.
As doth the pilgrim, therefore, whom the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
Of what yet rests thee of life's wasting day;
Thy sun posts westward, passèd is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born."

One of the pleasantest among the many pleasant excursions that can be made from Edinburgh is a ramble through Hawthornden; and the biography of our Elizabethan poets contains few facts of more interest than the visit paid by Ben Jonson to the Scotch poet in his lovely retreat, then, of course, far more retired from the haunts of men than it

is now. The long journey from London was made on foot, and to this visit we are incidentally indebted for nearly all our knowledge of "Rare Ben." Drummond kept the dramatist under his roof for some weeks, and, Boswell-like, jotted down his conversations.* Drummond's sonnets were published in 1616, Shakspeare's in 1609; and it will be seen, therefore, that in this hasty glance at a few of the Elizabethan poets, we have not kept strictly to chronological order. It is, however, better, perhaps, to dismiss the smaller sonnet-writers before referring to Shakspeare's wonderful productions in this department of poetry. They open a wide and difficult discussion, upon which we do not propose to enter. It has bewildered some of our greatest writers; it has called forth some of the most grotesque opinions ever uttered on a matter of literary criticism; it has exercised the infinite ingenuity of commentators without any satisfactory result; and it has led, as we think, to inferences as to the poet's personal character which will not readily be admitted by those who know how often the love-sonnets of that age expressed an artificial passion, and not the real feelings of the writer.† One recent writer regards them as a burlesque upon "mistress sonneting;" and another, an American, propounds a still stranger theory. These sonnets, he asserts, are hermetic writings; and the passion uttered in them is expressed for the Divine Being. "Beauty's Rose," mentioned in the first sonnet, is the spirit of humanity; and the "master-mistress" of the poet's pas sion addressed in the twentieth, means simply the writer's inward nature, as influenced by the reason and the affections, which are alluded to elsewhere under the figure of his mistress's eyes. The word love, we are told, as used in the sonnets must, in the main, be understood as religious love; and, in fact, the poems are mystical throughout, having one meaning for the eye, and another for the heart. The climax of folly is perhaps reached in the following passage: "In the hundred and fifty-third sonnet, *Cupid* signifies love in a religious sense; the *Maid of Dian* is a *virgin* truth of nature; the *cold valley-fountain* is the letter of the law, called a cold well in the hundred and fifty-fourth sonnet: and truth, we all know, is said to be at the bottom of a well." Our readers, we suspect, will prefer taking a less exalted view of these extraordinary productions. No doubt, in many of his sonnets, Shakspeare "unlocked his heart;" and it is this which makes them so interesting to us; but there are many of them that seem to be of an opposite character, and in which he expresses himself more like a dramatist than like a lyrical poet. If this be not the case, and if each one of the sonnets express the personal feeling of the writer, our high estimate of Shakspeare's character must be inevitably lowered by the perusal. An impression of this kind was left upon the mind of Mr. Hallam, who expressed his wish that Shakspeare had never written them. "There is," he says, "a weakness and folly in all excessive and misplaced affection, which is not redeemed by the touches of nobler sentiments that abound in this long series of sonnets;" and he adds, "So many frigid conceits are scattered around, that we might almost fancy the poet to have written without genuine emotion, did not such a host of other passages attest the contrary." Happily, these "other passages" abound; if they did not, we might be almost tempted to take as low an estimate of these "sugared sonnets" as Stevens himself; but may not the difficulty which besets the student of Shakspeare be considerably lessened, his faith in the noble spirit of the great master sustained, by the belief, a quite reasonable belief under the circumstances, that the larger portion of what is repellent in these poems is due to the custom of the age, rather than to the feeling of the writer? Be this as it may, and the question will always be an obscure one, the richness of thought, the enchanting felicity of language, which distinguish the best sonnets of the series, make them worthy of the writer, and deserving, therefore, of repeated perusals. Hallam thinks they do not please at first, and Archbishop Trench has said finely, "Shakspeare's sonnets are so heavily laden with meaning, so double-shotted, if one may so speak, with thought, so penetrated and pervaded with a repressed passion, that, packed as all this is into narrowest limits, it sometimes imparts no little obscurity to them." It follows that the careless reader will gain little pleasure from them, and that their fulness of beauty cannot be appreciated until they have been read and re-read, or, better still, committed to memory. We do not intend to select even one sonnet for quotation out of the hundred and fifty-four which Shakspeare has left us. The choicest of them are, or ought to be, familiar; but if any young reader is still unacquainted with this golden treasury of thought and imagination, we counsel him to obtain a pocket edition of the poems, and carry it about with him until he gain a familiarity with its contents. At the same time, out of many of almost equal worth, we may recommend for his special study the sonnets commencing with the following lines:—

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead.

From you have I been absent in the Spring.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments.

If thou survive thy well-contented day.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing.

Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem!

Shakspeare's sonnets consist invariably of three quatrains and a couplet, and one cannot but regret that he should have given the sanction of his great name to the least artistic form in which the sonnet can be written. It seems strange, too, that the familiarity with Italian literature, which is a feature of that age, should not have led our Elizabethan poets to follow the Italian model. Spenser tried some unfelicitous experiments with the sonnet, but he sedulously avoided the Italian form; so did Sir W. Raleigh; so did Daniel; but the greater number of Drummond's sonnets are of the legitimate kind, and so also are those of Donne, a poet whose memory has been affectionately preserved by Izaak Walton, and whose poetry, now well-nigh dead, might have had a chance of longer life had it been less quaint and fantastical.

The student of the sonnet may pass at once, without missing any thing in the transit, from Shakspeare to Milton; that is to say, from the year 1609, to the year 1631, when the Puritan poet produced his first sonnet; or rather, to 1645, when he collected his early poems for the press. Milton's English sonnets (he wrote several in Italian, which have been warmly praised by Italian critics) are eighteen in number, and were written at different periods of his life. It is remarkable that not one of them is a love-sonnet; and it is remarkable also that in every instance Milton has maintained the legitimate form, and that only on one occasion, namely, in the "Address to Cromwell," has he concluded the sonnet with a couplet:—

"Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw."

Milton had an exquisite ear, and proved himself, in the "Paradise Lost," the most accomplished master of harmony this country has produced. Strange to say, however, his sonnets, while conspicuous for majesty of thought, are lacking in the delicate felicity of language which we might have looked for in such a poet. They are rough blocks, unpolished, rather than finished specimens of careful workman-

* One differs most unwillingly from a critic so distinguished as M. Taine; but when he calls Drummond "a vigorous and malicious pedant, who has marred Ben Jonson's ideas and vilified his character," we are bound to say, that in our opinion this harsh judgment cannot be sustained by an impartial estimate of the *Notes*. It should be remembered, too, that Drummond had no hand in the publication.

† The difficulty that besets the modern reader is to ascertain how much in them is conventional, how much due to genuine emotion. "Would it not be rash," asks George Eliot, "to conclude that there was no passion behind those sonnets to Delia which strike us as the thin music of a mandolin?"

ship. Some of them are of profound interest, as uttering in severely simple language the feelings of his heart; some of them are manly expressions of his political faith; not one, perhaps, but has a distinct value in the history of his life. So far from being unworthy of his mighty genius, as Johnson thought, when he told Hannah More that Milton "could cut a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones," these short poems are gems of almost priceless value, as all must own, to whom the sonnet written "When the assault was intended to the city," that "On the late Massacre in Piedmont," that "On his blindness," that "To Mr. Lawrence," the two addressed "To Cyriac Skinner," and that most beautiful sonnet "On his deceased wife," — are familiar as household words. "Soul-animating strains," says Wordsworth; and in these words describes their character with the utmost precision.

In this brief survey of a large subject, it will be advisable, taking the leap of a century, to pass from Milton to Gray; for we are not aware of any sonnet worthy of mention having been produced between 1645 and 1742, when the death of Richard West called forth from his poet-friend a sonnet of rare beauty. That century, nevertheless, was not barren in poetical fruit. However greatly we may prefer the wealth of thought and imagination which comes to us from the Elizabethan poets, from Milton, and from the poets who made so illustrious the early part of this century, we must not forget the debt we owe to some of the Queen Anne men, and especially to Pope, who, despite all his faults (and they are many), was a consummate literary artist, a wit of the finest order, a poet possessing an exquisite fancy, and a felicity of expression which stamp all he has written with the mark of genius. Pope's taste and culture never led him to try his hand at the sonnet; and we think we are correct in saying that neither Addison nor Gay, Prior nor Parnell, Swift nor Thomson, ever attempted this form of poetical composition. With the exception of Thomson, these writers were poets of the town and of society; but our English sonnet has been generally the growth of quiet thought and of an imagination fostered under the eye of Nature. But to return to Gray. Both Wordsworth and Coleridge have found fault with the one sonnet he wrote, on the ground that the diction is artificial, and the images incongruous. Gray was a purist in language. His fastidiousness, indeed, was sometimes carried to an extreme; but Gray never threw off entirely the conventional phraseology which was at one time regarded as the language of poetry. His odes, for example, abound with terms which a third-rate poet of our day would reject as turgid or artificial; for Gray, although a great poet, was not great enough to throw aside the fetters he knew how to wear so gracefully. Mr. Leigh Hunt, whose taste in all delicate questions of poetical controversy can rarely be doubted, has defended Gray's single sonnet with considerable ability; but let us first read the poem, and then listen to his comments: —

"In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine;
A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
"And weep the more because I weep in vain."

The feeling of this sonnet, as a whole, strikes us as exquisite; but the allusion to Phœbus in the second line may grate on modern ears. Hear, then, what Mr. Leigh Hunt has to say in its favor. He defends it on the same ground that he would defend the "Lycidas" of Milton, and avers that men so imbued with the classics can speak from their hearts in such language. "Perhaps," he says, "had they not both so written, they had not spoken so well. They would not have used language so accordant with the habits of their intercourse." And he adds, "The image in Gray's sonnet is beautiful for its own sake, and beautifully put: —

"In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire."

"We are too much in the habit of losing a living notion of the sun; and a little paganism, like this, helps, or ought to help, to remind us of it. . . . . 'Phœbus,' in this instance, is not a word out of the dictionaries, but a living, celestial presence."

Thomas Warton, a man of considerable culture, a wit, a college don, and favorably known as an imitative poet, who had studied chiefly in the school of Milton, was Gray's friend and contemporary, and a friend, also, of poor Collins, whose work, accomplished in a short and unhappy life, is very exquisite and precious. Warton is best known by his prose works; but some of his short descriptive poems are of marked excellence, and he wrote nine sonnets, of which two, although not to be ranked with the best, deserve at least honorable mention. We allude to the sonnet "Written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon," and to that addressed to the River Loddon, which is gracefully and tenderly written.

Contemporary with Warton was a poet of a far higher order, whose work is, much of it, destined to live, because based upon the eternal truths of Nature. William Cowper may be said to have commenced the poetical revolution which more thoroughly, and on a far wider scale, was accomplished by Wordsworth. Verse is not the fitting vehicle for theology; and Cowper, as a theologian, frequently loses his cunning: but in his expression of religious feeling apart from dogma, and in his loving, careful description of Nature, and of the feelings called forth by natural objects, he takes a distinguished place among the poets. Truly does Southey say of "The Task," that "the descriptive parts everywhere bore evidence of a thoughtful mind and a gentle spirit, as well as of an observant eye; and the moral sentiment which pervaded them gave a charm in which descriptive poetry is often found wanting." Cowper, one of the most sorrowful of men, is also one of the most pathetic of poets; and this pathetic charm will be felt in the exquisite sonnet addressed to Mrs. Unwin: —

"Mary! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feigned they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honor due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings.
But thou hast little need. There is a Book,
By seraphs writ, with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look;
A chronicle of actions just and bright:
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine;
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine."

At the end of the last century two women, Charlotte Smith and Anna Seward, wrote a great number of sonnets which gained a temporary popularity. Charlotte Smith's are simple and unaffected. Miss Seward, who attained much local reputation, will be remembered from her friendship, if, indeed, friendship is the correct term to use, with Sir Walter Scott. The great novelist visited her at Lichfield, corresponded with her, and liked her far better than her writings. Unhappily, the lady's estimate of her poetry differed from Scott's; and when she died, in 1809, she bequeathed her posthumous verses to him, with injunctions to publish them speedily, and to give a sketch of her life. Scott felt bound by the lady's wishes, and produced three volumes of what he is forced in his correspondence to call "execrable poetry." It frequently happened that Scott's kindliness of heart got the better of his critical judgment; and, in this case, he was severely punished for his good-nature.

"He had been," says Lockhart, "as was natural, pleased and flattered by the attentions of the Lichfield poetess in

the days of his early aspirations after literary distinction; but her verses, which he had, with his usual readiness, praised to herself beyond their worth, appeared, when collected, a formidable monument of mediocrity."

From a mass of rubbish, however, one sonnet of sound quality may be rescued, upon "Rising Early to Read on a Winter's Morning." It is good, but not highly good, and deserves notice rather for the feeling expressed in it, the genuineness of which many early risers will acknowledge, than for the instrumentation:—

"I love to rise ere gleams the tardy light
(Winter's pale dawn); and, as warm fires illume,
And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
Through misty windows bend my musing sight,
Where, round the dusky lawn, the mansions white,
With shutters closed, peer faintly through the gloom
That slow recedes; while yon gray spires assume,
Rising from their dark pile, an added height,
By indistinctness given: then to decree
The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold
To friendship or the Muse, or seek with glee
Wisdom's rich page. Oh hours more worth than gold,
By whose blest use we lengthen life, and free
From drear decays of age, outlive the old!"

There are some sonnets that possess a literary rather than a poetical interest. Thus, for example, Miss Williams's sonnet "To Hope" scarcely advances beyond the rank of respectable mediocrity; but it is noteworthy as having been liked by Wordsworth, and retained for many years in his memory. The sonnets of Bowles, too, many of them excellent specimens of mellifluous versification, are chiefly to be remembered as having awakened the poetic life in Coleridge, whose poetry, small in compass, ranks with the most purely poetical that has been produced this century. As a sonnet-writer, Coleridge (differing herein from his son Hartley) may be said comparatively to have failed; although that addressed to Schiller, and "Fancy in Nubibus," will be known to most readers. The amazing genius of "the Highgate sage" was obscured, and partly rendered inoperative, by his fatal irresolution. "I will begin to-morrow," he says; "and thus he has been all his life long letting to-day slip."* The same curse beset the gifted Hartley, who has left little to testify to his uncommon powers. Probably his best and most characteristic poems are sonnets; and one of them, descriptive of his wasted life, is deeply pathetic. S. T. Coleridge, by the way, declared that the foreigner Blanco White had written the "finest and most grandly conceived sonnet in our language;" adding, "At least, it is only in Milton and in Wordsworth that I remember any rival." The execution, unfortunately, is not equal to the conception; but, notwithstanding some trivial defects, it is a noble poem, and justifies, or nearly so, this high eulogy:—

TO NIGHT.

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And, lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

The names of Blanco White and of Coleridge remind us that our rapid course has brought us within sight of the affluent and wide-spreading river of poetry that flowed at the beginning of this century. The little rivulet of the sonnet which we have lately followed swells again, as in the sixteenth century, into a broad stream; and standing upon its banks, and seeing the wealth it bears, one feels how impossible it is to do more than note a few of the choice treasures that attract the eye. The two most popular poets of sixty years since, Byron and Scott, have no claim upon our regard as sonnet-writers; nor should we look for much workmanship of this kind from a singer like Shelley, whose passionate emotion, uttered in many a winding bout of linkèd sweetness, could scarcely find free utterance on an instrument which demands reticence of language and stern compression of thought. One grand sonnet, however, has been produced by Shelley, which fills the imagination as only the work of a great master can:—

"I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said 'Two vast and trunkless legs of stone,
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies; whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye mighty! and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away!'"

Young as Keats was when he "awakened from the dream of life," he gave evidence in his last years of a maturity of thought, and a power of execution, which prove that had he lived he would have taken rank with the worthiest. As it is, the small volume that contains all he wrote is of priceless value, and will ever be read and loved by the student of poetry. He will find in it the immaturity of the youth, as evinced in the lovely poem of "Endymion," and the strength of perfect manhood, as displayed in "Hyperion," the "Ode to a Nightingale," or the "Ode on a Grecian Urn;" and will marvel that this ripe and golden fruit of poetry was produced by one whose little life was comprised within twenty-six years. The luxuriant freedom of the earlier poems does not augur success to this poet as a sonneteer, and the opinion that might reasonably have been formed from them is not wholly fallacious. Keats wrote about forty sonnets, some of them loose in construction, some not in anywise remarkable; but in the collection will be found one, at least, that may claim a place with the best. We allude to the sonnet composed "On first looking into Chapman's Homer."

"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortes, when, with eagle eyes,
He stared at the Pacific,—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,—
Silent upon a peak in Darien."

But the greatest of all English sonnet-writers is Wordsworth. Not only has he composed a larger number of sonnets than any other of our poets, he has also written more that are of first-rate excellence. There is no intensity of passion in Wordsworth's sonnets; and herein he differs from Shakspeare and from Mrs. Browning; neither has he attained the severe dignity of style which marks the sonnets of Milton; but for perfect purity of language, for variety and strength of thought, for the *curiosa felicitas* of poetical diction, for the exquisite skill with which the emotions of the mind are associated with the aspects of nature, we know of no sonnet-writer who can take precedence of Wordsworth. In his larger poems his language is sometimes slovenly; and occasionally, as Scott said, he chooses to crawl on all-fours; but this is rarely the case in the sonnets; and though he wrote upwards of four hundred

* Southey.

there are few, save those on the "Punishment of Death," and some of those called "Ecclesiastical" (for neither argument nor dogma find a fitting place in verse), that we could willingly part with.

To write of them here as they deserve, is obviously impossible; and happily the task has been so ably done already by Sir Henry Taylor, — himself a great poet, whose dramas will, we think, be even more appreciated in future years than they are now, — that a few brief remarks may suffice. Wordsworth's belief that the very language of the common people may be used as the language of poetry, was totally inoperative when he composed a sonnet. He wrote at such times in the best diction he could command; and the language, like the thought, is that of a great master. His theory, indeed, was altogether set at nought in his finest poems; and there is no trace of it in the "Ode on Immortality," "Tintern Abbey," "Laodamia," "The Eclipse of the Sun," or in many other of the glorious poems to which he owes his fame. Much of that fame is, no doubt, due to the sonnets, which embrace almost every theme, except the one to which this branch of the poetical art has been usually dedicated. The passion of love has no place in the sonnets of Wordsworth; but some of the noblest are dedicated to liberty; some describe with incomparable felicity the personal feelings of the writer; some express, with a more perfect instrumentation than any other poet has attained, the connection between the external world and the human soul; some might be termed simply descriptive, were it not that even these are raised above the rank of descriptive poetry by the pure and lofty imagination of the poet. The light that never was on sea or land pervades the humblest of these pieces, and throughout them there is inculcated a cheerful, because divine, philosophy. When he writes mournfully, it is from no fanciful melancholy such as that in which Byron-imitators used at one time to indulge; but because he fears lest the eager toil after wealth should deprive us of the simple pleasures, the serene happiness, which belong to us by birthright: —

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
> Little we see in Nature that is ours;
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!"

And in another sonnet he gives expression to a like feeling. After saying that our life is only dressed for show, he adds, —

> "We must run glittering like a brook
> In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
> The wealthiest man among us is the best:
> No grandeur now in Nature or in book
> Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
> This is idolatry; and these we adore:
> Plain living and high thinking are no more:
> The homely beauty of the good old cause
> Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
> And pure religion breathing household laws."

And in another sonnet he adjures his countrymen, who at that time were anticipating a French invasion, not to place too much reliance on the "barrier flood" which separated them from France: —

> —— "Winds blow and waters roll
> Strength to the brave, and Power and Deity;
> Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
> Spake laws to *them*, and said that, by the soul
> Only, the nations shall be great and free."

But if for a moment Wordsworth fears for England, and feels for her "as a lover or a child," he acknowledges that such fears are "unfilial;" since it is not to be thought of that the famous stream of British freedom should be lost in bogs and sands: —

> "In our halls is hung
> Armory of the invincible knights of old;
> We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held In every thing we are sprung
> Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold."

Indeed, courage and cheerfulness are noticeable virtues in Wordsworth's poetry. His prevailing mood is one of steadfastness and hope: —

> "A cheerful life is what the Muses love;
> A soaring spirit is their prime delight."

If we were asked by a young reader, hitherto ignorant of this great poet, to select from the sonnets, almost all of which deserve careful and patient study, a few of pre-eminent beauty, or that are specially characteristic of the poet, we could but point him to those with which the admirers of Wordsworth are already perfectly familiar, — the two sonnets on the "Sonnet," the four on "Personal Talk," "London from Westminster Bridge," the three to "Sleep," that on the "Departure of Sir Walter Scott for Naples," and several of those dedicated to "Liberty." We may add that the series on the "River Duddon" are worthy of special study, and that those who desire to appreciate Wordsworth's power, and to enjoy the intellectual wealth that is stored up in his poetry, must be willing to give time and labor to the study of his works. Writing of the poet, when he was still living and singing, Sir Henry Taylor observed, — and the words come with equal force still, — "Mr. Wordsworth never intended so to write that those who ran might read. To detain for a brief moment these run-away readers, is the proper aim of those who are snatching at a transient popularity; and this writing for a cursory perusal has been the bane of literature in our times, and the ruin of art. But neither to this aim nor to this way of writing has Mr. Wordsworth ever lent himself."

Wordsworth is sometimes obscure from the weight and variety of his thoughts, but never from the lack of careful handling and artistic skill. He had always perfect command of his instrument. Mrs. Browning, on the contrary, exhibits more wealth of imagination and originality of thought, than skill in execution. She was a great poet, but not a consummate artist; and in the mechanical part of her art she is often faulty. In the sonnet, however, the necessity of a rigorous method was forced upon her, and some of her most remarkable poems are produced in this form. They may be divided perhaps, but not with any sharp line of demarcation, into two classes, — religious sonnets and love-sonnets. Among the former, the highest place may be assigned to the three sonnets on "St. Peter," and to the four sonnets headed "Bereavement," "Consolation," "Comfort," and "Cheerfulness taught by Reason." The love-sonnets, forty-three in number, and professing to be "from the Portuguese," abound in wealth of thought, in glow of passion, in felicity of expression, in the high imagination which is the poet's prime possession. These are no "fancy pieces," but express in noble language the inner most soul of the writer. Limited as our space is, we must find room for one sonnet out of the series; and we insert it all the more willingly because we believe that this great poem "from the Portuguese" — which, although divided into many portions, is but one in design and action — is less known, and therefore less admired, than "Aurora Leigh," or "Casa Guidi Windows:" —

> "If thou must love me, let it be for nought
> Except for love's sake only. Do not say,
> 'I love her for her smile — her look — her way
> Of speaking gently — for a trick of thought
> That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
> A sense of pleasant ease on such a day.'
> For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
> Be changed, or change for thee; and love so wrought
> May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
> Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry, —
> Since one might well forget to weep who bore
> Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
> But love me for love's sake, that evermore
> Thou may'st love on through love's eternity."

Here we must close this brief and very imperfect account

of our sonnet-writers. To include living names would demand another paper of equal length to this; for the sonnet is a favorite form of composition with recent poets, several of whom have employed it with a felicity that has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. Enough, however, has been said to show that for three centuries the sonnet has held a place among the legitimate forms of English verse, and with what affection it has been regarded by the great poets of England. The sonnet will not be appreciated by the "idle reader," who cares only for the amusement afforded by an "idle lay." All noble verse, indeed, demands studious regard; but "the sonnet is a form of poetry in which style is put under high pressure," and the delight it affords is generally the reward of toil.

DE QUESNOY'S LAST BANQUET.

"MONSIEUR is sketching the old château? It is well worth the trouble, *ma foi!* but, for my part, I like not to look at it."

I started, and looked round. I had seated myself on a huge, moss-grown bowlder, upon a gentle slope overlooking the broad, smooth stream of the Doubs. To my left extended a wide stretch of cultivated land, parcelled off into those little patches which are one of the first things that strike one on entering France. To my right, against a background of encircling woodland, stood out the low, thatched houses, and broad, white, dusty street of the little village of St. Pierre, half-way up which the painted signboard of the *Pomme d'Or* glittered like a shield in the sunshine. Just below me, the river curved itself in one great sweep round the base of a steep hill, that rose on the opposite side, on the brow of which stood the ruins of an old seignorial chateau. Such relics are not uncommon in France; but this ruin differed from those which I had yet seen, as the corpse of a man cruelly murdered differs from that of one who has died in his sleep. The ground riven as if by an earthquake, the black, charred stones scattered far and wide around, the yawning rifts in the masonry, which still remained erect, — all spoke, not of gradual decay, but of sudden and terrible destruction. The gloom of a great crime and a fearful tragedy seemed to brood over that gaunt, ghastly ruin, looming grimly against the glory of the clear summer sky, like the shadow of one great sin upon a stainless life.

I turned round (as I have said) to see who had spoken, and saw beside me an old man in the dress of a well-to-do peasant of the country. I had just been reading Erckmann-Chatrian's glorious *Histoire d'un Paysan;* and had we been in the neighborhood of Phlasbourg, instead of in that of Besançon, I should have said that Michel Bastien now stood before me. The long, white hair and beard, enclosing the bronzed face in a kind of frame; the large, bright eye; the bold, erect bearing; above all, the deep, earnest look, as of one who had done and suffered above the measure of his kind, — were all suggestive of the Alsatian *Old Mortality.* I saw at once that I had fallen in with a "character."

"You say you don't like to look at that ruin yonder?" said I. "Well, it certainly is not a pleasant sight; but what do you know about it?"

"*Every thing,*" answered the old peasant emphatically. "I saw it in all its splendor; and I saw it in the hour of its destruction, seventy years ago. If you care to hear the story, I'll tell it you."

The offer was not to be slighted; for such a tale as this promised to be, related by an eye-witness on the very scene of the catastrophe, was an unexpected prize. I motioned my companion to a seat on the stone beside me, and disposed myself to listen to him.

"I remember the days before the Revolution," he began, "although I was then only a child; but I remember them, just as one might recollect a horrid nightmare. I seem to have dreamed of being hungry and cold and ragged and helpless, for ever so long, — and then suddenly to have waked up free and well off. After all, it wasn't *our* fault if the *guillotinades* and *noyades* befell; *they* were the work of the Terrorists of the Assemblée, and the *canaille* of the great towns. All that we peasants wanted was to have enough to live upon, instead of being flayed alive by the nobles; and the Revolution did *that* for us, at least. Look at me! In my childhood, I ran barefoot along the high-road, begging of the passers-by, with no hope of ever being any better off than my father, a poor laborer, who lived upon black bread and onions, and never knew what it was to be warm or well clothed from one year's end to another. I remember that in those days I used always to think of heaven as a place where one would be allowed to sit close to a big fire, and eat one's fill of the white bread and dainty roast meat which my cousin Pierre, the soldier (who was on guard at the Château de Quesnoy when his colonel dined there), had told me about. Well, Monsieur, I have *now* sheep and cattle of my own, and a good bit of corn-land into the bargain; my son Gaspard is an *avocat* at Lyon; and my grandson, Baptiste, is a *sous-lieutenant* in the 8-*me légère.* Show me the peasant *before* the Revolution whose son or grandson could have become an officer! Bah!

"Those were the days when the nobles did what they liked; and a pretty life they led us, *ma foi! Now,* thank God, the *grands seigneurs* can't cut your throat or carry off your wife without any one daring to say a word; but before '89 it was another matter. *Tonnerre!* it was no joke *then* to fall in the way of a party of young chevaliers, hot with wine and mischief, and ready for any devil's prank that came into their heads. Every man that came in their road was sure to be beaten or run through, and as for the women — But the less said about that the better. I can remember, even now (though I was quite a child when it happened), the night that our young lord, Henri de Quesnoy, and three or four of his wild companions, scoured the streets of Besançon with their riding-whips, and made every one they met go down on their knees in the mud, and cry 'Vive le roi!' Then, as if it was not enough for them, they broke ever so many windows, rang the great alarm-bell till they roused up the whole town, and finished by hanging a dead dog at the door of M. le Maire, with a bit of paper in its mouth, on which was written: 'A ton tour, mon frère!' [It's your turn, brother.] Little did they dream then, that the day was to come when they should themselves be hung like dogs to every lamp-iron, and when their blood should run in the streets of their own towns, to the cry, not of 'Vive le roi!' but of 'Vive la nation!' But all this doesn't belong to my story.

"Our old seigneur, Maurice de Quesnoy, who lived at the château yonder in the year '89, was such a man as I have heard M. le Curé read about in the Gospels, — one "who feared not God, nor regarded man." Nothing could fright him, nothing could melt him; he was just a man of marble, — polished, and hard, and cold as death. In one of the great battles of the Seven-Years' War, he had flung his plumed hat into an English battery, and leaped after it, without a man at his back; and when he came back alive, his soldiers muttered to each other that his hour was not come yet; for, you see, there was a legend abroad that he had sold himself to Satan for a certain term, and that nothing could harm him till his term was out. Our folks used to say that when he got tired of all his grand dishes, he fed upon children's flesh; and many a time have I screamed and run away for fear of being devoured, when I saw him come prancing along the road on his great black horse, all lace and jewels and embroidery, with his long feathers streaming in the wind, and his smooth, handsome, cruel face bent forward like the head of a bird of prey. But all this was just what pleased him, — he liked to be feared by the *canaille,* as he used to call us; and, faith! we had good reason to fear him too! If the château were still standing, I could show you the very tower on the top of which he hanged Jean Perret, for snaring game in the woods to feed his children, who were starving. Then there was poor Simon Allezard, whose wife he had carried off. *He* lay in wait for the marquis one night, and fired at him; but the bullet only went through his hat, and didn't even touch him. The

marquis had no weapon but his light rapier, and he wouldn't even condescend to draw that, but he wrenched Simon's own gun from him, and beat out his brains with the butt-end. In short, he did such things that we used to cross ourselves at the very sound of his name, just as the Bretons do at that of Gilles de Retz, the wicked Count Bluebeard, who murdered all his wives, one after another.* It would take me till midnight if I were to tell you all the horrible stories I heard about him, as we sat crouched round our little spark of fire at night, squeezing close to each other to try and get warm — till at last I hardly dared stir out of the house for fear of meeting him.

"It was in the spring of '89 — the year of the great *culbute* — that judgment first began to overtake M. le Marquis. He had been away at the court for two years, and we knew nothing of him except that his steward kept squeezing more and more money out of us every month, to pay for his master's fine doings at Versailles, when, all of a sudden, word got about that he was coming; and, sure enough, a few days later he came, and with him a whole crowd of grand folks that fairly filled the château. And then, for several weeks together, there was nothing but feasting and drinking, and dancing and card-playing, and making love, all day long. Now it happened that among the ladies was one who had been a beauty at the court, — Mademoiselle Claire de Montalbert, they called, her, — who had shown much favor to our young lord, Monsieur Henri, when they were at Versailles together; but when she came down here, she seemed to have grown tired of him, and began to smile upon his great friend, M. Albert de St. Florent; till at last, as young blood is always hot (especially when there's a lady in the case), she bred a deadly quarrel between them. One evening in May, my cousin Pierre, the soldier, who was up at the château attending upon his colonel, came down to us and told a terrible story. That very morning, the two young gentlemen, with other two to second them, had come out of the château before any one else was stirring, and away to a little open place at the corner of the wood, and there they fell to. M. Henri was a good blade, but this time he was too hot to be prudent, and at the fifth pass, he was run clean through the body. But he came of a race that always died hard; and the moment he felt the steel pierce him, he threw himself forward upon the sword, and, shortening his own, ran it into M. Albert's side so fiercely, that the blade snapped right across. Then he fell down and died where he stood. But M. Albert had little to boast of, for *his* wound was mortal, and two days later, he died also. And so the lives of two brave men were thrown away for the caprice of a woman — one of those great ladies without heart and without conscience, whom God created to avenge the sins of the *noblesse* upon themselves.

"When the news of all this got abroad, our people (God forgive them!) began to rejoice, and to say that now the aristocrats were beginning to devour each other, and that he who had robbed so many of their children knew now what it was to lose a child himself. But, as we afterwards learned, the old marquis, however he might grieve, was not one to let his grief be known. When he heard the news, he never sighed or trembled, but only asked how it fared with M. de St. Florent; and when they told him that the wound was mortal, he smiled his own cruel smile, and muttered to himself: 'Good! The De Quesnoys always strike home!' And after that, he never mentioned his son's name again.

"Well, Monsieur, a few months later came the news of the fall of the Bastille; and the peasants began to lift up their heads, and talk of doing something; but no one dared to speak openly, for there were troops quartered in Besançon, and nobody knew yet whether they would join us or not. (I heard afterwards that they were ready enough to side with us, but, having no leaders, and each man doubting whether his comrades would stand by him, they did not stir.) But by the opening of the year '90, the soldiers in all the garrison towns had communicated with each other, and were all on the side of the people; so, one day in March, the two Besançon regiments rose as one man, deposed their officers, shot their colonel, and elected Serg. Roussel in his stead (the same Roussel who afterwards commanded a brigade under the great emperor). *Then* our peasants began to think that it was time to square accounts with M. le Marquis, especially as all his grand friends had gone away, and there were only a few lackeys left to defend him. But somebody must have told him of what was going on; for just as the peasants were all gathered in the village yonder, with hatchets and pitchforks, and what not, ready to go up to the château, there came a rattle of hoofs along the road, and into the market-place broke the old marquis himself, on his great black horse, with his gay dress glittering in the sunshine, and his face quiet and smooth as if he were going into a drawing-room; but his lips were set together like the jaws of a wolf-trap. When I saw him coming, I shrank away, fearing that he would seize and devour me even among them all; but I could see how he reined up his horse (the crowd parting before him to right and left), leaped from the saddle, and stood facing us, with his arms folded on his breast. *Morbleu!* I think I see him now, drawn up to his full height, with his lip curling in defiance, and his eye looking through us like the flash of a sword, as he said in his clear, scornful voice: 'I am told that you have something to say to me. Here I am. What do you want?' But there was no answer. At the sight of his face and the sound of his voice, coming among us this way like an all-powerful master, the old fear of him and his, branded into us by ages of oppression, rose up again stronger than ever; and the whole crowd of furious men hung their heads like rated schoolboys, and melted away before him. *Tonnerre de ciel!* tyrant, and servant of the Devil, though he was, he did a deed that day worthy of the Twelve Paladins; and perhaps the *bon Dieu* may yet have mercy upon him, for he was a brave man!"

I recalled the weird pathos of the English ballad, —

> "That Heaven may yet have more mercy than man
> On such a bold rider's soul," —

and looked with involuntary admiration upon this thoroughly French sympathy with courage, even in an hereditary and implacable enemy. The old man was silent for an instant, while the momentary softness faded from his iron features, leaving them sterner than before. When he resumed, his tone was deeper and more solemn.

"But although M. le Marquis escaped for that time, his day was near at hand; for now came news that the people had marched upon Versailles, that the king and queen had been brought to Paris, that the *tiers* were up in every part of the country, and that the Assemblée Nationale had decreed the abolition of taxation, monopoly, aristocratic oppression, and had pronounced all men free and equal forevermore. Every fresh bit of news worked like fire in our blood; and at last the people of Besançon got up as one man, and swore that, come what might, they would have the Château de Quesnoy down, and make an end of the old wolf that lived in it; and up they went, hundreds upon hundreds.

"I can remember, as if it were yesterday, seeing them filing out of the town, their pike-heads glittering in the sun, and the mass of red caps showing like a long smear of blood upon the white road; and I, as a boy will do, followed them, to see what would happen. They had expected to find the château barricaded, and to meet with some resistance; but, no! the garden-gate was open, — so was the hall-door, — and on the threshold stood the old marquis himself, saying quietly, 'Enter: all is ready for you!' There was something in his voice and look and manner that made them shrink, even then; but they had gone too far to turn back. Into the château they poured, with shouts and laughter, and scraps of Republican songs, till every room was chock-full; and the leaders took possession of the great banquet-hall, and set M. le Marquis in the

* The legend of Bluebeard does not exaggerate the atrocities of this incarnate fiend, who, after committing a thousand real crimes with impunity, was at length burned alive, on an absurd charge of sorcery.

great carved chair at the head of the table, swearing that he should see them drink his good wine before they killed him. And there they revelled till one-half of them were under the table, and the other half could hardly stand to light the torches which they had stuck up round the hall. Just about nightfall (I had climbed into a tree near the window, and could see all that went on), I saw old Mercandon, the steward, glide up to his master's chair, and say, in a low voice, "M. le Marquis, all is ready!"

"Are all the lackeys gone?"

"All, M. le Marquis."

"Go you too, then, and leave me to finish it alone!"

"But the old steward only hung his head, and answered with a kind of sob, 'M. le Marquis, I carried you in my arms when you were a child, and do you drive me away *now*?'

"'As you will then, my good fellow,' said the marquis: 'I shall at least have *one* honest man beside me to the last.'

"And then he rose slowly to his feet (for, till that moment, he sat like a statue), and looked round upon them all. Monsieur, if I live to a hundred, I shall never forget that sight! — the old noble standing up like a tower, with the long gray hair falling back from his grand calm face; the great vaulted hall, with its huge groined arches and dark panelling of oak; the coarse figures of the peasants, lolling in the great chairs or wallowing upon the floor, their rough faces all swollen and disfigured by drink and fury and lust of blood, the red torchlight flaring fitfully over all. There was *that* in the old man's face which silenced the loudest of the rioters; and you might have heard a pin fall as he spoke.

"'Worthy guests, you have done honor to my good cheer, and it is time that I thank you as you deserve. This is the first time that my château has been defiled by the hoofs of Republican *canaille* — and it shall be the last! Go, tell your master the Devil how the last of the De Quesnoys repaid your insolence. Vive le roi!'

"He seized a flambeau which stood near him, and, stooping down, lifted a trap-door in the floor, and dropped the torch through it. And then (God preserve us!) came a crash as if the earth had split asunder, and all the air was one hot blast of fire; and I felt a shock like an earthquake, and knew nothing more.

"When I came to myself, I was lying on the soft earth of one of the flower-beds, dizzy and stunned, as if I had fallen from the top of a tower, but, thank God, unhurt. But, Holy Virgin! what a sight it was when I looked round! All about me was a reek of smoke and dust, as from the mouth of a furnace; and dimly through the cloud I could see, on the spot where the château had stood, black broken walls, and great masses of stone flung here and there, and smoking timbers. The marquis had filled the cellars with gunpowder, and of all who entered the château, not one was left alive! May the good God have mercy upon their souls!"

SWEET ANXIETY.

A SIGNIFICANT little scene was reported the other day in the corner of a newspaper, illustrative of the pertinacity with which the British public clings to some of its cherished superstitions. An infant had been accidentally smothered, and the result of the inquest was to exonerate the parents from all blame. There was no reason, that is, to suppose that the death of their child was due to any fault of theirs, except the original fault of having brought it into the world. The doctor, who was examined, was brutal enough to observe that the parents had married too young. Was it not a happy marriage? inquired the coroner. The doctor admitted that there was nothing to be said against it on this score; but that the wife was only eighteen, whilst the husband was nineteen, and he considered, in his medical blindness, that at such ages they should not have been the parents of two children. The coroner was fortunately of the sentimental school. He was fresh, we should imagine, from the study of "Ginx's Baby," or of some of the eloquent works in which the theories of the wretched Malthus are held up to execration. At any rate, he was equal to the occasion. He expressed his dissent from the doctor's view, and gave his reasons for the opinion. "It is better," he remarked, "for people to marry young, than to wander about the world with no object in view. For my own part, I like to see young persons having children to take care of. It gives them a sense of responsibility, a 'sweet anxiety,' and makes them do what they can to advance. I have seen many doing worse things than marrying young." Now, it is impossible to read these touching remarks without feeling regard for the coroner considered as a man. He evidently summoned up before his eye an idyllic vision of two young persons bound together by tender affection, and with the natural exuberance of their years tempered by a sense of the helpless infants dependent upon them. Melted by the graceful picture presented to his imagination, the stern dictates of calculating prudence gave way to a natural outburst of emotion; and, in words fitter perhaps for a gushing curate than a grave official, he rebuked the officious harshness of the doctor. We, too, are men, and we have in our time hung over the pages of sentimental novels, and been touched in heart by descriptions of sweet young mothers and affectionate fathers; though we have generally been sustained by a confidence, which we fear might, in the present instance, be misplaced, that they and their progeny would be satisfactorily portioned off at the end of the third volume. We can, therefore, sympathize with the coroner's melting mood; and yet we feel constrained for a moment to test his charming theories by a brief appeal to fact. After all, a coroner is one of the special glories of the British Constitution; he is surrounded by we know not what official halo in the popular imagination. "Crowner's quest law" has, since the days of Shakspeare, been regarded by a large class as the ideal perfection of English jurisprudence; and perhaps the morality emanating from the same tribunal may be regarded with equal veneration. No profound utterance on social questions recommended by such authority should be suffered to pass unnoticed. The coroner represents the voice of educated society, pronouncing its final judgment on the causes of grievous calamities; and, if educated society commits itself to rash opinions, whence are the uneducated to draw safe and prudent rules for their conduct?

With this apology we will venture to say a word or two on the coroner's remarks. One or two of his sentences obviously admit of no answer. People, he says, may do worse things than marry young. That is undeniable. They may dispense with the marriage ceremony altogether; they may pick pockets; drink themselves to death; shoot at the Queen; knock their young friends into deep water, and leave them there to drown; and, in short, indulge in various courses which are condemned not only by prudence but by plain morality. Still, it is an imperfect justification of any action that you may possibly do worse. The coroner seems to contemplate only one alternative to youthful marriage; namely, wandering about the world without any object in view. With all deference to his authority, we do not think that the field of human activity is quite so limited as this observation would imply. We know a good many young men and women under twenty, in various walks in life, and most of them have a very definite object, though few of them have a family to maintain. To mention no other motive for action, it is not quite out of the question that a lad of nineteen may be more usefully employed in preparing himself for marriage, than in actually adopting its responsibilities. We have, indeed, been accustomed to think that that period of life is one which a boy may turn to the best account by qualifying himself for a position of future independence; and we are rather startled by the notion of the youthful generation of that age as divisible into two classes, — one of married persons, and the other of objectless wanderers about the world. However, we would by no means deny that marriage at seventeen or eighteen is

likely to steady a youth considerably, and to give him abundance of what the coroner, with an admirable turn for euphemism, describes as "sweet anxiety." Sweet anxiety, however, is one of those pleasant things of which it is very possible to have too much. For any thing we know, a couple of babies may provide a man with sweet anxiety at nineteen; but if his family increase at this rate, we should like to know whether he would regard a dozen babies as a sweet anxiety at thirty. A babe in a house — we quote the admirable language of the inspired Tupper — is a well-spring of pleasure; but a spring may possibly continue flowing till there is danger of a deluge. Looking at the matter from the point of view of the children themselves, the advantages of such sweet anxiety are still more questionable. The young gentleman in question was a telegraph clerk: we are not informed what are his earnings, but putting them at the highest figure, and remembering that saving is clearly out of the question for him, we fear that his means, divided into ten or twelve equal parts, will go a very little way in providing his hypothetical family a few years hence with meat and drink and clothes, to say nothing of schooling and other necessities of civilized life. It is not, perhaps, a very forced hypothesis that one of the next inquests which the coroner may have to hold will be upon the body of some victim of starvation. The coroner will probably look wise, and make some touching remarks upon the horrors which lurk amidst our boasted civilization. If he will take the trouble, however, to inquire into the causes, he will be pretty sure to discover one of those stories which are so commonplace that we almost cease to study them. A youthful couple have a whole family of sweet anxieties before they have fairly become men and women. The mother's health and energies have been consumed by her domestic labors. The father has been thrown out of work for a few months by ill health. He has not laid by a penny; he struggles desperately to keep out of the workhouse; the sweet anxieties hang like so many mill-stones round his neck; if his principles are weak, he breaks a till or becomes a writer of begging-letters; if they are strong, he sinks gradually into deeper degrees of debt and shabbiness; keeps himself and his dependents in rags on scanty rations in some densely crowded den, and ends by furnishing a paragraph for the papers, and bequeathing his sweet anxieties to the workhouse or to charity. Possibly he has a friend or two, who appeal to the benevolent, and tout for votes till they get some of the sufferers into those asylums which provide such admirable substitutes for economy and foresight. Meanwhile, the coroner who sits upon him reviles the want of charity which fails to offer sufficient inducements for other people to go and do likewise, and becomes sentimental over the next person who undertakes to bring into the world as many sweet anxieties as he can at the earliest age possible.

The first edition of Malthus "On Population" appeared more than seventy years ago. Since then it has been denounced in every possible variety of phrase, and its doctrines have been preached by enthusiastic economists, till one would have thought that its errors would have been exploded, and its truths drilled into the ears of the least attentive part of mankind. Of late years, pauperism has been attracting the attention of innumerable amateur philanthropists, politicians, officials, and compilers of Blue-books. The most vigorous efforts have been made to impress upon the public mind that no remedy can be effectual which does not include the encouragement of a moderate amount of prudence. And yet the preaching of all these laborers in the cause might, to all appearance, have been as well delivered in ordinary pulpits. They have apparently produced about as much effect as so many denunciations of luxury, the love of money, and the other established evils which seem likely to provide ample material for the eloquence of all future generations. It is still, to all appearance, a rooted article of faith in the mind of the general public, that it is essentially wicked to take any thought for the morrow in regard to bringing children into the world. The most modest statement that a couple in the lower classes incur any sort of responsibility by reckless marrying, is scouted with the indignation which would be rightly bestowed upon the open advocacy of any gross immorality. The one argument which is ever adduced is that of the coroner, that there are worse evils than improvidence. We fully admit the fact, and are, indeed, disposed to think that one great obstacle to improvement is the obstinacy with which the philosophers pooh-pooh any suggestion that their principles, if fully adopted, might lead to the most serious evils. But the danger which undoubtedly exists is a reason for the cautious application of plain truths, and not for completely disregarding them. At present, the world seems to be divided between the *doctrinaires* and sentimentalists. The latter have naturally the most influence with the class directly affected, as it is much more pleasant to be exhorted to yield to your instincts than to be exhorted to suppress them summarily. The conflict suggests abundance of reflections upon which we cannot now dwell. We must content ourselves with congratulating the coroner on the felicity of his style: and we shall in future never read an account of reckless marriages, or of their natural consequence, hopeless poverty, without thinking of the delicate periphrasis of "sweet anxiety." We can only wish that it was a little more appropriate, and that the sweetness was generally as palpable as the anxiety.

OLRIG GRANGE.

OLRIG GRANGE is a poem in six books.* Each book contains the utterances of a distinct person. The whole is knit into a consecutive story, by the loops which the reputed editor supplies in the shape of an explanatory preface to each division. The story itself is very simple, but it is told in powerful and suggestive verse. The composition is instinct with quick and passionate feeling, to a degree that attests the truly poetic nature of the man who produced it. At the same time, it exhibits much more of genuine thought, of various knowledge, of regulated and exquisite sensibility, than is often to be found in the works of immature and merely imitative poets. The reader will, no doubt, readily detect, alike in substance and rhythm, certain echoes and reminiscences of what is familiar; he will perceive a manifest sympathy with the genius of Tennyson and Browning, showing itself in the general tone, and in particular tricks of phrase; but he will become aware also that he is in communication with a richly-endowed mind, sensitive to original impressions, and capable of reproducing them in felicitous and resonant words. Thus the volume is both admirable and disappointing. It is so good that the least fastidious critic cannot help wishing it were better. Constantly touching upon a high degree of excellence, it yet falls below the possibilities, not only of the author's conception, but of his proved powers. He sees with keen and clear insight into the vexed life of our time; he is acquainted with the problems of cultured speculation; they have so come home to him, that he derives his topics from the storehouse of individual consciousness, as well as from the suggestions of literature and the real aspects of humanity; in dealing with these topics, he exhibits throughout an open and liberal nature, a fine and firm discrimination of character, a glowing and an abundant fancy, a subtle eye to read the symbolism of nature, and great wealth and mastery of language; in a word, he possesses in large measure the artistic faculty, and he has employed it for worthy purposes. Still, we are dissatisfied. Amid much that is fine and moving and true, alike in bursts of emotion, in brooding sentiment, in the embodiment of ideal thought, and in passages of scornful delineation, there is something lacking. "An inch deeper, and you will find the Emperor," was, as the story goes, the enthusiastic exclamation of the Frenchman whose wound a surgeon was probing after Waterloo; and a little more of force and reach, we may say, would have carried this author to the very heart of his central theme.

The hero of the poem is a young Scot, pure of soul, full

* Olrig Grange. Edited by Hermann Kunst, Philological Professor. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Glasgow: James Maclehose.

of intellectual daring and acquisitiveness, who has been nurtured for the Church, but is turned away from her door by the barrier of subscription. He has a twin sister who has been educated along with him, and whose heart is knit to his not merely by the affinities of a kinship so close, but by the ties that come of mental contact and sympathy in an earnest devotion to common pursuits. Yet her individuality has not been overborne. The resemblance to her brother has not harmed her distinctive nature; neither has her sympathy with him occasioned her the like spiritual unrest. The weakest part of the book is that it contains no adequate disclosure of the secret causes of this difference. Both are painted too much from the outside. The development of their characters takes a dramatic form, but it has not the interest and value that it might have commanded. Still, we obtain attractive and penetrating glimpses. Thorold is about to leave home, to push his fortune as a *littérateur* in London. In a ramble with his sister round their old dwelling, on the evening before, he expatiates with fond affection on their early memories, and reveals the perturbed state of his own mind. He looks back with a loving regard to the traditionary faith and reverence which he cannot but count obsolete; he recoils from that philosophy which would make God either a logical terminus or a metaphorical expression; and he craves the revelation of a Deity, made known in modes patent to human apprehensions and intercourse, as Author and Father. Thus he exclaims:—

"Our Science knows no Father yet;
He seems to vanish as we think;
And, most of all, when we are set
To fish for faith upon the brink
Of Nature, we draw, link by link,
A line of close-plied reasoning
Elaborate, and hope to bring,
Besides the baited thought we sink,
God from the depths at the end of a string!

. . . . . .

"Well, well; our mother knew no laws,
Except the Ten Commandments clear,
Nor talked of First or Final Cause,
But walked with God in love and fear,
And always felt that He was near
By instinct of a spirit true;
And she had peace and strength, in lieu
Of that unrest and trouble here
Which break, like the billows, on me and you."

The sister is by no means self-deceived as to her brother's prospects. She has formed a very just estimate of his character. The analysis she presents of it is marked by great candor and acuteness. She sees that his very virtues may become snares, and acknowledges that—

"He has more sympathy,
Perchance, with truth and beauty than
The power creative: he would be
A stronger if a narrower man;"

—in short, that his work runs the risk of being merely graceful and smooth, and that he wants what Burns calls "the stalk of carle hemp in man,"—a resolute firmness. While she remains at home, to love and wed Prof. Kunst, the editor of this volume, Thorold becomes a species of lion among certain *coteries* of the metropolis, and is fascinated by Rose Dewhurst,—

"No more a graceful girl,
But, in the glory of her womanhood,
Stately and haughty. One who might have been
A noble woman in a nobler world;
But now was only woman of her world,
With just enough of better thought to know
It was not noble, and despise it all;
And most herself, for making it her all."

Her mother, Lady Anne Dewhurst, is pictured with a pitiless asperity. There is a degree of *acharnement* in the portraiture strongly suggestive of personal suffering on the author's part from females of this type,—the "worldly-holy," exacting, Evangelical, Apocalyptic, great alike upon Armageddon and eternal punishment. Of course, she is greatly incensed with her daughter for dreaming that she would be allowed to mate a "puling boy with a Scotch brogue and hungry look;" and thus remonstrates:—

"Oh, yes, you love him! that's of course:
It's your fifth season; isn't it, dear?
But, really, you are little worse;
And I am sure you loved last year
Sir Wilfred, with his rent-roll clear.
A person at St. John's Wood! Shame!
No proper girl should ever name
A person there or person here;
And, no doubt, she is the one to blame.

"All men are dreadful wicked. Sad
It is to say it; but it's true:
You hardly would believe how bad;
So bad, that it would never do
If girls before their marriage knew.
And if you will be prude and nice,
And will go poking into vice,
And shying when it comes it view,
You will never be married at any price."

Rose gets no better comfort from the Baronet, her father,—a feeble, fussy person, addicted to pottering over scientific problems, as a refuge from the torture and tyranny of his wife, yet with a strain of real nobleness and affection in him. He is very frank with his daughter, when put to it:—

"That is the curse upon us, Rose:
We cannot dare a noble fate,
And yet our hearts find no repose
In all our empty show and state.
We can be neither small nor great;
With strong desire and feeble power
We hanker through our weary hour,
Like flowers that try to blossom late,
In a sickly struggle with frost and shower.

"Our race is run: the Norman knight
Is distanced by the engineer;
The cotton-spinner beats us quite,
When all the battle is to clear
A hundred thousand pounds a year:
That is the glory of our age,
Six figures on the ledger's page,—
And no bad glory either, dear,
As glory goes among saint and sage."

So the poor girl, not without remorse and conflict of heart, gives her lover up; and he, after a feverish effort to live down his disappointment by action, returns home to die; all his brilliant prospects wrecked, and his soaring aspirations unfulfilled. But within himself there has been a change:—

"My old doubts?—Well, they no more fret,
Nor chafe and foam o'er sunken rocks.
I don't know that my faith is yet
Quite regular and orthodox;
I have not keys for all the locks,
And may not pick them. Truth will bear
Neither rude handling nor unfair
Evasion of its wards, and monks
Whoever would falsely enter there.

"But all through life I see a Cross,
Where sons of God yield up their breath:
There is no gain except by loss,
There is no life except by death,
There is no vision but by Faith,
Nor glory but by bearing shame,
Nor justice but by taking blame;
And that Eternal passion saith,
'Be emptied of glory and right and name.'"

We have said more than enough to show the scope of this poem, though our extracts do not sufficiently illustrate its varied power. It has genuine thought, creative imagina-

tion, and lyrical sweetness; though sometimes the thought is only surface-deep, the imagination is wanting in vivid completeness, and the reader stumbles over careless and clumsy lines. Sometimes also the meaning is obscure, as in this stanza: —

"Oh days of Faith! when earth appeared
A Bethel sure, an house of God,
And in the dream his voice was heard,
And sorrow was his chastening rod;
And stony pillow and grassy sod
Seemed, lying on the Father's breast."

What the last two lines mean we cannot divine.

BEETLES.

THAT class of insects which naturalists term Coleoptera, and in common parlance are known by the name of beetles, seem to have been studied with more interest and care than most other entomological species spread over the globe. The ancients knew them under the name of scarabæi; and almost all offer to the eye the bright colors of the rainbow, and the beautiful metallic effects which have from the earliest time attracted the attention of men. There is no difficulty in distinguishing them from other insects, owing to their wings, which are four in number. The under ones are slender, marked with ramified nervures, folding and unfolding with remarkable facility when the insect takes its flight, or settles on any object. The upper wings are of a hard texture, and form sheaths for the others; they are termed "elytra," and open at right angles to the body when flying, never beating or vibrating. Every year brings out a new book on this exhaustless subject. The beetles of France have not yet been described in full, though M. Mulsant of Lyons has been at work upon them for twenty-five years. Their name is legion, and it is asserted that not less than a hundred thousand varieties have been marked in different collections.

The individual species of scarabæi may be divided into seven principal classes; of which the first, that of the Cetoniidæ, comprehends a series of beautiful insects, which feed on the juices of flowers. The golden beetle is one of the most charming: the country people call it the king of the beetles. It is of a golden green, with white spots; when it flies in the sun, scarcely raising the elytra, its whole body sparkles like polished metal. During the summer months, it lives in gardens, always choosing the most brilliantly colored flowers on which to rest; it penetrates to the heart of the roses and pæonies, or settles on the petals of the honeysuckle, which it eats, sucking the honeyed liquid. It is perfectly inoffensive, does no harm to vegetation, and has not the unpleasant smell which belongs to many of the tribe. The females lay their eggs at the foot of trees among decayed wood, or even in the nests of ants. Here the young larvæ find their nourishment in woody morsels for three years, and then construct their cocoons, from which, in due time, the beetle emerges. One beautiful kind, found in the Philippine Islands, is so much admired by the ladies that they are kept as pets in small bamboo cages. The Brazilian species are of an immense size, and may be seen resting under the leaves of the maize plantations, or flying round the tops of the tallest trees. These, again, are surpassed in size by the Goliath, which is peculiar to tropical Africa. Collectors have been so anxious for specimens, and found them so difficult to obtain, that as much as fifty pounds has been given for one of these insects, which are the common food of the natives, when roasted.

The sacred beetle of the Egyptians belongs to the Coprinæ; its singular instincts had, without doubt, much astonished them, for it is found on the most ancient monuments in the land of the Pharaohs, depicted on amulets, placed in sarcophagi, and treated with the greatest veneration by the dwellers on the banks of the Nile. They were an agricultural people, and valued these great black insects for their habit of clearing away noxious substances. An oily substance which they secrete keeps their skins bright and glossy, so that none of the dirty matter among which they live can adhere to them. The fore-feet are armed with spines; whilst the hind ones are much longer, and suited for the work they have to perform. The care which the female takes for the preservation of its eggs and the development of its larvæ is very curious. Instead of simply hiding them, like other beetles, in a lump of mud or some little cavity, where the egg is laid, she surrounds it with manure, and rolls it up into a little ball with her hind-legs; soon it is a solid, well-kneaded mass, with the egg in the centre. Already a choice has been made of a suitable place where the larvæ, when hatched, can find a living. Towards this point, she sets out, rolling the ball before her: meeting with some obstacle, or a rough piece of ground, she places the lump on her broad head, and thus carries it over. But should it prove insurmountable, she flies off to seek other aid, and soon returns with five or six others, who assist her by pushing on all sides, and thus carry the precious burden to its destination. Then the hole must be dug in which to deposit it, — the fore-legs now come into play, being especially formed for spades, — and when it is deep enough, the ball is rolled in, the hind-legs brush down the earth, and every trace of the hole disappears under the parent's indefatigable labor.

Among the class of the Melolonthidæ, the common cockchafer may be regarded as the type of the whole, and a very redoubtable enemy it can prove itself to be. In some years it appears during the month of April in prodigious numbers: its life lasts until June; and during all this time it is preying on the leaves of various trees, — the maple, poplar, birch, beech, and oak. But it shows a marked preference for the elm, so that in France the peasants call the flowering and fruit buds cockchafer's bread. It is not uncommon to see whole forests on the Continent entirely bare of leaves in the spring months, having been eaten up by these insects. But this is a slight evil, compared with what they have already effected underground, by living on the roots of cereals. The various metamorphoses of the insect in its underground life last for three years, during all which time it displays a wonderful voracity. When the females are ready to lay their eggs, they choose a light, well-cultivated soil, and, burying themselves in it, perform their task. There are generally about forty young ones, which burst the shell in thirty days. Nature has armed them with powerful mandibles and a forked tooth, so that they set to work at once: should the temperature of the seasons be mild, they may pass through the change into beetles during the autumn of the second year, in which case they hide in some hole during winter, consuming the fat they have accumulated in their tissues, and issue forth in spring.

It has been remarked that the maggots are never found but in cultivated soil; thus they were almost unknown in ancient days, when agriculture was in its primitive condition. Now that every appliance is used to render the ground light and fruitful, the larvæ can push their way through; and after a warm day, when they have been tempted nearer the surface, whole fields, covered with green shoots, are at once changed into dried-up withered leaves and stems. The roots of the vegetables, grain, or colza, have been eaten, and soon perish by the same means. For this reason, the habits of this kind of beetle have been made a peculiar study on the Continent, especially where their ravages are so much dreaded. M. Jules Reiset has elucidated many obscure and important points in the life of the larvæ underground; by the help of thermometers, he has ascertained the different depths at which they may be found, as they rise nearer the surface when the heat is greater. It was always supposed that frost would destroy them; but this proves to be a fallacious hope, as they bury themselves deeper, and can bear a very strong and lasting frost, which completely hardens the surface. Indeed, they seem to be endowed with a singular amount of foresight; for when they leave the upper ground, they do so before the thermometer gives the indication of colder weather. About October they descend, and rise again in February, during all which months they are

deprived of food; for the roots do not penetrate so deeply, and hunger, as well as a softening of the temperature, will have its effect on their movements.

It is about thirty years since the best way of destroying these troublesome insects was first discussed. Many persons laughed at the idea as unimportant; but, by degrees, the damage they have done in France has opened the eyes of agriculturists, and they have willingly entered into the subject which scientific observation has opened up. When the ground is in course of preparation for receiving the seed, in the months of September and October, almost all the larvæ are near the surface; taking care not to plough the ground too deeply, they will, in most cases, be turned up, and the harrow, energetically used, will destroy the greater number; if, however, the plough is too deep, they will only be buried. In the spring, on those lands where root-crops are to be grown, additional care is required to determine exactly at what distance from the surface they will be met with. Should they be too deep, the intelligent laborer will put off his preparation for a few weeks; without this precaution, the maggots, undisturbed by the ploughshare, and stimulated by a rise in the temperature, would ravage the young plants, intrusted too soon to the ground; and it is well to defer the sowing until April. It is often advisable to work the ground at two different depths; and a woman or two children, following, will soon pick up the insects which come to the surface. It will scarcely be believed, but in France from five to ten thousand have been collected in a day, by this means. It has been reckoned that every beet-root in a field will be attacked by two or three insects; there are fields which are literally infested: on one farm a hundred and seventy-two thousand were destroyed, at a cost of five shillings an acre, which was cheaply purchased, since the harvest of colza was magnificent; and the neighboring farmers lost theirs entirely, from the want of taking these precautions.

When the adult beetle has taken its flight, it is quite as necessary to continue the pursuit. Its way of life makes this comparatively easy. Beetles enjoy but three or four hours' activity during the twenty-four hours, — a little after the rising and setting of the sun. It is then that their heavy droning sound may be heard, as they traverse the air with their irregular, awkward flight, hitting against any obstacle that may come in their way. The remainder of their time is passed in drowsiness; settling on the under side of leaves, they are so motionless and inert that the least shake suffices to detach them and roll them on the ground. Old men, women, and children, make *battues* upon them just before the dawn, when the dew has not evaporated, and collect immense numbers by shaking the branches of trees and shrubs. Government offered prizes of ten or twenty francs for a hundred kilogrammes: this was found far too high a reward; the funds were soon absorbed, and, though a less price was offered, there were still plenty of hunters.

Private individuals have also assisted. There is a large sugar-manufactory which uses, for three or four months in the year, two hundred thousand kilogrammes of beet-root a day. It became difficult to procure this supply from the neighborhood, in consequence of the great increase of larvæ. The head of the concern offered twenty francs for every hundred kilogrammes of insects that were brought. Soon sacks full of them arrived; a caldron kept at boiling heat received their contents as they came, and a few instants sufficed to kill them, after which they were used as manure for the very fields they would have destroyed. In one season alone, twenty-eight millions of beetles were thus destroyed, which may be held to represent five hundred and sixty millions of larvæ, which would have preyed on the next two crops of beet-root. As it is not within the reach of every one to procure hot water in such quantities, other methods have been tried, such as crushing them between millstones, or throwing them into a ditch and covering them with quicklime. Neither has been approved; when the sacks were opened, the beetles, excited by the movement and the heat, flew away in great numbers, or the process of killing was too slow. It was then proposed by M. Reiset to use naphthaline, extracted from gas-tar, which is a solid crystalline substance, having a very powerful odor, and emitting vapor at an ordinary temperature which is a certain poison to insects. Shut up in a barrel with this, the beetles soon die. He also tried it as a preventive means to frighten from the fields the females, who were seeking a place in which to deposit their eggs; he mixed it with three times its weight of dry sand, and spread it over the ground. The experiment has not succeeded very well: it does not prevent the evil, but only drives it to another place. Turned out of one field by the poison, the females fly to a more propitious spot for the development of their species.

Another ingenious method has been proposed, which seems to reach the evil at its source, especially in those countries where ploughed land alternates with forests. It is founded on the observation that the adult cockchafer chooses more especially places that are planted with trees, so that cultivated earth in the neighborhood of plantations is always preferred as the place where she would lay her eggs. M. Robert proposes to plough and manure carefully a strip of ground, a few yards in width, all round these forests, believing that the females would crowd together there. Thus all the larvæ of the country would be accumulated in one spot, where they might be more easily destroyed, especially as it is found by observation that for the first five or six months the young ones are always living in a family circle. In later life they disperse, not finding sufficient food, and it becomes more difficult to reach them.

Under the three forms which these insects pass through in their successive metamorphoses, they contain substances analogous to those which form the tissues, and especially the newest growth, of vegetables. They are particularly rich in azote, which is classed among the most valuable of manures: in this respect, it has been calculated that they contain four times more than ordinary tillage, and the dried ones are quite equal to guano in a commercial point of view. Speculators also have turned their attention to making money by extracting oil from these insects, which was believed to possess extraordinary virtues; but much money was lost in the process, and, though the oil was obtained, the expense of manufacturing swallowed up the profits. It is not man alone that wages war against these insects. Many of the feathered tribe are incessantly preying on them; rooks, jays, magpies, and partridges, with many of the songsters, — nightingales, red-throats, and swallows, — are their destroyers, and the mole eats them in all their stages.

Turning to another class; the Sexton beetles are well known throughout Europe, and are so called from their living on the bodies of any animal they can find. Should a dead mouse or mole be left in a field, they collect in large numbers around it; and as their intention is to lay their eggs in it, and so provide suitable food for the larvæ, they proceed to bury it, that it may not dry up or be eaten by other animals. Hollowing the ground beneath, and throwing out the earth, the animal gradually sinks down, and is covered with the surrounding soil. About twenty-four hours suffice to conceal a mouse. The eggs are speedily laid, and the larvæ feed upon the putrid flesh until they are full grown, when they descend into the earth for three or four feet, and undergo their metamorphoses. There is a very curious tribe found in Brazil, the body being immensely distended, and lying on the top of the back. They are generally found in the nests of the white ants, and do not lay eggs, but produce living larvæ. The Bombardier beetles derive their name from the apparatus of defence with which they are provided. Their habit is to hide under stones in large numbers, and when the stones are disturbed, they eject a quantity of vaporous fluid with a loud noise: it is pungent, acrid, and volatile, becoming a bluish vapor when mixed with the air. Chemical tests prove it to be a strong acid, which will produce a sense of burning on the skin.

It is to the family of beetles that the Cantharides belong, which have been used by the medical profession from the days of Hippocrates and Aretæus. Not unlike them in appearance are the pretty glow-worms, which light up the grassy banks of our southern hedgerows during the sum-

mer nights. It is the female only that possesses the phosphorescent light, which it can withdraw at pleasure; and it is not furnished with wings, so that its appearance is more like that of a larva than a beetle. Some species find their home in timber or planks, instead of the ground. Every one knows the small holes which are to be seen drilled through the wooden floors of old houses: these are made when the larvæ change into beetles; and as they are nocturnal in their habits, they discover their whereabouts to their companions by striking their mandibles against the wood. From this simple noise has arisen the superstitious dread of invalids and nurses, who, in the dead of the night, hear the death-watch, and consider it as a summons to another world. Elm-trees suffer greatly from the attacks of a beetle of this class, whole forests being sometimes laid low under its insidious labors. The female makes a gallery beneath the bark, and, boring side-alleys, lays an egg in each: when hatched, the young ones eat away in regular directions until the whole tree is pierced. In tropical countries, the larvæ are of a much larger size, and their ravages are more serious. The Titan, which is found in Guiana, revels in the undergrowth of that hot, damp district, where vegetation is exuberant; and the mimosa trees in the West Indies have their young shoots destroyed by a Lamia. M. Houllet, who once lived in the neighborhood of Rio Janeiro, heard the sound of falling branches of trees belonging to the Acacia every night. On examination, he found they were sawn all round, but the pith was left untouched, so that they broke from their own weight when the wind blew upon them. It was supposed to arise from the mischief of the slaves; but on cutting into the branch, the larvæ of the Onciderces were found, and the beetle had, no doubt, cut round with its powerful jaws, to prevent the sap flowing in, which would interfere with the growth of its young.

In such a numerous family, only the most curious examples have been selected; but we may just mention the Lady-birds as belonging to it, as they are such favorites with little children. These pretty insects are common in all quarters of the globe, and are very valuable in checking the swarms of insects which infest roses and other plants. It is not in the adult state that they eat much; but the gray larvæ may be seen creeping up the stems, and swallowing the lice in regular order. During the last few years, immense numbers have appeared in the south of England, and have been described as extending in dense masses for miles. In conclusion, it may be said that the uses and instincts of beetles are most wonderful. Plants grow too fast, and the larvæ settle on them; with wonderful appetite, they eat incessantly, and make haste to reach their full size. They fertilize the soil, by scattering decomposing matters, and thus prevent them from vitiating the air; whilst their gorgeous colors compete with those of the floral world, and add to the charms which nature offers to the observer.

REVOLT IN ENGLISH KITCHENS.

The farm-laborers' strike in the Midland counties has been followed by another strike, of a still more unexpected character, among a very different class. It appears that a union is now being organized for the benefit of the domestic servants of Dundee, and the movement is expected to extend to other towns in Scotland, and to work its way gradually southwards. London housekeepers have now fair notice that the domestic cyclone is travelling towards them; and they have time before it arrives to consider how they should meet it, and to lay their plans accordingly. Why Dundee should have been visited before other towns, is a question on which we are unable to throw any light. The complaints which have been put forward do not show that servants have any special grievances in that quarter; but of course, as Dundee is an industrial town, it has plenty of work of all kinds for women, and it is not unnatural that the greater freedom which is enjoyed by those who are employed in manufactories and warehouses should excite the envy of their sisters in domestic service, and should, perhaps, blind the latter to the advantages of their own position. Last week a meeting of domestic servants was held in one of the hotels of Dundee. There is said to have been a large gathering, and the room was quite full. Many letters were read, expressing regret that the writers could not be present; the reason which most of them gave being, that their mistresses had assured them that they would ruin their characters if they attended such a meeting. It is not stated whether the movement has been got up exclusively by women, or whether they are indebted to the other sex for any assistance; but the meeting was addressed by a couple of girls, who set forth the grievances of their class at some length. They argued that domestic servants were entitled to a half-holiday weekly, and to a whole Sunday once a fortnight. They were disposed to take an intensely Levitical view of the duty of abstaining from labor on the sabbath. It has been supposed that the Scotch were remarkable for their strict observance of that day; but from the speeches at this meeting we gather, that, in Dundee at least, there is a considerable amount of feasting on the sabbath. One of the principal complaints was, that on Sunday there was usually more cooking than on any other day, and consequently the servants had more work to do, and less time to themselves, than during the rest of the week. This they protest against. Another proposition is, that the hours of labor should be from six o'clock in the morning to ten at night; but there is, of course, an obvious difficulty in fixing a hard and fast line for dismissing the servants to bed in a private house. Their work is not continuous, and during a considerable part of their time they have only to be within call in case they are wanted. After these speeches there was an animated discussion, which seems to have turned chiefly on the restrictions which are placed on the manner in which servants adorn themselves. It was contended, that, "if they were compelled to wear what was generally known as a 'flag,' it should be at the expense of the mistress." We suppose that this alludes to the servants' cap, which is held to be an indispensable part of the uniform of the class. The "flag" is resented, as a badge of slavery, and it was strongly urged that it should be cast aside: as a compromise, it was proposed that it should, at least, be provided and paid for by the mistress, and that it was quite enough for the servant to condescend to wear it when presented to her as a free gift. Protests were also raised against any interference with the style of dress, jewellery, or the way of dressing the hair; on all these points the servants claimed absolute freedom to please their own tastes, and to wear any ornaments which they had honestly come by. As mistresses were so particular in regard to the character of servants, it was suggested that servants should retaliate by being equally curious as to the character of their mistresses. It was ultimately agreed that the domestic servants should form themselves into an association, for obtaining information as to the character, temper, and general behavior of those who offered them situations.

In New York, and some other American cities, where the demand for "helps" considerably exceeds the supply, it is usual, we have heard, for the mistresses to go to the servants when they desire to engage them, instead of expecting the servants to come to them; and it is the mistress's character which is the chief subject of inquiry and criticism. We do not know whether a mistress is obliged to produce a character from her last "help;" but at least, she feels it necessary to describe herself and family in the most attractive terms, in order to persuade the very independent young person with whom she is negotiating to accept a home under her roof. The use of the piano, and the privilege of giving an occasional "at home" for the entertainment of her friends, are also sometimes among the conditions for which a servant stipulates. (*sic.*) Those sumptuary laws which appear to be the especial grievance of domestic servants in this country, are unknown in the United States, where the "helps" are at liberty to patronize their mistress's milliner if they choose, and to flaunt in all the grandeur of unstinted flounces and unrestricted trimmings. What American servants are now, British ser-

vants will be, we suppose, before long; for the same circumstances which have led to the development of the former are now at work among ourselves. There is abundant employment of all kinds for women outside the domestic circle; and the greater freedom which is enjoyed by shop-girls, machinists, and the like, is valued more highly than the material comforts and good wages of domestic service. It will be observed that at the Dundee meeting nothing was said about wages being too low. The demands of the speakers were limited to greater freedom of action and more leisure: what appears to exasperate them most is, that they can afford to buy fine clothes and showy ornaments, but are not allowed to wear them. It can hardly be said that in London servants are satisfied with their wages, which are continually rising; but it is possible that they might be willing to purchase the freedom of flounces and the abolition of the detested cap at the cost of a reduction of income. We do not know what may be the rule in Dundee; but in London a compromise seems to have been temporarily agreed upon, that the servants shall wear what they please out of doors, on condition that they conform to the prescribed uniform within the house. A microscopic "flag," pinned on the back of an enormous chignon, may, perhaps, be accepted by helpless housekeepers as a vindication of the great principle of domestic discipline; but it may be doubted whether the mistresses will be able to hold their ground much longer. If they object to their maids copying their bonnets and mantles, they will have to intrench themselves in a severe simplicity of costume, and Quaker soberness of hues. We can imagine the feelings of envy with which an English housekeeper observes the friendly and confidential intimacy which is maintained between a French lady and her *bonne*, without any derogation on the one hand or presumption on the other. The *bonne* walks with her basket at madame's side, not behind her; freely discusses domestic matters with her mistress, and regards herself as entirely one of the family. It is said that the *bonne* is fast going the way of the *grisette;* and it is obvious that she is the product of certain social conditions which are undergoing a revolution in France, as elsewhere. The English servant of fifty years since was pretty much what the *bonne* is now; and in country towns the type is not yet extinct. But "the old order changeth, giving place to the new," and it is hopeless to think of resuscitating it.

The fact that at Dundee the servants have found it necessary to have recourse to a strike, or at least to a threat of one, would seem to show that there they are more under the control of their employers than their sisterhood in the South. If there is to be a strike on this question in London, it will, perhaps, be on the side of the mistresses, rather than of the maids. At present, the latter are in command of the situation, and there is little use in resisting their demands. It is foolish to kick against the pricks; and no amount of lamentation over the demoralization of cooks and housemaids, or of indignation at the growing insolence of their pretensions, will alter the conditions of society to which these results may be traced. It would, perhaps, be infinitely better for the "young persons" who are bent upon being barmaids at refreshment counters, or governesses, or assistants in a "light business," that they should take to domestic service; but, as they do not choose to think so, there is no help for it. The best thing to be done is to look the difficulty in the face, and consider how it can be met. It is about as certain as any thing can be, that matters will get worse rather than better; at any rate, for a time; and the question must be becoming a very serious one for a vast number of middle-class families, who, out of incomes ranging from three hundred pounds to one thousand pounds a year, have to keep two or three servants, besides paying heavy washing-bills, and other extras into the bargain, and who occasionally find themselves left without any servants at all. The obvious and only remedy is to diminish household work as much as possible. The absurd fashion of piling narrow houses, room upon room, high up into the air, will have to give place to a style of construction in which the rooms shall be more on a level, and the stairs reduced to a minimum, as in the "flats" of Edinburgh and Paris. If speaking-tubes, such as are now used in all places of business, were substituted for bells, servants would be spared many a needless journey to receive orders, which could thus, without trouble, be communicated to them in the kitchen, and executed at once. Lifts are complicated things, and are apt to get out of order, but they might occasionally be introduced with advantage. One of the superstitions of the British builder, if not also of the British householder, is the amount of stone work which is provided for the express purpose of being hearth-stoned; it can hardly be said that the result is delightful to the eye, and it involves constant and troublesome labor. If tiles or colored bricks were used, we might have a highly picturesque and agreeable combination of colors, and the whole could be cleansed in a few seconds with a mop and a bucket of water. It is perhaps too much to expect that builders should trouble themselves to reflect for a moment on the wants and convenience of the inhabitants of the dwellings which they construct; but if the inhabitants would only show themselves alive to their own interests, the builders would find it necessary to pay more attention to these matters. Nothing can be more barbarous and disgraceful, for example, than the way in which windows are usually cleaned by men, and still more commonly by women, at the peril of their lives. Scarcely a month passes in which there are not one or two accidents, and usually fatal accidents, on this account. If domestic servants would unite in a strike against this practice, they would deserve support. It would require only the slightest mechanical ingenuity to devise a form of window-frame which should move on a swivel, so that it could be cleaned from the inside. That such an abuse as this should have been tolerated so long, and that it should still be quite a rare exception to find a dwelling-house provided with any means of escape, even from one house to the next, in case of fire, would seem to suggest that we are not quite such a practical, common-sense, or even humane people, as we should like to be thought. If middle-class people want to secure greater economy and comfort in domestic service, their only chance, we fear, is to do with as little of it as possible.

THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE IN MILITARY ORGANIZATION.

A LECTURE, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BATTLE OF DORKING."

IT is superfluous in these days, before a select and educated audience, to defend the necessity of scientific study of the profession in which so many of our countrymen are interested. But it will not be amiss to remind those who still question our discussions on military science, of the doubts we have formerly heard expressed by men of experience and judgment, whether officers could, as a class, be expected to go on seeking professional improvement, in face of that discouragement and abatement of public interest in matters military, which the tranquil state of Europe would inevitably produce. It is not three years since such misgivings were publicly uttered in the ears of our army. What an age have we since lived through of professional teachings! What an era in military science, aye, and in the world's history which that science so deeply affects! Are national passions becoming softened? Are princes less ambitious, and republics less greedy, than they were of old? If such be the case, — and I am not one of those who can discern in recent events any proof of this part of the boasted progress of our race, — the amelioration is at the utmost not so great as to justify our trusting wholly to the forbearance of others, or to the memory of former glories. Let us, therefore, learn what we can from the experience of our neighbors. Woe to the State that puts off the study of military reform until the shock of battle falls on its own borders!

If we review the late war carefully, comparing its events with those of any other fixed period in military history, it

is hard to say whether the Germans display their advance more strikingly in organization, in strategy, or in tactics. The French may also afford us some useful lessons of improvement. In small arms they were plainly in advance of their adversaries. In the introduction of the *Mitrailleur* they had taken a bold step on which no other nation had ventured. Yet, on the whole, it is natural and proper that we should look to the victors for our chief instruction in that great and terrible art of which they have shown such consummate mastery.

In seeking for the causes of their success, not one of the three great branches of military science can be safely neglected. Without a high organization, the North Germans could not have put on foot the gigantic armies which they actually brought into the field. Without special adaptation of the old rules of strategy to new circumstances, they could not have moved these forces so as to let their weight have its full effect. Without tactical skill, they would inevitably have failed to reap fully the unexampled successes which their superior organization and better strategy had prepared. For it is an absolute mistake to suppose that they, on every occasion, displayed overwhelming numbers in action, in their collision with the Imperial army (no one supposes they did in their later contests with the Republican levies), there having been at least one great battle of supreme importance, where they fought against a preponderance of force — that of Mars-la-Tour; while at another, that of Forbach, they were certainly not much, if at all, superior in strength to the French corps they there defeated. We shall now, however, speak chiefly of their organization.

It is needless to say, that, during several months of the last year spent in close observation of their armies, I saw many things that impressed upon me the readiness, the completeness, and the practical nature of that organization on which is based the greatest empire, as to military strength, which the world has ever seen. But the incident which struck my imagination most was a visit, partly of ordinary ceremony, and partly in search of information, made to a certain officer, chief of staff to a general in high command, whose name I do not repeat here, but merely say that it is one which is known throughout Europe as that of a veteran justly distinguished for being a thorough soldier. The colonel of whom I speak particularly, I found to be a fine-looking military man, of pleasant aspect and open manner, skilled in the theory of his profession, and apparently not the less acquainted with every detail of each arm over which he had to watch, so far as my questions, which were answered with the most perfect frankness, could enable me to judge. He was responsible to his chief for all the daily working of that great machine, an army corps in its full strength; and this, too, quartered in a land politically hostile, and yet not governed by martial law — a position, perhaps, the most trying which a soldier of fine qualities can be placed in. His duties would oblige him to communicate officially, not only with the heads of departments in the corps itself, but with numerous civil functionaries, some of French origin, others imported from Germany. And yet he could find time to converse leisurely with a stranger desirous of picking up all possible information, to answer specific questions clearly and in detail, and to avoid the least show of hurrying his inquisitive guest away, who left him, therefore, only when pressed by his own natural desire not to trespass unduly on this genuine courtesy. The secret of this ease of manner and hospitable bearing was revealed in that which struck his visitor so forcibly, — the moderate nature of his ordinary day's work. Three letters on his table to answer, and but two registers to look over, formed, with the addition of a visitor's book in the passage outside, what may be called the whole morning's stock-in-trade of a functionary whose first duty it was to think for twenty-five thousand men, instead of going over other people's work who could be trusted to do it for themselves, or taking their duty altogether out of the hands of his subordinates to perform it himself in the hurried manner, which so many here will recognize, of an able man overwhelmed with the multitude of self-imposed details. Let any one of this audience think of what he knows of our chief military offices, or of those of France (should he happen to be acquainted with the working of the military machine as it has been managed there for the last fifteen years of the twice-revived and twice-destroyed empire), and he will realize for himself one main cause why the German staff-officer is more able to act with the full powers of his judgment at critical moments than his compeer in other services. Realizing this, he may naturally wish to hear more of the manner in which the decentralizing principle has been applied in the German system, to strip high office of those terrors of toil which in other armies oppress it. Now, no one, I think, will assert that English officials are, man for man, inferior in integrity, diligence, and patriotism, to those of any other nation. The key to such superiority, as is asserted by the Germans, must lie in their organization, of which it will be well here to speak a little in detail.

All well-read Englishmen know something of the great change in Prussian military institutions which occurred after 1859, the stimulus, beyond any doubt, being those French victories in Italy, which for a time forced Prussia and Austria to consult for each other's security — as at the famous Töplitz interview of 1860 — against the menacing power of the Second Empire. But comparatively few have heard that besides the military revolution accomplished in the strengthening of the regular army at the expense of the Landwehr, and thrusting the latter altogether out of the first line, a change hardly less important was carried out in the system of mobilization. True, this had already long since been conducted by corps, a corps to every province; but whereas until now the corps on its peace footing had been sent into the field to be made up thereafter to complete war fitness, from the depôts far behind, it was resolved thenceforth that mobilization should in each case be a business completely and wholly carried out locally by local authority, so that the corps, if required, should go forth from its province a perfect machine, and its chief — handing over his charge thenceforward to a deputy, who would be responsible for all the further supplies which re-enforce it — might give his undivided attention to his field duties. The change was great, and its effect has been greater even than the authors had hoped.

Being present with the German armies in 1859, and a close observer of their proceedings, I was struck with the confusion and irregularity with which the troops arrived at their various quarters on the Rhine. Of course, this was more noticeable among the contingents of the minor States than in that of Prussia; yet it was everywhere visible, even to the eye of one who could look no more closely than an ordinary traveller was allowed to do. We Englishmen, even in an "alarmist" story, could hardly have been in a more portentous hurry and flutter to put one hundred and fifty thousand men into the field. And the reasons of this, which I did not then fully understand, were mainly in the crossing of orders between the different mobilized corps and the various provinces from which they were severally hastening, to get their troops equipped and re-enforced to war strength. Solferino came, before the German army was ready, or its masters fully determined to throw its weight into the field against the victorious French. So the Peace of Villafranca was signed by Napoleon with Austria alone, and the inevitable contest which Baron Stoffel was not alone in foretelling, was postponed for ten years more.

But the lessons of 1859 were not lost on the King of Prussia and his counsellors; and the great truth was fairly grasped, and became part of their military creed, that a peace army, scattered through a dozen provinces, can only be effectively mobilized without difficulty, and used without delay, by insisting on its being sent, fully equipped, into the field, and by giving its provincial or corps commanders, in order to attain this object at once, the largest discretion in the matter of organization consistent with their subordination to the central authority. This principle once fairly grasped, each chief of a corps is expected to be ready within a certain time known to be sufficient; and once thus ready, his command

becomes a compact, complete unit for military purposes, moved by a single word, and hardly more interfered with in its interior economy than a battalion would be with us had we an army in the field. In no other way could the masses of men be brought to the enemy's frontier which were collected in 1866 and 1870 to attack Austria and France, with the machine-like order which conceals, if it do not altogether prevent, mistakes, and gives to the astonished world the appearance of an organization that has attained — the unattainable in human affairs — perfection itself.

I have spoken of my official visit to a high Prussian staff-officer, and the astonishment produced on my mind by the absence of nearly all detail work from the cabinet where I was received, and of all hurry from the manner of the colonel who entertained me. This struck me as a sort of revelation, and never left my mind; and when I came back to England, before the winter, the first thing I read was a descrip ion in *Macmillan's Magazine* of the hurry and worry within and without our War Office, which preluded the autumn manœuvres, contrasted by a clever writer with the calm confidence of the Prussian staff under the sudden excitement of the battle of Forbach. This article, which I met with by chance, seemed to be a sermon on the text read by the absence of petty work from the office of the chief of the staff visited some months before upon the Continent. For how the Prussians have reached this quiet confidence of working, lies not in the individual superiority of their officials, but in the system of their employment; under what it is the fashion to call decentralization, but which really consists in throwing the proper responsibility on the proper men. We are obliged to resort to this more practical form of government in India, though neglecting it at home; but in fact, our Indian Empire would infallibly break down instantly of its own weight, if we applied to it the lumbering and antiquated practices under which departments in London are carried on.

The War-office clerks, whom the *Macmillan* critic laughed at for sitting up all night to muddle the work which could only be managed properly on the ground at Aldershot, are a type of one system. The Prussian general, sitting tranquilly at the window at Saarbruck, who had never seen a French soldier under fire, and yet received unmoved the brief reports which told him that he was engaging in the first pitched battle for sixty years between the Teuton and the Gaul, is a representative of the other. Gen. Goeben could afford in that instance to keep his attention from being absorbed in the details of the skirmishing along the Spicheren heights, and to give it to the more important question of the support of the corps so suddenly engaged, because he was trained to a method of employing bodies of disciplined men which supposes that all those put into places of charge will rise to the level of their responsibilities if fairly left to meet them. He had been brought up in the grand school of the corps organization, which Moreau introduced originally; which Napoleon, though a great centralizer, adopted for his own, and so struck the most deadly blow at centralization ever felt; but which it was left to King William and his minister to improve into the grandest instrument of war that man has ever disposed of.

The advantages of this principle, as applied to the army corps, have been so fully recognized, both in theory and practice, that it has been carried on beyond the corps in both directions, above and below it. Hence the formation, for strategic purposes, of so-called army commands, into several of which a great army, composed of numerous corps, is in time of war distributed, and of which there were five ultimately in France, when the hostilities were closed. Having thus decentralized their corps, and also provided a war system under which the head-quarter staff would not have the burden of communicating personally even with the chiefs of all these great units, but only with the intermediate commanders of armies, the Prussian organizers have of late much further utilized their experience of the vast advantages gained by divesting the chief agency in war of detail work. They have carried the principle of individual responsibility downwards within the corps, through its various elements. The division generals exercise much more authority than was originally sketched out for them, and but few cases of supply and discipline need go beyond them. The brigadiers have less of this responsibility, but the regimental commander (a functionary not hitherto existing in our military system, though his creation seems now to be contemplated) has very great personal control over his three-battalion command. This again leaves the battalion commander often in an inferior position of responsibility as compared with ours; but, on the other hand, the company-chief is a much more responsible and independent person than our captain — as befits, indeed, his larger command and recognized state as a mounted officer.

But even when all this is stated, we have by no means exhausted the process by which the Prussians have relieved the chiefs of their army from the minor cares which no single man can undertake — as Napoleon attempted in Russia — for half a million of soldiers, and really perform. For, besides the subdivision for strategical purposes into army commands, — so few in number as to avoid all confusion and difficulty in the conveyance of orders from head-quarters, and under chiefs empowered and competent to carry these out, by detailing their various corps accordingly, — the division of labor has been carried a stride farther by the establishment of separate *Etappen* (staff) commands, which are organized for the special purposes of keeping up the supply and communications of the armies in the field. Formerly, the greatest anxiety of a generalissimo was directed to these lines, and his active forces were constantly being weakened by detachments made to guard them. Now a Prussian commander advancing against the enemy is relieved from this by the system which gives the custody of the line of communication to a special staff, whose one business it is to attend to this important duty. A very great indirect advantage of this division of labor is, that a vast number of the reserve officers, chiefly from the middle classes, civilians in time of peace, but available for war service at the country's need, make excellent *Etappen* officials, though too old, or otherwise unfitted for the harder duties of the field. Thus I have heard of a certain *Etappen* station commanded by a veteran reserve officer with the nominal rank of major, seventy-two years old, whose adjutant had the ripe experience of sixty-nine summers; and it was added that they both performed their simple duties very efficiently indeed.

Finally, to relieve still more the working-staff of the army during the heat and anxiety of war, each post that it is of importance to maintain at home is, from the first hour that the corps begins to move from its province, filled by a deputy acting with full powers. By these officials the whole further business is carried on of keeping up the supplies of the great machine which has gone forth completed, and thus the strain is taken off those who lead it in the field, and who may henceforth give their undivided care to its active conduct. Even a second-rate man, starting thus lightly-weighted, may well perform such feats of activity as would have worn down any ordinary leader under the system through which Napoleon and his marshals administered their commands sixty years since.

Add to the advantages thus gained for the corps commanders, the still higher freedom from administrative duties of every kind which the army commanders enjoy, their only care being how best to direct corps by the movements of the great masses under them, so as to follow out the general design issued from head-quarters, and we see at once that the Germans have reached the practical working of the system of personal trust in personal exertion, which the Archduke Albert, in his fine essay, "On Responsibility in Time of War," has recommended to his own nation for adoption.

The idea of a special link in the chain of responsibility between the corps leaders and the chief of the whole army is by no means altogether new. Napoleon was forced to it by circumstances in 1813, when Ney twice held such an intermediate command. But it was more systematically adopted by the American generals in 1863–4, when Sherman marched upon Atlanta, at the head of two united

armies, under Generals Schofield and Thomas, whilst Grant simultaneously invaded Virginia with two more, under Meade and Burnside. As in the late war, when the first and second German armies blockaded Metz, and the third and fourth united to invest Paris, so the generals of these American armies exercised full powers as commanders-in-chief, except in subordinating the general disposition of their forces to the orders of the supreme head, thus releasing Sherman and Grant from all care of details, and leaving them free to give their whole minds to the higher functions of command. The advantage was just that with which the Emperor-king, or Von Moltke for him, enjoyed when controlling the whole theatre of war in 1870, from a single chamber at some wayside inn or obscure château.

This system may possibly have its disadvantages. It has been especially pointed out that when two armies under different heads unite on the battle-field, as did those of Steinmetz and Prince Frederick Charles at Forbach, and those of the Crown Prince and the Prince of Saxony at Sedan, the conjunction might very possibly lead to the crossing of orders, through jealousy or accident, and the result be peril or disaster. The case of the Austrians at Solferino, where their army acted in two great wings, under Schlick and Wimpffen, and these two generals, as well as their chief the Emperor, sent contradictory and confusing orders, is pregnant with such a moral. All one may here safely say is, that the evil did not show itself in the Prussian operations in either of the instances already cited, nor in the still more critical case of Mars-la-Tour, where Prince Frederick Charles, beginning the battle entirely with his own command, received most effective support in the course of the day from Barnekow's division of the Eighth corps, which belonged to the army of Steinmetz. Possibly the perfect discipline of the Prussians may account for this; but the fact that royal blood was in each case united to high command, could hardly have been without some influence in so loyal an army. At any rate, the advantages of this new sub-division — checking, as it does, through intermediate hands, the movements of the corps far more effectually than the old Napoleonic plan of sending each its orders daily — are held in Germany to outweigh any such theoretical defect. The confusion that ensued on Leboeuf's trying to cover the French frontier at the outset of the war with eight disseminated corps, each receiving its orders from head-quarters, is hardly likely to justify the contrary view to disinterested critics.

The new arrangements for the more complete division of responsibility, just described, facilitate greatly, whilst greatly influencing, strategy. A careful review of the leading features of the war of 1870–71 would plainly illustrate the advance of strategic science made by Von Moltke, aided by this distribution of his invading force into several armies operating on different lines, — a principle adhered to up to the last, — whilst the chief staff-officers in the field were kept from the harassing cares of supply, by the system of *Etappen* lines, and of deputies in their offices at home.

It will be enough here — since we have not space for more — to cite the masterly movements by which the French force round Metz was detained there by the First and Second Armies, whilst the Crown Prince, with the Third, constantly turned its flank, ready at any moment to wheel northward, and strike the fatal blow which Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte made needless; or the still grander operations which United the Third and Fourth Armies round their doomed prey at Sedan; in order to show the power of combination exercised with such tremendous instruments, acting under the will of a clear and far-sighted chief. Time would altogether fail us did we turn to strategical details now, much more to the interesting tactical lessons which the new system of war affords, and which it was my privilege a year since to be the first to expound to English officers. To-day we must be content with our brief review of the most modern and most improved organization — the highest example of its kind ever offered to the world's study.

We live in an age of which it has just been said by Lord Hobart, Cobden's professed expounder, that peace is no more than a military truce. We may well, therefore, congratulate ourselves that the country has found a Minister willing and able to grapple with that important problem of the organization of our scattered military means which presses on the nation. If the result be but to make real the force of reserves we have hitherto reckoned only on paper, it will be a splendid achievement indeed. I took occasion some years since to urge on the Volunteers the necessity of bringing their discipline up to a proper standard, and pointed out the besetting sins of that description of force as illustrated in the American armies, and set forth by a distinguished American volunteer. Merely to wish to be an army, it was then affirmed, is not to be one. But the power to reform the force, it is now evident, must come from above; and the task is one that needs a statesman, for the Volunteers have scarcely at present the power, if they had the will, to do what other friendly advisers, besides myself, have long since urged on them; and not merely to wish to be, but to be, disciplined and trained up to that necessary standard which would make the existence of the force a defence, rather than, as hitherto, a snare to our country. Then, indeed, might the nation write on its gates the noble text of Gustavus Adolphus, "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." Surely, better do this than accept the gamester-like advice of such dangerous writers as Mr. Vernon Harcourt, and stake the whole honor — nay, the very life — of the empire on a single throw of the die with our fleet.

VICTOR HUGO'S "L'ANNEE TERRIBLE."

Till now, since the publication of "Les Châtiments" M. Hugo has done nothing quite worthy of his early reputation. "Les Misérables," "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," and "L'Homme qui Rit," were productions of undoubted merit, although but too often open to ridicule; but while we admired the many magnificent passages that are to be found in those works, we failed to discover in them the highest qualities of the author of "Notre Dame de Paris." It appeared as if an unfortunate propensity for metaphysical considerations robbed the reader of M. Victor Hugo's principal fascinations. Antitheses became hopelessly ludicrous by their obscurity, and for the last ten years the public has been fain to accept an enigmatic style, which, at times, is utterly incomprehensible, and waited in vain for something that would bring back in his full vigor the Hugo of old days. Circumstances have helped the poet; the political misfortunes of France could not but awake in him the *feu sacré* which inspired "Les Châtiments." He has worked indefatigably during the terrible events of 1870–71. We have now before us the results of his labor — a volume of poems filling no less than four hundred and thiry pages. This time we have, indeed, no reason for discontent nor disappointment; for no production ever offered such a wonderful variety of subjects, together with perfect *ensemble*, as "L'Année Terrible."

The title tells clearly enough the subject of the volume: it is a series of powerful poems on the principal events which occurred between the capitulation of Sedan and the insurrection of the Commune. It relates the hopes, sufferings, and disasters of Paris during its two sieges, the horrors of civil war, the unwonted cruelty of both parties, and the consequences of grievous political mistakes committed by those who successively ruled the destinies of the nation during a year of revolution. "L'Annee Terrible" partakes of the character of "Les Châtiments" "and "La Légende des Siècles:" it links, as it were, the two works together, and forms with them a lyric poem on the largest scale. The *romantique* poet has divided his work into twelve parts,— just like a *classique*,— corresponding to the twelve months between August, 1870, and July, 1871. We find on the first page a dedication to Paris, followed by a short note, which informs us that the poem included among its various subjects pieces on the state of siege, which the author has deemed it prudent to keep back, although their publication

is to take place as soon as circumstances will permit. The poem has a prologue, "The 7,500,000 Ayes," which was originally printed in the *Rappel*. Although rather obscure at times, it is a powerful protest against the empire, and demands pity for those whose ignorance maintained it during a quarter of a century. We do not think that M. Victor Hugo was ever particularly happy when discoursing on certain political subjects; his splendid imagination is so far from at home on such occasions, that the reader must allow the poet the almost unlimited indulgence to which such a mind has a claim. Yet it is impossible to be blind to the sombre energy which is the principal characteristic of this prologue. The month of August includes only one poem, entitled, "Sédan," which may be taken as the sequel of "L'Expiation" of "Les Châtiments." Never did the poet aim harder blows at the empire: there is throughout a tone of calm indignation, together with a pitiless hatred that is really terrible. This piece is commendably free from the slight triviality in which M. Hugo occasionally indulges, and forms a fit opening of the book. September is more extensive, and contains several short poems, which are a striking instance of M. Victor Hugo's marvellous power; in the one entitled "Prince à Prince-et-demi," patriotism shows itself in passionate outbursts, to which the exquisite address, "A Petite Jeanne," stands in vivid contrast by its grace and sweetness.

In the following months, the principal events of the siege are told; and the poem in this place has the appearance of an epic record. Every thing that was remarkable during that painful period is commemorated in "L' Année Terrible." We notice here "Choix entre deux Nations," "Nos Morts," and especially "Le Pigeon," where M. Hugo devotes a score of touching verses to the bird which (as he says) "bore under its wing the destinies of France." There are also one or two bombastic addresses to the Germans, which would be considerably the better for sobriety of expression. Then we come to the light and charming "Lettre à une Femme par Ballon monté," in which the daily incidents of the siege, the novel fare of the population, the appearance of the dark streets, deprived of gas, are dwelt on with a dignified gayety and pleasing familiarity.

The poet speaks again here of his two grandchildren, George and Jane, for whom he seems to have all the love which he felt for his deceased son Charles. In January and February we have the capitulation of Paris and the conclusion of the peace. M. Victor Hugo expresses in the strongest terms his indignation at the conduct of the Government of National Defence. The verses on the Treaty of Peace are by no means the best in the book.

In March, a family misfortune struck the poet: Charles Hugo died; of his premature end, the father speaks in the same pathetic strain in which, in the pages of the "Contemplations," he lamented his unfortunate daughter, Madame Vacquerie, who was drowned at Havre with her husband.

The seventh canto treats of a critical period; the insurrection of the Commune engrosses M. Victor Hugo's attention. From this point, in fact, the work becomes exclusively political. "Paris Incendié" is a masterpiece of energy and versification: "Les deux Trophées" is a plea for the Vendôme Column and the Arc de Triomphe — the one on the eve of destruction, the other furiously battered by the Versailles shells. M. Hugo defends the conquered. While he deprecates the excesses of the insurrection, he deplores the cruelty of the Versailles troops, and says that vengeance must breed vengeance and hatch new cataclysms for the future. "A Ceux qu'on Foule aux Pieds" is perhaps the most striking portion of "L'Année Terrible:" M. Victor Hugo certainly never expressed finer sentiments in finer language. From recent publications, it was to be expected that the readers would be entertained with personal accounts of M. Hugo's expulsion from Belgium, after the raid which was made on his residence in Brussels; indeed, the French poet has always more or less identified his person with his works, and put himself conspicuously forward. In this particular case, however, he does so modestly, betrays no anger, hatred, or passion. His language is throughout remarkable for its dignity and moderation when the writer alludes to himself; but in this canto we notice a relapse into a bellicose patriotism which many will be inclined to think calculated to produce the worst results on the masses. M. Hugo clamors for "*la Revanche*," by all means and at any price; and he does so in verses which must inflame Frenchmen in the highest degree, because of the passion, eloquence, and evident sincerity of the writer. We are glad, however, not to find in this, or any other part of "L'Année Terrible," the name of Napoleon the First, for whom M. Victor Hugo so illogically professes the greatest admiration. It is obvious that if he has not eschewed his idol, he has, anyhow, reconsidered some of his views.

The eleventh canto contains, besides miscellaneous pieces, a satire of intense and hardly justifiable bitterness on Gen. Trochu. M. Victor Hugo is not accustomed to make such direct personal attacks; but it appears that the late Governor of Paris ventured on a lively criticism of M. Victor Hugo as a National Guard, in a legislative speech. This insures him a place in "L'Année Terrible," not a very enviable one, whatever may be the justice of the writer's attack; for M. Victor Hugo's sarcasms are cutting in the extreme. This is his conclusion: —

> "L'amère histoire un jour dira ceci de toi:
> La France, grâce à lui, ne battit que d'une aile.
> Dans ces grands jours, pendant l'angoisse solennelle,
> Ce fier pays, saignant, blessé, jamais déchu,
> Marcha par Gambetta mais boita par Trochu."

The principal feature of the twelfth canto is "Les Innocents," a poem which, from its extent and quality, might form a separate volume.

Lastly, the book closes with a fine dialogue between "The Old World and the Tide," supposed to be the explanation of the author's object. We ought also to mention, as a curiosity, an address to Henry the Fifth. The republican poet congratulates the crownless offspring of the Bourbons on having refused to abandon his flag.

To sum up, "L'Année Terrible" may be classed among the most powerful works — if it be not the most powerful — of M. Victor Hugo. The whole constitutes an ardent appeal to patriotism, concord, and mutual indulgence, an appeal to the better sentiments of the writer's fellow-countrymen. The book is a continual protest against violence; and, with one exception, an invitation to internal and external fraternity. We have detected not a single word against those who directed the defence of Paris until the war is at an end. The poet betrays indomitable, and at times injudicious, patriotism; but is strictly faithful to his policy of conciliation, at any price, in presence of a foreign enemy.

This new book must ever remain a record of a fatal period in French history, and as one of the triumphs of French modern literature, whatever may be thought of the writer's political or theological opinions.

GARDENING AT LILLE.

IN early summer, the rhythm of the railway-train from Calais to Lille beats pleasant music, though somewhat monotonous, — a pastorale in A flat, imbued throughout with quiet sweetness, to be marked "dolce" if arranged for the piano. To my mind, it nearly marked the measure of Haydn's "With verdure clad the fields appear, Delightful to the ravish'd sight," which I involuntarily kept humming to myself, as when one is haunted by the ghost of a tune. But it really is a well-sustained movement, *allegro moderato*, with ever-recurring themes (almost amounting to a refrain) of emerald pastures, lowing herds, slow-creeping streams, tufted pollards, tall elms, sometimes clustered into clumps, sometimes ranged in rectilinear rows, hedgeless fields of corn coming into ear, and market-gardens outspread before the towns and villages. Such is the burden of the song, — the hymn of labor which man addresses to a bountiful Providence. The occasional fiori-

ture interspersed along its current, are patches of lilac-flowered popies (grown to make salad-oil from their seed), sweet-scented areas of blossomed beans, and white lilies floating in every pool and river. The farther you advance, the more cheerfully you find the earth to be singing with gladness. On quitting the main line of rail, in order to take that which leads into the city, the locomotive makes a long *ad libitum* cadenza, the train, meanwhile, counting a pause. The gap in the fortifications by which it enters Lille is the double bar which closes the passage. The whole strain has not been long enough to tire, but quite long enough to make you glad to listen to something new.

Many people are likely to pass through Lille this season, on their holiday trip; for Lille is on the way to the Rhine, and divers other pleasant places. If fond of gardening, they may halt there with advantage for half a day or so. Lille can show gardens untouched by the ruin which has devastated those of Paris. Even supposing the poor Parc Moneçaux put to rights again, who can forget that on *that* velvet sward, so many men were *fusillés*, beneath that other smooth turf so many more were buried, and though it is said they were taken away, they *may* be there still; that, on the edge of that flower-border, the wicked old woman sat down, refusing to budge farther, saying that if she was to be shot, she might as well be shot *there*?—and she was shot, together with her lame husband, who begged her, by letting him hobble to the Place Vendôme, to prolong his life by the length of that halting pilgrimage. No: the gardens of Paris must still be haunted; their flowers, for a time, must owe their brightness to having been manured with human blood.

Poor Parc Monceaux! once the trimmest of trim Parisian gardens; perhaps the most highly-finished horticultural gem in Europe; over-finished even, with the smooth, elaborate hardness of a Flemish still-life picture, or a bouquet of porcelain flowers. One looked at it with the same sort of wondering curiosity as is excited by Chinese carvings in ivory, or other efforts of patience that have taken years to accomplish. Give me rather a broad, effective sketch by one of our landscape-gardeners, from Capability Brown downwards. But there it was, comparatively small, as one of the public walks in the centre of civilization; which smallness tempted its managers, instead of making it picturesque, to polish it up to the highest possible pitch, with grass-plots bright as any in the Emerald Isle, the result of perpetual watering with artificial dew, and with expensive plants lavished with a profusion which was called reckless, until it was discovered that the public money might be even more recklessly spent. What say you, for instance, to a bed of caladiums, an oval guessed to be ten yards long by five yards across, at the middle, costing, to fill it from the most reasonable nursery-man's, not much less than fifty pounds? All that *was*. *Fuit*. It is only now beginning to to try hard to be once more its former self.

A change, too, has come over Lille and its gardens; but happily it is a change only in name, showing the transitory nature of all things French. Lille, like most important towns, towards the close of the Second Empire, has been considerably demolished, rebuilt, and enlarged. The result, as it stands at present, is a happy combination of the new with the old, still in the way of farther completion. Meanwhile, the Rue Napoléon, really a noble street, has become the Rue Nationale, the Boulevard de l'Impératrice, is re-christened the Boulevard de la Liberté — O Liberty, what things have men done in thy name! The Jardin de l'Impératrice is now the Jardin de Vauban; and the Jardin de la Reine Hortense — well, I am not quite sure that the Queen Hortense has been pushed aside to make way for any *citoyen* or *citoyenne*. The really old streets and places retain their original names; and towns in this part of France have often droll ones. Lille has a Rue des Chats Bossus, a street of hump-backed cats, while St. Omer has a Rue de l'Ane Aveugle, a blind ass street. Lille also coincides with St. Omer and Dunkerque (though not quite to so great an extent) in lodging work-people in cellar dwellings. There are cellar shops, even cellar tower-shops, cellar restaurants, and cellar tippling-places. Doth not Maria retail eatables by platefuls, to be consumed subterraneously on the premises, if such be the true interpretation of "A la Cave Marie on donne à manger par portion"? Perhaps even this Maria, like Sterne's, may whisper to some favored customer, "Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio."

The Grande Place of Lille is the small but sightly heart and centre, which gives the impulse to a wide-spread circulation reaching extremities far beyond the circle of fortifications. On market-days it used to be crowded; but the erection of spacious covered markets in different parts of the town, has relieved it of all inconvenient plethora or congestion. Walk from the Grande Place up the Rue Nap — no, Nationale, and you will come to a public garden, to the right, which is a sort of preface to the other gardens. Enter; look round; and criticise.

The place is nicely kept, in respect to neatness; some of the combinations may be taken as experimental in point of taste, as all gardening must be, more or less. There is a bed of white-leaved centaury, with a broad border of Harry Hieover, a dwarf geranium, much in fashion in Paris before the war, with flowers approaching the orange nasturtium in color. *Mem.* I am trying as a substitute for this centaury, both in masses and as a border, a native seaside plant, the horned poppy, *Glaucium flavum* or *luteum*, which has white, downy, deep-cut leaves, canary-yellow flowers, and a curious long seed-vessel, which gives it its name. This horned poppy, being perfectly hardy, deserves the patronage of amateurs, and all whom it may concern. Collect the seed during your seaside strolls; sow in the open ground, and prick out the young plants where they are to remain.

There is a bed of double geraniums — scarlet Gloire de Nancy, and pink-faced Mme. Lemoinne; but they don't tell as bedding plants. In wet weather, the faded heads of flowers, brown and mouldy, remain upheld by the withered stalks, like used-up quids that had been tossed aside after exhaustion by some brave *militaire*. The only remedy for this is hand-picking, as soon as the flowers have lost their freshness.

There you behold a bed of pansies, whose flowers, singly, are good for little or nothing, — ill-shaped, ill-marked, meagre, though of a clear, honest blue, — but which are pleasingly effective, as a whole, because they are all the same variety, and of the same identical tint. Compare this with any collection of pansies (in which the object is to have the flowers as varied as possible), as seen from a distance, which you may remember beholding, and you will learn — though perhaps you knew it before — that mixed and parti-colored pansies (that is, either of diverse colors in each flower, or a mixture of different self-colored flowers in the same bed), produce no effect beyond that of a dingy patch upon the grass. To obtain from them any satisfactory result, in masses, you must combine, either in beds or in ribbons, selfs of the same identical hue.

In fact, one object in visiting gardens like this, is to study the effects of experimental combinations of vegetable hues, and to glean hints respecting horticultural contrasts; to learn what low, trailing plant will make a suitable carpet and undergrowth beneath taller specimens; what foliage-border will best become what middle of flowers. Those broad patches of gray produce their effect; so do those tufts of variegated-leaved dahlias; so does that combination of india-rubber shrubs and golden-feather pyrethrum, the one above, and the other below. How do you like that oval mound of glaucous-green echeveria rosettes, bordered with alternanthera, whose leaves are beginning to assume the hue of badly-pickled red cabbage? It is a floral *salmagundi* and decidedly curious. What do you think of that fringe of begonias, on the shady side of a clump of shrubs? How do you approve of the employment of rhubarb as an ornamental plant? Is it not too suggestive of pudding and tart, to be made conspicuous in a place like this? But as for that, you will see, in the town, angelica, grown in boxes as a window plant — and a plant of dignified presence it is.

At the very entrance of the prefatory garden, you may remark both the economy and the appropriateness of doing

things well on a large scale and by wholesale. No doubt, both in private and public gardens, you have seen beds and grass-plots bordered by willow-branches, bent into a low arch, by sticking both of their ends in the ground. By planting the foot of one arch in the middle of that preceding it, they are made to overlap each other, and the border becomes continuous. It makes a neat and pretty edging, with the double disadvantage, that, if the willow twigs die, they rot; and if they don't die, they grow. In either case, neatness and regularity soon disappear. Here, and in the other Lillois gardens, the walks, beds, and lawns are bordered by a similar edging; only instead of perishable or sprouting willow twigs, it is made of durable cast iron. The color acquired by exposure to the weather is not unlike that of seasoned bark; and the knots and natural roughnesses are imitated in the castings.

This edging gives great finish to the grounds at an expense which must be moderate, considering the enormous quantity employed. In Paris, not only the Bois de Boulogne, but the Buttes Chaumont, the Parc Monçeaux, and other public parks and gardens, were edged with the very same material cast in similar pattern. Miles upon miles of it must have been manufactured for that purpose. It would have been curious to calculate how many hundred thousand tons of metal were then absorbed, merely in edging the promenades of Paris.

After due attention paid to our horticultural preface, on leaving it, we have only to cross a road to reach the plot of garden-ground named after the Queen Hortense. A little maiden crosses with us, a girl of the period and of the place, knitting her own stockings with such absorbed earnestness that the ball of worsted falls from her pocket unobserved, and, sticking in a bush, unrolls a clew which promises to thread the way to some Fair Rosamond's bower. We inform her of the accident; at which she gayly retraces her steps, and succeeds in rewinding her yarn untangled, before it gets broken by passing carts and donkeys. She then calmly resumes her walk and her work, evidently quite as proud of herself as the smart, long-pinafored bourgeois children, sent out to take the air with their attendant *bonne*.

The area laid out under the invocation of Hortense Beauharnais, is devoted to utility — in unconscious irony of that lady's life, who was supposed to have a predilection for the ornamental. It is chopped up into small patches, which might serve as schoolboys' or old pensioners' gardens, only that every plant is labelled, and you find that the object is, if not exactly botany, at least the recognition of a certain number of plants. And it is good to know the individual aspect of the vegetables which supply those easily convertible articles, poison and medicine, — henbane, belladonna, bittersweet, nightshade, foxglove; the Socratic, narcotic, large, land hemlock, and the still more virulent water hemlock. It is good to know plants which may be, though they are not, commonly turned to use; and which may be, though prejudice often prevents their being eaten — good King Henry spinach and sowthistle salad, the latter, according to Evelyn, "exceedingly welcome to the late Morocco ambassador," and consumed at the present day with relish in the south of France. I fancy that watercress is the only wild salad eaten in England; on the Continent, the list is of a certain length.

One of the first things Queen Hortense presents you with is a small collection of hardy ferns. There is a *Lomaria crenulata*, small and pretty, which deserves extended patronage. For the rest, there they are, old familiar friends, "sitting for their pictures," as they say in jail of a newcome prisoner, to the passing public, most of whom only care to know that the common bracken (not so easy as you may think, to transplant into your garden), makes a pleasant and wholesome stuffing for beds; that small fronds of the young male fern fringe the outside of a bouquet with sufficient elegance; and that *charcutiers* (ham-shop keepers) employ the same to set off cream-cheeses and half-salt sardines. In fact, fern fronds are the outward and visible sign of the delicacies to be obtained in what we should call "Italian warehouses." Note that some of the names Queen Hortense has given to her ferns have become a little antiquated, and are not according to Thomas Moore, F.L.S. Never mind that; an acquaintance with synonymes is part of an amateur's bounden duty.

Another road to cross, and you step at once into what was the Jardin de l'Impératrice, until untoward events deprived it, or her, of that honor. For whose was the loss; the garden's or the empress's? It is now Vauban's Garden, the military genius who planned the citadel of Lille and other famous strongholds. To prevent the visitor's making any mistake about the matter, at the very entrance he is confronted by a huge bed of Mrs. Pollock geranium, carpeted with blue lobelias, on whose side, facing the entrance, the name of the individual to whose memory this park has been reconsecrated, namely, J. VAUBAN, is horticulturally inscribed in giant letters, composed of sea-green asterisks of echeveria embroidered on a red-brown ground of alternanthera.

Here again we have the Parc Monçeaux style carried out with the most elaborate finish; for the town of Lille is passing rich, and willing to spend its money on what it thinks money's worth, — and surely a handsome public garden may be included in that category. Workmen are encouraged to "fiddle away their time" on minutiæ that would elsewhere be disregarded. Look at that stalwart fellow in a blue linen coat, cutting the narrow grass-border with his pocket-knife. He will not have one blade of grass anywhere a quarter of an inch longer than another elsewhere. Observe that border of Géant des Batailles roses, with every branch pegged down close to the ground, so that the flowers look like big red daisies, peeping just above the dark-green foliage. Opposite are borders of Souvenir de Malmaison and Aimée Vibert (both white roses), treated in the same way. The effect is pretty; but what endless pegging and trimming it necessitates! High keeping is spread over the place, like a mantle. Nevertheless, certain overworked points made me think of a perfectly-clipped poodle dog, with his close-shorn reins, his curly mane, and the imperial tuft at the tip of his tail.

Analogous in design and execution is the artificial brook crossed by stepping-stones, which you cannot fancy to be a mountain stream, however hard you try. *Idem* of the artificial rock and cavern, hung with made stalactites which close the scene, also admitting the water between stepping-stones, to aid little boys in their search after sticklebacks. Of the beds, "massifs," gaudy or gray, interspersed about the park, I would diffidently observe that they are too high; too much like puddings boiled in a mould, or cakes richly decorated by the confectioner. If you cut into them with a spade, you would expect to find them filled with mince-meat or venison pastry. At public rejoicings, the town might convert them into sausage-rolls of Garagantuan proportions.

Beyond the *ci-devant* Jardin de l'Impératrice, Lille has also its Bois de Bologne, a welcome walk or drive on a summer evening. But, "s'il vous plait," as my cabman says to his horse, don't neglect to be wheeled, at a walking pace, along the Esplanade, with its rows of lime-trees hung with balmy flowers. Of all town-avenue trees, give me the lime, so sweet and so wholesome. Neither the sterile elm, ever gnawed by beetle-grubs, nor the acrid horse-chestnut, shabby before summer is closed, can compete with the perfumed, health-giving lime. Is not a tisane, or ptisane, of lime blossoms the most rectifying and restorative of all French herb-drinks? When the tree is cut down, does not its wood evoke sweet music when made into piano-forte keys — and played on by a cunning player?

Lille also possesses gardens not ornamental, of a kind happily not common in Great Britain, our area not being studded with fortified towns. They are in a low style of art, for they are in a hole. Lille has a citadel renowned for its strength; the strength of the citadel lies partly in its ditches, which can be filled with water in time of need; but which, when nothing presses, are dry, with only a little run of water creeping slowly along their middle. The soldiers, tired of war's alarms, seek their relief in cultivating as kitchen gardens the bottoms of these military ditches, which are enriched with sundry and divers deposits. Dis-

carding the glories of their uniform, except their kepi and their madder-dyed pantaloons, they dig and hoe and plant and weed till the earth gives such glorious crops of vegetables as ought to make the old brick walls of the fortress smile, and say, they had rather be pelted with potatoes and turnips than with cannon-balls. For the gallant gardeners, pacific virtue proves its own reward. They gain both an appetite and the means of satisfying it.

If your day at Lille is still too long, there is an ever-ready resource at hand for exploring the unknown in a foreign land, of which I often avail myself with advantage. Look out for any long-course omnibus, no matter whither it goes, for all is new to you. There are always some standing here near the Hôtel de Ville. Mount on its top; let it take you as far as it will, and then let it take you back again. The penetrative power of the omnibus is something wonderful. As Herschel sounded the heavens with his telescope, you may sound *terræ incognitæ* by means of your omnibus.

A welcome refuge on a rainy afternoon may be found in the picture galleries in the Hôtel de Ville. The Museum of Natural History is in the Lycée, once Imperial. Among the pictures are some good and curious originals, and not a few fair copies of world-renowned paintings. Good copies, like good engravings, are always instructive. Besides which, the visitor feels less insulted by a picture labelled, "D'après So-and-so," than by an impudent daub calling itself Titian or Raphael. The drawings and studies by masters, old and new, are deserving of a careful inspection. There are two pictures (No. 104 and 105), signed G. Courbet, the demolisher of the Vendôme Column. Would it surprise him if some avenger of the column were to put his foot through each of those pictures?

FOREIGN NOTES.

Liverpool is going to have an underground railway.

Sir Edwin Landseer is represented at the Royal Academy this year.

Herr Anton Halm, a leading piano-forte teacher and musician in Vienna, who has died at the age of eighty-four, was one of the few surviving friends of Beethoven.

New plays by Charles Reade, Arthur A' Beckett, Ben Webster, jr., will be produced in London. Mr. J. C. Freund, the editor of *Dark Blue*, has written a tragedy, which has been accepted by the management of the Queen's.

It is noted, as a pleasing sign of the progress of civilization among Parisian journalists, that two well-known members recently encountered each other in the street, and fought *with their umbrellas!*

The *Court Journal* says that Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the successful author of "Pygmalion and Galatea," is on the eve of sailing for America. He goes over to superintend the production of his "Palace of Truth," and other pieces, on terms exceptionally favorable.

A lady recently asked a distinguished member of the French Academy of Sciences, "What is the use of being an academician, if you can't tell what comets are made of?" To which the learned man replied, "Madame, that I may be able to say I don't know."

A London paper says that the following extract is from an old play-bill still in existence: "For the benefit of Miss Brickler, 16th of May, 1767. At the end of the first act Miss Brickler will sing a favorite song from "Judith," accompanied by Mr. Dibden on a *new instrument called the piano-forte.*"

At a recent sale in London, one of Müller's pictures fetched just close upon thirty dollars per square inch; and yet this artist died, not very many years ago, of a broken heart, because the Royal Academicians refused to admit any of his pictures to their walls. It seems to be almost a general rule that artists must die to reach the zenith of their fame.

On the 15th of last month Dr. Döllinger celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration as a priest. The King of Bavaria sent him the Order of Ludwig, and a letter by his own hand, praising Döllinger's life-long conscientiousness in the faithful fulfilment of his duties, and wishing that "God may still preserve him for a long time in his physical and mental vigor."

Two drawings by Raphael were bequeathed, in 1870, by the late M. J. Canonge, to the Louvre. They are in red, and represent Psyche, and Jupiter kissing Cupid. The subjects seem to indicate that the drawings were prepared for the series of wall-paintings commonly called "The History of Cupid and Psyche," in the Farnesina. These works have been placed in the Salle Louis XIV. of the gallery of drawings, Louvre.

The *Liberté* tells the extraordinary story that an Austrian, when about to step on board an English packet at Calais, was arrested, and found to be the bearer of thirty-three million francs, destined for the Emperor Napoleon. By way of a variation, it is stated that a sum of from six to seven thousand francs being demanded as dues upon the transit of the money, the millions were impounded, as well as the emissary, until advices can be received from the Austrian Government.

The admirers of Signor Mario, says the *Athenæum*, will learn with painful interest that he has deemed it necessary to apologize for his engagement at the Zarzuela Opera-house at Madrid, in a letter addressed to the *Correspondencia*. He says that necessity alone has compelled him to remain on the lyric stage: he has incurred large losses by the failure of some firms in Florence, with whom he had deposited his fortune. This is, indeed, a sad ending of his brilliant professional life.

Mr. Darwin and his French prototype M. Littré, will have a fine opportunity now in perfecting their Simian genesis of man. The skeleton of the troglodyte, on which the Italian Government finally gave up its claims, has arrived at the museum of the Jardin des Plantes. The *savans*, by putting together the melancholy remains, will soon be able to reconstitute the primitive race, and make us almost ashamed of our first parents. The elongated forehand seems to indicate that the owner had but slight qualifications for a vertical biped deportment. The forehead is depressed, like that of a Kabylian, or a monkey.

A German has made experiments to ascertain the amount of loss that coal undergoes when exposed to the weather. It will, perhaps, surprise many readers to hear that the loss is considerable. Anthracite and cannel-coal, as might be anticipated from their compactness, suffer least; but ordinary bituminous coal loses nearly one-third in weight, and nearly one-half in gas-making quality. From this it will be understood that coal should be kept dry and under cover; and that to expose it to rain or damp is to lessen its quantity and weaken its quality. Here, too, we have an explanation of the inferiority of the great heaps of small-coal which encumber the ground in the mining districts.

The Ameer of Afghanistan, a man of real though semi-lunatic genius, has addressed a letter of regret for Lord Mayo's death to the acting Viceroy, Lord Napier, which contains a remarkable expression of the great subthought of Asia, — the permanent hostility of Fate to man. Fate is resistless, but malicious. After stating that he had an intention of going to England with Lord Mayo, he says, "Before the eternally predestined decrees, however, men must bow in silence. A crooked and perverse fate always interferes to prevent the successful attainment, by any hu-

man being, of his most cherished desires." The Hindoo even has got beyond that, for he believes that by continuous exertion of the will, in subjugation of the flesh man can coerce Fate, — the theory embodied in the whole system of the fakirs.

To make wine from malt has often been a question among chemists and scientific brewers; and now the question has been answered by the manufacture of "red beer," or malt wine, at a brewery in North Germany. The beer thus produced is described as of a character something between Rhine wine and Burgundy, with a port-wine flavor, very lively and agreeable; and that when looked at in a glass it behaves like good wine, clings to the inside of the glass, and there exhibits what the Germans call "church-windows." This, however, is an effect which crafty wine-merchants know how to produce by the addition of a small quantity of glycerine to their liquor. The red beer, as may be supposed, is made without hops; but so far as yet tried, it keeps well in bottle.

WHATEVER objections may be raised upon general grounds to the manner in which Parisian party journalists occasionally refer to each other, it cannot be denied that their observations have, as a rule, the merit of simplicity, directness, and brevity. For example, it having come to the knowledge of the *Emancipation* that M Paul de Cassagnac wore the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, the editor inserted in his leading columns the following bland inquiry: "Can Paul de Cassagnac inform us what notable service he has rendered, that, at the age of twenty-six, he should wear the ribbon which is glorious only for those who have merited it?" Whereto M. de Cassagnac thus responds in the last number of his journal: "With pleasure, citizen. I was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor for having caused to bite the dust three rascals of your band — Rochefort, Flourens, and Lissagaray. It rests solely with you to give me hereafter a title to the rosette of officer." That evidently means business.

RECENT accounts from Spain describe a revival of the ancient Spanish costume. The large combs, which had almost entirely disappeared, now (says a correspondent of the *Temps*) adorn many heads among the *bourgeoisie*, but especially among the aristocracy. Dresses have grown shorter. This return to national fashions is a purely political manifestation. In ministerial circles, and at Court, a crusade is being carried on against the comb and the short skirt; but the parties which have coalesced, true to their watchword of "fuera el estrangero," oblige their wives to assume the dress of their grandmothers, as a protest against the intruders who invade the sacred soil of the Castiles. The ladies of the coalition are not slow to take part in this manifestation, knowing how becoming the national costume is to their style of beauty. In the interest of art and taste, we may hope that they will long remain in the same mind; but revivals are proverbially short-lived, and it is to be feared that an anachronism in dress, as in other things, cannot be kept alive, either by political zeal or even by feminine vanity.

BARON LIEBIG has been interviewed on the subject of beer. The Baron thinks that a man must drink something. "Beer," said the Baron, "is better than brandy. Man must have a stimulant of some sort. Brandy is a great evil. We find that the consumption of beer is making headway even in the wine districts, for instance, in Stuttgart. As a nourishment, beer takes a very subordinate place, not higher, indeed, than potatoes; and we find that in no city is there such an amount of meat consumed as in Munich, where the greatest quantity of beer is also consumed. Beer must have meat or albumen. Before every beer-cellar in Munich you will find a cheese-stand. Why? Because in cheese you find that albumen which in beer is lacking. Therefore you see that beer and cheese go together, like a law of nature. But as an article of nourishment beer is very subordinate. Schnapps is a great misfortune, and destroys the power. Through our late war we have won great respect for tobacco, tea, coffee, and extract of meat. A physician told me that when the wounded would take nothing else they have grasped at cigars; their eyes glistened, they felt a lifting-up of the sinking nerves. Tobacco must have its effect. We could not do our wounded, frequently, a greater service than by giving them cigars. And we came to the conclusion that tobacco was invaluable to us."

THE Romans, not always so respectful to popes as, with their professed belief, they might be expected to be, tell the following story in regard to the present pontiff, and his immediate predecessor, Gregory XVI. The latter is universally acknowledged to have had at least one great weakness. He had an inordinate love for the wine-bottle. At his death he went up to the gates of heaven with his key in his hand, and tried to open the gates. But the key did not fit; so he renewed the effort, and knocked lustily at the gate. St. Peter came to see what was the matter. His Holiness replied that he could not open the gate. "Let me look at your key," says St. Peter. Gregory showed him the key, and St. Peter, after a moment's inspection, says to him, "No wonder you couldn't get in! This is not St. Peter's key; don't you see, it is the key of your wine-cellar? And I see no way for you but to wait until your successor dies, and brings along the key to let you in." But the Romans say Pius IX. will be as badly off when he departs this life as his predecessor; he will be sure to come up to the gate of heaven, if he ever gets even to the gate, carrying with him, not the key of St. Peter, but the key of those *prisons* which he has filled with political and ecclesiastical prisoners!

A "MEMBER of the Church of England" is anxious, it seems, to "help the youthful Christian in his study of the wonderful life of the Son of man," and to assist in making "the transcendent beauty and value of the gospel revelation understood and appreciated by all." By a happy instinct, he has lighted on the undiscovered cause which has hitherto prevented the Gospels from being as well known as they deserve to be. They were written and translated at a time when the graces of modern style were unknown. To a reader accustomed to the ornate splendor of a special correspondent's letter, or to the agreeable diffuseness of a newspaper paragraph, the New Testament is necessarily bald and uninteresting. The "Member of the Church of England" opportunely steps in to meet this difficulty; and the most effective way of aiding him in this good work, is to give an example of the admirable manner in which he has carried out his purpose. Here is a specimen of the gentleman's improvements: —

Authorized Version.

And when she saw him [the angel], she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be. And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary.

Version designed to "make the transcendent beauty of the gospel understood and appreciated."

The presence and the voice of Gabriel filled her with astonishment and dread. There was, besides, a mystery in his salutation which confused her. The angel perceived her alarm and perplexity, and hastened both to re-assure and inform her. Fear not, Mary, he remarked.

THE Astronomical Society have given their gold medal to Signor Schiaparelli, Director of the Observatory at Milan, to mark the high value they set on the researches by which, after years of study, he has discovered the law of identity of comets and meteors. His principal propositions are, that celestial matter may be classed as fixed stars, — agglomerations of small stars, or resolvable nebulæ, — comets, which are invisible except when approaching the sun, and fourth, small particles composing a cosmical cloud. When these clouds enter our system, they become drawn out, so to speak, into long strips, which gradually change to a stream of particles, and of these streams the number is very great, whereby the particles appear as showers of falling stars. Thus, says Mr. Lassell, President

of the Astronomical Society, "meteors, and other celestial phenomena of like nature, which a century ago were regarded as atmospheric phenomena, are now proved to belong to the stellar regions, and to be in truth, falling stars. They have the same relation to comets as the asteroids have to the planets;" in both cases their prodigious numbers make up for their small size. "We may presume," continues Mr. Lassell, "that it is certain that falling stars, meteors, and aërolites, differ in size only, and not in composition; and that they are an example of what the universe is composed of. As in them we find no elements foreign to those of the earth, we may infer the similarity of composition of all the universe: a fact already suggested by the revelations of the spectroscope."

It is impossible, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, not to feel the utmost sympathy with antitobacconists at the present moment. Not only have their remonstrances been of no avail, but the practice they so bitterly condemn is, if possible, increasing day by day. Those who smoked before now smoke more than ever, and those who never smoked at all have taken to smoking. For this terrible state of affairs the antitobacconists are responsible. Dean Close, and those who think with him, have so advertised the baneful weed, by their warnings and reproaches, that they have directed attention towards it, and led people to ascertain for themselves the real truth respecting it. A most uncomfortable letter has just appeared in the *Manchester Examiner* from a smoker who "has read with interest the various letters that have appeared in that journal on the tobacco question." This gentleman, it seems, never knew a day's health until he took to smoking. Up to the age of twenty he never smoked, but he was always sickly, and "during the winter months was much troubled with affections of the chest." Fortunately for him, at that age, on the recommendation, he alleges, of no less an authority than Prof. Huxley, he "began to use mild tobacco;" and from that day forward has enjoyed good health. He is no longer troubled with his cough in winter, nor, although he is of delicate constitution, has his memory or sight been in any way impaired. A short time ago he foolishly gave up the habit of smoking, for the sake of experiment, and denied himself the use of tobacco for two or three weeks. The consequences were most serious. All his old symptoms returned, and his cough became again so exceedingly violent that it nearly turned to bronchitis. On resuming his pipe, the affection immediately subsided. He accordingly now smokes from a sense of duty, "medicinally, and as a preventive." This painful story is calculated to throw additional difficulties in the path of the antitobacconists.

William Henry Smith, the author of the philosophical romance entitled "Thorndale," and other works of similar import, has lately died in England, at the age of sixty-three. The following notices of his literary character are from the *Athenæum:* "He commenced life as a barrister of the Middle Temple; but his intense love of study and meditation, backed by his constitutional shyness, led him soon to quit his profession and the town, for a country life, Keswick being selected in the first instance as his home. Though a poet and a philosopher, rather than a man of action, his sympathies with his kind were of the keenest, and the steadfast aim of his life was to leave the world richer in high thoughts, and therefore better worth living in, than he found it. Possessing a mind of an intensely religious cast, and devoting it mainly to the investigation of man's relations to the Infinite, he was yet so well balanced in intellect as to be able to advocate with power and eloquence the human nature of morality, in opposition to Cudworth. His "Discourse on Ethics," though little more than a pamphlet, is still remembered by many, as having contributed essentially to their mental education on this great subject. The late Prof. Ferrier used to refer to it with enthusiasm. To the public, Mr. Smith was best known by his "Thorndale; or, The Conflict of Opinions," a work published in 1857. It is full of subtle and profound thought, and expressed in language of exquisite beauty and tenderness. Its appeal is to the living mind and conscience, against all traditions whatsoever. He could not imagine a religion divorced from science, for to him science was but the knowledge of God, through the discovery of the divine facts of the universe. Neither could he tolerate the notion that religion and morality are dependent upon longevity. "I must have something that I admire and love for its own sake," he says in "Thorndale," "or what is extended existence to me? If I have no love for others here, no piety to God here, on what account can I wish or expect that my existence should be perpetuated?" With all his philosophic scepticism, he was not one to only "faintly trust the larger hope." He was a fast friend of the late lamented Mr. Maurice, and there was a remarkable resemblance between the characters of the two men. But while Mr. Maurice devoted himself to formal theology, William Smith indulged the poetic side of "divine philosophy." His whole life and conversation indicated, or rather sprang from, an intense love of nature. It was in his silent commune with her that the thoughts welled up which found expression alike in his speech and in his books, but especially in the latter, as a human presence rather disturbed than aided their flow."

THE "CINQUE MAGGIO."*

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MANZONI.

I.

He was. As still as lay
The cold unconscious clay,
When the last sigh of life had fled,
Of that great soul distenanted,
So, at the startling tale,
The breathless world grows pale;
In silence stands to ponder o'er
The fatal page, closed evermore,
Nor knows if it may be
That mortal such as he
Shall, with red footfall, stain
The insulted dust again.

II.

In splendor, on his throne
I saw him, and passed on.
While Fortune, blending smile and frown,
O'erthrew and raised and hurled him down,
Amid the clamorous throng
I scorned to wake my song:
Unskilled to flatter or to sting,
Incense nor outrage would I bring;
But when the lustre splendid
In sudden darkness ended,
Rose with a start to pay
The tribute of my lay.

III.

From Alp to Pyramid,
From Moscow to Madrid,
His ready lightnings flashed and shone,
Vaunt-couriers of the thunderstone,
And lit that sea and this,
Scylla and Tanais —
Was this true glory? Answer ye
That are not, but that are to be;
We at thy footstool bow,
Maker and Lord, for thou
Hast of thy master-hand
Never such marvel planned.

* The anniversary of the death of the first Napoleon.

IV.

The stormy joys that fret
The soul on greatness set,
The yearning of the restless heart,
That burns to play the imperial part,
And wins a guerdon higher
Than Madness durst desire —
All this was his; 'twas his to claim
For peril's meed yet greater fame;
Flying, and conquering;
An exile, and a king;
Twice in the dust o'erthrown,
Twice on the altar-stone.

V.

He uttered but his name,
And at his bidding came
Two warring centuries to wait
Upon his pleasure as their fate;
He set, with steadfast mien,
His judgment-seat between;
Then like a vision passed, and wore
His life out on that narrow shore,
A mark for boundless spite,
And pity infinite,
For hate as deep as hell,
And love invincible.

VI.

As whelm the waters dread
The shipwrecked swimmer's head,
While ever and anon his eye
Strains upward, in his agony,
And sweeps the pitiless main
For distant shores in vain, —
So slowly o'er that sinking soul
Did the full flood of memories roll;
Oft on the eternal pages,
Wherein to after-ages
He strove his tale to tell,
The listless fingers fell.

VII.

Oft, as the lazy day
Died silently away,
Earthward the flashing eye subdued,
And with enfolded arms he stood,
While o'er his thought was cast
The shadow of the past;
Again the tented squadrons sprang
To arms; again the ramparts rang;
Surged the bright ranks again,
And waves of mounted men,
And to the word of flame
The instant answer came.

VIII.

Well might the spirit die
In such an agony;
But, strong to succor, from above
Came down a messenger of love,
Raised him from his despair
To breathe a purer air,
And set his feet upon the way
Where Hope's fair flowerets bloom for aye —
To those eternal plains,
Rich in unmeasured gains,
Where man's brief glories fade
In silence and in shade.

IX.

O fair and healing Faith,
Triumphant over Death!
Write thou among thy victories
That loftier majesty than his
Ne'er bent in humbled pride
To Christ the crucified:
Let not the light or mocking word
Be near the wearied ashes heard;
The Lord of weal and woe,
Who raises and lays low,
A living glory shed
Around the desolate bed!

THE LORELY.

AFTER HEINE.

I.

I CANNA tell what has come ower me,
That I am sae eerie and wae;
An auld-warld tale comes before me,
It haunts me by nicht and by day.

II.

From the cool lift the gloamin' draps dimmer,
And the Rhine slips saftly by;
The taps o' the mountains shimmer
I' the lowe o' the sunset sky.

III.

Up there, in a glamour entrancin',
Sits a maiden wondrous fair;
Her gowden adornments are glancin',
She is kaimin' her gowden hair:

IV.

As she kaims it the gowd kaim glistens,
The while she is singin' a song
That hauds the rapt soul that listens,
With its melody sweet and strong.

V.

The boy, floating by in vague wonder,
Is seized wi' a wild, weird love;
He sees na' the black rocks under, —
He sees but the vision above.

VI.

The waters their waves are flinging
Ower boatie and boatman anon;
And this wi' her airtfu' singin',
The Water-witch Lurley has done.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS. — *The superiority of these extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.* They are warranted free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are not only true to their names, but are prepared from fruits of the best quality, and are so highly concentrated that a comparatively small quantity only need to be used. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Manufacturers and Proprietors. For sale by all Grocers and Druggists.

WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA will effect a cure if tried faithfully. Sold by all druggists.

NEVER was such a revolution in the eating world created as by the introduction of the HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE, now sold by every grocer, and in use by nearly every family. They who have had it once will on no account be without it; and they who have not yet, for only fifty cents, obtained a bottle of the best relish ever put upon a table, make haste to follow the wise example of their neighbors. — *Boston Journal.*

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1872. [No. 22.

THE YELLOW FLAG.

BY EDMUND YATES.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV. — PAULINE.

THE cold, gray morning light, shining through the little window of a small bedroom in a second-rate hotel at Lymington, made its way through the aperture between the common dimity curtains, which had been purposely separated over night, and fell upon the slumbering figure of Pauline. The poor and scanty furniture of the room, with its dingy bed-hangings, its wooden washstand, two rush-bottomed chairs, and rickety, one-sided chest of drawers, all painted a pale stone-color, were in strong contrast with the richness of coloring observable in the sleeper; observable in her jet-black hair, now taken from off her face and gathered into one large coil at the back of her head, in her olive complexion, sun-embrowned indeed, but yet showing distinctly the ebb and flow of her Southern blood, and in the deep orange-hued handkerchief, daintily knotted round her neck. See, now, how troubled are her slumbers; how from between her parted lips comes a long though scarcely audible moan; how the strong, thin hand, lying outside the coverlet, clutches convulsively at nothing; and how she seems, in her unrest, to be struggling to free herself from the thraldom of the troublous dream, under the influence of which part of the torture suffered by her during the previous day is again pressing upon her.

Yes! the woman with the pale, tear-blurred face is there once again. Once again Tom Durham stands at the carriage-door, whispering to her with evident earnestness, until the guard touches him on the shoulder, and the whistle shrieks; and then she bends forward, and he holds her for a moment in his outspread arms, and kisses her once, twice, thrice, on her lips, until he is pulled aside by the porter coming to shut the door of the already moving carriage, and she falls back in an agony of grief. There is a moisture in his eyes too, such as she, Pauline, with all her experience of him, has never seen there. He is the lover of this palefaced woman, without a doubt; and therefore he must die! She will kill him herself! She will kill him with the pearl-handled knife which Gaetano, the mate of the Italian ship, gave her, telling her that all the Lombard girls wore such daggers in their garters ready for the heart of any Tedesco who might insult them, or any other girl who might prove their rival. The dagger is up stairs, in the little bedroom at the top of the house, overlooking the Cannebière, which she shares with Mademoiselle Mathilde. She will fetch it at once, and after it has served its purpose she will carry it to the chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde, and hang it up among the votive offerings; the pictures of shipwrecks, storms, sea-fights, and surgical operations; the models of vessels, the ostrich eggs, the crutches left by cripples no longer lame, and the ends of the ropes by which men have been saved from drowning. How clearly she can see the place, and all its contents, before her now! She will leave the dagger there: as the weapon by which a traitor and an Englishman has been slain, it will not be out of place, though Père Gasselin shake his head and lift his monitory finger. She will fetch it at once! Ah, how delicious and yet how strange seem to her the smell of the *pot-au-feu*, and the warm aroma of the chocolate! How steep the stairs seem to have become: she will never be able to reach the top! What is this Pierre and Jean are saying? The sea has swept away the breakwater at La Joliette, and is rapidly rushing into the town! It is here, it is in the street below! Fighting madly with the boiling waters is one man — she can catch a glimpse of his face now. Grand Dieu, it is Tom! She will save him — no, too late! he is borne swiftly past, he is —

And with a short, suppressed scream she woke.

It was probably the rapping of the chambermaid at the bedroom door which dissipated Pauline's dream, and recalled her to herself; and it is certain that the chambermaid, whose quick ears caught the scream, went down stairs more than ever impressed with terror at the "foreign person" whom she had scarcely had sufficient courage to conduct to her room on the previous evening. Notwithstanding the *bizarre* shape which they had assumed, these reminiscences of a portion of Pauline's past life had been so vivid, that it was with great difficulty she could clear her brain, and arrive at an idea of why she found herself in the dingy bedroom of a country inn, and of what lay before her. Sitting upon the edge of her bed, with her arms crossed upon her bosom, she gradually recalled the occurrences of the previous day, and came to comprehend what had been the key-note of her dream, and who was the pale-faced woman whose presence had so disturbed her. There was, however, no time for reflection at that moment; she had been aroused in accordance with instructions given on the previous night, and there was but little time for her to dress herself and to make her way to the station, where she was to await the arrival of her husband. Her toilet completed, she hurried down stairs, and declining to taste any of the substantial breakfast which the hearty Hampshire landlady was then engaged in discussing, and to which she invited her visitor, issued out into the broad street of the quiet old town.

Past the low-windowed shops, where the sleepy 'prentice boys were taking down the shutters, and indulging in such fragmentary conversation as could be carried on under the eyes of their masters, which they knew were bent upon them from the upper rooms; past the neat little post-office, where the click of the telegraph needles was already audible, and whence were issuing the sturdy country postmen, each with his huge well-filled leathern wallet on his back; past the yacht-builder's yard, where the air was redolent of pitch and tar, and newly-chipped wood; where, through the half-opened gates, could be seen the slender, tapering masts of many yachts already laid up for the season in the creek, and where a vast amount of hammering and sawing and planing was, as the neighbors thought, interminably going on. Not but what the yacht-building yard is one of the great features of the place; for were it not for the yacht owners, who first come down to give orders about the building of their vessels, then pay a visit to see how their instructions are being carried out, and finally, finding the place comfortable, tolerably accessible, and not too dear, bring their wives and families, and make it their headquarters for the yachting season, what stranger would ever come to Lymington? what occupants would be found for its lodging-houses and hotels?

The clock struck seven as Pauline passed through the

booking-office at the railway-station, and stepped out on to the platform. She looked hastily round her in search for Tom Durham, but did not see him. A sudden chill fell upon her, as the remembrance of her dream flashed across her mind. The next instant she was chiding herself for imagining that he would be there. There was yet half an hour before the arrival of the train by which they were to proceed to Weymouth; he would be tired by his long swim from the ship to the shore, his clothes would of course be saturated, and he would have to dry them; he would, doubtless, rest as long as he could in the place where he had found shelter, and only join her just in time to start. There was no doubt about his finding shelter somewhere, he was too clever not to do that; he was the cleverest man in all the world; it was for his talent she had chosen him from all the others years ago; it was for — and then Pauline's face fell, remembering that Tom Durham was as unscrupulous as he was clever, and that if this pale-faced woman were really any thing to him he would occupy his talent in arranging how and when to meet her in secret, in planning how to obtain further sums of money from the old man whose messenger she had been.

How the thought of that woman haunted her! How her whole life seemed to have changed since she had witnessed that parting at the railway-station yesterday! She felt that it would be impossible for her to hide from Tom the fact that she was laboring under doubt and depression of some kind or other. She knew his tact and determination in quickly learning whatever he thought it behooved him to find out; and she thought it would be better to speak openly to him, to tell him what she had seen, and to ask him for some explanation. Yes: she would do that. The train was then in sight; he would no longer delay putting in an appearance on the platform, and in a few minutes they would be travelling away to soft air, and lovely scenery, with more than sufficient money for their present wants, and for a time, at least, with rest and peace before them. Then she would tell him all, and he would doubtless re-assure her, showing her how silly and jealous she had been, but forgiving her because she had suffered solely through her love for him.

By this time a number of passengers had gathered together on the platform, awaiting the arrival of the train; and Pauline passed hastily among them, looking eagerly to the right and left, and, retracing her steps through the booking-office, opened the door and glanced up the street leading to the station. No sign of Tom Durham anywhere! Perhaps he had found a nearer station to a point at which he had swum ashore, and would be in the train now rapidly approaching.

The train stopped; two or three passengers alighted, and were so soon mixed up with the crowd of sailors, ship-carpenters, and farm-laborers rushing to take their seats, that Pauline could not distinguish them, but she knew Tom was not amongst them; and when she walked quickly down the line of carriages, throwing a rapid but comprehensive glance round each, she saw him not, and the train passed on, and she was left once more alone upon the platform.

Then, with frowning brows, and set, rigid lips, Pauline commenced walking up and down, covering with her long, striding footsteps, so different from her usual easy, swimming gait, exactly the same amount of space at every turn, wheeling, apparently unconsciously, at the same point, treading almost in the same prints which she had previously made, keeping her eyes steadfastly fixed on the ground, and being totally unaware of all that was passing around her. She was a clear-headed as well as a strong-willed woman, accustomed to look life and its realities boldly in the face; and, unlike the majority of her countrymen and women, swift to detect shallowness of sophistry when propounded by others, and careful never even to attempt to impose upon herself. Throughout her life, so long as she could remember, she had been in the habit of thinking out any project of importance which had arisen in her career, while walking to and fro, just as she was doing then. It was, perhaps, the sameness of the action, perhaps some reminiscence of her dream still lingering in her mind, that turned her memory to the last occasion when she had taken such thoughtful exercise; and the scene, exactly as it occurred, rose before her.

The time, early morning, not much after six o'clock; the place, the Prado at Marseilles; the persons, a few belated, blue-bloused workmen hurrying to their work; a few soldiers lounging about as only soldiers always seem to lounge when they are not on duty, a *limonadière* with her temple deposited on the ground by her side, while she washes the sparkling tin cups in a gurgling drinking-fountain. Two or three water-carts pounding along, and refreshingly sprinkling the white, dusty road; two or three English grooms exercising horses, and she, Pauline Lunelle, *dame du comptoir* at the Restaurant du Midi, in the Cannebière, pacing up and down the Prado, and turning over in her mind a proposition, on the acceptance or rejection of which depended her future happiness or misery. That proposition was a proposition of marriage, not by any means the first that she had received. The handsome, black-eyed, black-haired, olive-skinned *dame du comptoir* was one of the reigning belles of the town, and the Restaurant du Midi was such a popular place of resort that she never lacked admirers. All the breakfast-eaters, the smokers, the billiard-players, even the decorated old gentlemen who dropped in as regularly as clockwork every evening for a game of dominoes or tric-trac, paid their court to her; and in several cases this court was something more than the mere conventional hat-doffing, or the few words of empty politeness whispered to her as she attended to the settlement of their accounts. Adolphe de Noailles, only a *sous*-lieutenant of artillery to be sure, but a man of good family, and who, it was said, was looked upon with favor by Mademoiselle Krebs, daughter of old Monsieur Krebs, the German banker, who was so rich, and who gave such splendid parties, had asked Pauline Lunelle to become his wife; had "ah-bah-d" when she talked about the difference in their positions, and had insisted that in appearance and manner she was equal to any lady in the south of France. So had Heinrich Wetter, head clerk and cashier in the bank of Monsieur Krebs aforesaid; a tall, fair, lymphatic young man, who, until his acquaintance with Pauline, had thought of nothing but Vaterland, and the first of exchange, but who professed himself ready to become naturalized as a Frenchman, and to take up his abode for life in Marseilles, if she would only listen to his suit. So had Frank Jenkins, attached to the British post-office, and in that capacity bringing the Indian mails from London to Marseilles, embarking them on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamer, and waiting the arrival of the return mail which carried them back to England; a big, jolly, massive creature, well known to everybody in the town as Monsieur Jenkins, or the "courier Anglais," who had a bedroom at the Hotel de Paradis, but who spent the whole of his time at the Restaurant du Midi, drinking beer, or brandy, or absinthe, it was all the same to him, to keep the landlord "square," as he phrased it, but never taking his eyes off the *dame du comptoir*, and never losing an opportunity of paying her the most outrageous compliments in the most outrageous French ever heard even in that city of polyglot strangers.

If Pauline Lunelle had a tenderness for any of them, it was for the *sous*-lieutenant; at the Englishmen, and, indeed, at a great many others — Frenchmen, *commis-voyageurs*, tradesmen in the city, or clerks in the merchants' offices on the Quai — she laughed unmercifully. Not to their faces, indeed, that would have been bad for business; and Pauline throughout her life had the keenest eye to her own benefit. Her worth as a decoy-duck was so fully appreciated by Monsieur Etienne, the proprietor of the restaurant, that she had insisted upon receiving a commission on all moneys paid by those whose visits thither were unquestionably due to her attraction. But when they had retired for the night, the little top bedroom, which she occupied in conjunction with Mademoiselle Mathilde, would ring with laughter, caused by her repetition of the sweet things which had been said to her during the evening by

ıer admirers, and her imitations of the manner and accents n which they had been delivered. So Adolphe de Noailles ıad it all his own way, and Pauline had seriously debated within herself whether she should not let him run the risk of offending his family and marrying him out of hand (the disappointment to be occasioned thereby to Mademoiselle Krebs, a haughty and purse-proud young lady, being one of her keenest incentives to the act), when another character appeared upon the scene.

This was another Englishman, but in every way as different as possible to poor Mr. Jenkins; not merely speaking French like a Parisian, but salting his conversation with a vast amount of Parisian idiomatic slang, full of fun and wild practical jokes; impervious to ridicule, impossible to be put down, and spending his money in the most lavish and free-handed manner possible. This was Tom Durham, who had suddenly turned up in Marseilles, no one knew why; he had been to Malta, he said, on a "venture," and the venture had turned out favorably, and he was going back to England, and had determined to enjoy himself by the way. He was constantly at the Restaurant du Midi, paid immense attention to the *dame du comptoir*, and she in her turn was fascinated by his good temper, his generous ways, his strange, eccentric goings on. But Tom Durham, laughing, drinking, and spending his money, was the same cool, observant creature that he had been ever since he shipped as 'prentice on board the "Gloucestershire," when he was fifteen years of age. All the time of his sojourn at the Restaurant du Midi, he was carefully "taking stock," as he called it, of Pauline Lunelle. In his various schemes he had long felt the want of a female accomplice, and he thought he had at last found the person whom he had for some time been seeking. That she was worldly-wise he knew, or she would never have achieved the position which she held in Monsieur Etienne's establishment; that there was far more in her than she had ever yet given proof of, he believed; for Mr. Tom Durham was a strong believer in physiognomy, and had more than once found the study of some use to him. Sipping his lemonade and cognac, and puffing at his cigar, he sat night after night, talking pleasantly with any chance acquaintance, but inwardly studying Pauline Lunelle; and when his studies were completed, he had made up his mind that he saw in her a wonderful mixture of headstrong passion and calm common-sense, unscrupulous, unfearful, devoted, and capable of carrying out any thing, no matter what, which she had once made up her mind to perform. "A tamable tiger, in point of fact," said Tom Durham to himself as he stepped out into the street, and picked his way across the filthy gutters towards his home, "and, if only kept in proper subjection, capable of being made any thing of." He knew there was only one way by which Pauline could be secured, and he made up his mind to propose to her the next night.

He proposed accordingly, but Pauline begged for four and twenty hours to consider her decision; and in the early morning she went out into the Prado to think it all through, and deliberately to weigh the merits of the propositions made respectively by Adolphe de Noailles and Tom Durham; the result being, that the *sous*-lieutenant's hopes were crushed forever, — or for fully a fortnight, when they blossomed in another direction, — and that Pauline, *dame du comptoir* no longer, linked her fate with that of Tom Durham. Thenceforward they were all in all to each other: she had no relatives, nor, as he told her, had he ("I have not seen Alice for five years," he said to himself; "and from what I recollect of her, she was a stuck-up, strait-laced little minx, likely to look down upon my young friend, the tiger, here, and give herself airs which the tiger certainly would not understand; so, as they are not likely to come together, it will be better to ignore her existence altogether)." In all his crooked schemes, and they were many and various, Pauline took her share, unflagging, indefatigable, clear in counsel, prompt in action, jealous of every word, of every look, he gave to any other woman, at the same time the slave of his love, and the prop and mainstay of his affairs. Tom Durham himself had not that quality which he imputed to his half-sister: he certainly was not strait-laced; but his escapades, if he had any, were carefully kept in the background, and Pauline, suspicious as she was, had never felt any real ground for jealousy until she had witnessed the scene at parting at the Southampton station.

The Prado and its associations had faded out of her mind, and she was trying to picture to herself the various chances which could possibly have detained her husband, when a porter halted before her, and, civilly touching his cap, asked for what train she was waiting.

"The train for Weymouth," she replied.

"For Weymouth!" echoed the porter: "the train for Weymouth has just gone."

"Yes, I know that," said Pauline; "but I was expecting some one — a gentlemen — to meet me. He will probably come in time for the next."

"You will have a longish waiting bout," said the man; "next train don't come till two forty-five, nigh upon three o'clock."

"That is long," said Pauline. "And the next?"

"Only one more after that," said the porter, "eight-forty; gets into Weymouth somewhere between ten and eleven at night. You'll never think of waiting here, ma'am, for either of them! Better go into the town to one of the hotels, or have a row on the river, or something to pass the time."

"Thank you," said Pauline, to whom a sudden idea had occurred. "How far is it from here to — how do you call the place — Hurstcastle?"

"To where, ma'am? Oh, Hurst Castle! I didn't understand you, you see, at first; you didn't make two words of it. It is Hurst Castle, where the king was kept a prisoner — him as had his head cut off; and where there's a barracks and a telegraph station for the ships now."

"Yes," she said, "exactly; that's the place; how far is it from here?"

"Well, it's about seven mile, take it altogether; but you can't drive all the way. You could have a fly to take you four miles, and he'd bring you to a boat, and he'd take you in and out down a little river through the marshes, until you came to a beach, on the other side of which the castle stands. But, lor' bless me, miss, what's the use o' going at all? there's nothing to see when you get there!"

"I wish to go," said Pauline, smiling. "You see, I am a foreigner, and I want to see where your British king was kept a prisoner. Can I get a fly here?"

The porter said he would find her one at once, and speedily redeemed his promise.

Through neat villages and wooded lanes Pauline was driven, until she came to a large, bare, open tract of country, on the borders of which the fly stopped, and the flyman descending, handed her down some steps cut in the steep bank and into an old broad-bottomed boat, where a grizzled, elderly man, with his son, were busy mending an old duck-gun. They looked up with astonishment when the flyman said, "Lady wants to go down to have a look at the castle, Jack: I'll wait here, ma'am, until they bring you back."

They spread an old jacket for her in the stern of the boat, and, when she was seated, took to their oars, and pulled away with a will. It was a narrow, intricate, winding course, a mere thread of shallow, sluggish water, twisting in and out among the great gray marshes, fringed with tall, flapping weeds; and Pauline, already over-excited and overwrought, was horribly depressed by the scene.

"Are you always plying in this boat?" she asked the old man.

"Most days, ma'am, in case we should be wanted up at the steps, there," he replied; "but night's our best time, we reckon."

"Night!" she echoed. "Surely there are no passengers at night-time?"

"No, ma'am; not passengers, but officers and sportsmen: gentlemen coming out gunning after the ducks and the wild-fowl," he added, seeing she looked puzzled, and pointing to a flock of birds feeding at some distance from them.

"And are you out every night?" she asked eagerly.

"Well, not every, but most nights, ma'am."

"Last night, for example?"

"Yes, miss, we was out, me and Harry here, not with any customers, but by ourselves; a main dark night it was too! but we hadn't bad sport, considering."

"Did you — did you meet any one else between this and Hurst Castle?"

"Well, no, ma'am," said the old man, with a low chuckle. "It ain't a place where one meets many people, I reckon. Besides the ducks, a heron or two was about the strangest visitors we saw last night. Now, miss, here we are at the beach; you go straight up there, and you'll find the castle just the other side. When you come back, please shape your course for that black stump you see sticking up there; tide's falling, and we sha'n't be able to bide where we are now, but we will meet you there."

Lightly touching the old man's arm, Pauline jumped from the boat, and rapidly ascending the sloping head, found herself, on gaining the top, close by a one-storied, whitewashed cottage, in a little bit of reclaimed land, half garden, half yard, in which was a man in his shirt-sleeves washing vegetables, with a big black retriever dog lying at his feet. Accosting him, Pauline learned that the house was the telegraph station, whence the names of the outgoing and incoming ships are telegraphed to Lloyd's for the information of their owners. In the course of further conversation, the man said that the "Massilia" had anchored there during the night, had got her steam up and was off by daybreak: he took watch and watch with his comrade, and he turned out just in time to see her start.

Pauline thanked him, and returned to the boat; but she did not speak to the old man on her return passage, and when she reached the fly which was waiting for her, she threw herself into a corner, and remained buried in thought until she was deposited at the station.

A few minutes after, the train bound for Weymouth arrived. Through confusion, similar to that of the morning, she hurried along, criticising the passengers on the platform and in the carriages, and with the same vain result. The train proceeded on its way, and Pauline walked towards the hotel with the intention of getting some refreshment, which she needed. Suddenly, she paused, reeled, and would have fallen, had she not leaned against a wall for support. A thought like an arrow had passed through her brain — a thought which found its utterance in these words: —

"It is a trick, a vile trick from first to last! He has deceived me — he never intended to meet me, to take me to Weymouth or to Guernsey! It was merely a trick to keep me occupied and to put me off while he rejoined that woman!"

THE MEN IN THE IRON MASKS.

THE veiled prophet of Khorassan was a person of considerable interest only as long as it was impossible to make any thing out of him. The first individual to whom he condescended to show his face was disgusted with his ugliness. The first lady who saw it fainted with affright. As soon as it was clearly ascertained that he was an ugly personage his fortunes fell, and nobody cared a fig for the once interesting Mokanna.

There is another nut to crack for the curious in that thing which *has* a name called "Junius." If it were once thoroughly settled who that pseudonymic shadow was, not a soul would continue to take the slightest concern in him or his history. Dozens of men daily write as well as Junius wrote. It is not any extraordinary merit in his style, nor any especially brilliant quality in his method or manner, in his imagination or expression, that has kept his name alive. He was, after all, a cowardly ruffian, whoever he may have been. Guy Fawkes, under the name of Mr. Johnson, preparing a train to blow up king, lords, and commons, — not forgetting means for Mr. Johnson's escape, — was a hero compared with Junius. The latter assailed his enemies (men, at all events, whom he hated) from an ambush which could never be detected. If Francis and Junius were identical, then Francis was the most ungrateful rascal that ever lived, for Junius stabs with greatest fury at men to whom Francis was indebted for the most important acts of kindness. Junius remains veiled, and thence arises all modern interest in him. Were his identity established beyond all question, human interest in him would be extinguished, at once and forever.

These matters were passing through our perfectly ingenuous mind, when, happening to open that part of the "Journal de Barbier" which comes under the head of "Chronique du Regne de Louis XV.," our acute eye fell upon the opening passage in the record for August, 1748. The passage is to this effect: "In the beginning of this month a state prisoner arrived in the Bastile, in a carriage, escorted by fifty men. It came from Strasburg, which city it left under a guard of two hundred men." Barbier goes on to say, that the general report in Paris identified the mysterious prisoner with the Chevalier de Guise. This de Guise was a young villain of two and twenty years of age, and colonel of a regiment in the army, commanded by Marshal Saxe. The marshal had discovered that his colonel-chevalier was in treasonable correspondence with the queen of Hungary and her generals, to whom the recreant Frenchman had been conveying information of the proceedings and intentions of the marshal, as far as they could be penetrated. De Guise had certainly been arrested, and, as was not uncommon with state prisoners, nothing more was heard of him. The Parisians were soon set guessing again. The unknown prisoner could be no other, they thought, than the Marquis de Pont, whose offence was comprised under the phrase, "Il a fait plusieurs extravagances à l'armée." De Guise or de Pont, the question was never solved. Who the prisoner was, or what became of him, was never explained. He may have been one of the few who were enlarged when, more than forty years later, the Bastile closed the last chapter of its history.

Now, this circumstance of mystery and the Bastile brought back to our mind that old story of the Man in the Iron Mask. What a romantic and interesting personage he is! What books have been and will continue to be written about him! And how all the interest would collapse if we only knew for certain who he was! He? *Man* in the iron mask? We should say *they* — *men* in the iron *masks*. There are above a score of claimants to the distinction of having worn the so-called *iron* mask. Half a dozen writers have prided themselves in having discovered the real hero. Each has his favorite. Each looks down with ineffable pity upon the supposed proofs of identification brought forward on behalf of any poor wretch but the pet one of the especial writer. Each writes his story, and swears to the truth of it. As we close narrative after narrative, the new London slang phrase seems to strike upon the ear, of "Stick to it! says Baigent."

It was easy to make out stories for prisoners of whom nothing was really known. In 1722, Barbier recorded the death in the Bastile of the "father of the captives;" that is the oldest, or *doyen*, of the prisoners. Thirty-five years had the nameless man been within those gloomy walls. He was originally suspected of being suspicious. It was thought that he might have some idea of poisoning the minister of war, M. de Louvois, who died in 1691. When arrested he was in the dress of a Jacobin friar. There was no shadow of proof against him. It was said he spoke such a jargon that no one of the king's interpreters of any known language, spoken or unspoken, could understand a single word of what he uttered; consequently, the public were told, that it was impossible to discover his name, his nationality, or the reason for his appearing in the Jacobin garb. All which, it appears, was a good reason for burying him alive during five and thirty years in the Bastile. Books, pen, ink, and paper, were all kept from him. What could an incomprehensible man want with such trifles? For thirty and five years the nameless man sat and thought. To what home did his thoughts tend? In what home were thoughts and tears springing for him? Speech dared not be uttered in behalf of such a victim. When a

man was suddenly seized and shut up, about whom the government desired that the outer world should know nothing, a fictitious story was made, and the family of the poor wretch were forbidden to make inquiry after him. Indeed, the government desire to avoid discussion in such affairs went much farther than this. There was a horrible conciseness in the official declaration — generally coming from the king himself — as to how the prisoner, whom it was not expedient to slay, was to be preserved, dead-alive. There was nothing of the circumlocution office in it. Fancy Louis XIV., that most Christian majesty, rising from his golden bed or from a gorgeous banquet, turning from the most exquisite of earthly pleasures, to pen a little order for the perpetual imprisonment of some obnoxious individual, ending with the awful words, "Take especial care that the world hears nothing more of this man!"

When we ask for the man in the iron mask, we find ourselves in the middle of a circle, consisting of about two dozen gentlemen in sad-colored suits. Each has his face concealed beneath a velvet mask on steel springs (*the* mask was not of iron, at all). Each puts his hand on his heart, bows gravely, and, to whichever side we turn, we hear from the half-hidden lips a murmur which says, or which seems to say, "I am the genuine personage, and all others are counterfeits."

How can we deal with such a group of solemn individuals? If only one be genuine, must all the rest necessarily be impostors? Let us eliminate the "supers" in this dramatic group. They are men without names. They have no supporters. We request all such to break up the circle, and to leave the room. They withdraw slowly, with a disappointed air. They *have* suffered, but cannot be famous. They are not eligible for martyrdom; obscurity inwraps them. When they have glided away beyond vision, we are somewhat relieved at finding that there remain only six or seven claimants to the honor of having been the heroes of an impenetrable mystery, and of having worn a mask which has hitherto been impenetrable to the most persistent and ingenious curiosity.

Still, here are some half-dozen claimants, and there is only one alleged hero or martyr. Each of these has had his advocate or champion, who has been proud to speak of his client as Serj. Ballantyne spoke of "the Claimant," namely, "The gentleman whom I represent." "Well," we say to these claimants in masks, "gentlemen, we will take you one at a time. While we are treating with one, the others must remain out of court." There is a murmur of not a very cordial assent; but all the masked individuals rise from their chairs, bow silently, in token of accepting the arrangement proposed, and wait to see who is to be under examination the first. Each has his foot forward, his head slightly bent, and his hand on the back of his chair, as if he expected to be summoned to remain, and as if he had a right to the distinction of enjoying precedency over the others. We are perplexed. The masks are silent.

We examine them keenly. We would fain take the most interesting first. We are forced to take our chance. We adopt selection so far as to point to a personage of gallant bearing, despite apparent feebleness. He resumes his seat, with a proud and conscious air, as if nothing had happened but what he might expect in regard to the urgency of his claims. The rest look on for a moment, with an air of jealousy at the favor he has found; and they shake their masks and their heads in silent derision of his pretensions. But he waves his hand to them, as if he had been accustomed to wave it in princely courts; and uttering a "Stand all apart!" as Edmund Kean used to utter it when you first saw him seated on the throne as Richard III., the same consequence followed. All, thus peremptorily bidden, glide away into outward darkness, till their presence, simultaneously, or one after the other, may be again required on the stage.

The mask flung himself back in his chair: he became perfectly easy, and fell into such loquacious details, that in a very short space of time we learned from him that he was an illegitimate son of Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII.; that his birth was known to Cardinal Richelieu; that his half-brother, Louis XIV., became aware of the fact just after his accession, and that the young king had shut him up for life, and clapped the famous mask upon him, to keep him out of mischief and of the knowledge of the world at large. At this juncture, and as the rather shadowy personage was uttering the names of one or two persons who believed in his claim, another mask, who had indiscreetly entered the room without being summoned, lounged up to the chair where the protoclaimant was seated, and very rudely exclaimed, "It's all a cock-and-bull story! *You* a son of Anne of Austria? I am a son of Anne of Austria, legitimate twin-brother of Louis XIV., born before him, but unjustly deprived of all my rights of primogeniture, and shut up for life, that the handsome twin might reign." Saying this, the mask sat down in the lap of the other pretender, who, faintly remarking that the Duke of Buckingham was his father, seemed to evaporate altogether. "There was nothing substantial in him," said the second claimant. "The real fact is as I have stated; and I was privily put aside in order that my younger brother might reign." We thought this story even lamer than that of the former claimant. "It is believed in, however," he remarked, "by eminent persons, writers of historical romance, romantic history, novels, and melodramas." When we asked if he would swear to the details, he exclaimed, "Oh, there you are at your swearing!" — and the chair was suddenly empty.

There stood, however, at its side, quite as suddenly, the third claimant. He was even more assured in his bearing than the two who had preceded him. "You know me, of course," was his remark. Our rejoinder was that we could not possibly recognize a face with a mask over it. "True," he exclaimed; "but I am the Comte de Vermandois;" and he added a "*Voilà*," as if the whole question was settled. We were silent. He resumed, with some petulance in his voice, as if he resented being doubted: "Mademoiselle de la Vallière was my mother. Read the 'Mémoires sécrètes pour servir à l'histoire de Perse.' *Perse*, you know, means Paris. Father Greffet believes in me. There is no other genuine unadulterated man in the iron mask but your humble servant. You may tell every reader of *Temple Bar* that fact. The two claimants who preceded me are impalpable shadows. They never existed. I am the first person ever described as the man in the iron mask. The pretended illegitimate son of Anne of Austria and Buckingham, and the equally pretended legitimate twin-brother of Louis XIV., were simply invented afterwards. You know that is the case."

We certainly knew that Louis de Bourbon, Comte de Vermandois, was once a real, living, historical personage, the son of La Vallière and Louis, *le grand monarque*. We know too, now, that the gallant but dissipated Vermandois, who was said to have been imprisoned and masked, by order of Louis XIV., for the alleged offence of striking the Grand Dauphin, was, throughout his life, in presence of the public, and was with the army in Flanders, where he died, in 1673. He was buried with gorgeous ceremony in the cathedral of Paris. Now, the so-called genuine iron mask died in 1703, and was buried in the cemetery of St. Paul, in Paris.

"It was a pretended funeral," said the count. "Read Pecquet. In his 'Mémoires Sécrètes,' he says I was privately seized and spirited away."

"Why, Pecquet," we replied, "was shut up in the Bastile himself, for writing those lies about you."

"And the public have believed in them. See what a price is given for the book, even now! Col. Stanley's copy sold for 2*l.* 5*s.* Of translations there were many. George Faulkner printed a pirated edition, in Dublin, in 1765."

"M. le Comte," we said, "go in peace. You have been made the dupe of an ill-contrived story. The other claimants were not even the individuals they claimed to be. You *are* Louis de Bourbon; but you are no more the masked prisoner than they are. Adieu!"

"*Enfoncé!*" exclaimed the count. "I don't believe a word of it myself!" — and he passed through the door, courteously saluted by the next who entered.

That next was the unhappy Duke of Monmouth. He had all the graces that become a man, except courage; lacking which, he was no more true man than a woman is true woman who lacks virtue. This claimant put into our hands testimony from St. Foix and others, that he was the most likely person for the honor in dispute. "But," we remarked, "you were certainly beheaded in England in 1685, and were never in a French prison in your life." The duke was about to bow, in acknowledgment of the groundlessness of his case; but he suddenly put both hands up to his head, and walked daintily away, as if he were extremely anxious to keep it on his shoulders. The figure who passed him, to take his place, had *his* hand on his hip. We recognized at once, from that action, that François de Vendôme, Duc de Beaufort, was before us. The testimony to his right to be considered the man with the iron mask — which document the duke placed in our hands — was signed by Lagrange Chancel. The argument would not hold water. This son of Cæsar de Vendôme, which Cæsar had for his parents Henri Quatre and Gabrielle d'Estrées, had courage alone, by which he was distinguished. He was not ill-looking, but he was coarse, aspired to lead public affairs without the slightest capacity for it, and was such a popularity hunter as to live in the lowest parts of Paris, where he did not disdain to sit on a post and talk politics to the people. He was once in prison at Vincennes, from which he made his escape. When Condé succeeded him in captivity, that more illustrious prisoner had a book presented to him, which was to solace him in his dreary confinement. Condé read the title, "The Imitation of Jesus Christ." "Thank you," said the audacious prince; "but I prefer imitating the Duc de Beaufort." The duke's idea of statesmanship was not unlike that of the Dey of Algiers, who boxed the ears of the French consul, and was, in consequence, the last dey that Algiers has hitherto seen. "I think," said François de Vendôme to the President Bellièvre, "we might change the face of affairs by slapping the cheek of the Duc d'Elbœuf." "And I think," rejoined the president, "that that would change nothing except the face of the duke himself." The only ground for seeing in de Beaufort the man in the iron mask is, that in the famous but unsuccessful attempt which he led in 1669 to raise the siege of Candia, where the Venetians were beleaguered by the Turks, he was slain, but his body was never recovered. For a long time his return was looked upon as a matter of course by the common people. When the story of the masked prisoner began to spread, popular reasoning jumped to the conclusion that the above grandson of Henri IV. had been spirited away from Candia and shut up for life, as the penalty of ill success.

Before we had gone through these details, the Duc de Beaufort raised his mask, swore he was killed and buried among the slain at Candia, and, replacing his hand on his hip, strode out of the room. He paused at the threshold as the next claimant was about to enter. The latter was a man, if one might judge by his gait, advanced in years. Vendôme appeared to recognize him; for he laughed aloud, clapped him on the back, and said something that might find an equivalent in the English word *humbug*.

This word, however, is not applicable to the old man. He is Avedik, Grand Patriarch of the Armenians at Constantinople. As we gaze at him with pity he makes no sign, he sets up no claim. He submits in writing what has been said of him by others, and he begs to take his leave without further exchange of words. As he disappears through the door, we turn to his story, one of the saddest on record. Avedik was of humble birth; his piety and learning raised him to the patriarchal throne. He was on terms of the truest charity with the Armenians of the Romish Church; but the court of Rome assumed then, as it does now, to have sovereign rights over every nation in the world. Englishmen must not be too prompt to pride themselves on being exempt from this tyranny. The ecclesiastical Italians exercise considerable rule among us, and aspire to more. Long ago it was said that the pope's "band" in Parliament voted according to orders conveyed by telegram from Italy. The Italian court claims temporal as well as spiritual sway; and those among us who bend to the double yoke are Englishmen, if you please, but in the first place they are Italians.

Avedik was first of all a Christian. But that was nothing to Rome or to France, whose king at the beginning of the last century was the slave of Rome, and whose Ultramontane ambassador, Ferriol, at Constantinople, was eager to fulfil any cruel order that reached him from Paris or from the Eternal City. Avedik simply asserted the rights of his own church, and modestly requested of Ferriol that the Jesuits and Roman Catholic missionaries in the East should confine themselves within the limits of the very abundant liberty which had been conceded to them. This was too audacious: Rome, France, Jesuits, and missionaries, conspired to annihilate Avedik. They conspired with such success, that the Grand Patriarch was seized in the Sultan's dominions, and flung into a French vessel, and conveyed to the prisons of Marseilles. There he was tortured, and was then secretly transferred to Mont St. Michel, in Normandy, where for about half a dozen years the shattered man could hardly see an inch of sky from the cell in which he was immured.

The complete disappearance of the Grand Patriarch caused the wildest excitement in the East. The Turks were indignant at the outrage on the law of nations, for the forcible removal of the patriarch was soon discovered; the Armenians trembled with rage and thirsted for revenge. On the other hand, the grand monarch showed himself to be the most unblushing of liars; and Ferriol, his representative at the Sublime Porte, proved himself to be worthy of his office. They lied, and they called Heaven to witness that they were speaking truth. They circulated reports of Avedik being seen in Asia, in Malta, in Spain. Those wicked English had, no doubt, kidnapped him. Those equally wicked Dutch had most probably carried him off for some villanous purpose or another. The patriarch's friends went over half the world in search of him; but they were watched by Jesuit police whithersoever they went, and nothing was heard of the poor victim of the French and Italian courts.

In his prison on Mont St. Michel, Avedik had not even the exercise of speech. No one could understand him. He could only attempt to communicate by signs, and that only once a day, when the chief keeper brought him his food. He was tortured in body and in soul year after year. At length a monk who could speak his language was introduced to his cell, to instruct him in true religion. The poor patriarch, for the sake of breathing fresh air, yielded. He was ordained a Roman Catholic priest, and was allowed to reside in Paris, near the church of St. Surplice, to which he was nominally attached, and to which he might be seen daily wending his painful way to attend at the celebration of mass.

Then that very august and never-surpassed liar, his Most Christian Majesty, published the expression of his delight. A stranger, who had somehow found his unlucky way into Mont St. Michel, had, after trying for half a dozen years, succeeded in making himself understood; and who should he prove to be but the unaccountably lost patriarch! But, better still, his captivity had worked grace in him. He had embraced the orthodox faith, and the most Christian of kings, with a promptitude to be found in no heart but that of such a Christian and such a king, had immediately restored him to liberty, &c., &c., &c. The poor ex-patriarch, whose adoption of Romanism prevented his return to his *old* people, if he could have found funds for the journey, was in a very few months carried to his grave.

Avedik's claims to be the mysterious hero of the iron mask, unfounded as they are, are more reasonable than those put forward for Fouquet and Lauzun. We dismiss the pair without further interview. The first fell from the very highest position, — one which was almost equal to that of the king, Louis XIV., in grandeur, luxury, licentiousness and power. His long captivity was borne with dignified philosophy and wilf patient piety. His mother gloried in his fall, as she was sure his great consequent gain would

be heaven. Lauzun was a profligate rascal. He was profligate when poor, profligate when rich. Profligacy was his nature: no deep affliction could work the good in him which it did in Fouquet. Treason had brought the one, a disregard of court rules, a general contemptuous impudence employed against royal wishes, had brought the other, into the same prison at Pignerol. There is no secret about their career: every day can be accounted for; and the only cause for wonder is, that any one ever cast either of them to play the part of the man in the iron mask.

"The man in the iron mask!" exclaims the last of our claimant guests, as he advances to where we await him. "*Ecce! Adsum!* I am he, and my name and title — Count Matthioli!" We looked at this claimant, and thought him marvellously like the thing he claimed to be. He began his story; and, as we listened, we could not help now and then murmuring, "The real Simon Pure at last!" Nevertheless, we would not commit ourselves. This is the substance of Matthioli's story. It is all true. Does it not set at rest the question of identity?

Count Matthioli was born in Italy in the year 1640. He was a member of a family which had produced brave soldiers, ripe scholars, astute diplomatists. Their reputation and his own wits formed all the count's patrimony. All that he needed in addition was opportunity. For this he waited; and, when he found it, seized it. Audacious, clever, ostentatious, he hung about courts till a man was wanted who possessed qualities for transacting secret business between princes, and who would not be suspected of being an agent at all.

Just cast your eye on the map. Look at Pignerol. You see that whoever holds it holds the way into Savoy. Louis XIV. held the place, and therefore held that way also. Now look at that other strong position, Casale. It is the key of the road into Milan. Louis XIV., coveting Milan, wished to purchase the key rather than go to war for it. Casale belonged to the Duke of Mantua; Matthioli was commissioned to negotiate with the duke for the sale of that stronghold; and the Duke of Mantua, being an imbecile, was overcome by the plausibility of the French king's agent, and undertook to sell the place without much haggling for the price of it. The negotiation was kept secret, but Matthioli was amply rewarded. He dined and danced at Versailles, enjoyed every sort of delight which Paris liberally gives to all who liberally pay for it, and then, not being wanted further, and, perhaps, because his loquacity was not to the taste of his employers, he was invited to withdraw. At all events, voluntarily or not, Matthioli returned to Savoy, and made journeys into Italy. Whether he was dissatisfied with the acknowledgment of his services made by the king of France, or whether his garrulity was uncontrollable, he soon communicated to the king's enemies the fact that Louis XIV. was about to be master of the road into Italy, as well as into Savoy, and could make use of it whenever it suited his convenience, his caprice, his vengeance, or his ill-temper at having nothing better to do. When this betrayal of his confidence became known to the grand monarch, he was less desirous to seize his neighbor's territory than he was to seize Matthioli. The count was unsuspicious, and, moreover, he was in a foreign State; but he was secretly arrested, nevertheless, — violation of foreign territory was nothing to the French king, — and in May, 1679, the great Catinat, who was often employed to catch very small birds, and liked the sport, kidnapped Matthioli on the territory of Savoy, and carried him to Pignerol, where he was made a close prisoner. "No one knows the name of this rascal," said Catinat, "not even the officers who helped to arrest him." Provisionally, the count was called by the name of Lestang. At the foot of the royal warrant for his perpetual imprisonment were the words, in Louis's own hand, "Let no human being ever know what has become of this man." Father, mother, wife, friends, — they only knew he had disappeared. They could not tell whether he were dead or alive They themselves were dead, when he was still enduring death in life. *Tristius leto leti genus.*

In the correspondence between St. Mars, the cautious governor of Pignerol, and the minister Louvois, Matthioli is almost invariably called by his real name. He had a servant with him, but his captivity was rendered almost intolerable by great and petty tyranny. His least suffering was in wearing the velvet mask. How his reason was preserved is in itself marvellous. He was tortured mentally, if not bodily, in his living tomb. He must have desired death, but he was not allowed to die. Attempt to communicate with the world without only brought fresh horrors as its penalty. If we may believe M. Loiseleur, who has ransacked the French archives to find a solution to this question, Matthioli remained at Pignerol till 1693. After that date, his name, or the name assigned to him, never occurs in any State document whatever. The last mention made of him is in a letter from Louvois to Lapirade, who had succeeded to the post once held by St. Mars, as governor at Pignerol, in 1681, in which year St. Mars was made governor of Exilles. The mention here made is as of a man who is dead: "You have only to burn what remains of the little pieces of pockets on which Matthioli and his man have written, and which you found in the lining of their vests, in which they had concealed them." This refers to one of the many attempts made to convey information beyond the gloomy prison, as to the presence there of a captive whom King Louis had condemned to be buried alive, out of the world's sight and knowledge, forever. From the date of the official letter referring to the above attempt, the name of Matthioli, all allusion to his case, entirely cease. The inference is that in that year he died.

"And M. Marius Topin," remarked our guest, "to say nothing of M. Roux, M. Delort, and Milor George Agar Ellis" —

"Lord Dover, you mean. He was *Mr.* Ellis when he wrote about you."

"Very good; and he did it with an air as if *he* had been the first to discover that *I* was the real homme au masque de fer. But M. Topin has been more busy about me than anybody else. Be good enough to recall what he has to say as to my having died in 1693."

"M. Topin cannot deny that all notice of you ceases at that date; but here is his theory. Let it be stated in general terms.

"Matthioli was shut up in Pignerol in 1679. He was removed thence, in 1694, to the isles of Ste. Marguerite and St. Honorat, whither M. de St. Mars had been transferred as governor from the Exilles. In 1697 St. Mars was promoted to the governorship of Bastille, and he took with him a prisoner only known as 'the old prisoner from Pignerol.' This captive, who was masked, at least in the presence of any person but St. Mars, died in 1703. He was buried in the neighboring churchyard of St. Paul, where the dust of Rabelais lay, then undisturbed. The certificate of his burial gave his name as *Marchialy*, and his age 'seemingly about forty-five.' Now, in 1703, Matthioli was sixty-three years of age."

"But you know how careless the French are in spelling names, especially the names of foreigners. Marchialy is nearer to Matthioli than many foreign names are to the proper orthography of them; and as for calling me 'seemingly about forty-five,' when I was really sixty-three, did you ever know a Frenchman or French woman, of over threescore who would not, with the utmost alacrity, describe themselves as four or five and forty? If they have no difficulty in thus disregarding their own ages, do you suppose they would have any delicacy in misrepresenting that of other people, particularly of foreigners?"

We could not help smiling at this ingenious way of putting the argument, which has a one-sided sort of truth in it. Our visitor manifested some uneasiness. He confessedly had hoped that his claim would be established; and at one moment M. Topin, with his cart-load of documents, seemed to be very near it; but then came M. Loiseleur, with other documents to show that Matthioli was at Pignerol from 1679 to 1693, and that much about him between those dates, and all about him after the later one, is mere conjecture.

"Do you mean to say that there never was a man in the iron mask at all?"

"Far from it; but"—

"But? Can you cite one who has better claim than myself?"

"Perhaps. Listen. In the year 1687,—in which year both M. Topin and M. Loiseleur agree that you were still immured in the dungeon at Pignerol,—St. Mars quitted his post at Exilles, to assume the governorship of the islands of St. Marguerite and Honorat (with the castle, including the prison), in the Gulf of Provence. There went with the governor a state prisoner. The official commands to St. Mars were, that the prisoner should be guarded, that he should never be seen or heard by persons on the road, and that even those who had him in custody should never see his face. Accordingly, he was conveyed from Exilles (on the frontier of Piedmont) to the islands in the Gulf of Provence, in a litter hung on wheels and consisting only of oil-cloth. A man might as well try to look through a milestone as through such a substance. The oil-cloth perhaps rather covered the litter than formed it. However this may be, neither door nor window was visible to passers-by. In the roof alone there was a small square opening, by which the occupant might be the better enabled just to breathe a little. Every man on the route who saw it go by, closely guarded, knew that it contained the *justice du roi*, which was much worse than English 'justices' justice.' They shuddered, crossed themselves, wondered, made absurd guesses, passed on their way, and soon forgot all about it. At a brief halt at an inn for moderate refreshment, the prisoner was conveyed to a room surrounded by guards. He sat at table with St. Mars only, and he retained his mask while taking his short repast, lest any one suddenly entering should get a sight of his face. Eating with the mask on was easy, the steel springs enabling the wearer to perform that function. If, however, the wearer had opened his mouth to speak instead of eat, he would, if he were a state prisoner of the first importance, have done so at the peril of his life. This prisoner may have been 'the old prisoner from Pignerol,' or 'the old prisoner from Provence,' who went with St. Mars to the Bastile. Some men who saw the litter pass, conjectured that the tenant of it might be the Duc de Beaufort, which was an absurd conjecture. Others guessed at a son of Cromwell, which was more absurd still. Long after human curiosity concerned itself about this mysterious prisoner, kept in the strictest confinement by St. Mars, human conjecture was quite as busy. The first guesses ever made as to his identity were the two named above. They were the first seeds, out of which the legend has so grown that many volumes cannot contain it, for it still spreads, and seems to defy being checked. Moreover, the prisoner whom the guessing public took for Beaufort, or for a son of Cromwell, is spoken of in a ministerial despatch, A.D. 1691, as the prisoner who had been under the guard of St. Mars for twenty years; that is, since 1671. Now, count," we said with emphasis to our silent friend, "you were not arrested till 1679; and when that despatch was written, you were at Pignerol, and the mysterious prisoner was still with St. Mars in the Gulf of Provence."

"We were, at all events, in the Bastille together when St. Mars became governor, towards the close of the century."

"That may be, but there is no proof of the alleged fact. You disappear from official notice altogether in 1693. A mysterious prisoner, named Marchialy, died in the Bastile in 1703. That is all we know, and all that we are ever likely to know; and there rests the famous legend. M. Topin still identifies you with Marchiali; but M. Loiseleur has demonstrated that the argument has no ground to stand on."

The claimant left the room with some demonstration of disgust.

But this is really the condition to which the legend has come. It was born of the fact that a prisoner was, for some reason or other, masked. The last known to be so was the one who died in 1703. M. Loiseleur thinks that on the last have been accumulated all the ideas that sprang from similar incidents, just as the legend of William Tell grew out of a succession of corresponding stories in various countries, the earliest of which is as remote as the third century. M. Baring Gould has followed other writers in showing how the legend of William Tell took root in Switzerland, after it had flourished in various distant lands; but he failed to record that the incident is among the old romantic histories of Scotland, and that in the days of King Malcolm Canmore, a chief in Braemar, named M'Leod, acquired the second name of Hardy, from performing the feat which has now become the exclusive property of Switzerland, in the person of the imaginary hero, William Tell.

As an illustration of the care with which certain prisoners in the Bastille were kept from the sight of a single individual not belonging to the prison, there is no better illustration than the following. Many years ago a surgeon, bearing the now honored name of Nélaton, used to frequent the *Café Procope*. One of his many stories was to the effect that when he was chief assistant to a surgeon, close to the Porte St. Antoine, he was once sent to the Bastille to bleed a prisoner who had been taken ill. The governor took him into a room where the patient was seated; but the head of the latter was entirely covered by a napkin, which was fastened by a knot at the back of the neck. For an apoplectic patient the napkin treatment was the very worst that could have been adopted. But secrecy was the chief object. A prisoner, however, even though condemned to *secret absolu*, needed air; and it was then that the velvet mask was worn, that he might not be recognized while taking exercise. The napkin was certainly a ruder way of hiding a man's features; but this way was adopted on a sudden emergency, and perhaps after the disuse of the velvet vizor, which has given rise to such a large number of men in iron masks.

POOR JAMES WYMPER.

WHEN he was a child they called him "poor little James." He wasn't little, and he wasn't poor, so far as worldly goods went; nor did those who called him "poor" use the word in kindness towards the motherless, neglected boy. He had red eyelids. No power could brush his hair smooth, or keep the knees of his trousers clean. He had a wonderful faculty for cutting his fingers, and wrapping them up in unpleasant-looking rags. He always had a cold in his head. At the age of twelve he could barely read two syllables. His only use in the world appeared to be to serve as an awful example to naughty boys, who would play with knives, and disliked soap and water; and for this purpose he was used pretty freely. They sent him to a big school, where he did nothing but get bullied; and when his father died, and left him very poor in a new sense of the word, the distant relative who took him in charge, out of charity, could find no better employment for him than to sweep out the office and run of errands. By this time he had ceased to be "poor little James," and became poor James Wymper.

He could do nothing good of himself, and by some curious perversity set himself to undo the good others had done. He had a craze for taking things to pieces, by no means equalled by his capacity to put them together again. He complained that they did not give him time, and declared that, this granted, the condition of the victims of his handiwork would be improved. Be this as it might be, every piece of mechanism that fell in his way, from his cousin's sewing-machine to the great hydraulic press at his protector's works, was made to suffer.

He had a fatal aptitude for being always in the way. He seemed to be all elbows. He could not move ten steps, to save his life, without treading upon some one's toes, or upsetting something. When you spoke to him, he was always in a fog. "The boy is half an idiot," groaned the worthy cotton-spinner, whose bread he ate.

At the age of eighteen he had made only two friends in the world, a blacksmith and a cat,—an evil-minded black

tom, who swore at every one else, and bit savagely when any one attempted to put him through the tricks which poor James Wymper had taught him. Amateur hammering at the forge did not improve untidy Jim's appearance; and his cat — not being in a show — did not increase his income. He ran errands for his cousin like a boy, when he had attained man's estate, until one day when he ran one for himself — and did not come back again.

Fears were entertained that he had come to a bad end. The police were put in motion, and rewards offered; but his friend the blacksmith, upon being pressed, said that he had gone to "Mereker," — cat and all.

I do not think that his relations were broken-hearted. I fancy that good Mr. Bryce the cotton-spinner was rather glad to be rid of his wife's cousin, the errand-boy. His wife, who was not unkind to the forlorn lad in a way of her own, — a very cold way it was, — sighed several times *apropos* of nothing, and murmured, "Poor James Wymper!"

Five years passed, and Mrs. Bryce was left a widow, by no means so well provided for as she expected to be. Moreover, there was a lawsuit about the will, and a squabble in the winding-up of the partnership. She was glad to "get shut," as her defunct lord would have said, of Manchester; and seeing an advertisement to the effect that a widow lady, having a house too large for her, pleasantly situated on the Thames near Maidenhead, was prepared to share it with just such a person as herself, transported herself thither, after a due exchange of references and such-like formalities, and found no reason to regret what she had done.

The other widow does not figure much in this story; and therefore it will be enough to say that she was a quiet, lady-like woman, rather afraid of her partner in housekeeping, with a daughter, aged eighteen, who ruled the pair, and made the place very pleasant.

Bessy Jervoice was not pretty. Besides her eyes she had not a good feature in her face; but it was a *good* face, — earnest and loving, with a sub-current of fun running under it (as the stream runs under the water-lilies), and rippling out constantly. Her figure and her hair were simply perfection. Her little thoroughbred hands were ever busy, and the patter of her dainty feet was pleasant music in many a poor cottage.

Things went on very smoothly at the river-side villa until one rainy day, when, without a "with your leave," or "by your leave," or letter, or telegram, or message, or any other sort of preparation, in marches poor James Wymper, dripping with rain, and splashed with mud up to his hat!

"If you please, Cousin Margaret, I've come back," he said, subsiding in his old low-spirited way into an amber-satin drawing-room chair, which in two minutes he soaked through and through.

That was all. No excuse, no petition; a simple announcement that he had come back, conveyed in a manner which made it sufficiently clear that he intended to remain. "If you please, Cousin Margaret, I've come back." Not another word did he say, and relapsed into thinking of something else, as usual.

Interrogated respecting his luggage, he replied that it was on the hall-table; and there, sure enough, was found a sodden bundle, containing a soiled flannel shirt, a pair of slippers, two pipes, a cloth cap without a peak, and a sailor's knife. In answer to further inquiries, he stated that his means were eightpence, that he had been living in America, that he had walked from Liverpool, and that he wanted something to eat. When dried and fed, and asked what he was going to do, he said, "Whatever you please;" and, appearing to consider that all difficulty was thus disposed of, he went to sleep.

Poor Mrs. Bryce was at her wits' end. Ordinary hints were thrown away upon such a man. When she said she supposed he was going on to London, he replied, Oh dear, no! he had come from London. When she told him she was only a lodger in the house, he observed that it was a very nice house to lodge in. I have said that she was kind to him in her way when he was an errand-boy, and somehow she could not be hard upon him now. There was something half ludicrous, half melancholy, in his helplessness, that disarmed them all. Bessy declared him to be the largest baby she had ever seen; persisted in speaking of him as *it*, and scandalized the matrons by inquiring gravely, after tea, which of them was going to put *it* to bed.

"It's rather unkind for you to jest so, Bessy," said poor Mrs. Bryce, "when you see how distressed I am. What on earth am I to do?"

"I suppose it's too old for the Foundling?" mused Bessy.

"Bessy, be quiet!" said her mother.

"You dear old darling," said the pert one afterwards, "don't you see that *we* cannot treat this thing seriously without making it doubly painful for dear Mrs. Bryce? It will all come right in the end."

"Yes, my dear; but when is the end to begin?"

It was to begin by special arrangement the next day, after breakfast; when the following conversation took place: —

"Now, James," said his cousin, "we shall not be interrupted for some time, and you must really give me your serious attention."

"Yes, Cousin Margaret."

"You see, James, you are a man now, and must act and be treated — do you understand? — *treated*, like other people."

"That's just what I want to be."

"Well, then, I must tell you frankly, that I am much annoyed by your coming here as you did."

"It wasn't my fault that it rained, Cousin Margaret. I wish it hadn't," he replied piteously.

"I'm not speaking of your coming in wet, and spoiling the chairs, sir: I am much annoyed at your coming here at all."

The good widow thought that she would get on best by being angry; but it was no use.

"Where else was I to go to?" he asked.

"How you found me out, I cannot think," sighed the victim. The observation was an unlucky one.

"Ah, ha!" he chuckled: "you thought I was a stupid, did you?"

And then followed a long, weary story of how, passing through Manchester, he had seen this person, and spoken to that, and obtained the clew by which he had hunted his listener down. What made it more provoking was the credit he took for this cleverness. He warmed to his subject as he went on, and finished with the air of a man who had rendered an important service, and expected to have it promptly recognized.

This threw his victim's cut-and-dried speeches off the line.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" she cried. "It doesn't matter how you found me out: you *have* done so. The question is, What am I to do with you, now you're here? What *am* I to do with you?"

"I don't know, Cousin Margaret."

"You don't know! A pretty answer for a man of five or six and twenty. Now look here, James Wymper. I should like to do something for you, for your poor mother's sake, but I cannot; and — and you have no *right* to thrust yourself upon me like this, and — and — are you attending to me, James Wymper?"

"Yes, Cousin Margaret," he replied with a jerk, coming suddenly out of his fog.

"What was I saying?"

"That you would like to do something for me, for my poor mother's sake."

"That was only half what I said, sir. How dare you pick out my words like that! I went on to say that I couldn't do any thing for you; and I can't. I've not the means. I'm very poor; I can hardly manage for myself. My husband left me very badly off."

"Did he leave me any thing?"

"You! after your conduct — running away, and frightening us as you did? Is it likely?"

"I know it was wrong to run away, Cousin Margaret; but, you see, I've come back again," he said with the utmost gravity.

This was conclusive. For the last half-hour she had been trying to din into his head that he had no business to come back; and here he was, taking credit for having returned, as an act which was to cancel all the offences of his youth! Perceiving that his reply had troubled her, he proceeded to promise upon his word of honor that he would never, *never* run away again. What was to be done with such a man? Talking was clearly useless. One of two courses only remained, — to endure him, or call a policeman and turn him out, neck and crop.

Mrs. Bryce did not call a policeman.

The conduct of poor James Wymper during the next two or three days was what, in another man, would have roused the indignation of all concerned by its almost sublime audacity. The proceedings of Mr. Charles Mathews in "Cool as a Cucumber" are timid and retiring in comparison with those of Mrs. Jervoice's unwelcome guest. If the house and all it contained had belonged to him, and its inhabitants were dependents upon his bounty, he could not have behaved more freely; and all this with an air of innocence which utterly disarmed opposition.

"Oh, never mind me!" was his refrain: "I don't want to trouble anybody. I'll do it all for myself. *I'm* all right. You let me alone and see."

His first great exploit was to precipitate himself upon a washing and wringing machine which he found, out of order and disused, in a cellar; and whether he had improved in dexterity, or sufficient time was granted him for the realization of his ideas, need not be discussed here. The result was satisfactory. Not only did he put the thing into working order, but he worked it himself, to the intense delight of Bessy and consternation of the cook.

Many other useful things he did. He made a wind-mill which pumped water up to the top of the house, and saved the sixpence a day which had been paid to a boy for this labor. He mended an old boat there was, and took Bessy out for rows on the river. He became that young lady's right-hand man in her garden. Before a month was over, not only had Cousin Margaret become quite resigned to have him on her hands, but Mrs. Jervoice refused to accept any remuneration for his board and lodging, declaring that he was well worth his keep. It was something, you see, for these lone women to have a man about the house who could and would put his hand to this and that. He did not cut his fingers now.

Before this satisfactory condition of affairs had been arrived at, tailor and hosier had been set to work, and really, poor James Wymper brightened up wonderfully in appearance under their hands. If his head had not been so big, and his elbows and knees so uncomfortably conspicuous, he would not have been a bad-looking man. He was evidently a good-hearted one. He would do any thing in his power, poor fellow, for any one; was, in fact, rather too active sometimes, when he had been longer than usual in one of his fogs, on which occasions he would labor like an amiable bull in a china shop, and cause some consternation. Of course he made friends with the nearest blacksmith.

In the early days, when he had not ceased to be considered a nuisance, and an intruder, Bessy had stood his friend. One always takes an interest in those one befriends, and Bessy took a great interest in poor James Wymper — drawing him out, encouraging him, and defending him against practical jokes; but as time passed, this young person's feelings towards him appeared to undergo a change. Instead of praising what he did, and encouraging him to farther exertion, she found fault, and snubbed him. She ceased to make fun of him as "it." and had a store of little bitter disparaging remarks — about his dependence, his want of self-respect, and so on — ready to shoot at him. "I think you are too severe on poor James Wymper," Mrs. Jervoice would say: "he is really very willing, and one must not expect too much of him, poor fellow."

If another man had done what he did, he would not have been damned with such faint praise; but he was only "poor James Wymper;" and, like the proverbial prophet, had little credit in his own country.

One morning was marked with an unusual event, — poor James Wymper received a letter with American stamps on it.

Amongst the visitors at Willow Bank — the Thames-side villa of Mrs. Jervoice — was a certain Mr. Augustus Bailey, a young gentleman of pleasing and varied accomplishments. He could sing you music-hall songs nearly as well as the "great comiques," his masters. He could imitate most celebrated actors, and was a mighty punster. For the better exhibition of such talents a butt was indispensable, and he found one ready made in poor James Wymper. It is needless to observe that poor James Wymper did not love Mr. Augustus Bailey; but it was curious that a usually amiable girl like Bessy Jervoice should encourage the latter in sallies which were often as ungenerous as they were insolent.

"I want you to put my sewing-machine in good order, Mr. Wymper," said Bessy one day; "and mind it works smoothly, for I've got to make a dress in a hurry."

"What for?" asked he.

"A picnic."

"What's a picnic?"

"Don't tease."

"Very well." And he set to work on the sewing-machine.

Bessy took a seat beside him, and, mollified by his obedience, condescended to explain the rites and mysteries of a picnic. This one was got up by Mr. Augustus Bailey; and — as she narrated — it was "Mr. Bailey will provide" this, and "Mr. Bailey thinks" that; until the workman threw down his screw-driver in a passion, and exclaimed, "Confound Mr. Bailey!" Bessy was astonished. She got as far as, "Why, you're not jeal" — when she became very red, and checked herself.

"I'm not what?" asked poor James Wymper.

"You're not so stupid as you try to make out, sir."

"That's not what you were going to say."

"How do you know?"

"You said, 'You are not jel' — something."

"Not jelly then, or salt, or sugar, that you should melt in a shower," she replied. The last-quoted opinion of the great Augustus had been that it was sure to rain, and so this observation of Miss Bessy was not as inappropriate as it may at first appear. But why should she have blushed so? And if she had really intended to tell him he was not jelly, why did she not go on and say it? Besides, he had not confounded Mr. Bailey because that authority had predicted rain, and Miss Bessy knew so. She flattered herself that she had got very cleverly out of a difficulty, and the blush changed to a smile: but she had only made bad worse. To tell a man that he will not suffer under the rain on a stated occasion naturally implies that he may be subjected to a wetting on such occasion; and —

"Oh, then I'm to go!" said poor James.

This was a poser. He had not been invited, and there was a reason why he could not be. He looked up from his work with such a happy smile on his great broad face that Bessy's heart smote her.

"Well, you see, the gentlemen are mostly friends of Mr. Bailey. We invite them, you know, but — you won't be hurt if I tell you the truth, James Wymper?"

"Does truth hurt?"

"Sometimes. The fact is, that it is customary at water picnics for the gentlemen to provide the boats and music and wine; and that costs money, you know."

"Oh! so I cannot go because I have not got money to pay my share, eh?"

"You would not like to place yourself under an obligation to Mr. Bailey and his friends, I suppose?" she said with a sneer.

"I wish you would not curl your lip so when you speak, Miss Jervoice. That *does* hurt," he said, with a low voice and bended head.

"I beg your pardon!"

"Oh, never mind! But suppose," he continued gayly, as though a bright thought had struck him, "I were to

help to row one of the boats, and arrange the dinner and hat; wouldn't they let me come?"

"I never saw such a man!" Bessy exclaimed, losing all patience. "Have you no single spark of self-respect — no dignity? Oh, how can you be so mean-spirited!"

"Work is as good as money, any day," he replied, looking her full in the face.

"Yes; if you go as a servant."

"You said just now that every one had to make himself useful at a picnic."

"It's no use arguing with you: you *will* not or can not understand."

"You don't want me to go?"

"On the contrary, I should like you to join us if" —

"If I had the money?"

"If you could go on an equality with the rest."

"Well, I've got five pounds. Is that enough?"

"Five times enough. But where on earth did you get it?"

"Sam sent it in that letter."

"And who is 'Sam,' pray?"

"My chum in Chicago."

"Don't you think it would be more proper to give the money to your cousin, who has been so liberal to you?"

"Oh, I'll pay her some day! This runs first-rate now," he said, collecting his tools. "Do let me go to the picnic. Come, now, you help me to get an invitation, and I'll make your skirt."

And, if you'll believe me, this man set to work with the machine he had just set in order, and ran seven breadths of the blue silk together as tight as wax and as straight as a rule, without missing a stitch.

As Bessy made a point of his being invited, and Mr. Augustus Bailey was her humble servant, and hoped to be something more, no difficulty arose on this point; but on another there was trouble. Some cockneys had misbehaved themselves on the meadows where it was fixed that our party should dine; and the proprietor, hardening his heart against all picnickers, had refused his permission. The outing was nearly given up, when it was discovered that a mile or two farther on there was an estate to let bordering on the river; and the great Augustus made it all right with the agent.

The next day poor James Wymper disappeared before breakfast, and did not return till night.

Where had he been? To London. What for? Why, to buy some new clothes, to be sure! Did they think he was going to let that skunk (by which term, I am sorry to say, he permitted himself to designate the elegant and highly-scented Augustus Bailey) — did they think he was going to let that skunk insult him again about his coat?

"I hope you did not think I had run away again, Cousin Margaret," he added with some anxiety.

There was nothing to find fault with in his personal appearance on the morning of the picnic, — dark green and black heather mixture suit, tie to match, black felt wide-awake, with a little mallard's feather stuck in the band.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Jervoice: "he looks quite handsome!"

During the embarkation, and the row up the river, poor James Wymper's conduct was peculiar. Instead of doing every thing for everybody, as usual, he stood apart, and ordered people about royally.

"I'm quite pleased with you to-day," whispered Bessy, as he handed her out of the boat, on the banks of the estate that was *to let*.

"Now, I say, you — er — what's your name? — you, Wymper, come and help take the hampers out!" said the great Augustus.

"Take them out yourself, you — er, Bailey!" he shouted back. "You haven't been rowing; I have;" and he strutted on to join a party of ladies, including Bessy. Bessy turned, on hearing the loud talking, and somehow got detached from her friends.

"Why are you pleased with me to-day, Miss Jervoice?" he asked, as they sauntered on together side by side through the shrubbery.

"Would you very much like to know?"

"I shouldn't have asked, unless."

"Guess, then."

"Because I've been making myself disagreeable?"

"I don't think you have been making yourself disagreeable."

"Well, then, because I haven't been making myself useful?"

"That is not the way to put it; but you are burning."

"Because I've got new clothes?"

"Nonsense! You know what I mean, or you wouldn't have answered as you did at first. Good gracious! I hope it is not going to rain."

"Tell me why," he persisted.

"Oh, don't tease!"

"All right."

As soon as he did not want to know, she, woman-like, wanted to tell him. So, in a minute or two, she began again.

"It is a great mistake to make one's self too cheap. There are some people who gain respect by being good-natured, and some people who lose it."

"Ah, I see!" he replied: "I won't be good-natured any more."

"Oh, you *are* so silly! Don't you know there is a medium in every thing? But, really, it *is* going to rain: I felt a big drop. My new blue costume will be ruined."

"Well, we can go into the house. Here it is."

The shrubbery walk was so thickly hedged that they had not seen where they were going; and at a sudden turn, there, sure enough, was the villa close at hand.

"I suppose we might stand under the veranda?" suggested Bessy; and, doubling up her skirts, she ran for it; for the rain came down with a dash, — came down with a slant, too, driven by the wind, so that the veranda gave them little shelter.

"I wonder if any of the windows" (they were French windows, opening to the ground) "are open?" said her companion, trying them.

"Oh, we mustn't go in!" said Bessy.

"Very well."

"But the splashing is spoiling my dress; don't you see? and my boots will be wet through," pleaded the inconsistent one.

"Then go in," said poor James Wymper, opening a window, "and I will run round and make it all right with the people in charge."

In ten minutes he rejoined her, saying that it *was* all right.

"What a pretty room!" she said, looking at herself in the pier-glass. (Did you ever know a girl to enter a strange room without going straight up to the glass?)

"Hum — m, yes," he replied; "but the fellow who built it was an ass. Why, you have to twist your neck to get a view of the river from these things," — with a contemptuous kick towards the French windows. "If I had it, I'd knock that veranda into a cocked hat, break out a big bow in the middle, and then it would be something like."

"Oh, you'd work wonders, I dare say!" she said, rather crossly; "only it would be as well to do something towards getting a house of your own, before you think about improving other people's."

"It *would* be nice to have a house of one's own," he said; "particularly" —

"Well, go on."

"Particularly if it had a bow window."

"James Wymper!"

"And a pretty meadow for picnics; but I suppose it would not do to give people leave to picnic on one's grounds?"

"Why not?"

"Would that not be being good-natured?"

"I did not mean that sort of good-nature."

"If I had a fine house and grounds like this, I might be good-natured then?"

"It's no use arguing with you," she replied sharply. "Is it ever going to leave off? Our picnic will be quite spoiled."

"Never mind: we'll have another soon. I dare say Sam will send me some more money."

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, James Wymper, to take money like a beggar?" she said, with flashing eyes.

"Oh, I don't take it like a beggar!"

"Yes, you do."

"No, I don't."

"A man who takes money that he does not earn, takes it like a beggar — there!"

"Who told you I take money I do not earn?"

"Of course you cannot earn it."

"Why of course?"

"What a plague you are! What do you do to earn it?"

"Nothing, now."

"What have you ever done?"

"Lots of things."

"Do you mean to say that this person you call 'Sam' really owes you money?" She came quickly to his side as she spoke, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Yes: he does."

"What for?"

"For my share of what we did at Chicago."

"That could not have been much."

"What?"

"Your share."

"Sam says it was half; Sam's generally right."

"Where is Chicago?"

"Well, now, that is good! You don't know where Chicago is, and you're clever. *I* know."

"Of course, when you've been there."

"That's true," he replied, after reflection.

"Did you really get your living there?" she asked.

"Yes, I did."

"Then go back. O James! do — *do* go back. I can't bear to see you as you are, — dependent and looked down on. Oh, do go back, and work like a man! I suppose it is because we women are so dependent, that we prize and honor independence. For me there is nothing so contemptible as a strong man who is idle and contented. Go back to Chicago. I shall be sorry to lose you, because — because I like you very much, and you have been very kind to me; but, don't you know, cannot you imagine, how happy, how glorious it must be to strive and conquer, — to stand erect before the world, owing nothing but to God and your own honest labor?"

"I can, I do!" he cried, starting up. "It *is* glorious. Do *you* know, can you imagine, what it is to have people despising you as a fool — an incapable — and yet to feel here" (he struck his massive forehead as he spoke) "that you were wronged, that you had not fair play? To feel knowledge, invention, power, coming, growing, *burning* in your brain; to see the ideas thus born forming themselves under your hands, and to KNOW that they were right and sound; to make those who came to scoff, stay to praise? For this," he added in a lower voice, "I humbly thank Almighty God, and good Sam Thacker."

Now, when Bessy Jervoice had had her say, as above recorded, and piqued by surprise and excitement, and perhaps by something else, had said more than a well-regulated young lady ought to say, she naturally sat down and cried; but, wonderstruck by the response she had evoked, — a response which grew more astonishing, more fervid, as it proceeded, — she slowly raised her eyes; and there, before her, stood a James Wymper she had never seen before. Not a *poor* James Wymper in any sense of the term.

"Forgive me," he said, taking her trembling hand, "for having played a part. It was Sam Thacker's doing. Said Sam, 'You go back a rich man amongst those cusses' (Sam is a regular Yankee), 'and they'll just crawl over you, and suck your vitals: you sham poor and stupid, and you'll soon see who's who.' Ah, Bessy, how kind you were to me at first! Am I wrong in thinking, in hoping, that what was not so kind lately was meant for my good?"

"Oh! but how unfair — how" —

"Scold me presently, but hear my story. I ran away from Manchester, because I felt dimly that I could improve and invent things if I had a chance; but I was awkward with my hands. I could not draw, I could not plan. I was not ready with my tongue: I could not explain; I got impatient when people did not understand me, and all went badly, until I fell in with Sam. Sam is the handiest fellow in the world; and as for talking, he could coax a possum out of his hole; but at first he hadn't one idea of his own. Well, we worked together, and, as we went on, I got handy and Sam inventive; and, to make a long story short, we sold two patents for fifty thousand dollars each, and we have four more, which bring in about two thousand a year in English money as royalties. I'm going to pay my share in this picnic out of that money; and it is quite true that Sam sent me the cash, because all my remittances come through him."

"I — I think," stammered astonished Bessy, "that we must not stop here any longer."

"Just a few minutes."

"They will think it so odd."

"As you please. Will you have these flowers?" And he took a bouquet from a vase on the table.

"Put them back directly. How can you? Taking what does not belong to you! O James!"

"I bought the estate last week," replied poor James Wymper quietly, "and I suppose the flowers go with it."

"Mr. Wymper, are you mad, or am I dreaming?" gasped Bessy.

"I bought the place as soon as I heard you were coming here. That's why I went to London — and to get some clothes."

"Please, take me back to mamma;" and Bessy began to cry again.

"When you have answered me one question. I hardly dare ask it; but yet" —

But yet! The stupid fellow! it was evident that he had not yet patented a machine for divining a girl's thoughts. He hem'd, and stammered, and beat about the bush, as he did in his pre-Sam-Thacker days, and at last got it out. What was it?

Bessy left that room, as Sam would say, "inside an elbow," with an accepted lover's kiss tingling her lips, and glorifying her heart.

Never mind what had become of the picnickers; never mind the astonishment of Mr. Augustus Bailey and the rest when, invited by the master of the house to have their dance in his dining-room (on account of the wet), they learned who that master was; never mind the explanation with Cousin Margaret. The only thing which I regret not having space to do justice to is the conduct of Sam at the wedding, and the burning wrath and indignation of the honest fellow when he heard that his partner had been once known as poor James Wymper.

"*Poor!*" he almost howled: "why, their ain't a machine running on this old hemisphere, or in the *U*nited States, that he can't *im*prove and beat. *Poor!* and he with the heart of a child and the brain of a Newton! *Poor*, indeed! Let me catch any one calling him *poor*, and I'll get mad; and when I get mad, there's shootin' round. Yes, *sir*."

AMERICAN TRAITS.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

THAT respect for the will of the majority which is inculcated by democratic institutions has exercised a decided influence over the social, no less than the political, life of the people of the United States. It has not only had the effect of preventing the development of individuality of character, but it has also considerably modified that obstinacy of temper which is one of the most strongly-marked characteristics of the so-called Anglo-Saxon race.

"An Englishman never knows when he is beaten," one often hears it triumphantly said in this country. But this very unwillingness to admit defeat, however admirable a quality on the battle-field, is not quite so desirable a one in

ocial life, when it assumes the form of an utter deafness to eason and argument.

Now, the inhabitants of the American Union are singularly devoid of this dogged tenacity of opinion. Mr. Disaeli said on one occasion, in the House of Commons, that friend of his, who had spent some time in the United States, had declared it to be his conviction that the Americans "were the most tractable people in the world." And in saying this, he did them no more than simple ustice.

This phase of the national character finds, indeed, an illustration in one department of American literature. Let he reader take up any collection of anecdotes from the States, and he will, if he looks a little below the surface, almost invariably discover in it evidence of the readiness with which the American, when in the wrong, or worsted n argument, admits himself to be so. The evidence in uestion is all the more reliable from the fact that it is urely incidental. Of the many thousand anecdotes, for nstance, to be found in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*, here is not one the object of which is to call attention to his national trait. On the contrary, the narrators of the arious stories are obviously quite unconscious of its exstence; and yet how frequently does it manifest itself! The individuals, indeed, who figure in the majority of the necdotes referred to, do not belong to the educated classes, nd the language they make use of is, frequently, neither legant nor grammatical; but their readiness to admit hemselves to have been in error is unmistakable, and finds xpression in such phrases as, "Well, I own the corn;" 'You have me there, and no mistake;" "You may take ny hat;" "I'm dead beat, and that's a fact," &c.

One result of the absence of marked individuality of haracter in the United States is the circumstance, that, in ocial life, people — to use a colloquialism — "get on" together better than they do here, where a man's idiosyncrasies are very apt to clash with those of his neighbor.

When, in fact, Benjamin Franklin said, "No house is arge enough to hold two families," he uttered an aphorism uggested by the experience of many years' residence in England; or, if warranted as regards his own land, warranted simply by the fact that the influence of her new institutions had not yet had time to make itself generally elt. For there is no country — not even France — where arious families can and do live in such harmony under the ame roof as in the United States. In the larger cities specially, where house-rents are exceedingly high, it is requently the case that the married sons and daughters of family will live in the same house with their parents, for ears in succession, in peace and quietness.

A mother-in-law, again, is far from being the *bête noire* n the States that she is in this country, where there seems o exist a species of chronic antagonism between most married men and their wives' mothers. "Strange infatuation f the human intellect!" says Thackeray, "there is, not nfrequently, a period in a man's life, before marriage, hen, so far from regarding his future mother-in-law with lislike, he positively feels a certain degree of affection for er." Was it not Douglas Jerrold, too, who said, that on the day of a woman's marriage her mother should sacrice herself at the altar, as a propitiatory offering to secure er son-in-law's future happiness?" Indeed, English literture is full of references to the incompatibility supposed o exist between the members of a family standing in the bove relations to each other.

This state of feeling certainly does not prevail to any ppreciable extent in America, as will be seen from the ollowing slight anecdote, which pretty fairly illustrates the ifference of national sentiment on the subject.

In the clever two-act comedy entitled "The Little Treasurer," part of the plot hinges on the fact that a husband has quarrelled with his wife, on account of the interference of her mother (who resides with them) in their omestic affairs. In one scene, a friend is explaining to the laughter of this couple how the difference between them rose, and he premises his statement by saying that "it is law — though an unwritten one — that no man shall live in peace and quietness in the same house with his mother-in-law."

Now, the writer has seen the piece in question, more than once, in both New York and London. *Here* the sentence quoted never fails to elicit from the audience some tokens of approval; *there* it is heard in absolute silence, the American having no sympathy with the sentiments expressed, and therefore failing to appreciate the jest.

The relations, too, existing between parents and children in America are of the most satisfactory character, notwithstanding, or rather, perhaps, in consequence of the indulgence with which the latter are treated. "I never saw," says the author of "Vanity Fair," "people on better terms with each other, more frank, affectionate, and cordial, than the parents and the grown-up young folks in the United States. And why? Because they are spoiled, to be sure! I say to you, get the confidence of yours, before the day comes of revolt and independence, after which love returneth not."

Unquestionably, the law of primogeniture has influenced, in some measure, the relations existing between father and son in this country. The younger members of a family can, indeed, scarcely fail to feel, and tacitly, at least, resent, the invidious distinction made, both by law and custom, in favor of the first-born. It is not simply that in the case of entailed estates the bulk of the property goes to the one son, but only too frequently all the father's love, pride, and aspirations for the future of the family, seem centred in the *heir*, to the exclusion of his other children, who, as near to him in blood, should be equally so in affection. To aggrandize his future successor, that he may be enabled to sustain handsomely the family name and position, the interests of his younger brethren are not unseldom sacrificed. Of this feeling we recently had an illustration, when a nobleman, whose rent-roll has been estimated at over four hundred thousand pounds per annum, left nearly the whole of this vast property, comprising several unentailed estates, to his eldest son, bequeathing the comparative pittance of two thousand a year to the second.

In America, not only is there no law in favor of primogeniture, but there is incorporated in the code of every State in the Union a more or less stringent one against it: any clauses inserted in a will, with a view to entailing or attempting to entail an estate, being absolutely null and void. When Daniel Webster, who enjoyed, and justly, the reputation of being one of the most eminent jurists in the United States, made his will, he exercised all his ingenuity in endeavoring so to word the instrument as to enable him to keep "Marshfield," his homestead, in the family of his eldest son; or, in other words, he sought to create a species of entail. But the attempt was unsuccessful. The will was disputed by those members of the family whose interests were injuriously affected by it; and the Massachusetts judges were unanimous in their decision that the provision in question was *contra bonos mores*, and in direct contravention of the laws of the State.

I may observe here, *en passant*, that it is rather a curious commentary upon the inconsistencies of human nature, that Webster — the "great expounder of the Constitution," the champion of law, *par excellence* — should, in one of the most important acts of his life, have made a deliberate attempt to evade the operation of the laws of his country. He was, however, quite exceptional in his desire to entail his estate. As a rule, the feeling, created and fostered here by law and usage in favor of the eldest son, is, practically, non-existent in the United States, where a man in making a disposition of his property rarely evinces a preference for one child over another.

In the State of New York, and, I believe, in nearly every one of the Northern and Eastern States, the law is, that, when a married man dies intestate, his widow shall enjoy a life-interest in one-third of his real and personal estate, and that the remaining two-thirds shall be equally divided among his children. So eminently just is felt to be this law, and so entirely is it in harmony with the sentiments of the community, that very many persons never deem it necessary to make a will at all, being perfectly

content with the machinery the State has provided for the distribution of their property. And as there is, or rather was, — for I speak of the period before the imposition of the "war-taxes," — neither legacy, succession, nor probate duty in America, no loss accrues to a man's family from the circumstance of his not having made a testamentary disposition of his estate.

In fact, so far is the feeling carried in the United States, that all a man's children should be equal sharers in whatever property he leaves behind him, that in those instances where a will has been made leaving more to one son or daughter than the others, and it has been contested on the ground of "undue influence," the courts of law have generally, in their decisions, leaned to the opinion that the very fact of the apportionment being unequal was *primâ facie* evidence of undue influence having been exercised over the testator, to be rebutted only by proof that some substantial reason, and not mere caprice, had dictated the apparently unfair preference for one child over another.

The correctness of Thackeray's remarks on the character of the relations existing between parents and children in the United States finds, incidentally, confirmation in the literature of that country. In the works of no American author are to be found the scenes of domestic dissension and unhappiness portrayed in those of English writers; and for the simple reason, that such phases of human life have not come under the observation of the former. The great passions, indeed, — love, hate, revenge, — play their part in the writings of American novelists, as they do in the literature of every nation. But such scenes of domestic discord as those painted so graphically in "The Newcomes," and "The Adventures of Philip," could by no possibility occur in the state of society which exists in the United States; for, in nearly every instance, these dissensions arise from the circumstance that the elder members of the family neither recognize the individuality, nor respect the rights, of the younger; and in America they do both.

It is not my purpose, in this paper, to enter into an elaborate disquisition upon the character of the people of the United States, my object being simply to touch briefly upon some of their more prominent national traits; but there is one accusation brought against them which must not pass unnoticed, — that of being a thoroughly ill-mannered nation, — an accusation so persistently reiterated, that it has obtained almost universal credence in this country.

Nearly every English traveller has some tale to tell of the rudeness and incivility he has met with from the lower classes in America; and, *primâ facie*, it would appear that complaints so general must be well founded. But it is not so. The annoyances to which these gentlemen have been subjected have arisen, almost invariably, from their failing to properly appreciate the difference existing between the social system of the Americans and that of their own people.

In this country, the separation of the various grades of society has had a marked effect upon the *morale* of what are termed the "lower classes." The man in fustian cannot understand why he should render even the most trifling civility to the man in broadcloth without being paid for it. If you only so much as inquire your way of a man having the appearance of a mechanic, and he goes a few steps out of his path to show it to you, he will,—five times out of six, — even if he do not ask for a gratuity, show palpably by his manner that he expects one. On the other hand, a gentleman would scarcely accept the slightest civility from a man of an inferior class without payment, even if none were demanded or expected. He *pays* for it to mark that he does not regard what has been done for him in the light of an act of courtesy from man to man, but as a service rendered him by a being so inferior to himself that there can be nothing in common between them. The rich man, in fact, exacts, on most occasions, a servile deference from the poor one — and *pays* for it; while the latter has so little self-respect that he is only too willing to *be* paid.

No inequality of position or circumstances, however, will make a native of any portion of the United States submit to being dealt with in the manner, or spoken to in the tone, which, in this country, the "man in broadcloth" adopts as a matter of course towards the "man in fustian." No one, perhaps, has a keener appreciation of the advantages of wealth and education than the American; but that the possessor of them should feel justified in using towards him the language of a superior to an inferior is what he cannot understand, and will not for one moment put up with. An anecdote related of the elder Mathews, when in New York, well illustrates this phase of the national character. Walking up Broadway one day, he addressed an individual, having the appearance of a mechanic, in these terms: "My good man, I want to go to Franklin Street." — "Then why the devil don't you go there?" was the uncivil reply.

Now, I have heard this story quoted as showing the rudeness of the lower orders in the United States. But it was, I have no doubt, the unlucky phrase "My good man," and the patronizing tone in which it may be inferred that such words would be uttered, that roused the gall of the individual spoken to, and provoked a discourteous retort. The inquiry, differently put, would not only have elicited a civil answer from ninety-nine out of a hundred of those to whom it might have been addressed, but they would — seeing he was a foreigner — have shown a courteous readiness to afford him any information in their power; and that, too, without the slightest expectation of fee or reward. Indeed, the offer of a gratuity under such circumstances would be resented by the poorest American as an insult.

That the national independence of character may occasionally be pushed too far, and degenerate into offensive self-assertion, must, however, be admitted. Thus it is related of a stage-driver in one of the Western States, that, on entering a tavern in search of a passenger, he addressed the solitary occupant of the bar-room in these terms: "Are you the man that's going by this here stage?" adding, as the reason for his making the inquiry, "I'm the gentleman that drives it."

This is ridiculous enough; but such cases are, in the older settled States at least, quite exceptional; and it would be most unfair to regard the individual who figures in the above anecdote as the representative of other than a limited class in *any* section of the country.

So far, indeed, as my observation has extended, not only is the American of the poorer classes better mannered than the Englishman of the same grade, but so superior is he in this respect, that no comparison can fairly be instituted between them.

Any one who returns to this country, after having spent some time on the Continent or in the United States, cannot, in fact, but be struck by the coarseness — I might almost say the brutality — of the lower classes: at least, of such of them as the eye falls upon in the public streets. In the rough practical jokes, in the "chaff," in which they so liberally indulge amongst themselves, the desire to inflict pain or annoyance is, almost always, the basis of their wit. Treating each other with habitual rudeness, it follows that the show of courtesy they put on towards those above them is prompted simply by the desire of gain. Their civility is, in fact, little better than servility.

The American, on the other hand, however humble in position, has a keen sense of personal dignity; no taste for horse-play; and, prompt to resent an impertinence or an insult, is equally slow, unprovoked, to offer either.

The difference in morals as well as in manners between the lower classes in the two countries is rather significantly illustrated by the fact, that, during a residence of upwards of seventeen years in New York, the writer cannot call to mind a single instance of any *native* American citizen appearing at the bar of a police court on the charge of wife-beating. And as to drunkenness, more intoxicated men, and women too, may be seen in the streets of London in one day, than in those of any city of the United States in six months.

The admirable system of public schools — in which a purely gratuitous education is offered to all alike — which exists throughout the whole of the Northern and Eastern States, has done very much to elevate the moral as well as the intellectual character of the people. In New Eng-

land the percentage of crime to population is less than that of any European country, with the exception, possibly, of Holland. Even the State of New York — the chief city of which is the common receptacle for ignorance, poverty, and crime from all parts of Europe — presents a very fair record in this respect; and, if the foreign population be eliminated from the calculation, an excellent one. Few persons, indeed, are aware how much this same foreign population contributes to the statistics of crime in America. In the State of New York alone *seventy* per cent of all the offences which are brought under the cognizance of the tribunals are committed by individuals of Irish parentage, while the fair proportion of this class would be less than *twenty* per cent.

As an evidence of the moral development of the people which has resulted from education, may be adduced the readiness with which they are disposed to subordinate their individual preferences to what they consider to be for the good of the commonwealth: of this the "Prohibitory Liquor Law" is a conspicuous example. Whatever differences of opinion may exist in this country as to the abstract merits of such a law, there can be, I conceive, no question but that the very fact of its existence pre-supposes a considerable amount of self-denial on the part of a large number of those who have been instrumental in passing it. Many thousands, in fact, in various States, voted for what is known as the "Maine" law, who had never been, nor were ever likely to be, guilty of excess themselves; but who denied themselves what they believed to be a perfectly innocent indulgence, purely for the sake of those of their fellow-citizens less able to exercise self-control.

The American is proverbially sensitive — almost morbidly so — as to what is said of his country by foreigners. Curtis, perhaps, scarcely exaggerated when he asserted that after the disaster at Bull's Run, what troubled his countrymen most was not the reverse their arms had sustained, — that they knew they should retrieve, — but the thought of what the *Times'* correspondent would say about it. But this very thin-skinnedness — though a defect in the national character, as evincing a certain lack of dignity — has yet its counterbalancing advantages. The sufferer writhes and cries out under the lash of his critics; but his punishment makes a permanent impression on him, and he sets himself seriously to work to correct the faults or follies which have been condemned or satirized.

Many years ago, when Mrs. Trollope visited New York, the occupants of the upper tiers of boxes of the Park Theatre were in the habit, between the acts, of resting their legs upon the balustrade in front of them, and were guilty of other breaches of etiquette. But so much did the people take to heart what the lady said of them in her book, that, for years afterwards, if any of the practices she had commented on were indulged in, a cry was raised of "A Trollope! a Trollope!" and the offending individual was obliged to desist. At the present day the propriety, the order, the courtesy of manner to each other, of an American audience, are remarkable. A play, too, is seldom or never, what is termed in theatrical parlance, *damned*. If a performance does not please those who witness it, they show their dissatisfaction only by silence, being apparently of Lovelace's opinion, that to "manifest dislike to a play by tumultuous disapprobation" is in bad taste. The only exceptions I can remember to this rule were when a performer was guilty of some violation of decorum, by either word or gesture; and then he has been dealt with sharply enough.

Before concluding these desultory observations upon American traits, I may observe, that any Englishman who returns home, after a residence of some years in the United States, cannot but be struck by the ignorance which exists here, both with regard to the institutions and character of the people of that country, — an ignorance, be it said, infinitely more inexcusable than that so frequently imputed to the French in respect to us. For them, indeed, may be pleaded the excuses of difference of race and language, — the latter an almost insuperable barrier to the thorough comprehension of the idiosyncrasies of a people. But of the Americans — derived from a common stock, and speaking the same tongue as ourselves — we absolutely know less than we do of any Continental nation. Even of the geography of the United States the English people are, as a rule, curiously ignorant.

One explanation of our ignorance of the social characteristics of the Americans may be found in the fact that our impressions of them are partly derived from the books of travellers who, in hurried journeys through the States, have simply noted such superficial traits of the people as came under their observation in hotels, railroads, and steamboats; but also, in still greater degree, I conceive, from those English works of fiction in which natives of the United States have been introduced, the individuals therein delineated being very generally accepted by the majority of readers as fair types of the American. In nearly every one of these works, the American figures in either an odious or a ridiculous aspect. To say nothing of those portions of "Martin Chuzzlewit" the scene of which is laid in the United States, I may mention Richard Avernal in Bulwer's "My Novel;" the Colonel in Lever's "One of Them;" Fullalove in Charles Reade's "Very Hard Cash;" the younger Fenton in Yates's "Black Sheep;" and the American in "Mugby Junction." In every instance, whether represented as a man of good social position and presumably fair education, or not, he is made to express himself in a dialect happily combining all the peculiarities of speech of each section of the country from Maine to Texas; and such as, it may safely be affirmed, was never yet heard from the lips of any one human being.

It is the same on the stage. In "Our American Cousin," Lord Dundreary is accepted for what it is, an exceedingly clever representation of an individual idiosyncrasy. Asa Trenchard, on the other hand, is received by the audience as a fair type not only of a class, but of a people. Yet Mr. Buckstone, excellent as he is in his own line, so far from giving a fair likeness of the Yankee, does not even present a caricature of him; that is, if caricature be understood in its proper sense, i.e., the humorous or ridiculous exaggeration of features or habits peculiar to the individual or species. Asa Trenchard on the Haymarket stage is simply a vulgar cockney, with a habit of speaking through his nose; and it appears strangely inconsistent that a delicate-minded, refined woman like Mary Meredith should tolerate the addresses of such a man. When the play in question was originally produced in New York, Jefferson, of Rip Van Winkle fame, was the Asa Trenchard; and in his hands the character became a fair, unexaggerated type of the native of New England, — cool, clear-headed, brave, warm-hearted, but ignorant of the conventionalities of society. *Here* it would have been *caviare* to the mass of playgoers, their preconceived idea of the character being so totally different.

In closing this paper I may add that the opinions expressed have not been lightly hazarded, but are the result of careful observation of the characteristics of the American people.

A TRIP TO THE SULTAN'S CITY.

THERE are few spots whose names awaken more pleasant fancies or more sweet illusions than Constantinople. I do not know whether the reader has had the same experience as I in this matter; but I believe many persons connect the name of Constantinople in a vague and indefinite way with boundless luxury and splendor, piquant mystery, and strange romance. Whether this be the prevailing feeling or not, at any rate, I for one had always somehow looked forward to seeing Constantinople as the realization of many pleasant musings about the land "of the cedar and vine, where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine." Accordingly, when I left London, bound for the city of Constantine, or as the Turks call it, the "Gate of Felicity" *(Der-u-Saadet)*, it was with my brain full of agreeable anticipations. I was about to visit the East, under very favorable circumstances I considered. I had letters of introduction to many nota-

bles in Constantinople, and, amongst others, to a minister of the Government. Moreover, Oriental languages having been a pet study of mine at college, I had the rare advantage of being able to dive into the thickest mazes of Stamboul, without the terrible bore of a *dragoman*. The weather in London, for a long time before my departure, had been fearfully rainy and muddy. It was with no regret, therefore, but almost with delight, that I turned my back on it to visit a land where, at least, I thought I should be sure of brilliant weather. It was true that it was only the middle of February, and one could scarcely expect fine weather anywhere. Nevertheless, I did expect, from the descriptions I had read so often, that, if there were occasional storms and showers, I should certainly find an immense improvement. What tended still more to confirm me in this hallucination was that, on arriving on the shore of the Mediterranean, at Marseilles, the weather was delicious. How grateful, after the heavy, pelting rain and thick mud I had left in London, and the severe frost I had seen in Paris and through the greater part of France, to suddenly find myself transported, as if by magic, into a land with a beautifully blue sky, brilliant sunshine, and gentle zephyrs! With what delight did I find myself compelled to throw off great-coats and wrappers, and to open my windows at the hotel, through which a balmy air glided! When I made this change, I thought I had left cold and rain, mud and drizzle, behind me forever. The evening on which the steamer left Marseilles was charming. The sky was of a beautifully transparent azure color, the setting sun brilliant in the extreme, but not uncomfortably hot. As we steamed past the Château d'If, which Dumas's romance of "Monte Christo" has rendered so familiar to us all, the sea was as calm as a lake, and one might be excused for imagining that he had taken leave forever of storms and dull skies, mist and mud. Things continued thus for some days, until we came off the coast of Messina; where, to my, and every one's, great disgust, the sky suddenly became overcast, and thick, inky clouds warned us that some unpleasant change was at hand. Ere long these clouds which had arisen seemed suddenly to burst over us in a deluge of rain and tremendous gusts of wind. No one could retain his equilibrium on deck without holding very fast to the masts, ropes, or other fixed objects; but very soon the deck was cleared of all the passengers except myself and two others, who determined to remain, however rough the sea might be, rather than go below and be made sick, as all the rest were, by the stifling atmosphere combined with the rocking of the ship. To us, inexperienced in such matters, the waves behind and around us seemed like mountains; and when one of them struck the ship, and it quivered from the shock, we could scarcely believe that the vessel could stand that sort of thing long. Again, when the ship plunged down into some gaping chasm in the waves in front of us, and we who were aft were lifted up, as on the end of some gigantic swing, it seemed as if we were rushing down an immense gulf to certain destruction. Little or no damage was done, however, except to the crockery-ware and glass; for, spite of the plates, glasses, and dishes being lashed to the tables, the breakage was considerable, and the clatter below terrible. When darkness compelled us to go below, I must confess I felt any thing but comfortable, with my heels considerably higher than my head, and the waves dashing against the sides of the vessel with a noise like thunder. After a day and night of this weather, the wind suddenly dropped; and after we had passed Cape Matapan, it completely subsided. We soon began to forget all the inconveniences of taking our soup, holding the plates in our hands, and having to perform gymnastic feats to feed at all, and divers other *desagrémens* of rough weather; and I now fancied that my troubles were definitely over, and that I should be fully compensated for them by the delights of Constantinople, which would soon be reached.

During the journey, I had been told several times of the beauty of the view of Constantinople from the sea; but, as ill-luck would have it, we arrived on a dark, murky evening, so cloudy and lowering that one might have easily imagined himself in London; and certainly, the city itself, although presenting a very quaint and *bizarre* appearance, was by no means enchanting. But, seen with the accompaniments of a bright sun and clear blue sky, it certainly has from the sea a most imposing effect, as I afterwards found. After a week's sea journey, we were all naturally anxious to land as early as possible, and eager to revel in the comforts of good hotels, and the other delights of *terra firma*.

Alas, however, this was not such an easy affair as most of us had imagined. The captain told us that there was a regulation that no ship could discharge its passengers and cargo after sunset; and he was afraid the Turks would think it too late for us to land, as the sun was just going down. It was somewhat difficult to the uninitiated to determine whether the sun had set or no, as the evening was so lowering that no sun was to be seen, and a small, fine rain was falling. In a short time the ship was surrounded by a crowd of small boats, of the most curious forms and colors. The appearance of the boatmen, half-naked, or dressed in very gay colors, was no less extraordinary. Now began a scene of the wildest confusion; boats jostling, boatmen vociferating, and every one not seeming to know what he was about. In the hope of being able to land that evening, everybody had brought up his luggage on deck, and was standing on guard over it; but now it appeared that there was a great probability that we should have to pass another night on board. At length an official-looking boat boarded us, and a venerable old gentleman, with a long white beard and very Oriental appearance, stepped on board. He came to bring us the welcome intelligence that the sun had set, and that we were precisely in time to be too late. The captain and every one seemed very indignant; and complaints and entreaties were uttered in all languages and in all tones to the stolid Ottoman, who remained perfectly unruffled by the storm of raging voices around him. Finally, one of the officers went on shore, and by some occult means induced the authorities to consider that the sun had not completely set. As soon as this became known, what a rush was made to the boats, and what a scene of inextricable confusion ensued! The boatmen began offering their services in a jargon composed of fragments of every known and unknown tongue, and in their emulation shouted and abused each other in a terrific manner. A stranger might very naturally hesitate about trusting himself or his luggage to such keeping, even for so short a passage as that from the ship to the shore; and now, to make matters better, there could be no mistake about the sun having set, for it had suddenly become quite dark. I had just made up my mind to swallow the disappointment and remain on board till morning, rather than trust myself to the care of one of these noisy and savage-looking ruffians, when a somewhat respectable looking man came up to me, and asked which hotel I was going to. I mentioned the name of the hotel which some of the officers of the ship had recommended to me. Thereupon he brought out a card with the name of that hotel printed on it, and told me he was an agent for it. Being a complete stranger in the place, I thought it better to have some one who could show me the way, and therefore, although in general I have a decided objection to these touters, consented to accept his offer of conducting me to my destination. Accordingly I engaged a boat of his recommendation, and put my luggage in it, after no slight trepidation lest some portion of it would be consigned to the waves amidst the darkness and confusion. At last we gained the shore. I had reached the charmed spot, and lo! what did I behold? A miserable collection of hovels, the like of which it would be difficult to find in any civilized spot, and a few shabby, disreputable-looking, dirty individuals, who, I was informed, were custom-house officers. After all the tales I had heard about *bakshish* in the East, I did not anticipate much trouble in the matter of inspecting luggage, and was therefore no little disgusted by these ruffianly looking gentlemen ordering me to deposit my trunks in the gutter, and peering most inquisitively into each of them, and at every thing they contained. This somewhat unexpected and decidedly irritating performance over, these zealous officials held out their hands for *bakshish*. Imagine my indignation! I had

had to submit to every trifling article of mine being turned over in the middle of a dirty alley on a dark and rainy night, and after having been put to every possible inconvenience was requested, although I had nothing contraband with me, to pay them for their trouble. Therefore I naturally responded, in none of the calmest of voices, *nichun* (what for)? This appeared unanswerable, and accordingly, no doubt to their surprise and horror, I told my conductor to proceed.

It would be impossible to describe the terrible labyrinth of wretched, muddy, narrow alleys, full of deep ruts and big stones, through which I was led. What a contrast to the fairy scenes I had anticipated! Nothing but miserable little shops, roads with no foot pavement, and so rugged and uneven as to put the traveller in imminent peril of his neck at every step; no light to guide you but that emitted from a few strange paper lanterns exhibited at an occasional shop-door, or carried by some solitary passenger (it being prohibited to walk the streets after nightfall without the said luminaries). Slipping at every step over the great bowlders of stone supposed to be pavement, and yet obliged to hurry on for fear of losing sight of the *hammal*, bearing my luggage on his back as he wended his way through a maze of narrow, irregular paths, apparently leading nowhere in particular, but everywhere in general, and with grave misgivings whether I or my luggage would ever turn up in safety anywhere, I did not feel any of the ecstatic emotions which I had fondly imagined I should experience on first treading the classic ground of the capital of Constantine the Great and the City of the Sultans.

I consoled myself with the reflection that no doubt these dirty streets belonged to some poor *faubourg*, and that I should eventually come out into the city proper. Narrow lane after lane was traversed, hovel followed hovel, but the thoroughfare never widened, and the aspect never improved. No carriages, cabs, or carts enlivened the road; nor could any such vehicles have passed, owing to the precipitous slope of many of the streets, the close proximity of the houses on either side, and the fearful inequalities of the ground. All was darkness, solitude, and mystery, broken only by occasional passers threading their way with difficulty by means of the aforesaid paper lanterns, a stock of which is always kept on hand at every tobacconist's shop, and which cost only the modest sum of threepence. Such was my first sight of the queen of Eastern cities, and my disenchantment may be better imagined than described. Still clinging to the hope that I had landed in a wretched quarter of the city, and that on the morrow, or speedily after, I should come upon that *Eldorado* of cities of which European travellers in general talk so rhapsodically, I at last saw my guide and *hammal* stop in front of a most unpromising looking establishment, half French, half Turkish in appearance, which, to my amazement, I was informed was the hotel to which I had been recommended. Alas! thought I, if this be one of the best hotels in the European quarter of this place, what must the worst be? Having been shown into a dirty, dingy apartment, where I reluctantly deposited my luggage, and having ascertained of the proprietors that this really was the hotel in question, I thought that in all probability I might go farther to fare worse: my unpleasant meditations were interrupted, but by no means dispelled, by the appearance of the *soi disant* agent of the hotel, who demanded the small sum of twelve shillings for the trouble of showing me to this delightful retreat. I burst forth into a torrent of indignant exclamation at his impudence. If he were the agent to the hotel, why should I pay him at all? I asked the host; and, if I were required to pay for his obtaining him a customer, why should I be called upon to remunerate him at the rate of about fifteen shillings an hour? The people of the hotel, who, it was clear, were in tacit league with these rascals, could give me no better reason than that "it was the custom." Finally, to save myself from the fellow's importunities, I gave the wretch one-half his demand (although conscious that in so doing I was being disgracefully robbed), and shut the door of my apartment in his face. It will be understood that this fee to the hotel agent was distinct from the pay to the boatman and *hammal*, who had both charged some ten times what was their due. On the morrow, after having passed any thing but a pleasant night, and having paid for very third-rate accommodation at very first-rate prices, I sallied forth in quest of romantic Eastern architecture. Mounting one of the street horses, waiting in readiness at the street corners, like cabs in London (and which, by the way, are not such a bad institution), I directed the *sais* (groom or driver) to proceed to the house of a great minister, to whom I had a letter of introduction. Doubtless, thought I, if there be any beauty in the place, I must discover it on my road to the quarter inhabited by the *élite* of Turkish society. Picking my way, as well as I could, down awfully steep, narrow, and tortuous paths, frequently leading through deserted cemeteries, across which my nag wended his way, dodging the tombstones in a most marvellous manner, on, on, I went for a mile or two, down to the Golden Horn, across which a most wretched and rickety bridge of boats led into the Turkish town *par excellence*, Stamboul. What did I see? Once more the dilapidated, dirty, dingy rows of wooden houses, in lines so irregular that it is only by a euphemism one can call them streets. No horse-road, properly so called, no pavement; ruts and pools of stagnant water, through which I splashed and stumbled at the imminent risk of my neck; knots of half-naked, savage-looking creatures, either lounging in the road doing nothing, or busy in strange booth-like establishments with open fronts, which, for convenience' sake, we will term shops; occasionally a group of female figures, enveloped from head to foot in long loose garments (which give one the idea that they are escaped lunatics, who have purloined the sheets from their asylum, and adopted them as cloaks), shuffling along in loose yellow slippers down at heel, carefully veiling their mouths and foreheads with some flimsy piece of muslin or cloth, but not particular at all about exposing stockingless legs; water-carriers, such as one reads of in the "Arabian Nights," with their leathern bottles slung over their shoulders, roaring "*Soo, soo*" ("Water, water"); beggars lying at every corner, in a picturesque state of rags and filth, which quite distances that of their Western *confrères; hammals* bearing huge loads on their backs of the most miscellaneous descriptions, — chairs and tables, chests of drawers, fruit, fish, flowers, bottles, casks, enormous cages filled with poultry, &c., &c., displaying feats of strength every day which would astonish an English acrobat; donkeys laden with piles of wood and coal, under which they stagger from side to side along the street, knocking against the foot passengers and horsemen in a most embarrassing fashion; itinerant venders of fruit, vegetables, and Turkish pastry, roaring "*Sheker, sheker*" ("Sweetmeats"), or the name of some other Oriental edible — such were the sights which greeted me as I stumbled on through Stamboul. I occasionally descried, it is true, amidst the mass of hovels, here and there dingy big houses, inhabited, I was told, by pashas, the windows all closed up by Turkish wooden lattice blinds, through which the inhabitants can see, but which effectually prevent an outsider from obtaining any view of the interior.

All this was strange enough, you may say, to satisfy the most ardent lover of novelty; but where were the Oriental splendor, the quaint buildings, the piquant scenes, which we are generally led to believe characterize the East? I am sadly afraid nowhere, but in the excited brains of tourists not over-particular about telling the truth. Certainly, here and there, amidst the wretched wooden houses, and loathsomely dirty lanes, you will occasionally be surprised by a picturesque tomb of some sultan, all marble and gold, cypress-trees, grass, and flowers. Also, almost in every street, there is a pretty drinking-fountain of marble, ornamented with Turkish or Arabic inscriptions in blue and gold, telling the name of the donor, or conveying some appropriate precept of morality. The mosques, too, and the omnipresent cemeteries, with most grotesque and elaborately-inscribed tombstones, covered with eulogiums on the defunct Mussulmans lying at your feet, or Arabic verses in blue and gilt letters, worked up sometimes into the most undecipherable

monograms, relieve the generally dismal appearance. The bright-colored, flowing robes of the picturesque costume of the old-fashioned Turks, the variety of dress exhibited by different nationalities, — the Greek, Armenian, Persian, Croat, Arnaout, Kurd, Russian, and many others, — tend to enliven the scene. But the vast open spaces, caused by the ever-recurring fires, left covered with the ruins of the houses destroyed; the unpaved, uncleaned, stinking streets; the absence of all traffic, except in eatables and clothes, and the other most indispensable necessaries of life; the non-existence of carts and cabs and all other vehicles, except a few lumbering old carriages, which remind one of the first attempt at coach architecture in the Middle Ages; the gloom caused by seeing no one at the windows, except an occasional veiled figure looking down stealthily, and withdrawing immediately on perceiving you; the ragged and filthy appearance of nine-tenths of the people you meet, — all proclaim misery and decay, sloth and hopelessness. The indolent groups of wretched idlers, smoking long *chibooks* or *narghilés* (water-pipes) at the cheap and nasty coffee-houses, where you can indulge in a Turkish cup of coffee and pipe for the small price of one half-penny each, and lounge for hours; the street venders of bread and cheese, from whom thousands purchase their daily meal, and consume it sitting in the road-way; the wandering venders of cheap ices, displaying this refreshment on stands somewhat like those in which hot potatoes are retailed in England; the public letter-writers, squatting in rows, waiting with pens, ink, and paper, ready to pen a letter, receipt, or *billet-doux* for you, for a few *piastres;* the money-changers, with small heaps of gold and silver before them, sitting at stalls like apple-women in England, — all these heterogeneous sights are typical of the strange mixture of barbaric love of idleness and luxury, apathy and indolence, ignorance and oddity, everywhere apparent here. Such was the impression given me by this morning's ride; and many subsequent wanderings on horse and foot, through many a mile of Turkish alleys, in all quarters, many of which are a *terra incognito* to ordinary European tourists, and even to European residents, who content themselves generally with a glance at the bazaars, confirmed this idea. True it is, that during the fine weather which prevails nine months out of the twelve in Turkey, the clear, dry atmosphere, and sparkling blue waves of the sea investing the town on three sides, throw a kind of halo over all; and Constantinople, when viewed from the water, generally covered with numerous vessels from all nations, and studded with gayly-painted caïques, ferry-boats, all gold and carving work, is splendid. But once having entered the town, all the beauty of the climate can scarcely veil the squalor and wretchedness which everywhere obtrude themselves on your notice; and should it rain in Stamboul, and rain it does with a vengeance when it does rain in the "glowing East," the mud inches deep, the pools in the vast ruts, the water running down in torrents from the house-tops on your devoted head, the horses splashing over you and jostling against you, as the riders dash on, regardless of consequences, through the hurrying multitude, form a scene of misery quite indescribable. True it is, too, that the villages on the Bosphorus, in the environs of Constantinople, where the rich have their summer residences, present a panorama of fifteen or twenty miles of as beautiful scenery as can be found anywhere in Europe, and perhaps in Asia as well; but even these villages, with their romantic wooden residences lapping over the water, their minarets, mosques, and quaint coffee-houses and public grounds attached, their gorgeous gardens sometimes hanging in six or seven terraces, and their inhabitants dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, must also be viewed from the water; for once land and enter them, and the inevitable dirt and squalor will repel you; and then, moreover, they are not Constantinople proper, which is, to tell the unvarnished truth, oh! know, ye would-be tourists to the East, about as tumble-down and heterogeneous a mass of filthy hovels, dingy wooden mansions, and break-neck, muddy lanes, cut-throat looking men, and uninviting looking females, savage dogs and half naked children, as you can find in a thousand miles' walk anywhere in Europe.

CAROLINE SCHLEGEL.

SECOND PAPER.*

JENA was in the very zenith of its glory at the time August Wilhelm Schlegel and his wife came there to reside, settling in "a tiny house," which was soon to become the chief laboratory of romanticism, and general rendezvous of all champions of the new school. Weimar being within a very short distance, moreover, Herder, Wieland, and, above all, Göthe himself, were in the habit of riding over to pass a few days, and even weeks, at the small university town where Schiller, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Hufeland, Fichte, and, not long after, both the Schlegels, Schelling, Hegel, and Voss, — I must needs limit myself to the most illustrious names, — taught and wrote, surrounded by a host of other less remarkable thinkers and authors, who might themselves have claimed a first place anywhere else.

Although Caroline never had any great taste for the high-flown, rhetorical style of poetry, and — in her opinion, at least — somewhat too abstract tendencies of the author of "Don Carlos," their first visit on arriving was, of course, to Schiller, to whose pressing instances may be mainly attributed their resolution of taking up their residence at Jena. Caroline found him at this first interview "handsomer than she had expected," and most "kind and pleasant" towards herself and her young husband, whose merits he appeared thoroughly to appreciate, and in whom he evidently hoped, not without reason, to find a learned, brilliant, and versatile collaborator. It was difficult to visit Schiller's house without meeting Wilhelm von Humboldt, with whom he at that time stood on terms of the closest intimacy and community of ideas. Humboldt, with whom Caroline had formerly had occasion to correspond, showed himself in his behavior towards her, as usual, perfectly courteous and scrupulously urbane, was frigidly communicative, and, in short, did not succeed in pleasing her. This singular "sophist," whose writings betrayed the acute dialectician and the profound thinker, was verbose, commonplace, and uninteresting in the extreme, in his letters and conversation, unless, indeed, when irony, or, I was about to say, malice, came to the rescue, lending zest to his platitudes and an edge to his wit.

At the bedside of Charlotte Schiller, then just confined of her second child, she met with one who had played no insignificant a part in the outset of Schiller's career, and for whom a still more important one stood in reserve in the life of another poet. I allude to Charlotte von Kalk, Jean Paul's Titanide. This passionate, though at the same time languishing, sentimental woman, who, while despising convention, and looking down upon social prejudices, was utterly unable to forget or divest herself of them for a moment, — this nature, essentially German at the bottom, was not at all agreeable to the lively, spirited little Jacobin, whose own nature had a good deal more that was French in it than the "new ideas." The first thing she saw in Schiller's enthusiastic friend was, that, in spite of all her kindness, she was a fine lady *et même très fort.* Still, on meeting with her again at Weimar, towards the close of the year, she is greatly struck by her *air de grande dame* and consciousness of her noble pedigree, in spite of all her rage for emancipation. "You may talk as you like; but at the last judgment she is sure to pass her genealogical examination with all due honor, and her ancestry will be found stainless. She is not impolite towards me; but her intellect — for she has one — is cast in the strangest of moulds."

Another of Charlotte Schiller's rivals, and one whom she received and accepted with a very good grace, her own sister, Caroline von Wolzogen, was even less to our friend's taste: she finds her "rather dull and wearisome, and far less unaffected than Charlotte." Schiller's heart had hesitated between these two sisters at a time when the youngest was still Fräulein von Lengefeld, and the eldest

* See EVERY SATURDAY, No. 18.

Frau von Beulwitz; and even after his marriage with Charlotte von Lengefeld, and her sister's divorce and second alliance with Schiller's old friend, Herr von Wolzogen, the enthusiastic friendship existing between the author of the "Räuber" and the writer of "Agnes von Lilien" * did not by any means cool down. Still, for some time past, while preserving her enthusiasm for Schiller, and a tender regard for her husband, Caroline von Wolzogen, had centred her most ardent affections upon the least ardent of men, Wilhelm von Humboldt, then only just married, and Schiller's most intimate friend. As for Frau von Humboldt, *née* von Dacheröden, we learn that she easily consoled herself, and followed her own inclinations.

Besides the above-mentioned, other meteors were to be seen traversing the Jena sky, such as crazy Sophie Mereau, for instance, then about to quit her husband's roof to wed the brother of Bettina Brentano, who, by the by, was not a whit less crazy than herself; and pretty Frau von Berlepsch, who was at that time running after Mounier, the French *constituant*, acting provisionally as schoolmaster at Weimar. Nor could the strange morality of this motley group of *literati* and fine ladies fail to make a strong impression upon the already somewhat emancipated mind of Caroline Schlegel. She soon found no difficulty in adopting the tone of those by whom she was surrounded, and began to ask herself, as a matter of course, "with Frau Schiller, why Göthe had not preferred bringing back some handsome Italian girl with him from his travels," than continuing to live with that well-known young German lady whom Frau Rath, his mother, the venerable Frankfort patrician matron, with the singular absence of prejudice peculiar to those times, made no scruple whatever of calling "her dear daughter."

I have insisted upon certain characteristic circumstances and facts, such as the above, and lay particular stress on these quite unintentionally-used expressions, at the imminent risk, I am well aware, of passing for a retailer of scandal and a lover of anecdotes, or may be worse, in the eyes of many a grave historian, who imagines himself, very probably, to be writing literary history while analyzing *chefs-d'œuvre* of the past, in order to save his readers the trouble of reading them themselves. My reason for so doing is that apparently insignificant facts, such as those I have just quoted, and words pronounced in familiar intercourse, contribute more, in my opinion, towards a right understanding of German classical poetry, as well as of the singular period which gave rise to it, than all the folios of official history and quartos of orthodox criticism put together. This was the society which furnished Göthe with the types for his two Eleonoras. It was this society which was suddenly overtaken and crushed by the catastrophe of 1806. At once *naïve* and refined, aristocratic by its elements and revolutionary by its tendencies, disorganized by ideal, as others have been by material, egotism, this circle had, in fact, conceived an altogether false and disproportionate idea of the rights of the individual as opposed to the community, and the freedom of action to which he or she might lay claim in actual life: it presents us with the attractive, gently tragical spectacle of a generation which we are inclined in turn to pity or to smile at, which alternately excites our anger and our enthusiasm, and yet in which we cannot help feeling a certain amount of interest.

I have already hinted at the small attraction which Schiller's somewhat overstrained and rhetorical muse possessed for Caroline; but it was very different with Göthe, whose simpler, more familiar tone, truer and more touching feeling, corresponded far better to her own sentiments. With a remarkable sureness of instinct, she, like Rahel, at once felt the immense superiority of Göthe over the whole generation; and that, moreover, at a time when, amid the hosts of different poetical productions which were crowding upon each other, even the best judges hesitated in forming any decided opinion. She had already seen Göthe at Göttingen in 1783, where he won the hearts of all the pedants who were in league against him, and he had produced a lively and lasting impression upon her at that time. Shortly after their arrival at Jena, the poet, as was his custom, rode over on horseback to pass a few days there. He immediately came to call upon the young writer, who not only promised but already held so much, and his amiable wife. He found her at home alone, "was as pleasant as possible, said much that was flattering concerning Schlegel, and promised he would soon return, and see them often," — a promise which, however, he did not keep, for reasons which will be explained hereafter. They subsequently met several times at the hospitable houses of the Griesbachs and Hufelands, where the Schlegels were always cordially welcomed. Caroline and her husband then returned Göthe's visit at Weimar, upon which occasion he gave a dinner in honor of the couple, and Herder an evening party. She was so taken with the latter as "almost to fall in love with him." Frau Herder she had, indeed, expected to find "smaller, gentler, and more womanly." However, the qualities of the husband amply made up for any thing that may have disappointed her in the wife.

"Besides," she writes, "that Curland accent is alone sufficient to win one's heart; and then his ease and yet dignity of manner, the clever gracefulness in all he says, and he never says any thing one is not gratified to hear. It is a long time since any one has charmed me so much . . . . Wieland, too, was in capital humor, saying plenty of amusing things, and in a towering rage against *pigs*, for whose existence he can never forgive the Creator, and which he called the *anti-Graces* in his pathetic indignation."

They also came in contact with Knebel, that original creature, "a nobleman's brave spirit;" and with Falk, the satirist, "the best fellow in the world, who lets the Weimar people pet him; for they always must have somebody of that kind." The Dowager Duchess and Karl August himself, usually so anxious to seize upon all rising stars, do not appear to have exhibited any great alacrity with regard to the Schlegels, nor did the court volunteer to open its doors to them on any of their subsequent visits to Weimar. Yet there can be little doubt that, had there been a real desire for their intercourse, an exception might easily have been made in their favor, as had been the case with Wieland and Merck, in spite of the aristocratic prejudices and nearly insurmountable difficulties of etiquette which still prevailed, even at Karl August's court.* It is not to be wondered at, at any rate, that our new-comers should feel themselves perfectly at home in Thuringia, when they saw how cordially they were welcomed by the princes of German literature.

"I continue to feel happy beyond every thing here," Caroline writes, after more than two months. "I have settled comfortably down, and feel as though I might take up a lasting residence in this country. I still remain true to my first resolution of making but few acquaintances. I see little or nothing of the students, and have secured myself, at any rate, against their smashing my windows, as our dwelling is in a back-yard. We walk out every evening; and our domestic circle has turned from a trio to a quartet since the arrival of my brother-in-law, who is a great source of enjoyment to us, with his rough pate, inside and out."

This addition to their household was, however, not always to prove so great a source of satisfaction to them. The small house they had taken at Jena was not only a place of recreation; it was, above all, a study and literary workshop. Schlegel had already begun to contribute to Schiller's *Musen-Almanach* and *Horen*. His facility, both in reading and composition, was so great that he was able to send in critical essays issuing from his own pen to almost every number of these periodicals. Caroline was of the greatest assistance to him, not only in reading and in forming an opinion on the works read, but also in writing. Several of the most celebrated critical essays published at that period under his name were really, if not wholly, at

* Frau von Wolzogen had turned authoress; and one of her novels, anonymously published, had been even attributed by her contemporaries to Göthe himself.

* The two Schlegels had titles conferred upon them much later, like Göthe, Schiller, Herder, Schelling, Johannes Müller, and others.

any rate in great part, her work. Among others, we may mention the admirable review of *Romeo and Juliet*. But of about three hundred reviews of different books which appeared in the *Horen*, the *Litteratur-Zeitung*, and the *Elegante Zeitung*, which were generally attributed to Schlegel himself, a great many were entirely written by his wife; who, not content with helping him in this way, did not even shrink from the mechanical task of copying for him whenever she could thereby lessen his burthen of work. Her direct co-operation was, nevertheless, far less important than her indirect collaboration. Her woman's instinct was surer, her taste and tact had greater delicacy, than Schlegel's; and, in spite of his rapidity of judgment, he was in an eminent degree accessible to personal influence. It must, moreover, be confessed that Germany's greatest critic after Lessing, in reality, had no settled opinions, and was mainly occupied, during the four busiest years of his life, in clothing those he borrowed from Caroline in his own style, in lending them the solid support of his own superior learning, and amplifying as well as systematizing them with that peculiar ability for dialectics which forms his chief characteristic.

When the Schlegels first arrived at Jena, the generous friendship which united Göthe and Schiller had but just commenced, and was as yet in its militant period with regard to the outer world. These two great men and great poets, having at length mutually acknowledged each other's worth, immediately contracted an offensive and defensive alliance against the enemies of truth and of the beautiful, whose name was then, alas! as it ever will be, legion. They had just carried warfare into the enemy's territory by sundry smart attacks, each bringing his own peculiar qualities into the field, frequently opposed, and thereby serving as a complement to those which distinguished the other. Caroline had never disguised her partiality for Göthe's genius, and with her to prefer was vehemently to side with. Now, this very summer, that of 1796, was marked by the appearance of the famous *Xenien*, that well-known series of satirical epigrams by the two allied poets, which at that time created so great a sensation, and threw the surrounding world into consternation and confusion. Complaints resounded on every side from those who had been so unfortunate as to feel the darts of the bright Dioscuri of Weimar and Jena. Never did any parliamentary campaign in a political country stir up such a hurricane of hatred and passion as was provoked by this literary warfare in one, the interests of which were as yet of an almost exclusively intellectual nature. With the natural acuteness of a woman's instinct, Caroline was not long in detecting whence the shafts proceeded. At the outset, the contents of the whole quiver were laid to Göthe's account; but she at once writes to her friends that "Schiller had stood by him faithfully; his missiles bring down less comical prey, but they are more venomous." As soon, however, as a few of them chanced to fall within the precincts of her own garden, she began to be vexed. "The whole thing displeases me more and more, and I must say I bear Schiller a grudge on account of it, *entre nous;* for, believe me, five-sixths of them are his, and the sprightly, inoffensive ones alone are by Göthe.* Schiller will have to pay for all the breakages: he lays himself so open that one can take hold of him on all sides; and besides, he is susceptible, — his vengeance shows that."

The original cause of the rupture which subsequently took place was, as usual, Friedrich Schlegel. Elsewhere (see *Revue des Deux Mondes*, number of March 15, 1870) I have already attempted to delineate the character of this singular personage, who was not less vain, while far less reliable, than his brother, although possessing a deeper and more powerful intellect. But whereas Wilhelm's weaknesses, and his pretensions to the refinement of a man of the world, exercised no deteriorating influence upon his intrinsic merits, Friedrich's mania of giving himself out for a fiery, impetuous nature, an inspired, tyrannically capricious genius, on the contrary, spoiled his fine speculative qualities, and did real injury as well to his writings as to his career. This affected indomitableness of character usually manifested itself in practical life by gross breaches of tact and delicacy; in literature, by voluntary and intentional sensuality, or cutting paradox. The year before, Schiller had published his admirable "Essay on Naïve and Sentimental Poetry;" in which, setting out from Kant's principles, he for the first time clearly specified the characteristic difference between modern and ancient poetry, eloquently defending and proving the legitimacy of the former, and even for those who know how to read between the lines, the legitimate rights of Friedrich Schiller's reflective and sentimental muse beside the more "naïve and plastic" goddess who inspired Wolfgang Göthe. Now, Friedrich Schlegel himself had already treated this very same subject some time before, in a somewhat unripe production, and naturally felt himself overtaken and distanced by the maturer thinker. Greatly stung by this mortification, he immediately set about reducing to a complete system the detailed objections he had to make to Schiller's essay, and published them in Reichardt's *Deutschland*, following them up rapidly, in spite of strenuous efforts on the part of his brother to deter him, by two other articles directed against Schiller's essays and philosophical poems. The tone assumed by this young writer towards a man of Schiller's standing — for it must be borne in mind that Friedrich Schlegel was then only twenty-four, and had produced neither "Räuber" nor "Don Carlos" — was one of intolerable arrogance and presumption. Schiller was deeply wounded by it; so much so, indeed, that a tardy effort on the part of his juvenile antagonist to mitigate the violence of his previous attacks by a less severe conclusion remained without avail, and Schlegel had to bear the brunt of the Titan's wrath. *Xenie* after *Xenie* pierced with their poisoned darts the but too susceptible vanity of these "gentlemen who teach to-day what they learned but yesterday." Friedrich Schlegel's reply was a sharp criticism of the epigrams, in which he heavily ridicules "Patroclus, too rash for his own welfare, giving himself the airs of the great Pelide," — i.e., Göthe. Throughout the whole of that year, this warfare was kept up in a similar tone, and women's mischief-making talk did much to envenom the quarrel. The best, oldest, and truest friend Schiller ever had was Körner the elder, father of the well-known poet-patriot, who fell a victim in the wars of 1813. Now, Körner's sister-in-law, Dora Stock, had been affianced to that same unfortunate Huber with whom Theresa Forster had eloped. This forsaken lady had somehow or other got it into her head, quite erroneously, that Caroline Schlegel had done a good deal towards promoting this piece of double treachery, and had, in consequence, vowed her a persistent and deadly hatred, which was to pursue her wherever she went, and to the very end of her life. Soon there is no crime of which *Dame Lucifer* — for thus she is styled, even by Schiller himself — is not accused, or, at any rate, thought capable by the set which at that time was grouped around the great poet. It is quite nauseous to peruse the letters of some female gossips to Charlotte Schiller on this subject, especially those of Frau von Hoven and a certain Frau Niethammer. Women totally devoid of all personal charms, old maids, or the wives of university professors, can alone reach such a degree of refined cruelty in distilling poison, drop by drop, out of the paltriest elements, in order to injure one of their own sex, whose misfortune, or, in their eyes, crime, it is to have what they lack, and to possess superior attraction for the opposite sex.

We are sorry also to be obliged to add, that Schiller himself never could succeed in shaking off certain littlenesses of character, acquired, no doubt, in early youth, in the stifling, contagious atmosphere of small country towns, and that he persisted to the last in bringing as much vehemence of passionate interest to bear upon the most trifling personal matters, as he showed enthusiasm in advocating grand, impersonal ideas. A long habit of battling against poverty had left behind it a meanness in views regarding money

* Caroline was not wrong. The recent researches of Boas, Bernays, and Haym had already led to the same result, before her correspondence was published.

matters strikingly at variance with the usual grandeur of his nature. Previously to contracting that memorable friendship with the other great German star, which will forever be one of the greatest glories of the country, he had severely criticised Karl August's extravagance for allowing Göthe two thousand thalers "to spend in Italy doing nothing." On hearing that Caroline had helped Friedrich Schlegel in writing the essay against the *Horen*, — which was not true, by the way, — he immediately writes in the following terms to her husband (April, 1797): —

"I was happy to be able to procure you the means of earning a remuneration such as is seldom to be had, by inserting your translations from Dante and Shakspeare; but since I am informed that Herr Friedrich Schlegel chooses the very moment in which I have obtained these advantages for you to censure me publicly for admitting too many translations into the *Horen*, you must excuse me if I refrain from doing so in future. And, to release you once for all from a position which must necessarily weigh upon your frankness and delicacy, let us break off a connection which, under the circumstances, would be too strange, and has already too often compromised my confidence."

Schlegel was weak enough to make an attempt at justifying himself in an answer to this letter, and even Caroline herself condescended to add a postscript to her husband's reply. All was, however, in vain; for, although the parties concerned continued to keep up social intercourse, it always remained of the most distant and frigid kind. Göthe, generally wont to espouse his friend's quarrels, was this time forced to admit that Schiller was in the wrong; and, without ever contracting any intimacy with the Schlegels, he continued on a footing of regard and esteem with them, which the elder brother, at any rate, deserved. While Schiller could discern nothing beyond "heartless, sterile coldness," in all they wrote, Göthe never ceased viewing them in their true light, viz., as the first German critics of the day. He even went the lengths of admiring their poetry; this, however, was overdoing it. When director of the Weimar theatre, he insisted upon having Wilhelm's "Ion" performed, identifying himself to so great an extent with his *protégé* that he seriously quarrelled with some ill-disposed critics, and even had recourse to his ministerial authority, in order to silence their opposition. The husband and wife, on their side, remained true to him, especially Caroline; and it is touching to remark her constancy and affectionate admiration for Göthe, as displayed in his correspondence, which embraces a period of more than thirty years, and in which she always speaks of him in the same high terms, both as a man and a poet, in spite of the frigid politeness with which he never ceased to treat her. "There is not an archer rogue under the sun," she says, alluding to him, "nor a better, more innocent heart;" and when her friends are in trouble or perplexity, it is to Göthe she sends them to seek counsel and comfort.

She did not fail, of course, to direct Friedrich's attention towards Göthe's works, warning him at the same time against Schiller's tendency, as she afterwards did with Schelling. Nevertheless, there was far too much of the woman in her nature; she had too much tact; and, besides, too great an interest in remaining on good terms with Schiller, to become the instigator of a personal quarrel of that kind, or provoke the untimely and unbecoming attacks of her brother-in-law. But, hostilities once commenced, it was not in her character to remain a neutral spectator, or a half enemy. From that moment there can be no doubt whatever that she really became the soul and presiding genius of the whole conspiracy — or shall I rather call it campaign — which the romantic school directed against Schiller, "moral, leaden Schiller." Even the tactics of this literary warfare had something indescribably feminine in them. The adversary was to be crushed by silence and disdain, and it is easy to see what such silence and disdain cost them. When unable, at times, to contain themselves, he is incidentally alluded to as they would mention a Kotzebue or Iffland, or any other supplies of stage *répertoires*. In private correspondence they treated the author of "Wallenstein" as a complete nullity, turning his dramatic manufacture into ridicule. Nor must it be supposed that the Schlegels stood alone in this. Herder's correspondence teems with the same ill-disguised acrimony against Schiller. Envy, from which Herder was by no means free, and wounded vanity, of which the Schlegels owned an unusual amount, had, in fact, a great deal more to do with this hostile attitude than any æsthetic convictions; and the opinions of the new school were far oftener dictated by personal considerations, or momentary caprice, than any of them cared to confess. Still, the basis of this virulent opposition rested, in reality, on a new doctrine, and a point of view entirely differing from those which at that time prevailed. "This is war against the majority," says Caroline; and even the contradictions in the works which proceeded from this school may be traced to this common source. A moral Schiller was looked down upon with disdain, while an immoral Wieland excited virtuous indignation. "Immoral Wieland," forsooth! The word is monstrous in the mouth of the author of "Lucinde," and addressed to one, who, sixteen years before, treated all less enthusiastic admirers of "Oberon" as "obtuse minds, and crazy heads!" Still, we can perfectly understand how the leading principles of a new school, reclaiming art for art's sake, and poetry for poetry's sake, could be hurt equally by the ideal morality, by the categorical imperative which inspired Schiller, and by the didactic rationalism, calling itself Socratic, — true inheritance of the eighteenth century, — of which Wieland could not divest himself.

As for Caroline, although agreeing in the main with the young rebels, and expressing astonishment that the "purest, loftiest work of modern poetry (Dante's 'Divina Commedia') should have connected itself with that wretched Virgil," she nevertheless took care not to draw extreme conclusions with regard to reality. These new sectarians had all been seized with a violent mania for poeticizing every-day life; and Caroline often had occasion to pity that poor little Fräulein Paulus — afterwards the wife of August Wilhelm himself — for being forced "into so eccentric a course," without having "a single spark of poetry in her." She rails at Clemens Brentano for "coming to present himself to Friedrich Schlegel at Jena, as he would to some high priest, in order to ascertain whether or no he be free from the slightest taint of leprosy," and for making such a fool of himself by his "unlimited impertinence." She laughs at Friedrich and his paradoxical aggressive doctor's theses, and ridicules the airs of a Diogenes, which Friedrich Tieck, the sculptor, gives himself. Still, among the whole of this romantic set, who believed implicitly that Ludwig Tieck's poetry was quite on a par with Göthe's, and were in earnest when they assigned a higher place to their poor consumptive Novalis, than to robust, healthy Lessing, she alone contrived to preserve sufficient freedom of judgment and impartiality to enable her to be just, not only to their adversaries, — with the solitary exception of Schiller, who, it must not be forgotten, had grossly offended her, — but also to their friends, which was a good deal less easy. She never ceased to disapprove of "Lucinde," nor would this objectionable work ever have been published, had she had her own way; nevertheless, she was not deterred by any thing of this kind from acknowledging her young brother-in-law's real superiority over the other adepts of the new creed, even after the rupture which eventually occurred between them. "Friedrich is profound," she says, "sometimes even too profound; inwardly grand, he is outwardly a fool. He carries childlike confidence and unconsciousness, even into the intentional artifice of his compositions." If, on the one hand, she erred in exaggerating her husband's merits as a dramatic writer, more especially with regard to his "Ion;" on the other, she is surely deserving of all praise for constantly urging him to complete that work, which she herself foretells was one day to be "the pillar of his glory," viz., his translation of Shakspeare. Even at a time when there was no longer any reason for partiality towards him, she continued to admit that he was the only one among this set who worked hard, knew his own mind, and was ready at all times. And, when at last they all begin to turn their

stings against Göthe himself, she writes to Schelling, "Don't chime in chorus, nor take part in the blasphemies against Göthe;" and makes no ceremony whatever, speaking of Tieck's poems, in laughing at his "imagination, always flapping its wings and fluttering, yet unable to soar aloft!" She delights in Voltaire's tales; but as for his tragedies, she cares for them only in Göthe's harmonious translations, of which she says, "He has set Voltaire to music, as Mozart did Schickaneder;" alluding to "Tancred," and the "Zauberflöte."

Her husband knew well how to turn her eminent cleverness and perspicacity to the best possible account; and her brother-in-law would have liked to do the same, but he set about it too awkwardly. He had at that time just left Jena for Berlin, where he was starting a new periodical called the *Athenæum*, by means of which it was his intention to place the whole of contemporary German literature "in a state of siege," — from Nicolai's antiquated rationalist school, that pig-tail of Lessing's, to the epicurism of Wieland and his followers, Schiller's Idealism, the self-styled humorists *à la* Hippel, and finally down to the pure classical writers, Göthe always excepted. Caroline was — to use his own inappropriate language — to assist him "in taming and drilling this young Herculean bear" (the *Athenæum!*). She was likewise requested to send direct *fragmentary* contributions from her own pen — for these *Romantiker*, like most people devoid of creative power, had a mania for fragments. She, however, refused to contribute, for she knew herself too well to exchange willingly the part of an Egeria for that of a Sappho. He next took to extracting passages from his brilliant sister-in-law's private letters, with a view to inserting them in his periodical; fortunately for Caroline, however, he soon convinced himself that they were altogether of too personal a nature, — "too pure, too beautiful, too delicate, to allow of his making her appear intentional by detaching portions of them." Finding himself unsuccessful with the mother, he then proceeded to attack the daughter. Augusta, the most charming little creature imaginable, if we are to believe our eyes in viewing the portrait which has come down to us, and the corroborative evidence of her friends and admirers, was but twelve years old in 1797, although precociously developed. It is easy to perceive by her letters, and still more by some verses addressed to Friedrich Schlegel and Tieck, that she must have been lively, bright, and childlike, yet endowed with unusual intelligence for her age. Had it been possible to spoil this wonderful child, assuredly the circle in which she grew up, and the tone prevailing in it, would have done it. At times one hardly knows whether to smile or be indignant at certain passages of letters which were addressed to this young girl at the age of ten and twelve. Those of Caroline herself to her daughter are in a slight degree more guarded, for she is more natural and unaffected than the rest, and then she is her mother; yet both she and her husband, especially the latter, constantly allude to persons and things in their correspondence with her which it would have been desirable she should have ignored. As for Friedrich, he jests with her in his coarse, heavy way. "Bid your mother keep an eye upon Wilhelm, on account of the Paulus flirtation." * And soon after, "You are just twelve years old to-day; and you will no longer be allowed to sit on my knees. I see how hard this will be for you, but it is your mother's wish. . . . . I promise you to keep you *au courant* if any woman should fall in love with me, for I am not likely to fall in love with any one." He seriously proposes to this child to help him in his view. "Will you not take part in the *Attic Museum*? you shall have ten thalers a sheet for your work. Only in that case it would not be superfluous if you were to learn to treat German orthography with a little less respect."

Friedrich's adventures in Berlin are well known. He there became intimate with Schleiermacher and Henriette Herz (of whom, by the way, he speaks most disparagingly in his letters), and at last met with her whose influence was to supersede that of Caroline during his after-life, and who was to become his chief helpmate in his writings, and his assistant in translating "Faublas," or copying his "Lucinde," with her sister Henrietta. It is not my intention to enter here into the history of this daughter of Moses Mendelssohn's, who afterwards became Friedrich Schlegel's wife, and was the mother of Philip Veit.* Friedrich Schlegel was not her first nor her only love, as has been generally supposed. A somewhat enigmatical individual, the natural son of a reigning prince, who by turns led the life of a traveller, a military adventurer, and a scientific man, had succeeded in making a very deep impression upon her heart; and she had allowed this passively sensual feeling to get the better of her, without offering any great resistance. At the time of young Schlegel's first appearance in Berlin, she found herself in that delicate situation in which the two greatest modern poets have chosen to place their types of the lover, Romeo and Werther, in order better to illustrate the susceptibility of their hearts for new impressions. In other words, she had not yet entirely recovered from a first wound: but it appears that it was not long in healing when she once knew Friedrich; for soon after we find her, with the characteristic indelicacy of the times and of the set to which she belonged, publishing love-letters written to her by her first lover, Edouard D'Alton, in her fragmentary novel, "Florentin." Her *liaison* with Friedrich Schlegel was, as is well-known, to give rise likewise to the publication of a novel; but this time it was the lover who took upon himself the indiscreet mission of "Lucinde." "Pedantism," says an epigram of that time, "asked Imagination for a kiss, but she sent him back to Sin. Bold, though impotent, he embraced her, and she brought forth a still-born offspring, — 'Lucinde.'" It would be impossible to describe the work better: it was indeed one of those boxes on the ear, as the author himself modestly styles them, which he was wont to administer to those "blind enough not see that he had genius." By this we can see that he was not disposed to be hard upon himself; and yet he knew his own character well, for in a lucid interval he says, "It seems to me as though the world might again be divided, as in the beginning of modern history, into two great categories, — ecclesiastics and laymen. You" (meaning Wilhelm and Caroline) "belong to the lay folks, we" (i.e., he and Dorothea)" to the clerks."

The sensual monk and his excitable nun, however, began to feel themselves considerably less at ease in Berlin, after committing this gross *étourderie*, and to think seriously of removing elsewhere. The gates of Dresden, where Friedrich's married sister resided, were closed against them, not on account of any scruples of morality, but simply because Dorothea was as yet unbaptized, — just as Caroline had found herself unable to re-enter her native town Göttengen, although legally married to August Wilhelm, because she was suspected of Jacobinism. Thus we see how enviable the political state of Germany must have been in those days of unlimited intellectual freedom. Friedrich and Dorothea finished by settling at Jena; and this was a great mistake. For, although the two brothers had a sincere and heartfelt love and admiration for each other, it was a very different thing with the two sisters-in-law, and consequently dissensions speedily arose. Not that the irregularity of Dorothea Veit's connection with Friedrich Schlegel in the least scandalized Caroline; for had she not shown herself ready to receive even Henrietta, Dorothea's sister, in spite of her full consciousness of the "innocent affection which existed between her and Wilhelm"? On the contrary, it was the ecclesiastical nature of Dorothea which found itself unable to chime in with Caroline's mundane tendencies. Their friends are unanimous in attributing the initiative of the quarrel entirely to Dorothea; and all, even Caroline herself, agreed in absolving Friedrich from all blame in the matter, excepting that of weakness.

On their first arrival, Caroline had come forward to receive his companion with a cordial welcome, and writes to her daughter, "She has a national (i.e.) Jewish look, demeanor, and countenance. I do not consider her pretty.

* This alludes, not to the future second wife of A. W. Schlegel, but to her mother, still youthful then.

* One of the most celebrated German painters of the Overbeck school.

Her eyes are large and flashing, but the lower part of her face is too careworn and heavy. She is not taller, though a little broader, than I. Her voice is the most feminine part of her." Indeed, we have every reason to suppose that Caroline quite surpassed her in womanly attractions. There still exist two portraits of Caroline and her daughter by Tischbein, which may certainly be flattering likenesses; but painters are not given to making portraits like these unless there be something about the subject which inspires them. Both are charming; and although it be difficult not to be reminded of the *matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior*, still the charms of the woman of thirty-six outweigh those of the girl of fourteen. The head-dress, *à la* Marie Antoinette, so exactly suits the delicate and smiling head, the eyes are so eloquently caressing, the lips seem about to utter the Siren's lay, the neck — a thing so rare in German women — is so perfectly rounded and beautifully set upon her falling shoulders. Then, again, a light veil is cast over this amiable serenity, giving it, as it were, the stamp of the century. Those eyes must assuredly have perused Ossian, and shed tears over La Nouvelle Héloïse. It is easy to understand that Dorothea should have dreaded her influence over Friedrich. Nevertheless, things went on tolerably as long as Wilhelm remained at Jena; but when he left for Berlin (1801), the storm which had been gathering broke loose. According to true German custom, of course every one was initiated into the innermost privacy of these family dissensions; two parties formed at Jena, one for, one against, Friedrich. As for August Wilhelm, he took Caroline's part against his brother, at a time when he was no longer in love with her, when he was sighing after Sophie Bernhardi, and when she herself made no secret of her attachment to Schelling.

It was a great relief to Caroline when Friedrich and Dorothea left Jena at last, after a stay of three years (1802). "They are gone off to France," writes she triumphantly, "to be married, *à la Républicaine*. Under Robespierre people were wont to call drowning in the Loire a 'Republican wedding.' And I must say I should not grudge one-half of this couple a wedding of that kind," she adds, with a woman's harshness, and a want of taste very rare in her. Friedrich went to pay her a visit before leaving Jena. "I thought myself obliged to call upon her," he writes to Wilhelm, "since you still consider her as your wife; but the meeting was icy, although extremely polite." Now, what could have happened to prevent August Wilhelm from considering Caroline any longer as his wife?

THE LIME IN THE MORTAR.

BY THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I SHALL presume in all my readers some slight knowledge about lime. I shall take for granted, for instance, that all are better informed than a certain party of Australian black fellows were, a few years since.

In prowling on the track of a party of English settlers, to see what they could pick up, they came — oh, joy! — on a sack of flour, dropped and left behind in the bush at a certain creek. The poor savages had not had such a prospect of a good meal for many a day. With endless jabbering and dancing, the whole tribe gathered round the precious flour-bag with all the pannikins, gourds, and other hollow articles it could muster, each, of course, with a due quantity of water from the creek therein; and the chief began dealing out the flour by handfuls, beginning, of course, with the boldest warriors. But, horror of horrors, each man's porridge swelled before his eyes, grew hot, smoked, boiled over. They turned and fled, man, woman, and child, from before that supernatural prodigy; and the settlers, coming back to look for the dropped sack, saw a sight which told the whole tale. For the poor creatures, in their terror, had thrown away their pans and calabashes, and each one filled with that which it was likely to contain, seeing that the sack itself had contained, not flour, but quick-lime. In memory of which comi-tragedy, that creek is called to this day, "Flour-bag Creek."

Now, I take for granted that you are all more learned than these black fellows, and know quick-lime from flour. But still you are not bound to know what quick-lime is. Let me explain it to you.

Lime, properly speaking, is a metal, which goes among chemists by the name of calcium. But it is formed, as you all know, in the earth, not as a metal, but as a stone; as chalk or limestone, which is a carbonate of lime; that is, calcium combined with oxygen and carbonic acid gases.

In that state it will make, if it is crystalline and hard, excellent building stone. The finest white marbles, like those of Carrara in Italy, of which the most delicate statues are carved, is carbonate of lime, altered and hardened by volcanic heat. But to make mortar of it, it must be softened, and then brought into a state in which it can be hardened again; and ages since, some man or other, who deserves to rank as one of the great inventors, one of the great benefactors of his race, discovered the art of making lime soft and hard again; in fact, of making mortar. The discovery was probably very ancient; and made, probably, like most of the old discoveries, in the East, spreading westward gradually. The earlier Greek buildings are cyclopean; that is, of stone fitted together without mortar. The earlier Egyptian buildings, though the stones are exquisitely squared and polished, are put together likewise without mortar. So, long ages after, were the earlier Roman buildings, and even some of the later. The famous aqueduct of the Pont du Guard near Nismes, in the south of France, has, if I recollect right, no mortar whatever in it. The stones of its noble double tier of circular arches have been dropped into their places upon the wooden centres, and stand unmoved to this day, simply by the jamming of their own weight, — a miracle of art. But the fact is puzzling; for these Romans were the best mortar-makers of the world. We cannot, I believe, surpass them in the art, even now; and in some of their old castles, the mortar is actually to this day harder and tougher than the stones which it holds together. And they had plenty of lime at hand, if they had chosen to make mortar. The Pont du Gard crosses a limestone ravine, and is itself built of limestone. But I presume the cunning Romans would not trust mortar made from that coarse Nummulite limestone, filled with gritty sand, and preferred, with their usual carefulness, no mortar at all to bad.

But I must return, and tell my readers, in a few words, the chemical history of mortar. If limestone be burned, or rather roasted in a kiln, the carbonic acid is given off — as you may discover by your own nose; as many a poor tramp has discovered too late, when, on a cold winter night, he has lain down by the side of the burning kiln to keep himself warm, and woke in the other world, stifled to death by the poisonous fumes.

The lime then gives off its carbonic acid, and also its water of crystallization; that is, water which it holds (as do many rocks) locked up in it unseen, and only to be discovered by chemical analysis. It is then anhydrous — that is, waterless — oxide of lime, what we call quick-lime; that which figured in the comi-tragedy of "Flour-bag Creek;" and then, as you may find if you get it under your nails or into your eyes, will burn and blister like an acid.

This has to be turned again into a hard and tough artificial limestone; in plain words, into mortar: and the first step is to slack it; that is, to give it back the water which it has lost, and for which, as it were, it is thirsting. So it is slacked with water, which it drinks in, heating itself and the water till it steams, and swells in bulk, because it takes the substance of the water into its own substance. Slacked lime, as we all know, is not visibly wetter than quicklime: it crumbles to a dry white powder, in spite of all the water which it contains.

Then it must be made to set; that is, to return to limestone, to carbonate of lime, by drinking in the carbonic acid from water and air, which some sorts of lime will do instantly, setting at once, and being therefore used as cements. But the lime usually employed must be mixed

with more or less sand to make it set hard; and how that sand makes it set, I do not know, and I cannot find man or book to tell me. Possibly the angular grains of sand may serve as points round which the lime paste can crystallize itself again, as it becomes carbonate of lime.

Be that as it may, the mortar paste has now to do two things, — to dry, and to take up carbonic acid from the air and water enough to harden it again into limestone; and that it will take some time in doing. A brick wall, I am informed, requires several years before it is set throughout, and has acquired its full hardness, or rather toughness; and good mortar, as is well known, will acquire extreme hardness with age, probably from the very same cause that it did when it was limestone in the earth. For, as a general rule, the more ancient the strata is in which the limestone is found, the harder the limestone is, — except in cases where volcanic action and earthquake pressure have hardened limestone in more recent strata, as in the case of the white marbles of Carrara, in Italy, which are the limestones of the age of our Oolites, the freestone of Bath, &c., hardened by the heat of intruded volcanic rocks.

But now, what is the limestone? and how did it get where it is? Not into the mortar, I mean, but into the limestone quarry? Let me tell you, or rather, help you to tell yourselves, by leading you, as before, from the known to the unknown. Let me lead you to places unknown indeed to most; but there may be sailors or soldiers among my readers who know them far better than I do. Let me lead you, in fancy, to some island in the tropic seas. After all, I am not leading you as far away as you fancy by several thousand miles, as you will see, I trust, ere I have done.

Let me take you to some island: what shall it be like? Shall it be a high island, with cliff piled on cliff, and peak on peak, all rich with mighty forests, like a furred mantle of green retreat, mounting up and up, till it is lost among white clouds above? Or shall it be a mere low reef, which you do not see till you are close upon it? on which nothing rises above the water, but here and there a knot of cocoa-nut palms or a block of stone, or a few bushes, all swarming with innumerable seafowl and their eggs? Let it be which you will: both are strange enough, both beautiful; both will tell us a story.

The ship will have to lie-to, and anchor if she can, it may be a mile, it may be only a few yards, from the land. For between it and the land will be a line of breakers, raging in before the warm trade-wind. And this, you will be told, marks the edge of the coral reef.

You will have to go ashore in a boat, over a sea which looks unfathomable, which may be a mile or more in depth, and search for an opening in the reef, through which the boat can pass without being knocked to pieces.

You find one; and in a moment, what a change! The deep has suddenly become shallow; the blue white, from the gleam of the white coral at the bottom. But the coral is not all white, only, indeed, a little of it; for as you look down through the clear water, you find that the coral is starred with innumerable live flowers, blue, crimson, gray, every conceivable hue; and that these are the coral polypes, each with its ring of arms thrust out of its cell, are building up their common habitations of lime. If you want to understand, by a rough but correct description, what a coral polype is, all who have been to the sea-side know, or at least have heard of, sea-anemones. Now, coral polypes are sea-anemones, which make each a shell of lime, growing with its growth. As for their shapes, the variety of them, the beauty of them, no tongue can describe them. If you want to see them, go to the coral rooms of the British or Liverpool museums, and judge for yourselves. Only remember that you must re-clothe each of their exquisite forms with a coating of lime jelly, of some delicate hue, and put back into every one of the thousand cells its living flower; and into the beds, or rather banks, of the salt-water flower garden, the gaudiest of shell-less sea-anemones, such as we have on our coasts, rooted in the cracks, and live shells and sea-slugs, as gaudy as they, crawling about, with fifty other forms of fantastic and exuberant life. You must not overlook, too, the fish, especially the parrot fish, some of them of the gaudiest colors, who spend their lives in browsing on the live coral, with strong clipping and grinding teeth, just as a cow browses the grass, keeping the animal matter, and throwing away the lime in the form of an impalpable white mud, which fills up the interstices in the coral beds.

The bottom, just outside the reef, is covered with that mud, mixed with more lime-mud, which the surge wears off the reef; and if you have, as you should have, a dredge on board, and try a haul of that mud as you row home, you may find, but not always, animal forms rooted in it, which will delight the soul of a scientific man. One I hope would be some sort of Terebratula, or shell akin to it. You would think it a cockle, with forked beaks: you would be wrong. The animal which dwells in it has about the same relationship to a cockle as a dog has to a bird. It is a Brachiopod, a family with which the ancient seas once swarmed, but which is rare now, all over the world, having been supplanted and driven out of the seas by nearer and stronger forms of shelled animals. The nearest spot at which you are likely to dredge a live Brachiopod will be in the deep waters of Loch Fyne, in Argyleshire, where the species still linger, fastened strangely enough to the smooth pebbles of a submerged glacier, found in the open air during the age of ice, but sunk now to a depth of eighty fathoms. The first time I saw these shells come up in the dredge, out of the dark and motionless abyss, I could sympathize with those feelings of mingled delight and awe, with which, so my companion told me, the great Prof. Owen had, in the same spot, first beheld these lingering remnants of a primæval world.

The other might be (but I cannot promise you even a chance of dredging that, unless you were off the coast of Portugal, or the windward side of some of the West India Islands) a live Crinoid, an exquisite starfish, with long and branching arms, but rooted in the mud by a long stalk, and that stalk throwing out barren side branches, the whole a living plant of stone. You may see in museums specimens of this family, now so rare, all but extinct. And yet fifty or a hundred different forms of the same type swarmed in the ancient seas, — whole masses of limestone made up of little else but the fragments of such animals.

But we have not landed yet on the dry part of the reef. Let us make to it, taking care, meanwhile, that we do not get our feet cut by the coral, or stung as by nettles by the coral insects. We shall see that the dry land is made up entirely of coral, ground and broken by the waves, and hurled inland by the storm, sometimes in huge bowlders, mostly as fine mud; and that, under the influence of the sun and of the rain, which filters through it, charged with lime from the rotting coral, the whole is setting, as cement sets, into rock: and what is this? A long bank of stone standing up as a low cliff, ten or twelve feet above high-water mark. It is full of fragments of shell, of fragments of coral, of all sorts of animal remains, and the lower part of it is quite hard rock; moreover, it is bedded in regular layers, just such as you see in a quarry. But how did it get there? for it must have been formed at the sea-level, some of it, indeed, under the sea; for here are great masses of madrepore and limestone corals unshedded, just as they grew. What lifted it up? Your companions, if you have any, who know the island, have no difficulty in telling you. It was borne up, they say, in the earthquake in such and such a year; and they will tell you, perhaps, that if you will go on shore, on the main island which rises inside the reef, you may see dead coral beds just like these, lying on the old rocks, and sloping up along the flanks of the mountains to several hundred feet above the sea. I have seen such many a time.

And so you find the coral being converted gradually into a limestone rock, either fine and homogeneous, composed of coral grown into pulp, or filled with corals and shells, or with angular fragments of older coral rock. Did you never see that last? No? Yes, you have a hundred times. You have but to look at the marbles commonly used about these

islands, with angular fragments imbedded in the mass, and here and there a shell, and the whole cemented together by water, holding in solution carbonate of lime, and to see the very same phenomenon perpetuated to this day.

Thus, I think, we have got first from the known to the unknown; and from a tropic coral island back here to the limestone hills of these islands; and I did not speak at random when I said that I was not leading you away as far as you fancied, by several thousand miles.

Examine any average limestone quarry, from Bristol to Berwick, and you will see there all I have been describing; that is, all of it which is not soft animal matter, certain to decay. You will see the lime-mud hardened into rock beds; you will see the shells imbedded in it; you will see the corals in every stage of destruction; you will see whole layers made up of innumerable fragments of Crinoids — no wonder they are innumerable, for, it has been calculated, there are in a single animal of some of the species one hundred and forty thousand joints, one hundred and forty thousand bits of lime to fall apart when its soft parts decay. But was it not all there? And why should it not have got there by the same process by which similar old coral beds get up the mountain sides in the West Indies and elsewhere, namely, by the upheaving force of earthquakes? When you see similar effects, you have a right to presume similar causes. If you see a man fall off a house here, and break his neck, and some years after, in London or New York, or anywhere else, you find another man lying at the foot of another house, with his neck broken in the same way, is it not a very fair presumption that he has fallen off a house likewise?

You may be wrong. He may have come to his end by a dozen other means; but you must have proof of that. You will have a full right, in science and in common-sense, to say that man fell off the house, till some one proves to you that he did not.

In fact, there is nothing which you see in the limestones of these isles — save and except the difference in every shell and coral — which you would not see in the coral beds of the West Indies, if such earthquakes as that famous one at St. Thomas's, in 1866, became common and periodic, upheaving the land (they needs upheave it a very little, only two hundred and fifty feet), till St. Thomas's, and all the Virgin Isles, and the mighty mountain of Porto Rico, which looms up dim and purple to the west, were all joined into dry land once more, and the lonely coral-shoal of Anegada were raised, as it would be raised then, into a limestone table-land, like that of Central Ireland, of Galway, or of County Clare.

But you must clearly understand, that, however much these coralline limestones have been upheaved since they were formed, yet the sea-bottom, while they were being formed, was sinking, and not rising. This is a fact which was first pointed out by Mr. Darwin, in his observations made in the world-famous voyage of the *Beagle;* and the observations of subsequent great naturalists have all gone to corroborate his theory.

It was supposed at first, you must understand, that when you found a coral island rising steeply to the surface of the sea out of blue water, perhaps a thousand fathoms or more, that that was plain proof that the little coral polypes had begun at the bottom of the sea, and, in the course of ages, built up the whole island out of that enormous depth.

But it soon came out that that theory was not correct; for the coral polypes cannot live and build, save in shallow water, — say thirty to forty fathoms. Indeed, some of the strongest and largest species work best at the very surface, and in the cut of the strongest surf. And so arose a puzzle as to how coral was formed at vast depths, and of vast thickness, which Mr. Darwin explained. His theory was, and there is no doubt now that it is correct, that in these cases the sea-bottom is sinking; that as it sinks, carrying the coral beds down with it, the coral dies, and a fresh live crop of polypes builds on the top of the houses of their dead ancestors; and as the depression goes on, generation after generation builds upwards, the living on the dead, keeping the upper surface of the reef at the same level, while its base is sinking downward into the abyss.

And by applying this theory to the coral reef of the Pacific Ocean, the following interesting facts were made out: —

That where you have an island rising out of deep water, with a ring of coral round it, a little way from the shore; or, as in Eastern Australia, a coast with a fringing reef (the Flinders reef of Australia is eleven thousand miles long), — that is a pretty sure sign that that shore, or mountain, is sinking slowly beneath the sea. That where you have, as you often have in the Pacific, a mere atoll, or circular reef of coral, with a shallow pond of smooth water in the centre, and deep sea round, that is a pretty sure sign that the mountain-top has sunk completely into the sea, and that the corals are going on building where its peak once was.

And more. By working out the geography of the South-Sea Islands by the light of this theory of Darwin's, the following extraordinary fact has been discovered: —

That over a great part of the Pacific Ocean sinking is going on, and has been going on for ages; and that the greater number of the beautiful and precious South-Sea Islands are only the remnants of a vast continent or archipelago, which once stretched for thousands of miles between Australia and South America.

Now, applying the same theory to limestone beds, which are, as you know, only fossil coral reefs, we have a right to say, when we see in England, Scotland, Ireland, limestones several thousand feet thick, that while they were being laid down as coral reef, the sea-bottom, and probably the neighboring land, must have been sinking to the amount of their thickness — to several thousand feet — before that later sinking which made several hundred feet of millstone grit to be laid down on the top of the limestone.

This millstone grit is a new and a very remarkable element in our strange story. From Derby to Northumberland it forms vast and lofty moors, capping, as at Whernside and Penygent, the highest limestone hills with its hard, rough, barren, and unfossiliferous strata. Everywhere, where it is found, it lies on the top of the mountain, or carboniferous limestone. Almost everywhere, where coal is found in England, it lies on the millstone grit. I speak roughly, for fear of confusing my readers with details. The three deposits pass, more or less, in many places, into each other; but always in the order of mountain limestone below, millstone grit on it, and coal on that again.

Now, what does its presence prove? What, but this? That, after the great coral reefs which spread over Somersetshire and South Wales, around the present estuary of the Severn, — and those, once perhaps joined to them, which spread from Derby to Berwick, with a western branch through North-east Wales, — were laid down — after all this, I say, some change took place in the sea-bottom, and brought down on the reefs of coral sheets of sand, which killed the corals, and buried them in grit. Does any reader wish for proof of this? Let him examine the "cherty," or flinty beds which so often appear where the bottom of the millstone grit is passing into the top of the mountain limestone, — the beds, to give an instance, which are now quarried on the top of the Halkin Mountain in Flintshire, for chert, which is sent to Staffordshire to be ground down for the manufacture of China, — he will find layers of those beds, of several feet in thickness, as hard as flint, but as porous as sponge. And on examining their cavities, he will find them to be simply hollow crusts of innumerable joints of Crinoids, so exquisitely preserved, even to their most delicate markings, that it is plain they were never washed about upon a beach, but have grown where, or nearly where, they lie. What, then, has happened to them? They have been killed by the sand. The soft parts of the animals have decayed, letting the one hundred and forty thousand joints (more or less) belonging to each animal fall into a heap, and be imbedded in the growing sand-rock; and then, it may be long years after, water filtering through the porous sand has removed the lime of which the joints were made, and left their perfect casts behind.

So much for the millstone grits. How long the deposition of sand went on, how long after it that second deposition of sands took place, which goes by the name of the "gannister," or lower coal measure, we cannot tell. But it is clear, at least, that parts of that ancient sea were filling up and becoming dry land. For coal, or fossilized vegetable matter, becomes more and more common as we ascend in the series of beds; till at last, in the upper coal measures, the enormous wealth of vegetation growing, much of it where it is now found, prove the existence of some such sheets of fertile and forest-clad lowland as I described in my last paper.*

Thousands of feet of rich coral reef, thousands of feet of barren sands, then thousands of feet of rich alluvial forest, — and all these sliding into each other, if not in one place, then in another, without violent break or change. This is the story which the lime in the mortar and the coal on the fire — between the two — reveal.

VESUVIUS.

IF the inhabitants of Naples and its neighborhood are more superstitious than other people, we can scarcely wonder at it. They dwell among the living evidences of those volcanic forces which burst out from time to time into calamitous activity. It is not only those whose homes stand on the very slopes of the burning mountain who must be oppressed by the sense of insecurity, although it is they who receive the most terrible reminders of the perils that perpetually menace them. The capital itself is built upon a tract of fire, that girdles it with visible signs of danger. Even when every thing is comparatively tranquil, the Neapolitans can always see from the Chiaja and the Moles the light puffs of smoke floating over the cone of Vesuvius against the pure blue of the sky. They have only to go on the other side as far as the Solfatara, to breathe the gases that escape through the cracks in the thin crust which arches over the great subterranean fires. Fortunately, the crust is somewhat thicker where Naples stands; yet every now and then even Naples throbs to earthquake shocks that suggest terrible possibilities. The traces of Nature's violence attract tourists to Naples almost as much as the charms of the scenery. Here Herculaneum lies under its masses of tufa, and the moderns have built another city on the ancient one. There Pompeii is laboriously emerging from its bed of ashes. Everywhere broad lava streams seam the rich landscape; the older ones thinly covered with the precarious vegetation which struggles to root itself in slowly accumulating soil, the later showing in all their natural deformity. They tell how, in the lapse of the last two hundred years, the mountain has been more disastrously active than before, although there has been no such calamity as that of A.D. 79. But who can say how soon what has happened once may not happen again, and with circumstances yet more aggravated? The Neapolitans are not very searching students of scientific phenomena, and perhaps they never fully realize the advantages of the perpetual safety-valve which they have in their open mountain. As for the inhabitants of the long and crowded suburb, stretching from Portici to Torre del Annunziata, by Resina and Torre del Greco, the existence of this safety-valve threatens a perpetual danger. They are a light-hearted race enough, as they need to be; they are content to live in the passing day, and take little thought for the morrow. But the greater their habitual heedlessness, the heavier are the shocks which from time to time awaken them from it. When Vesuvius bursts out in smoke and flame and burning lava floods, there is every thing in the spectacle to speak home to their alarmed senses. Their priests scarcely need to raise their voices to point the moral. The people turn emulously to the neglected saints, crowd to the shrines, which they generally leave to their women, and pray and vow till their much crying seems at last to move the saintly intercession. The calamity is stayed when it has run its appointed course. The victims humbly acknowledge the penalty of their sins; those who are spared are full of fervent gratitude for a miraculous deliverance. The reputation of St. Januarius stands higher than ever, and the liquefaction of his precious blood is watched for with new ardor on the next anniversary of the miracle.

The most significant feature of the present eruption is one which may well cause the Neapolitans more anxiety than ever. All previous eruptions have been from the cone at the summit, and the summit of the mountain is at a tolerably safe distance from Naples. But this time Vesuvius has imitated the caprices of its great Sicilian rival, and opened a new crater somewhere on the depression by the Observatory. This would seem to imply that a serious obstruction has choked the old safety-valve; and if once convulsion changes the subterranean physical geography of the mountain, it opens alarming possibilities. To be sure, this new outlet is not very far removed from the former one; but the experiences of Etna are far from re-assuring as to the future, and for aught we can see the next outbreak may be anywhere in the volcanic district. The mountain must have shown itself extraordinarily active on this occasion, if it be true that the ashes lay an inch deep in the streets of Naples, and had actually reached Palermo. The explosion appears to have been preceded by no premonitory warnings; although, indeed, whether forewarned or not, such catastrophes must always partake of the nature of surprises. A sacrifice of life is as inevitable as a grievous destruction of property. Every foot of soil on the mountain slopes is precious, and cultivation fights its way upwards almost beyond the limits of the profitable. The painstaking peasant scrapes together the earth and the crumbling lava, drags up his heavy baskets of manure, forms his vineyards or his garden among the shelves and ledges of the rock, and perches in the midst of them his little white-plastered dwelling. Lower down, but still on the steep slopes, these dwellings become thicker; then you have the small villages, with their white church-towers; after them the larger ones; and finally, through labyrinths of paths among the walled enclosures, you arrive at the crowded street that skirts the bay. The eruption breaks out of a sudden, and those who live highest on the mountain waken to find themselves among showers of falling scoriæ. Before the first shock of panic-stricken stupefaction is over, the great rush of the lava torrent is upon them. Its first velocity, as it rolls down the steep from the precipices above, imports certain destruction to any living thing that finds itself in its way; but as the slope becomes more gentle, the advance of the lava becomes slower; and then, in the suspense of horrible anticipation, we have perhaps the worst horrors of the fearful drama. As the lava rolls down, it fills depressions, turns itself against every trifling inequality of the ground, and seems to hesitate over the course it shall take. The people cling pertinaciously to their dwellings, hoping against hope that this or that familiar promontory may act as a breakwater. For after all, though life is most to them, property is much; and if they do decide to go, it is not only to the mercy of the lava that they leave every thing they have in the world. All the criminal scum of the neighborhood is at hand, ready, at the risk of life, to profit by the harvest of misfortune; and pillage generally is going busily forward. Even were the Neapolitan police more efficient and trustworthy than it is, what would its force avail to protect from marauders all these scattered villages? The flights, which families have delayed to the last moment, with their sinister surroundings, would make so many studies for a Doré. The whole moving side of the mountain looks like an ant-heap suddenly disturbed. The impressionable and demonstrative people lose their heads, as men of more phlegmatic temperaments might easily do in circumstances much less appalling. When every one is in alarm for himself or his own property, no one can do much to help his neighbor. Besides, no one can ever tell that he or his are secure. You can see the course that this particular flood of lava is taking; but a fresh explosion may come at any moment, to send another in some different direction.

* See EVERY SATURDAY, No. 18.

We have seen something, and heard more, of the circumstances attending previous eruptions; and this one appears to be at least as serious as any that has occurred in our time. The new government has had a great opportunity of winning golden opinions from its Neapolitan subjects, and it would seem to have been equal to the occasion. We read of the king having stationed himself at the point of danger when the disaster was at its worst; and it is precisely under such circumstances that Victor Emmanuel shows to the best advantage. Public pageants are utterly repugnant to him, Court ceremonies weary him to death, and even in most of his foibles his character has little in sympathy with that of his soft Campanian subjects. But the excitement of danger is a real enjoyment to him. The Neapolitans, perhaps, admire courage and coolness all the more because their own reputation for these qualities does not stand extraordinarily high; and, assuredly, the unfortunate dwellers by Vesuvius, who always combine mendicancy with exertion, are the very people to appreciate generosity. We hope we may hear that the king's example has been imitated by Neapolitans of the upper classes, and by those wealthy visitors who either chanced to be at Naples, or who hurried thither to witness the spectacle. We can picture the scenes that will take place nightly on the mountain when the first panic has passed. The stream of fire by night, the pillar of smoky cloud as seen from the Chiaja by day, will advertise the entertainment and make it the fashion. The gay world of Naples will exchange the day promenade for a night one, the Villa Reale for "a ladies' mile" by the side of the red lava flow. There will be swarms of attendant guides, ready to hire out their tattered arms and dirty hands to the daintily-shod dames and dandies, who will go hopping about on the skirts of the hot surface. There will be crowds of professional beggars, gathered from Naples and all the villages that have not suffered. The beggars' chances may be the better because among them may be some of those unhappy sufferers who have just been ruined, and who will blend their notes of genuine pathos with the general chorus of whining appeals. We have nothing to say against strangers making parties for a close inspection of a terrible phenomenon, or for the admiration of Nature in one of her grandest moods. We make no doubt that the most volatile of them may carry away impressions which it would be a pity to have missed. We only trust that they may not be so absorbed by the picturesque side of the spectacle, as to forget altogether the sad reality. To say nothing of calcined bones and charred roof-trees, the lava flows over vineyards and gardens which only the other day were flourishing in the full promise of spring. Doubtless, should their late proprietors have survived, they are looking on with the pleasure-seekers from Naples, and with feelings of at least equal interest, although they may regard the sight from a totally different point of view. The inhabitants of that perilous strip of country lying between the fire and the water should know by now what they must expect periodically. But races once planted firmly are slow to leave their ancestral homes, despite all the drawbacks to their comfort for which strangers pity them. We can hardly blame these Campanians for not deserting their paradise because it is not altogether exempted from the primæval curse. So long as Vesuvius grows the most delicate wines of Naples, so long we may expect that vinedressers will defy the volcano. And as these recurring disasters are inevitable, the only thing to be done is to help the people to tide them over when they do come.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Empress Eugénie's collection of water-color drawings will shortly be disposed of by auction in London.

ROCHEFORT has become so unpopular that he cannot find a publisher for his "History of Napoleon III."

ACCORDING to a late communication by Ehrenberg to the Academy of Science at Berlin, he has succeeded in determining the existence of five hundred and forty-eight species of organic forms, absolutely invisible to the naked eye, and yet held in suspension in the atmosphere.

AT Père La Chaise is to be seen the following epitaph: "Here lies Madame X——, who was gentleness and virtue itself, and so merits an exclusive tomb."

A TRANSLATION of Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar" into Latin iambic verse, by Dr. T. J. Hilgers, has appeared at Dessau.

A NEW toy has just appeared in Paris. It is a teetotum with four sides, on which are inscribed the words Legitimacy, Orleanism, Bonapartism, and Republic. The game consists in betting on the side which may turn up when the instrument has been spun.

THREE terra-cottas, once in the Praun'sche collection at Nürnberg, and now the property of Prof. Hähnel, of Dresden, have been offered for purchase to the British Museum. They are said to be from the hand of Michel Angelo. The sum asked is fifteen thousand dollars. The subjects are Morning, Day, and Night.

THE king of Dahomey is reported to have changed the fashion of his wearing apparel. He received the Italian scientific commission not long ago, seated on his throne, his body profusely decorated with the blue, gold, and green labels which had been carefully peeled from the medicine bottles brought by Europeans to his country. If his Majesty had any enterprising and business blood in him, he would charge for the exhibition of the labels as advertisements, and let out the space on his body for bill-posting.

IN the district of Champagne the cultivators have made good some of their losses by the war in the rearing of snails for the Paris market, where they bring from two to three francs per hundred, and which are known by the name of Champagne oysters, as famous in their way as the Strasburg *pâtés de foie gras*. During summer, after a heavy dew or rain, the peasants catch the snails, as they crawl out, with house on back, for a promenade; contractors buy up the mollusks, enclose them in a kind of park, fatten them on salads, thyme, mint, parsley, &c. When large enough not to pass through a ring of a certain size, they are fit for the table — or are supposed to be.

A TRIAL was made at a late representation in Paris, of Dumas's comedy of "Une Visitede Nocce" by two of the first ladies of fashion, to ascertain the effect of the Mexican *sija* upon the nervous system of the Paris world. The experiment was not wholly unsuccessful, and it is possible that some modifications of it may become the fashion. The *sija* is made of innumerable yards of silk, plaited together, the folds lying over each other, so that they are elastic, like those of a fan. The dress, therefore, shows the outline of the figure without disguise, and at the same time can be spread to any width, according to the will of the wearer. The first was brought from Mexico, and was of amber silk, covered with black lace flounces, and worn with a hood and pelerine of the same.

THE German papers have been commenting on the supposed inaccuracy of a statement relating to the manuscript of Humboldt's "Cosmos" which appeared in a French publication; such a MS. had been presented by Prof. Buschmann to the king of Prussia for the Royal Library at Berlin, with a very dutiful letter; and it was not generally known that the second MS., a fair copy, with the last corrections of the great author, had also been presented by the same person to Napoleon III. (with a still more dutiful letter, explaining that Humboldt's "heart was ever French,"), and accordingly is still to be found at the National Library of Paris. Humboldt wrote in the Italian hand, and with lines that slanted so much from left to right that, to keep them straight, as he grew older, he gradually shortened them almost to a single word, so that each page of the white quarto paper on which he wrote was divided into a number of slender columns.

THE well-known art-student and collector, Baron R. v.

Retberg, of Munich, has recently brought out a catalogue of Dürer's etchings and engravings, chronologically arranged. This book, which is the result of many years' labor, is a most valuable contribution to Dürer literature. It offers not only a completely new arrangement of the known materials (Bartsch and Heller are arranged according to technic or subject), but, in every instance where written date fails us, carefully stated critical proof is given. The catalogue is prefaced by a sketch of the life of the master, in the form of a convenient summarized table. It had been intended to bring out the volume in time for the Dürer exhibition, which was projected at Nürnberg in 1871; but the war delayed its publication, and also deprived the exhibition of much of its contemplated importance. The *Germanische Museum* is at this moment busied in the endeavor to bring together a collection of all Dürer's known works, either in originals or in accurate copies.

A VERY beautiful character has, it seems, lately passed away in Holland. Mr. Klaës, known by the name of the king of smokers, died the other day near Rotterdam. Mr. Klaës had, according to the Belgian papers, amassed a large fortune in the linen trade; and one portion of a mansion he had erected near Rotterdam was devoted to the arrangement of a collection of pipes, according to their nationality and chronological order. By his will, which he executed shortly before his death, he directed that all the smokers of the country should be invited to his funeral, and that each should be presented with ten pounds of tobacco and two Dutch pipes of the newest fashion, on which should be engraved the name, arms, and date of the decease, of the testator. His relatives, friends, and funeral guests were strictly enjoined to keep their pipes alight during the funeral ceremony, and afterwards to empty the ashes from their pipes on the coffin. The poor of the neighborhood who attended to his last wishes were to receive annually, on the anniversary of his death, ten pounds of tobacco and a small cask of good beer. He further directed that his oak coffin should be lined with the cedar of his old Havana cigar-boxes, and that a box of French caporal and a packet of old Dutch tobacco should be placed at the foot of his coffin. His favorite pipe was to be placed by his side, with a box of matches, a flint and steel, and some tinder; for, as he truly said, there was no knowing what might happen. It has been calculated that the deceased gentleman during his eighty years of life smoked more than four tons of tobacco, and had drunk about five hundred thousand quarts of beer. It is sad to reflect, says the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, that one evidently possessed of such noble qualities should have been thus prematurely cut off at the early age of eighty, doubtless owing to his unfortunate indulgence in a pernicious habit. His fate should be a warning to all smokers, and the British Anti-Tobacco Association will be quite justified in drawing a useful moral from his untimely end.

A LONDON journal notices the curious fact, that eruptions of Mt. Vesuvius are generally followed by, or follow, or take place simultaneously with, political disturbance in England. In 1855, the resignation of the Aberdeen ministry and the accession of Lord Palmerston to power were followed almost immediately by a serious eruption of Vesuvius. In 1859, the resignation of Lord Derby and an eruption took place within a few days of each other. In 1861, the *Trent* affair occurred with America, Mr. Mason and Mr. Slidell being released on Dec. 28 of that year, and Torre del Greco being destroyed by an eruption in the same month. Another eruption began on Nov. 12, 1867, and on the 13th of the following month the Fenians attempted to blow up Clerkenwell Prison; the eruption continued to increase in intensity until Lord Derby resigned office, in February, 1868, and Mr. Disraeli's ministry was formed; when it gradually subsided. If we turn to Ætna, we find the same phenomenon. In 1830, the year in which the Grey administration was formed, Ætna had a serious eruption. In 1832 the Reform Act was passed in June, and in November the town of Bronte was destroyed by an eruption. In September, 1852, when the Duke of Wellington died, there was a violent eruption of Ætna. In 1865, an eruption began in February and lasted until July; three months later, Lord Palmerston died, and Lord Russell became Premier in his place. There is, as might perhaps be expected, less sympathy between Mt. Hecla and England's domestic occurrences than is evinced by Ætna and Vesuvius; but, nevertheless, during the period of the railway mania and the corn-law agitation of 1845, Hecla was in a very disturbed state; indeed, it had a most disagreeable eruption, which began in September, 1845, and lasted until April, 1846. Three new craters were formed, from which pillars of fire rose to the height of fourteen thousand feet. The lava formed several hills, pieces of pumice-stone and scoriæ of two hundred-weight were thrown to a distance of a league and a half, and the ice and snow which had covered the mountain for centuries, melted into prodigious floods. All this boiling and bubbling continued until the following year, when the corn-laws were repealed, and Hecla became quiet again.

A BLESSING.

A LITTLE child hath blessed me:
I wonder what it means!
It seems a brighter blessing
Than a bishop's or a queen's.
In her snowy nightgown drest,
Standing up to be carest,
Softly lisping in my ear
Pretty words, — "God bless you, dear."

They fill my heart with wonder:
Of God what can she know?
She cannot tell the meaning
Of the words that please me so.
Like the church's silver bell,
Winning souls to heaven from hell,
Knowing not what glory lives
In the message that it gives.

It is so sweet to hear her, —
Her rosy mouth to see
Form the pretty syllables
That give such joy to me.
Like a little mocking-bird,
Deftly she repeats each word;
But they sink into my breast,
And I know that I am blest.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

NAY here, behold the sad Soul of the West
Passing behind a rainbow bloodily!
Conscience incarnate, steadfast, strong, and free;
Changeless through change, blessing and ever blessed.
Sad storm-cloud, with God's Iris on his breast,
Across the troubled ocean travelled he, —
Sad was his passing! gentle be his rest!
God's Bow sails with him on another sea!

At first no larger than a prophet's hand,
Against the dense, insufferable blue,
Cloud-like he came; and, by a fierce wind fanned,
Didst gather into greatness ere we knew;
Then, flash by flash, most desolately grand,
Passed away sadly heavenward, dropping dew!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

"BURNETT'S reputation is a guarantee of the excellence of his preparations." — *Boston Journal.*

WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA will effect a cure if tried faithfully. Sold by all druggists.

THE HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE is one of the most agreeable condiments that has been placed before the public. It has already taken the precedence of other similar preparations upon the tables of our principal hotels throughout the country. It possesses a very fine flavor, not too pungent, and sufficiently delicate to please the palate of the most fastidious. We can testify from experience as to its excellent properties, and can most heartily recommend it to housekeepers, hotels, and others who cater to the public. — *Boston Transcript.*

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1872. [No. 23.

THE YELLOW FLAG.

BY EDMUND YATES.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—A LITTLE PARADISE.

THE place which Alice Claxton called her home, of which she was sole mistress, and which she dearly loved, was situated at Hendon. An old-fashioned, dreamy, bygone kind of village, which in these latter days the Midland Railway has discovered to be a metropolitan suburb, and, as such, has brought it into vogue. Until within a very few years, however, it was one of the quietest places in England, visited occasionally in the summer by a few people from town, who found that Hampstead had been already almost swallowed up in bricks and mortar, and who extended their outing to get a little fresher air, and to enjoy the lovely view from Hendon Church. But its inhabitants generally were nothing-doing people, bred and born in the parish, who preferred vegetating on an income which enabled them to keep a pony-chaise, and gave them perpetual leisure for pottering in their gardens, rather than adventuring their little capital in speculations which might be disastrous, and which undoubtedly would be questionable.

The house where Alice Claxton lived was on the right-hand side of the way, as you turn from the little main street of the village towards the church. There is no use in looking for it now: it has been pulled down, and on its site have been erected two brand-new stucco villas, with plate-glass windows and brass door-knockers, high flights of doorsteps, with a stone pine-apple on either side, and long strips of garden before and behind, which the landscape-gardener's art has decorated with beds in the shape of pears and hearts and crosses, and various other elegant and appropriate designs. But in Alice's days it was a long, low-roofed, one-storied house, built of bricks of a comfortable warm ruddiness, without being glaringly red, and covered all over with a splendid Virginia creeper, which, at this autumnal time, was just assuming its loveliest hue. The rooms on the ground floor were large, with rather low ceilings, and opening with French windows on to a little paved terrace, veranda-covered. And it had been John Claxton's delight to suit the fittings and the furniture to the place for which they were destined. No modern stoves were to be found throughout it, but open fireplaces inlaid with tiles, and iron dogs; the high-backed chairs, the broad table, and the heavy sideboard of the dining-room, were all in antique black oak; but in the drawing-room he had endeavored to consult what he considered to be his wife's fancy, and the Venetian mirrors on the walls reflected the sheen of green silk and gold, in which the low, quaint chairs and sofa and ottoman were made, and produced endless repetitions of the numerous tasteful specimens of glass and china with which the various *étagères* and whatnots were liberally covered. Alice, who, before her marriage, had been governess to the children of a Quaker wine-merchant in York, whose drab furniture had done good service during three generations, at the first glimpse of her new home clapped her hands in childish delight, and immediately afterwards, turning round, reproved her husband for his extravagance. But John Claxton, catching her in his arms, declared that it was only a little nest just fitted for his bright, shining, sweet little bird, and he earnestly prayed that she might be happy in it.

And she was happy,—so happy that she sometimes felt her happiness was too great to be lasting, and that some reverse of fortune must be in store for her. But these flights of depression only happened when John was away on his business tours, and then only during the first half of his absence; for during the second she was busy in contemplating his return, and in devising all kinds of little expedients to show how welcome he was. See her now, on this bright October evening, so neatly and yet so becomingly dressed in her tightly-fitting, mouse-colored velveteen gown, fastened round the waist by a narrow black leather belt and buckle, with a linen collar round her pretty throat, and linen cuffs showing off her small white hands. She had filled every available ornament with the remnants of the summer garden produce, the last of the monthly roses, and the scarlet geraniums and calceolarias, and the earliest of the autumnal crop of dahlias, china-asters, and chrysanthemums. The air was chill without; but within the light from the wood logs flickered brightly on the plate and glass set on the snowy table-cloth, in anticipation of dinner, and the very odor of the burning beechwood was homelike and comforting. After giving a finishing touch to her flowers in the drawing-room, and again peeping into the dining-room to see that all was right and ready, Alice would open the glazed door and peer out into the darkness, would bend her head in eager listening for the sound of wheels entering the carriage-drive. After two or three experiments, her patience was rewarded. First she heard the clanging of the closing gate, then the sound of the rapidly-approaching carriage, and the next minute she was in her husband's arms.

"Now come in, John, at once, out of that bitter wind," she cried, as soon as she was released, which was not for a minute or two: "it is enough to cut you in two. It has been sighing and moaning round the house all day; and I am sure I was thankful that you were coming home, and hadn't to go any sea-voyages, or other dreadful things."

"Thank you, my darling; I am all right; I shall do very well now," said John Claxton, in a chirping, cheery voice.

Why had Tom Durham called him old? There was a round bald place on the crown of his head, to be sure; and such of his hair as remained, and his whiskers, were streaked with gray. The lines round his eyes and mouth were somewhat deeply graven, and the brow was heavy and thoughtful: but his bright blue eyes were full of life and merriment; the tones of his voice were blithe and musical; his slight, wiry figure, though a very little bowed and stooping, was as iron in its hardness; and when away from business he was as full of animal spirits and fun as any boy.

"I am all right, my darling," he repeated, as, after taking off his hat and coat, he went with her into the dining-room; "though I know it is by no means prudent to stand in draughts, especially for people of my age."

"Now, John," cried Alice, with uplifted forefinger, "are you going to begin that nonsense directly you come into the house? You know how often I have told you that subject is tabooed, and yet you have scarcely opened your lips before you mention it."

"Well, my dear," said John Claxton, passing his arm

round her and drawing her closely to him, "you know I have an age, as well as other people, and a good deal more than a great many, I am sorry to say; talking of it won't make it any worse, you know, Alley, though you may argue that it won't make it any better."

"Silence!" she cried, stopping his speech by placing her hand upon his mouth. "I don't care whether it makes it better or worse, or whether it doesn't make it any thing at all: I only know I won't have it mentioned here! Your age, indeed! What on earth should I do with you if you were a dandified *petit maître* in a short jacket, with a little cane, or a great hulking yaw-haw fellow, in a tawny beard, such as one reads of in the novels."

"I have not the least idea, Alley; but I dare say you would manage to spare some of your sweet love and kindness for me, if I were either of the specimens you have mentioned. As I am neither, perhaps you will allow me to change my coat and wash my hands before dinner."

"That you shall do. You will find every thing ready for you; and as you have had a long journey, and it is the first time of your return, I insist on your availing yourself of the privilege which I gave you on such occasions, and on your coming down in your shooting-coat and slippers, and making yourself comfortable, John, dear; and don't be long, for we have your favorite dinner."

When Mr. Claxton appeared in the dining-room, having changed his coat for a velvet shooting-jacket, and his boots for a pair of embroidered slippers, his wife's handiwork, having washed his hands and brushed up his hair, and given himself quite a festive appearance, he found the soup already on the table.

"You are late, as usual, John," cried Alice, as he seated himself.

"I went to speak to Bell, dear," replied John Claxton; "but nurse motioned to me that she was asleep; so I crept up as lightly as I could to her little bedstead, and bent down and kissed her cheek. She is quite well, I hope, dear, but her face looked a little flushed and feverish."

"There is nothing the matter with her, dear, beyond a little over-excitement and fatigue. She has been with me all day, in the greatest state of delight at the prospect of your return, helping me to cut and arrange the flowers, to get out the wine, and go through all the little household duties. I promised her she should sit up to see her papa; but little fairies of three or four years of age have not much stamina, and long before the time of your return she was dropping with sleep."

"Poor little pet! Sleep is more beneficial to her than the sight of me would have been, though I have not forgotten to bring the doll and the chocolate creams I promised her. However, the presentation of those will do well enough to-morrow."

The dinner was good, cosey, and delightful. They did not keep the servant in the room to wait upon them, but helped themselves and each other. When the cloth was removed, Alice drew her chair close to her husband, and, according to regular practice, poured out for him his first glass of wine.

"Your own particular Madeira, John," she said; "the wine that your old friend, Mr. Calverley, sent you when we were first married. By the way, John, I have often wanted to ask you what you drink at the hotels, and the horrible places you go to when you are away — not Madeira, I am certain."

"No, dear; not Madeira," said John Claxton, fondly patting her cheek; "wine, beer, grog, — different things at different times."

"Yes: but you never get any thing so good as this; confess that?"

"Nothing that I enjoy so much certainly; whether it is the wine, or the company in which the wine is drunk, I leave you to guess."

"Oh, it is the wine, I am sure! there is no such other wine in the world, unless Mr. Calverley has some himself. There, now; talking of Mr. Calverley, reminds me that you never have asked about Tom — about Tom, John — are you attending to what I say?"

"I beg your pardon, dear," said John Claxton, looking upward with rather a flushed face, and emptying his glass at a draught. "I confess my thoughts were wandering towards a little matter of business, which had just flashed across me."

"You must put aside all business when you come here: that was a rule which I laid down at first, and I insist on its being adhered to. I was telling you about Tom, my brother, you know."

"Yes, dear; yes, I know — you went to Southampton to see him off."

"Yes, John: that is to say, I went to Southampton and I saw him there; but I did not actually see him off, — that is, see him sail, you know."

"Why, Alice: you went to Southampton for the express purpose!"

"Yes, John, I know: but you see the trains did not suit, and Tom thought I had better not wait; so I left him just an hour or two before the steamer started."

"I suppose he *did* go," said John Claxton anxiously: "there is no doubt about that, I hope?"

"Not the least in the world; not the smallest doubt. To tell you the truth, John, I was rather anxious about it myself, knowing that Tom had the two thousand pounds which you sent him by me, you dear, kind, good fellow, and that he is — well, perhaps not quite so reliable as he might be; but I looked in the newspaper the next day, and saw his name, as agent to Calverley & Co., among the list of outgoing passengers."

"Did he seem tolerably contented, Alice?"

"Oh, yes, John! he went away in great spirits. I am in hopes that he will settle down now, and become a steady and respectable member of society. He has plenty of talent, I think, John; don't you?"

"Your brother has plenty of sharp, shrewd insight into character, and knowledge of the wickedness of the world, Alice," said Mr. Claxton somewhat bitterly: "these are not bad as stock-in-trade for a man of his nature, and I have no doubt they will serve his turn."

"Why, John," said Alice, with head upturned to look at him more closely, "how cynically you are speaking! Are you not well, dear?"

"Quite well, Alice. Why do you ask?"

"Your face is rather flushed, dear; and there is a strange look in your eyes, such as I have never noticed before. O John! I am certain you work too hard; and all this travelling is too much for you. When will you give it up?"

"When I see my way to settling down here, in peace and comfort, with you, my darling, and little Bell. Depend upon it, when that opportunity comes, I shall grasp it eagerly enough!"

"And when will it come, John?"

"That, my child, it is impossible to say: it may come sooner than we expect; I hope it will, I'm sure. It is the one thing now at the close of my life left me to look forward to."

"Don't talk about the close of your life in that wicked way, John. I am sure if you only take care of yourself when you are away on those journeys, and mind that your bed is always aired, and see that you have proper food, there is no question about the close of your life until you have seen little Bell grown up into a marriageable young woman."

"Poor little Bell!" said John Claxton, with a grave smile; "dear little Bell! I don't think we did wrongly, Alice, in adopting this little fatherless, motherless waif?"

"Wrong, indeed! I should think not," said Alice quickly. "Even from a selfish point of view, it was one of the best things we ever did in our lives. See what a companion she is to me, while you are away; see how the time which I have to spare after attending to the house, and my garden, and my reading, and my music, and all those things which you insist upon my doing, John, and which I really go through conscientiously every day; see how the spare time, which might be dull, is filled up in dressing her, and teaching her, and listening to her sweet

little prattle. Do you think we shall ever find out whose child she was, John?"

"No, dear: I should say not. You have the clothes which she had on, and the little gold cross that was found round the mother's neck after her death: it is well to keep them, in case any search should be made after the child; though the probability of that is very remote."

"We should not give Bell up, whatever search might be made; should we, John?" said Alice quickly. "The poor mother is dead, and the search could only originate with the father; and it is not likely, that, after leaving the mother of his child to die in a workhouse bed, he will have any long-deferred stings of conscience to make him inquire as to what has become of her offspring. O John! when I think of the wickedness that goes on in the world, through men, John, — through men alone, for women are but what men choose to make them, — I am so thankful that it was given to me to win the honest, noble love of an honorable man, and to be removed, in good time, from the temptations assailing a girl in the position which I occupied. Now, John, no more wine!"

"Yes," he cried, "give it to me quickly; full, full to the brim, Alice. There!" he said, as he drained it. "I am better now: I wanted some extra stimulant to-night; I suppose I am knocked up by my journey."

"Your face was as pale then as it was flushed before, John. I shall take upon myself to nurse you, and you shall not leave home again until you are quite recovered, whatever Mr. Calverley may say! You should have him here some day, John, and let me talk to him. I warrant I would soon bring him round to my way of thinking."

"Your ways are sufficiently coaxing to do that with anybody, Alice," said John Claxton, with a faint smile; "but never mind Mr. Calverley, just now; what were we saying before?"

"I was saying how pleased I was to be removed from the temptations to which a girl in the position which I held is always exposed."

"No," said Claxton, "I don't mean that — before."

"Yes, yes," said Alice: "I insist upon talking about these old times, John; you never will, and I have no one else who knows any thing about them, or can discuss them with me. Now, do you recollect," she continued, nestling closer to him, "the first time you saw me?"

"Recollect it! As you were then, I can see you now."

"And so can I you: you are not altered an atom. You were standing at a book-stall in Low Ousegate, just beyond the bridge, looking into a book; and, as I passed by with the two little Prestons, you raised your eyes from the book, and stared at me so hard, and yet so gravely, that I" —

"That you were quite delighted," said John Claxton, putting his arm round her: "you know that, so don't attempt a bashfulness which is foreign to your nature, but confess at once."

"I decline to confess any such thing," said Alice. "Of course, I was in the habit of being stared at by the officers and the young men of the town. Come now, there is the return blow for your impertinent hit just now; but one scarcely expects to create an impression on people whom one finds glozing over bookstalls."

"Elderly people, you should have said, Alice."

"Elderly people, I will say, John, if it pleases you. Much less does one expect to see them lay down the book, and come sailing up the street after one in direct pursuit."

"Oh! you saw that, did you, miss? You never told me that before."

"Saw it! of course I saw it. What woman ever misses any thing of that kind? At a distance you tracked me straight to Mr. Preston's door, saw me and my little charges safely inside, and then turned on your heel and walked away."

"While you went up to your room and sat down before your glass, admiring your own charms, and thinking of the dashing young cavalier whose attention you had just attracted. Was that it?" said John.

"Nothing of the sort; though I don't mind confessing that I did wonder whether I should ever see you again! And then, two days after, when Mrs. Preston told me to take the little girls into the drawing-room in the evening, and to be sure that they practised thoroughly some pieces which they would be called upon to play, as there was a gentleman coming to dinner who doted on little children, how could I have the slightest idea that this benevolent Mr. Claxton was to be my friend of the Low Ousegate bookstall? And yet you scarcely spoke to me once during that evening, I remember!"

"That was my diplomacy, my child; but I paid great attention to Mrs. Preston, and was very favorably received by her."

"Yes: I heard Mr. Preston say to Mr. Arthur, as they stood behind the piano, 'He's of the house of Calverley & Co., of Mincing Lane. Thee hast heard of it? Its transactions are enormous.'"

"And I won Mr. Preston's heart by a good order for wine," said John Claxton; "and then I threw off all disguise, and I am afraid made it clear that I had only made his acquaintance for the sake of paying court to his governess."

"You need have very little delicacy in that matter, John," said Alice: "neither Mr. nor Mrs. Preston had the slightest interest in me; and when I left, they cared not what became of me. I suited them as a governess, and they were angry when I first told them I was going away; but when they saw that I had fully made up my mind, their sole thought was how best to supply my place. As to what became of me, that was no concern of theirs."

"No," said John Claxton, whose color had returned, and who seemed to have regained his ordinary composure: "no concern, perhaps, of either Mr. or Mrs. Preston; but what about the young gentleman whom you mentioned just now, Alice, Mr. Preston's nephew, Mr. Arthur as he was called? Your decision as to the future course of life you intended to adopt was not quite so immaterial to him — was it, child?"

"What do you mean, John?" said Alice, looking down, as the blood began to mount into her cheeks.

"You know well enough what I mean, child; exactly what I say. Mr. Arthur Preston took great interest in you — was in love with you, in point of fact — is not that so?"

"He said so, John; but his actions belied his words. No man who had any real, honest love — nay, more, I will go further and say respect, for a girl — could have spoken or acted towards me as he did."

"Why, Alice!" said John Claxton, looking with surprise at her flushed cheeks: "you never told me any thing of this before. Why have you kept it secret from me?"

"Because I know, John," said Alice, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "that however outwardly calm and quiet you may appear to be, however sensible and practical you are in most matters, you have a temper which, when any thing touching my honor or my dignity is involved, is quite beyond your control. I have seen its effects before, John; and I dreaded any repetition of them."

"Then why do you tell me now?"

"Because we are far away from York, John, and from Arthur Preston and his friends, and there is no likelihood of our seeing any of them again, so that I know your temper can be trusted safely now, John; for, however much it may desire to break out, it will find no object on which to vent itself."

"This conversation and conduct, then, of Mr. Arthur Preston, were matters, I am to understand, in which your honor and dignity were involved, Alice?"

"To a certain extent, John, yes," faltered Alice.

"I should like to know what they were?" said John Claxton. "I put no compulsion on you to tell me. I have never asked you since our marriage to tell me any thing of your previous life; but I confess I should like to know about this."

"I will tell you, John," said Alice: "I always intended to do so; it is the only thing I have kept back from you; and often and often, while you have been away, have I

thought, if any thing happened to you or to me, — if either of us were to die, I mean, John, — how grieved I should be that I had not told you of this matter. Arthur Preston pretended he loved me; but he could not have done so really. No man who is wicked and base can know what real love is, John; and Arthur Preston was both. Some little time before I knew you, he made love to me, — fierce, violent love. I had not seen you then, John; I had scarcely seen any one. I was an unsophisticated country girl; and I judged of the reality of his love by the warmth of his professions, and told him I would marry him. I shall never forget that scene! It was one summer's evening, on the river-bank, just abreast of Bishopthorpe. When I mentioned marriage, he almost laughed; and then he told me, in a cynical, sneering way, that he never intended to be married unless he could find some one with a large fortune, or with peculiar means of extending his uncle's business when he inherited it. But that, meanwhile, he would give me the prettiest house within twenty miles. I need not go on: he would not make me his wife, but he offered to make me his mistress. Was it not unmanly in him, John? Was it not base and cowardly?"

She stopped and looked at her husband. But John Claxton, whose face had become pale again, his chin resting on his hand, and his eyes glaring into the fire, made her no reply.

THE BODY AND THE CHARACTER.

BY MATTHEW BROWNE.

MUCH mischief has been occasioned by the prevalent habit of speaking of the mind and the body as distinct, in such a sense that character and conduct can be dealt with in the absence of a just regard to their correlations. I have as much dislike as any man can possibly have of the trick, which has lately become fashionable, among certain classes of scientific men, of attempting to state moral and religious truth in terms of physiology. Nor can we, consistently with any effective religious belief, treat the moral and spiritual force at the command of any given human being as a fixed quantity; which is what the phraseology in question points to. But I am deeply convinced that immense injury has been done, and is still in the doing, by certain habits of thought and language which assuredly have no scientific origin, and as assuredly no philosophical justification. This phraseology, with, of course, all its blundering implications, is clearly traceable to theologic sources, or, at least, to mediæval constructions of theologic phrasing. But for a being whose whole point of view can be changed by an east wind, or a glass of wine, or an hour's less sleep, or many an act of indulgence or abstinence, — for a being whose *morale* is deeply and inevitably affected by such a circumstance as celibacy, or the reverse condition, or the rate of the circulation of his blood, — to talk of the absolute control of the soul over the body is profoundly silly. What becomes of the control of the soul over the body if you scoop out the skull? True, nobody does affirm, in so many words, the absolute control of the "spirit" over the "flesh:" but, perhaps we may say, so much the worse; for, in this case, we could deal frankly with it. But many assumptions which *carry* with them some such view are fatally prevalent among all of us. To take a slight example. In times of great exertion, accompanied by sudden strains upon the strength, and, of course, much fatigue, how difficult have I found it to impress upon those who have been working with me the duty of economy of vital force in minor particulars, or to make them understand the proper use of stimulants! In vain do you say, "You should laugh and talk less till you have got through this work;" or, "You should, while the strain lasts, walk three miles a day, instead of your usual six; or slightly alter the hours, the quality, and the quantity of your food," — the counsel is almost always thrown away, and at the bottom of the disregard of it lies, you perceive, a latent impression that the mind can do what it likes with the body. Perhaps you know a clergyman, or some one else, who is exhausting himself with "spiritual" labors: you look at his face, note the droop of the muscles, the slight feverish film on the lips, and the tendency to suffusion in the eyes: —

"You must take more sleep, or you will break down."

"I get six hours' sleep every night."

"That is not enough for a man doing your work. If I could take out your brain, and lay it on a plate" (he smiles with an air of faint superiority, and shakes his head, mentally quoting several texts), "and get you to compare it with a healthy man's brain, on another plate, you would soon see that you do not get sleep enough."

"But I cannot leave my post: I must do my duty."

"But you are *not* doing your duty well. You may start; but, if I could go your rounds with you, I should be able to convince you that you often *fail* in your duty" —

"God will pardon my infirmities, if" —

"For want of the sleep which is necessary to refresh your brain, and enable you to take clear and straightforward views of things, — especially of other people's troubles."

"We have an anointing" —

"Yes, I know; and that reminds me. You have nothing special the matter with your heart, liver, or lungs?"

"No." — spoken wearily and deprecatingly, as if these were very irrelevant questions.

"Then strike work; go and get a Turkish bath; take a four-wheel cab home, with only one window open (mind you don't get cold in your eyes, which look rather sensitive just now); eat an easily-assimilated dinner; drink a pint of champagne, and go to sleep."

"The spirit must hold up the flesh."

"Ah! but you'll find the spirit won't."

Exit clergyman, thinking I am on the downward road, though among all his friends and people there is possibly not one who is nearer to him heart, and soul. In a month I hear that he is dead of small-pox; the doctors remarking from the first, that, though the special attack was not severe, there was great danger, owing to the want of resistive or rallying power in the system of the sufferer.

That view of the subject of the relation of mind to body which is suggested by the foregoing sentences is trite enough to some intelligent people, but by no means to the majority; and the very reason it is at this moment uppermost in my own mind is, that I have lately come across striking illustrations of the fact that the majority, even of well-taught persons, habitually think of the mind as something totally independent of the body, or something which plays upon the frame, and can do as it likes with it; just as if it were a mere instrument, with a will that had perfect command of it. Now, it is not easy to invent language that shall express even what little we know of the real state of the case, without seeming to surrender something of what cannot be foregone; something of our belief in our accountability, and in the resources that are at our command in our intercourse with the Father of spirits. But it is useless shutting our eyes to the truth; and the truth is, that there is in the "solidarity" of mind and body something which cannot be called less than fatal. It is a perfectly arguable proposition that you should treat sane and insane criminals on the same footing; but it was nonsense for Sir John Coleridge, in cross-examining the medical experts in the case of the boy Connor, to ask whether, though his body was out of order at a certain time, his mind was not in good condition. I am not for a moment suggesting that this boy was out of his senses, or not responsible to the law; but it certainly looks the most obvious of all propositions, that you cannot affect the body in any way without in some way affecting the mind too. And if the injury to the body have come about without the concurrence of the person's will, how can we refuse to admit that, to some extent, and in some way, however inscrutable, the person's moral responsibility is qualified? A man is bound to support his wife and children; we find him want-

ng in energy; after his death, it is discovered that he had flabby heart. In a case like this, we have not a moment's hesitation in qualifying the moral verdict upon the man's career. Yet, if a diagnosis of another kind affirms that he was naturally deficient in that portion of the brain through the help of which firmness would be manifested, a good many of us refuse to admit any qualification whatever. But, allowing the hypothesis, where is the difference?

However, I do not wish to prosecute this. It is a necessary part of the general question; but it arose here accidentally, and it may now pass. But let us choose another illustration of the way in which a bodily peculiarity may affect a person's character. Take two persons of entirely similar character and culture. They shall both be equally conscientious, equally good-natured, and equal, too, in intellectual promptness. But in one of them the eyes shall be prominent, in the other they shall be deep-set. Now, place these two persons, alike, in situations where equal demands are made upon readiness in seeing and supplying the small wants of others. Suppose it is a time of pressure: that A should hand B a certain volume, open, at a certain exact moment; or know to a fraction of a second when C will be crossing a particular part of a room, or have a sleepless eye to the fire or the candles, or, in a hundred nameless ways, to what is going on all round, — is, we will suppose, of considerable consequence. Now, it is certain that, though (and because) we have supposed both our men equal in *all* other respects, the one with the prominent eyes (the all other respects including, of course, that the sight in both shall be equally good, and pretty much of the same range when directed to an object) will be the most helpful of the two men. He will always know what is going to happen a considerable fraction of time before the other man will, and his "eyghen like an hare's" will see much more widely round and about. I am drawing from actual examples; and it is obvious that the hare-eyed man might even gain credit for more good-nature than the other, while he, in fact, might have less. Nor is this all; for the rapid and sensitive apprehensiveness of the "eyghen like an hare's" might qualify the whole of a person's conduct, and have consequences which were distinctly moral, and which, taken in the mass, materially affected the lives of those about him.

We might carry this kind of criticism to almost any length; and, to say the truth, it is very much wanted. The *moral* difference between a "wiry" man and a large-chested, brawny man — other conditions, religious culture included, being supposed similar — are of the most marked description. True, to repeat what has been said before, all moral truth is best expressed in terms of morality, and a physiologically worded gospel of charity would be very unpleasant, — to no one more unpleasant than to me; but it will be better for us if we apply physiological truths to their proper use in these matters; that, namely, of giving form, distinctness, and solidity to convictions and impressions which are too apt, unless fortified from the physical side, to pass off in gas. And it is really very curious to note how slow people are to think of these matters "off their own bats." When I was a little boy, listening to a conversation in which various friends of mine were endeavoring to get out of certain difficulties which maintain an iron grip upon every fair thinker, I heard it declared that those who had not heard the gospel preached would be judged without the gospel. I asked how often the person must have heard the gospel. Oh! if the way of salvation had been plainly laid before him, he was to be judged by the gospel. But I then wanted to know whether a person who had had the gospel plainly laid before him at a time when he had as bad an ear-ache as mine, on the previous Sunday, would have to be judged by the gospel. There was no room for such questions in the philosophy of my friends. But, if we are to try and judge our fellow-creatures or ourselves (which is equally important, though there are forms of false "humility" which would deny this) fairly, we must find room in our philosophy for a great many interpellations of the kind.

CAPTURED BY CONFEDS.

AN ENGLISH CAPTAIN'S STORY.

TRAVELLING in the United States at the breaking out of the great Rebellion, and wishing to see something of war service, I accepted a captain's commission offered me in a cavalry regiment belonging to Torbet's division.

We were lying near Winchester, in the Shenandoah Valley, just before Sheridan made his celebrated ride; the Confederate general, Early, covering this town, and occupying the crossing of Opequan Creek.

The company I commanded held the extreme left of Torbet's division; and in front of this we were thrown out on picket duty, along the skirts of a tract of woodland.

In advance of the line, upon which I had placed my sentries, ran a narrow but very deep creek, — a tributary of the Opequan, — but with a fordable crossing close to the spot I had fixed upon for my temporary quarters.

I had just returned from visiting the picket sentries, and was warming myself at a small camp-fire we had kindled. Although in the month of September, it was a raw, chilly morning, with a drizzling mist fast thickening into rain.

Suddenly I heard the tramp of cavalry, with the clank of bits and sabres. The sound seemed to come from the rear. Within a hundred yards of the place where our fire had been kindled ran the stream above mentioned. At the ford it was crossed by a narrow wood road, which turned sharply on the other side, — thence running parallel with the creek in the direction of Berryville. It was down this road the sounds appeared to come; and, although nothing was more natural than that our scouting parties should be out in that direction, I felt alarm upon hearing the tread of approaching troopers.

Turning to my sergeant, a wiry six-footer from Maine, — the only man near me who was awake, — I said, —

"Totten, what troops can those be?"

The sergeant was not only awake, but remarkably "wide-awake," and with head bent down, and ear close to the ground, was already listening intently to the hoof-strokes of the approaching horsemen.

As I spoke, he started to his feet, saying in an excited tone, —

"By jiminy, cap! them 'ere don't sound like our horses; not half o' them air shod!"

Before he had finished speaking, the horsemen hove into sight, filing round a bend of the road; and, without any hesitation whatever, headed toward the creek crossing, in front of our camp-fire. Every man of them had a blue cavalry cloak, and most wore the Union cavalry hat. There were five of us, altogether, round the fire; Serg. Totten, with three privates all fast asleep, and myself. Our horses were hitched close by, saddled, and ready for any emergency; revolvers in holsters, and carbines slung from a neighboring tree, with an India-rubber blanket carefully spread over them to keep off the rain. The position we occupied was quite an isolated one, being over half a mile from the next relief-station; connected, to be sure, by a chain of picket sentries, who would have been in sight of each other but for the dense undergrowth of the wood in which we were stationed. As it was, unless when they came out in the open space, they could not see what was going on beyond fifty yards on either side of their post.

The suddenness with which the party of horsemen — now in full sight — had come upon us was, no doubt, the principal reason why I felt suspicious of their character. I had done so, even before sighting them.

They must have emerged from the woods, and struck the road but a short distance above the bend; for the tramping first heard was not that of a gradually advancing troop, but clear, distinct, and suddenly close at hand. Anyhow, there they were, right at the crossing of the creek, — their approach unnoticed by any of our pickets. I challenged them at once, in a loud, sharp voice, holding my revolver in hand: —

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friends!" was the immediate and ready reply, as they pulled up in compliance with the challenge. "Dismount, one friend! Advance and"—

The last word had hardly parted from my lips, their leader had actually thrown one of his legs over his horse's croup, as if to advance as ordered, when, with a muttered word of command, he turned back into his saddle; and in a second's time the whole party had dashed across the creek, up its bank, and were amongst us!

I fired my revolver, bringing down one of their horses; and, at the same time, called out to my companions.

Too late! — it was of no use: we were only five, totally unprepared, and taken by surprise; they were a score at least; all ready, and aware of their advantage.

With the instinct of habit, however, one of the sleeping men, upon hearing the shouts and shots, sprang up and rushed towards our horses. In doing so, he was ruthlessly shot down; and seeing that this would be the fate of all if we offered resistance, — cut off, and overpowered as we undoubtedly were, — I at once cried out, "Hold your fire: we surrender!"

In ten minutes from the time this blue-coated troop of guerillas came in sight, we were captured; our arms taken from us; ordered to mount our horses; and were galloping at a slapping pace along a poorly constructed clay road, leading towards the Shenandoah, with six of Mosby's rough riders on each side of us.

It was a neat thing, no doubt, for the Confeds, — a feat skilfully and daringly carried out.

The chagrin and shame I felt at being thus overreached made my blood fairly tingle to my finger ends. There were four of us captured, — Serg. Totten, two privates, and myself; their own dismounted man, whose horse had been shot, having appropriated the one belonging to our comrade they had killed.

I had little hope that any effort would be made to rescue us. The alarm would, no doubt, be given, but too late for pursuit to be of service. Before a sufficient force could be collected to make it safe, we should be carried far out of reach of rescue.

As we rode along, I managed to count the party of Confeds. They were twenty-one in all, — nineteen men and two officers; he in command being a handsome, black-eyed fellow with a pleasing cast of countenance, and riding one of the most splendid chargers I ever saw. Indeed, all of them were upon good stock, and our Northern horses made but a poor show beside them. The party was evidently a picked one, — selected for some special duty. Before they came upon us they must have ridden hard and long; for although their horses were still equal to the sharp pace at which we were going, they labored heavily, and showed most unmistakable signs of fatigue.

We must have ridden at least ten miles in silence, not a word having been spoken by any one; when suddenly the officer in command checked his horse, and, wheeling round, cried out: —

"Take it easy now, boys!"

We had reached the bottom of a steep, rocky hill, the path over which was nothing more than the bed of a wet-weather stream, full of bowlders and ruts. Here we were ordered into single file; and, after scrambling for about three-quarters of a mile, we gained the summit. The road again became better; running along a broad table-land, densely covered with a stunted growth of black-jack and scrub-oak. As we silently went on, the black-eyed leader of the "Rebs" brought his horse alongside mine, and said quite good-humoredly, —

"Captain, I was sorry to disturb you so early this morning; but, to tell the truth, we were as much surprised to see *you*, as you at sight of *us*. When we came upon you, we had no idea that we were anywhere near your lines."

I was still in a savage humor with myself, and answered bitterly and sternly, —

"It was a pity that you did not strike our lines a trifle higher up: you would then have had a fairer chance for a fight."

"Oh!" answered he, laughing, "I was not at all ambitious of that, and am quite thankful to get away as I did."

"It was odd," I remarked, looking at him steadily, "for one of Mosby's officers to be blundering so near the Shenandoah. They have the reputation of knowing this country thoroughly."

"And they deserve it," he answered. "Most of them have spent their whole lives hereabouts, and have hunted and tramped over every foot of the valley. Unfortunately for you," he added with a smile, "I have but lately joined the command, and blunder now and then; otherwise, I can assure you, we would never have ventured to awake you as we did this morning. My orders were to do any thing but that. Once *in*, however, I thought the boldest way out would be the best."

"It did not require much *boldness*," I retorted, "to lead twenty men on five, — three of them asleep, and two unarmed."

"No," said he; "but how could I tell there wasn't a whole squadron of you at hand? However, here we are now at 'Granny Kitt's,' and I guess we had better have some breakfast."

He was a social, pleasant fellow, this Confed captain; and I have no doubt I should have found him an agreeable companion, had the manner of our introduction been different.

We had now arrived in full view of the Shenandoah River, and at the end of the table-land. Here there was a log-cabin, at a little distance from the road, with some cultivated fields around it. At the door stood an old negress; who threw up her arms in great excitement as we approached, greeting our captors with profuse courtesies and congratulations.

"Lud ha' mercy, Massa Cap'n Garber! So you'se ben an' gone an' done it dis time shoo an' satin. Fo' Yanks — bress de Lord — and dar hosses and guns too — an one o' dem a jient," she added, laughing, and pointing at poor Totten, who by some mischance was mounted on a very small horse; which, with his long legs nearly touching the ground, gave him a rather ludicrous appearance.

"Yes, Granny," replied the captain: "I've been getting up an appetite this morning, and am hungry as a Texan. What have you got for us to eat?"

"Lor, massa, nuffin but some milk and corn-dodger."

"That won't do for stomachs so hungry as ours," answered the captain. "Boys," he cried, turning to his men, "I think I see some provender in the enclosure behind the house: you have permission to make the most of it. I shall give Granny some Confederate scrip for the damage; and she can hand it to the owner when he comes home."

To a Confederate partisan, nothing could have been more welcome than this license for free forage; and in less than three minutes' time, half a dozen of them were over the fence, and had "roped" a cow, to be killed for their mid-day meal; while another half-dozen were making havoc among the hens and ducks belonging to the little plantation.

The four prisoners were placed together on a log near the cabin-door; on the sill of which the Confed captain and his lieutenant had seated themselves. They talked in a low tone; but my hearing is wonderfully acute, — never more than at that moment; and, by listening attentively, I made out from their conversation, that our guard would soon be reduced to six men, with only the lieutenant to command them. I had not before taken much notice of this subordinate officer; except to perceive that he was a very young man, with a sallow and sinister cast of countenance, and a most unmistakably contemptuous look in his eye whenever he glanced at us. But now, as a remark of his reached my ear, I turned round on the log, and took his measure more fully.

He was a mere boy in appearance; of tall, gaunt frame, with a pair of small, weasel-like eyes. He was evidently a very different sort of person to his handsome, frank-spoken superior. A bitter, remorseless enemy I could easily see; and one who would shoot us down as readily as he would pick off a squirrel, if we gave him the slightest provocation for doing it. Nevertheless, I rejoiced at hearing that we

were soon to be left to his tender care; for I had hopes from his youth, as also his evident over-confidence in his own great merit as a soldier. I knew he would be found off his guard ten times for once his seemingly careless captain would be likely to make a slip.

In the mean time the saddles had been taken off the horses, and a detail of men was engaged in attending to their wants. Water was given them from a draw-well near by, with a bag of corn brought out from the cabin, and distributed in a log-trough which ran all along the building.

The old negress still kept up her garrulous enjoyment, making many remarks at our expense. Every now and then she would appear in the doorway, clap her hands, and slap her knees, repeating with apparent delight, —

"Bress de Lord! fo' Yanks all took togedder!"

After a time she brought out a bucket of water, and an old tin cup. Placing them near us on the ground, and kneeling down beside them, she bent over the bucket, pretending, as I could see, to skim out with the cup some imaginary object in the water. Just then, I heard her say in a low tone, and as if talking to herself, —

"God lub you Lincum sogers! Don't mind what dis old fool nigger say. She only skeert to say noting else. Look out, I tell you, for dat Massa Barker: he kill you all, ef you don't."

Having cornered what she had been trying to capture in the water, she threw it on the ground; and, filling the cup, offered it to me with a grin.

Here, then, was a friend in disguise, after all. I knew at once that the lieutenant was the "Massa Barker," who was such a terrible fellow in her eyes; and I knew, also, that her warning was not to be made light of. I resolved to act carefully, and avoid running risks where the odds would be hopelessly against us. But I had fully determined, and sworn in my own heart, that with the slightest glimmer offering a chance of success, I would risk heavy odds to escape.

I caught Totten's eye, as my thoughts ran thus. There was a decisive, wicked look in it, that fully answered mine; and I knew I had a fearless comrade for whatever I might undertake.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, we again started forward, descending the hill towards the Shenandoah. But, before reaching this river, the captain, with the bulk of his party, drew off from us; taking a road leading down stream, and leaving his stern lieutenant, with six men, as our guard.

As the horses picked their way slowly down the rough road, I managed by degrees to increase the distance between the leading file of rebels and myself; so that Totten and I had the chance of exchanging a word or two, unheard by either our comrades or captors.

"Totten," said I, "you don't want to go to the Libby prison, if you can help it, I suppose?"

"By jiminy!" he replied, this being his usual form of affirmation, "I'd just as soon have a bullet sent through me. At least, I would willingly run the risk of a dozen, rather than go there."

"I'm afraid that young Reb will give us but a slight chance to escape."

"I don't know about that: he may think so little of our pluck, as not to give us credit for enough to make the attempt. Jiminy! if I had a square blow at that yellow sconce of his, wouldn't I show him stars. Do you notice the way he speaks to, and looks at us, as if we were meaner than dogs?"

"Sergeant, could you manage to sprain your ankle, at our next stopping-place? They are going to change horses soon. I overheard one of them say so. If I have to wait on you, and bathe your damaged ankle, and all that" —

I had no chance to finish what I intended saying. The lieutenant at that moment rode up, and kept alongside of us.

On reaching the bottom of the hill, we came upon a clearing, in the centre of which stood a farm-house. It was a large log building, with two wings, and an open space between them, roofed over, — one of the wings only having the appearance of a dwelling, the other without any windows, only an entrance from the open space between.

We were ordered to dismount as soon as we had ridden into the enclosure in front of the house. Then, after hitching our horses to a long rack, we were taken through the open passage to another enclosure in the rear, which was several feet below the level of the ground in front. Totten and I were walked along, side by side; and, just as we came to the steps leading down into the back-yard, he stumbled, and fell violently forward, in an unsuccessful attempt to recover himself. Two of the Rebs, who were striding before us, with their rifles in hand, turned round on hearing the noise. When they saw the sergeant scrambling in the dust, they burst out laughing, and seemed greatly to enjoy the sight.

Totten had fallen with such violence, and so naturally, I really imagined he had seriously hurt himself. I was sure of it when, on raising him up, he dropped down again with a groan, crying out, "Cap, I've sprained my ankle darned badly."

The lieutenant now came up, and roughly inquired the cause of the rumpus. On getting satisfied, he ordered us to be taken to a small stable that stood in one corner of the yard. I requested him to allow Totten to remain outside, and myself along with him, so that I might bathe his ankle with cold water, and see if I couldn't get him into walking condition before we started again.

"Bah! you can doctor him in the stable as well as here," replied the young wolf with a grin.

"But, lieutenant, it will be more convenient here," I said, in the most conciliating manner I was capable of. "The water is near at hand."

"Put in the other two, then," he exclaimed, pointing to Hill and Carey, the two privates. "Turn all the horses into the old field; four of you get 'fresh mounts,' and be ready to come along with me."

Hill and Carey were taken on to the stable, and thrust into it; the door was closed and bolted behind them, and two sentries stationed near by.

I managed with some difficulty to get Totten close up to the stoop of the dwelling, and under a large tree; against the trunk of which I placed him in a sitting posture. Then, using my hands as ladles, I kept pouring a continued stream of cold water upon the injured ankle.

One of the sentries had been placed over Hill and Carey by the stable-door, while the other kept guard upon Totten and myself, — a gaunt, stalwart fellow, with a very wide-awake and dangerous expression in his small, greenish eyes.

With joy, I saw the Confeds take the saddles from their horses, lead the animals down a narrow lane, and turn them loose, into a large enclosure.

When they came back into the yard, four of them stepped into a second stable, larger than that in which the prisoners were secured. In a short time they came out again, each leading a horse. These they hitched to a long rack in front of the house.

The horses were at once saddled and bridled; and I could see through the open door of the stable, that it was now empty, and that the animals brought forth were all of their reserve stock.

Each wing of the building was entered by a door that fronted on the central space. One was a heavy oaken door that opened outward; could be secured by a strong shooting bolt, and a thick, flat swinging bar of iron attached to it.

Shortly after I had got Totten up to the back step, I noticed that this door had been left ajar, and that the lieutenant had gone inside, where he had seated himself.

The door was sufficiently open to allow me a good view of the room inside. I saw there was a large heap of shelled corn in one corner, and on a bench close by lay the rifles and revolvers of the men who were out looking after the horses. The heavy padlock, belonging to the door-bolt, lay on the porch outside.

After saddling their horses, the four men sat down on the front step. In a few minutes two of them got up again, and lounged into the store-room, where presently they became engaged in wiping their revolvers.

Soon another rose up, and also went inside the store-room, where he threw himself down on the corn-heap. The fourth man remained in the porch, employed in mending the broken rein of a bridle. Presently he, too, got up, and walked into the building, where I could hear him asking for an awl. Just then I felt a quick beating at the heart, and a sudden flushing in my face, as a thought came across my brain that promised a plan of escape.

Although I felt cool and collected as ever in my life, I could hear my heart thumping against my ribs, like the strokes of a trip-hammer. My anxiety was extreme; for I knew every moment that passed lessened our chance of success. At any instant the Confederate lieutenant might start us to the road again.

The trooper who had been strap-mending, once more came out upon the porch, and walked off to where his horse stood at the rack.

Buckling on the mended rein, he returned to the house, and went straight into the store-room. Crossing to his comrades, he sat down on the bench beside them.

I looked at Totten, and then asked the guard, in a low voice, if we could not have a cabbage-leaf to place on the sprained ankle.

"Cabbage-leaf!" he replied; "where the h — l's there any cabbage about hyar?"

"Right there," said I, pointing to a corner of the enclosure, where I had observed a few miserable heads growing, in a sort of garden-patch.

"Oh!" answered he, with a laugh, "if you think them 'ere will do you any good, you kin take 'em, I s'pose."

"Thank you, sir," said Totten: "won't you have some tobacco?"

And the sergeant drew from his pocket a plug of the weed, which, by good luck, he happened to have about him.

The Reb, stepping up, took it readily; and, cramming a quid into his jaw, drew off again.

As Totten wished it, the movement placed him several feet nearer us, than he had been before.

"I reckon a bit o' baccy air better than a cabbage-leaf," he remarked with a grin.

"Not to us now," replied Totten, with a glance given to me that, had the sentry seen, and been any thing of a physiognomist, would have done us damage.

"Rube!" he said, calling out to the other guard, who was about fifty paces off, and nearer the patch of cultivated ground, "pitch one o' them 'ere old heads of greens this way: the Yank wants it for his crippled foot."

Reuben, propping his long rifle against the log he was seated on, and slowly rising up, walked toward the 'greens.'

I glanced at Totten. He was gathering his legs under him, and furiously rubbing the sprained ankle with one hand. Our sentry had turned half-way round, while speaking to the other; the butt of his gun rested on his boot, not more than a dozen feet from the sergeant's grasp. I was close to Totten, only a little outside, and in full view of the Confed. I saw that the sergeant was quite ready, and watching me with eager eyes.

The outside guard had reached the cabbage-patch, and was stooping to pluck the "greens." The time for action had at length arrived; and I raised my right hand.

With the spring of a catamount, Totten threw himself forward upon the unsuspecting sentry. As he did so, I rushed up the steps, caught hold of the heavy door, dashed it to, and drove home the shooting bolt — before the men inside could stir hand or foot!

There had not been a second to spare. By the time I had got the swinging bar into its place, the Rebs had thrown themselves against the door, uttering loud curses.

But the bolt was a strong one, and resisted all their efforts, until I had got the bar safe in its place, and secured it with the padlock. This done, I sprang out of the porch again, and ran for the rifle left leaning against the log.

All the while Totten and the sentry were engaged in a deathlike struggle. On first flinging himself on the latter, Totten had caught him round the legs, at the same time securing his gun, and bringing him to the ground. I knew that few men could equal the sergeant in rough strength; and, satisfied he would soon have the mastery over his opponent, I left him to settle that matter for himself.

As I rushed to get possession of the rifle, its owner, bewildered by the sudden surprise, was now running towards it himself, making a loud outcry, and still holding the head of cabbage in his hand. Fortunately I was the swifter, and reached the log first; but, as I stooped to grasp the gun, the Reb threw himself impetuously upon me. Seizing the butt in one hand, with the other he struck me a violent blow in the face. But I had the barrel firmly grasped; and, exerting all my strength, I succeeded in becoming master of the weapon, drawing the man down upon his knees. Before he could recover himself, I dealt him a crushing blow with the butt, that felled him flat upon the earth.

To rush to the stable, and set free our comrades, Hill and Carey, was but the work of a few seconds. Then we all ran to where the sergeant and the big sentry were still engaged in their deadly wrestle.

Totten had his antagonist by the throat, and would, no doubt, have strangled him, but that the Confed was a very powerful man, and had got hold of the sergeant's wrist.

Our arrival put an end to the struggle; as the sentry, seeing himself outnumbered, with a rifle held close to his head, cried out, "Quarter!"

While all this was taking place, the party in the store-room were making furious efforts to burst open the door. But as the oak was sound, and the bolts strong, we saw it would take them some time to make their way out.

Before they did this we were all four mounted, and galloping gayly away.

We knew we had little to fear from pursuit by those left at the log-house. On the tired horses that remained to them, and the start we had obtained, there would be no chance for the Confeds to overtake us.

Fortune proved friendly to us. Not a soul did we encounter, as we dashed along at a breakneck pace, until we fell in with a body of our own cavalry, several miles beyond where we had been captured in the morning; which at length put an end to our apprehensions.

I had some explanations to make, after rejoining my regiment, as to how I got the very handsome black eye I had brought from the other side of the Shenandoah.

CAROLINE SCHLEGEL.

THIRD PAPER.*

IN the autumn of 1798, a young man of twenty-three had taken out his *venia docendi* at the Jena University, and began a course of lectures on philosophy by the very side of Fichte, who at that time — and, indeed, for long after — was looked upon as Kant's successor in the philosophical empire. This young man was Schelling, who was destined to exercise so great an influence over the German mind, and to fulfil in the *ecclesia triumphans* of the Romantiker that part which had been formerly sustained by Fichte in the period of their *ecclesia militans*.

Schelling came from a part of Germany eminently productive of strong, obstinate wills, speculative intellects, and fervent convictions. He was the countryman of Schubarth, Schiller, and Hegel. This *præcox ingenium* had made his appearance as an author by publishing some essays on Hebrew and Christian mythology, the germ of which may be sought in Herder, while their ulterior development is to be found in D. F. Strauss. Soon, however, he relinquished theology in favor of philosophy, and at the early age of nineteen wrote a remarkable treatise, in which Fichte's inspiring influence is still vividly felt. In this and several other essays of the kind, with more or less Fichtean or Spinozist tendencies, the amazed literary world scarcely knew what to wonder at most, whether at his depth of thought, his prodigious maturity for his age, or the arrogant, supercilious, conquering tone of the young thinker. Soon

* See EVERY SATURDAY, Nos. 18, 22.

we see him emancipating himself; and in 1797 he produces the first of that series of works in which he eventually exposed his own doctrine on the "Philosophy of Nature."

He had just begun to develop it in a second work, when he met with A. W. Schlegel and his wife in Dresden; the latter of whom was struck at first sight by his enthusiastic energy. They were absent from Jena on his arrival there, in the autumn of the same year (1798), to lecture as a Privat Docent; but on her return, Caroline received him with great cordiality, so that when her husband arrived he already found them on terms of very great intimacy, although of an entirely platonic nature. The rising, ambitious young philosopher, who was meditating a reform not only in science and poetry, but in the world itself, by an alliance between philosophy and poetry; this ardent, enthusiastic, dreamy nature, coupled with a tenacious will, had a strange fascination for Caroline, who for the first time in her life here found her master. What weakness, what affectations, what overstraining, had she not witnessed in all those who had come near her till now! Göthe alone might, in her eyes, have stood comparison advantageously with Schelling, as far as vigor, freshness, spontaneousness, and facility were concerned; but, then, Göthe was no longer young, and, moreover, held her at a distance. Schelling, who was drawn towards her like the iron to the magnet, possessed the one great attraction of youth, quite irresistible, indeed, for some women, who, born with a great natural disposition towards tenderness, have never either loved nor been loved passionately. The impression made upon her by this blunt, ardent nature betrays itself every moment in her letters. "He is more interesting personally than you will allow," she writes to Friedrich Schlegel. "His is a thoroughly genuine nature, something akin to what granite is among minerals." For a long while she strives to deceive herself as to the nature of her affection for him; but in this she only half succeeds. She even meditates a future alliance between Schelling and her daughter Augusta, at that time on a visit to the family of the painter Tischbein, at Dessau; and she entreats her not to be jealous "of her mamma." Schelling, less calm, soon begins to write her the most passionate verses, wherein science and religion, poetry and love, are strangely mixed up. They all read the Italian poets together, and make sonnets after the manner of Petrarca; soon Caroline becomes the Beatrice of this new Dante, who was at that time preparing a mystical epic poem. The peace with Dorothea and her husband was as yet unbroken, and "holy Father Fritz, fervent in God," was the interpreter of the divine poet.

Afterwards, when the households of the two Schlegel brothers began to be thoroughly disunited, when August Wilhelm, attracted in a different direction, left Jena for months at a time, Schelling established his domicile in the house, and took his meals with Caroline, bringing back light and warmth to this somewhat chilly hearth. "He is the giver of joy; for he is mild, affectionate, and cheerful." And Caroline, though more enthusiastic for the philosopher than for his philosophy, — Caroline, the light-hearted woman of the world, — insensibly and visibly becomes a Dio tima. She gradually acquires a taste for transcendent speculation. Schelling's obscure system has no obscurities for her, like that of Fichte, because "Schelling has poetry in his nature, while Fichte has none." She entirely adopted Schelling's worship for Nature. "Sole divinity, acknowledged by me," she writes later on, in a passage of her lover's "Clara," attributed to her; "sole divinity, whose strength I feel, good Mother Nature, let my tongue paint the images of thy words; never let the feeling within me, which is thy work, err; never allow my instinctive knowledge to become a learned one." There are some thoughts "which I cannot quite understand, yet I believe in them; and by faith and imagination I can easily be led wherever you like. Only the steps up the ladders, the demonstrations and consequences, are not made for me." It is clear that her "love had turned into philosophy, and her philosophy into love." And the stanzas addressed to her by Schelling at Christmas, 1799 — about fifteen months after their first meeting — resemble the inspiration of the writer of the "Divina Commedia," when he invokes the aid of the blessed friend of his youth to give him courage enough to terminate his great work.

Augusta, meanwhile, was gently and sweetly budding into womanhood; but Schelling remained insensible to her growing charms; for an attraction, which is by no means uncommon with young people, irresistibly drew him towards the maturer poetry of autumn, rather than that of spring. In the month of May, 1800, Caroline went with her daughter to Bocklet, a small watering-place near Bamberg, accompanied by Schelling, or rather in his suite; for he had to go to Bamberg, and she had not the heart to let him go there alone. Had she not vowed to herself that she would devote herself to him, watch over him, and, without requiring his love, at least claim the right of protecting him? This touching species of resignation is by no means rare in similar situations with tender-hearted women, nor is it the less admirable because accompanied by a strong dose of self-delusion. "You know that I shall follow you wherever you wish; for your life and your work are alike sacred to me, and ministering in the sanctuary — in the divine sanctuary — is reigning upon earth."

A terrible blow roused Caroline from her dream. Her daughter Augusta died at Bocklet during the temporary absence of Schelling. She was but fifteen years old. Caroline's grief nearly crushed her. She never entirely recovered from the shock it gave her; and the sad recollection of her dead child returned, even at the close of her life, when surrounded by peace and happiness. She came out of this supreme ordeal a changed being, hardly venturing to own to herself, that, in one respect at least, it was a release. It was the one great crisis of her life; from that time forward she was able to regain her serenity; for this seems to have been an indestructible element of her nature — but she never again recovered the giddy light-heartedness of her youth. The nine closing years of her life seem, as it were, shrouded in a veil; yet they were years of happiness, nevertheless.

Caroline immediately tore herself away from the sad scene of her cruel bereavement, and sought a refuge and retreat in her married sister's house at Brunswick, where Schlegel joined her, whilst Schelling returned to Jena. The latter had been deeply shocked by Augusta's sudden death; being thus left alone with Caroline, and attempting to console and comfort her in her sorrows, he felt as can only great crises in life make one feel, how poor and inadequate platonic love is. He began to discover the real state of his feelings, which till then he had hidden from his own sight under an enthusiastic worship. As soon as he perceived it, he also became aware of the impediments which seemed to stand in the way of his ever possessing the being he so passionately loved. The letters of this young man, whose energy rendered him almost harsh, — of this Titan, who shortly before was ready to scale the Olympus, — all at once take a tender, Wertherian tone. Thoughts of voluntarily terminating his existence present themselves to his mind; his letters are a series of hysterical sobs. Caroline, herself utterly bowed down by grief, is now obliged to use all her efforts to support her young friend; for, in capability of suffering, no man, however strong-minded or strong-willed, can compete with woman. She is quite inexhaustible in her protestations of a love which is not the less tender from being supposed henceforward to be of a purely maternal nature.

"My soul, my life, I love thee with my whole being. Do not doubt this under any circumstances. What a flash of exultation when Schlegel handed me your letter last night! . . . . You love me; and even were the spasm of grief which is rending your bosom to lead you astray, and become hatred, you love me not the less. I deserve it too; and this universe would be but a mere trifle, if we had not indeed found one another forevermore."

She sends him to Göthe, the supreme comforter, to seek counsel and strength in "his clear eye."

In the pathetic affection felt by a maturer woman for a younger man, there always enters a touch of maternal feel-

ing. It is just this desire to guard and protect, together with the constant unowned dread of losing their *protégé*, when youth and nature shall begin to assert their rights, which gives a love of this kind something which is inexpressibly touching.

Still, this maternal, or rather sisterly affection, which had so long served to deceive Schelling concerning the true nature of his own feelings, no longer sufficed to content him. He reproaches her with trying to avoid him, and she defends herself against his accusations:—

"Even though I leave you, I do so differently from what you think. Never was I more strongly, more indissolubly attached to you than at present. . . . Take our singular alliance for what it is, and cease lamenting that which never could have been. I know full well that, with a nature like mine, and as a woman, this is far easier for me than for you. . . . Resignation has given me depth, and a first love a serenity altogether inexplicable, although this love itself hardly belonged to reality. You also are ready to resign if needful, but not without bitterness; while I do so with the whole treasure of my humility."

And again, on his persisting in his reproaches for what he calls her desertion of him, with the usual sophistry of the times, she explains how she never has ceased to be true to all those she loved, because her fidelity was "inward constancy;" because she knew "the eternal equilibrium of her heart." It would be impossible to give a preciser formula to the universal creed of that period, that religion of the heart, that reverence for the dictates of feeling, that *Ecclesia invisibilis* of sentiment. "I trust implicitly to my heart, were it to lead me to death and misery. This is my immediate science. I know this certitude to be certain; were this security ever to break down within me, it would be my end; nothingness would ensue." Thus does she cling to her idea of becoming a mother to her beloved one, and, like a true mother, incites him to active employment. "Here you are again on the battle-field, dear Achilles; and already the Trojans are in flight," she writes him, when he at last plucks up courage to recommence his lectures, at the time Friedrich Schlegel was making his first appearance as a lecturer also,—an attempt which was to prove a signal failure. On this occasion the delicate, refined woman, usually so remarkable for her moderation and good taste, becomes utterly unrecognizable in her ecstasies of wild triumph. Love and interest in the object of it did for her what self-interest never would have accomplished: they made her coarse and violent, from sheer vehemence of feeling.

Like a good mother, she also takes bodily care of her charge: she sends to London for a great-coat (in 1800!) instead of his German cloak, to keep him warm, and "leave his arms free to embrace her." For they are soon to meet again after this long, long winter (1800 to 1801); and in this hope Caroline revives.

Her husband, who had spent great part of the winter at Brunswick with her, had left for Berlin, and did not join her again at Jena. Her connection with Schelling was no secret to him, and, as he followed the moral creed of his generation, he found it quite natural; the more so, perhaps, as his own affection for Caroline had arrived at a sufficiently low ebb to allow him to view things calmly and collectedly. With the singular frankness peculiar to these times, Caroline had declared her intention of not ceasing to see her friend at Jena.

"I shall never be able to give up Schelling; but I will never go beyond a certain limit upon which we have agreed . . . . I have adopted him in my soul as the brother of my child . . . . Precisely because there is nothing secret about it—for secrecy would be accusation—all will take a different appearance, firstly, in our eyes; and then this security will communicate itself to our *entourage*. Therefore I think I may safely go back to Jena." (6th of March, 1801.)

It was naturally to be expected that she should encounter new storms on her arrival there, with all her projects of maternal resignation. Her health was shaken. "Caroline has always something the matter with her," writes her husband; "the least thing shows how weak she is." Still the tone of their correspondence is quite friendly on both sides at the beginning. Wilhelm had been greatly attached to little Augusta, and respected the mother's grief at her loss. Caroline, on her side, felt more than mere gratitude for Wilhelm, he was more even than a comrade to her: she esteemed him as he deserved to be esteemed, and never ceased defending him against all his assailants. On his being reproached with want of sincerity, she says, "If any one ever was irreproachable in this respect it was Schlegel, and I am quite distressed to see him so badly rewarded for it. . . . . He does not care to be insincere, and is more honest than all of you put together." Nevertheless, by degrees Wilhelm's letters become scarcer: he only half answers Caroline's constant pressing invitations to Jena, or offers to join him at Berlin; evidently, he is on the search for pretexts. Had he really found more powerful attractions at the Prussian capital, as it was reported? Caroline ridicules these reports. On being informed that pretty Madame Unzelmann, the most admired actress in Berlin, is about to be divorced in order to marry August Wilhelm, she laughs at "the little fairy *Unzeline*," and threatens to "arrive in time to prevent the conjunction of the two luminaries;" and when she hears that her husband is unusually attentive to Madame Bernhardi, Tieck's sister, she advises him to cultivate this acquaintance. It is clear that she was free from all prejudice. Still, the tone of August Wilhelm's letters becomes more and more disagreeable; and as we already know that her friendship with Schelling was a matter of perfect indifference to him, there is every reason to believe that he was seeking a plausible pretext for regaining his liberty. Caroline continues indefatigable in her efforts to keep him in good humor; but it seems that she sometimes received serious rebuffs, to one of which she answers, "You take away a great deal of my simplicity and grace by intimidating me in this way, and you lose most by it." "If any more naughty letters come, I shall not answer them until a nice one appears." Never had she been more amiable, more caressingly friendly; never did she bring all the resources of fraternal coquetry better into play, for the tone of these charming letters never goes beyond this mark. Still, what deep interest she takes in his literary pursuits! She goes to Weimar on purpose to be present at the first representation of his "Ion:" she sits on the commoner's side of the theatre, of course; for at that time, even in Weimar, the nobility sat on one side and the burghers on the other, as there were *bourgeois* and noble evening parties. She espouses the author's cause to a vehement extent; she writes a review of the piece in the *Elegante Zeitung*, which, however favorable it might seem to others less interested, did not satisfy the vulnerable self-esteem of August Wilhelm Schlegel, who finds it, "Pretty and clever, but not at all to his taste." She sides entirely with Göthe, "the invisible Apollo," who is the soul of the enterprise, and who is accused of tyranny for striking Schlegel's adversaries. She even returns to Weimar to insure success to the *Ehrempforte*, a satirical piece of doubtful taste, which her husband had directed against Kotzebue and his set. When he opened at Berlin his course of lectures upon dramatic literature,—his most substantial title to glory after his translation of Shakspeare,—she is quite proud of him and his success. She encourages him in all ways:—

"At the hour when you are holding forth, I am always especially near to you. Would that blue-eyed Caroline could only once in her life be changed into blue-eyed Minerva, and stand invisible by your side, placing divine discourse on your lips! As you are already charmingly perfumed and adorned, I should not be wanted in that direction, like that goddess."

Nothing, however, had the power to re-establish the lost harmony between them. Wilhelm continued silent and morose, in spite of all her pretty womanly devices. When, at length, he makes up his mind to visit Jena, he leaves it again immediately, to follow the constellations which are his attractions at Berlin, and his answers grow colder and colder. In vain she redoubles in grace and amiability dur-

ng this winter, from 1801 to 1802, and shows herself attentive, ready to forgive and forget. Wilhelm never spares ier a single pin-prick: his susceptibility towards her becomes almost offensive.

We have hardly any of his letters written about this time, out hers are full of nothing but apologies and justifications in answer to petty unjust accusations. At last, unable to bear it any longer, she went herself to Berlin (April, 1802), to view the situation with her own eyes. There must have been some explanation here between them; for she left Berlin after a very few days, having obtained his consent to a divorce. To avoid delay and publicity, they resolved to apply directly to Karl August, who two years before had dissolved the union of Sophie Méreau, afterwards Clemens Brentano's wife, without the intervention of justice. Caroline herself penned a letter to the duke, full of dignity and noble feeling; yet, in spite of all these precautions, reports got about, and the calumnious insinuations which had circulated at the time of Augusta's death again let themselves be heard. Caroline treated all this ignominious gossip with the disdain it deserved; but Schlegel thought himself obliged to refute calumnies which she despised, and on regaining his own liberty once more became the delicate and devoted friend he had formerly been to her. As to the world's opinion concerning their grave decision, Caroline cares no more about it than before. She is conscious of having done what, in her eyes, is "right and true," and does not trouble herself about "the external appearances of what is good in itself."

She never attempted, though, as so many women similarly situated do, to hold up her own case as an example to be imitated, and to make her own line of conduct a principle. "Those who see me will hardly feel inclined to venture upon unknown ground by bold and arbitrary proceedings; and will rather pray to Heaven to give them a simple fate, engaging themselves never to violate it," she writes to a young female friend, who was one day to be her successor in Schelling's heart and home. The divorce was not pronounced till the 17th of May, 1803; and a month afterwards Schelling's father married his son and Caroline in his little village church, the husband at that time being twenty-eight and the wife forty. In spite of so great a disparity in their ages, not a cloud arose during the whole of the six years their union lasted. That peace and serenity of mind to which she had referred, already seem to pervade the close of her life. Her last years resemble the *catharsis* of a troubled drama, and her poor, wearied heart seems to enjoy tranquillity after so restless an existence. She bids farewell to literature, and abjures all literary passions. She even almost gives up letter-writing, and those letters which she still consents to pen breathe forth the most complete contentment. She has sacrificed her love of liberty to the man she loves, and whom she looks up to as a superior being. She, the passionate reader of old, now scarcely opens a book; "but then I have a prophet in my companion, who communicates the word of God direct to me." No remorse came to disturb her happiness; for was she not conscious of having obeyed the dictates of her own heart, and of never having deceived any one? In her belief, "there is but one vice, and that is untruth; and the Devil is its father." This is the reason why she never condescended to exculpate or defend herself. On again meeting with her old friend Theresa Heyne, now Frau Huber, who is forever making her own apology, "I cannot understand," she says, "how people can want to open their lips to the world at large, and gratuitously call forth a kind of publicity which has always something disgraceful in it." Was she wrong, or was she right? At any rate, this remarkable woman, so greatly calumniated by her contemporaries, has lost nothing in the estimation of posterity by having constantly and consciously braved appearances. For in this very correspondence, come to light sixty years after the heroine's death, bearing an essentially private character, and the publication of which it was impossible to foresee, lies just the very sort of justification and satisfaction which, of all others, would have suited Caroline best, and the only one she would have wished for.

The pair, after their marriage, settled at Würzburg, a town recently secularized and incorporated in the Electorate of Bavaria, where the new Government had recently established a university. Her sojourn in the capital of the ex-Prince-Bishop was the golden age of happiness for Caroline. The pin-pricks of envious gossips, which pursued her even here, had quite lost all power of irritating her. Full of a calm dignity, she soars aloft, leaving far below her the petty surrounding atmosphere. She begins to adopt certain aristocratic airs which suit her prodigiously: you would say she had been accustomed to purple and ermine from her cradle, and it is precisely this which the malice of the virtuous could never forgive her. Her gracefulness and elegance scandalize the homely and orderly women of the middle classes, who regarded the emancipated world of artists, *literati*, and philosophers, associating with nobles on a perfect equality of footing, with a good deal more envy than indignation. Caroline, with her infallible guide by her side, gives no heed to any thing of this kind.

Politics, which had formerly so great an interest for her, have now lost all their charm, like literature. She no longer sees any thing in them beyond the accidental, external history of mankind: true history, for her, lies elsewhere. Up to the end of the former century, she had still kept the remains of her revolutionary sympathies. "Bonaparte is in Paris," she wrote to her little daughter in May, 1799. "O my dear child, only think that all is right again! The Russians have been driven out of Switzerland, the English are obliged to make a shameful capitulation in Holland, and here is Bonaparte back again to fill up the measure. Rejoice, I entreat you." Her Bonapartist enthusiasm is not destroyed by the 18th of Brumaire, and Marengo appears to have revived it entirely. On seeing Louis Bonaparte at the Brunswick theatre, she still writes, "I have seen with my own eyes some of that noble blood." Yet even at that time the coarse realities of politics and warfare had shocked her as soon as she had come into any thing like close contact with them; and after seeing the conquerors of the world with her own eyes, she sighed for Thuringia's Athenians. By degrees her enthusiasm for the hero calms down, and gives way to a very different feeling. She looks forward to a thirty-years' war just before Austerlitz; for, after all, "a nation, a sovereign, will yet be found to rise up against the all-devouring one." When the French march into Würzburg, she says: "This Napoleon crops up one country after another, with his sharp teeth, and after that throws them to the monarch he patronizes, — he, the king of kings, whose neck may it please the Lord of lords presently to break." She and her learned husband turn speedily away with disgust from contemporary history, full of nothing but "pillage and burning." On learning the fate of their friend Hegel, whose house had been ransacked, like that of so many others at Jena, "That is just where the evil lies," cries Caroline. "To think that even the quietest, most harmless existence is no longer secure. . . . . Whosoever belongs to a State is liable to be shaken, and often to be pulled up by the roots." We can trace in the heart of this woman the progress of the German national mind. Patriotism is aroused even in her bosom by the disgrace of Jena. She is reading the history of the Seven-Years' War during those days of mourning. "That was indeed a different struggle. How often did all appear irreparably lost, then again saved by the spirit which was imperishable!" Not so 1806 and 1807.

"I would rather," she writes, after these disasters, "I would rather have lived in a village which lay on the line of the battle of Jena, and been crushed in the dust, than ever allow myself to be infected by this horrible confusion of all moral things. But then I am very happy in having my ægis by my side; for if, on the one hand, the conventional world is fast dying out, with all its antiquated forms, on the other, a different, unchangeable world is rising from a finer horizon before my eyes."

The destiny of the German people had to be fulfilled; and Germany had, like Dante, to descend to the very lowest depths before remounting again to "view the

stars once more" *(per riveder le stelle)*. Implacable fate appeared to Caroline, as well as to all her contemporaries, under the features of Napoleon. "For me, he never was any thing but Destiny personified; which I neither love nor hate, but at whose hands I await the guidance of the world."

Germany's political transformation exercised a direct influence besides over the fate Schelling and his wife.

Shortly after the instalment of the elector-king at Würzburg, a scene described by Caroline with charming irony and a delicious humor, the philosopher was called to Munich, where those attempts at civilizing ancient Bavaria were beginning to be made which we can still witness in our own days. Caroline was alarmed as much as amused with the state of intellectual culture in which she found her new place of residence. The bare names of Lessing and Göthe were, indeed, hardly known in Munich society. The amusements of the best company there were primitive in their simplicity, the *naïveté* of which would make her laugh, were it not that its coarseness is such as to revolt the delicate tastes of this northern plant. The only man who apparently belonged to his age and his country, though transplanted to this inclement soil, was Jacobi, always the same "good, honest, but at the bottom vain," individual whom Göthe knew thirty years earlier at Pempelfort, "finding it convenient to have less wits and more complaisance than formerly" in that material world to which he had allowed himself to be attracted, letting himself be spoiled and petted by his two crabbed old-maid sisters.

If Caroline made but few new acquaintances, she came across a good many of her old friends in time, and not only met again with Theresa, but with her comrades of 1797 and 1798, the chiefs and champions of romanticism. The Tiecks and Brentanos passed through Munich on their return from a pilgrimage to Rome, and related the words and deeds of those among their brethren whom they had left behind them in the Eternal City. From their description, these Germans living in Rome had run themselves into a perfectly "inextricable chaos of intrigues, folly, and adventures." Humboldt was at that time Prussian minister at Rome; and it may be easily imagined that neither he nor his wife entered into the extravagant eccentricities of the romantic set. There existed, indeed, two distinct factions, — "the Pagan and Christian party," in which ladies played a very prominent part; Madame de Humboldt having declared herself in favor of the goddess Venus, while Madame Bernhardi (Tieck's sister) adhered to "the Virgin Mary." "It is true," Caroline maliciously adds, "the beauty of the one and the purity of mind of the other counterbalance each other pretty nearly. . . . . The piety and sanctity of all this parish is little more than mere form and outward manner. In the best of them (L. Tieck, for instance) they must only be taken in a poetical sense." It was reported that the Tiecks had gone over to Catholicism, as Friedrich and Dorothea Schlegel, Zacharias Werner, and so many others, were about to do. In Caroline's eye, this fact has but small importance. It would be but a form more; for in the main L. Tieck, the best and cleverest of the whole set, would remain what he was before, "a graceful, respectable vagabond." His sister, the Roman Madonna, had also returned to Germany, to plead in the divorce court against Bernhardi, for she was about to marry Herr von Knorring, another devotee; and the whole family, accompanied by Zacharias Werner, the pious renegade, gave themselves highly political airs. They pretended to see the salvation both of Germany and Christendom in the house of Hapsburg; but as Caroline observes, with her usual clear perception and good sense, "all these hopes, beliefs, and loves must be taken in a merely allegorical sense; for in reality they care very little about the powers above or the world below, provided they lead a jolly life, and have their purses well filled. I never saw people less pious, or less resigned to the will of Heaven, than these. . . . These three brothers and their sister, each one possessing eminent talents, born in an artisan's hut among the sands of the Mark of Brandenburg, might form a splendid phenomenon, were it not for an immorality corruptive both of body and soul, and an entire want of religious feeling;" and in a very cutting sonnet, which of course remained unpublished, she ridiculed the whole school, which had become a brotherhood.

These tendencies, and the tone of this set, had become so general, that even young recruits, such as the Baron von Rumohr, — the greatest art critic, by the way, whom Germany has brought forth in this century, — adopted them. I know of no more distressing sight than this baron, without the smallest dignity. He did intend to settle here, to leave all his terrestrial goods, and to follow Christ; but I think he will soon take wing again, for there is no seafish to be had at Munich, and he does not like our cookery. . . . What a pity that he should be so unreasonable, so tiresome, and play the fool to such a degree! for Heaven has bestowed upon him one sense, — that of art, which no one else has in the same degree. It is true that the sense of eating and drinking is equally strongly developed in him, and that he never allows his culinary opinions to be disputed. But it is very disgusting to hear a man talk in exactly the same strain of a lobster and of a Madonna and Child." This singular mixture of sensuality and devotion, which formed the chief characteristic of Friedrich Schlegel himself, the head of the romantic school, seems to have communicated itself likewise to his followers. Zacharias Werner had it in the highest degree, nor were the Brentanos by any means free from it. They also came to Munich during the winter of 1808-9; Savigny, already famous as a writer, and brother-in-law to Clemens; Clemens himself, whom Caroline had nicknamed "Demens," with the young wife who carried him off, — she whom he had carried off six years before having since died; finally, Bettina, "looking like a little Berlin Jewess, and racking her brain for wit. Not that she is by any means wanting in intelligence; *tout au contraire*. But it is so sad, to see how she strains, distends, and distorts that which she has." "All these Brentanos," she again says, "are such thoroughly unnatural natures!" Nevertheless, Bettina was, of all the Brentano set, the one least distasteful to Caroline. She even likes the *crazy pilgrim*,* in spite of all her freaks and eccentricities.

"She is a strange little creature," she writes; "a real Bettina,† by bodily suppleness and flexibility; inwardly sensible, outwardly crasy; decent, and yet beyond all decency. Unfortunately, she suffers from the family disease of the Brentanos: she is not quite natural in what she is or does, and still she cannot be otherwise; however, she pleases me better than the others."

She had come to take care of Tieck, already gouty, although but thirty-four, and the gossip to which this juvenile sick-nurse gave rise may be easily imagined. She stood on no ceremony whatever with him.

"Coquetting with her invalid charge in word and gesture, using the familiar *thou*, kissing him, and then again harshly telling him unpleasant truths; for she has her eyes wide open to his failings, and is not in love with him."

"She passes whole days in his company, quite alone, and several persons are afraid of going there on account of her; for she does not always succeed in being witty, and can at times become coarse and disagreeable. She is, moreover, oftener to be found under than upon the table, and never, by any chance, upon a chair. You are, I dare say, curious after all this, to know whether she be young and pretty; but there lies the point. She is neither young nor old, neither pretty nor ugly: she looks neither like a man nor a woman."

Before her end, Caroline was to see some one again who had stood far nearer to her than the Tiecks and Brentanos, and all the rest. Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant came to spend a fortnight at Munich, accompanied by August Wilhelm Schlegel. "He was well and cheerful, and our intercourse was quite friendly, and entirely without embarrassment. He and Schelling were inseparable."

Caroline allowed neither B. Constant, nor Madame de

* The title of one of Göthe's tales in Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre.

† In his Venetian Epigrams, written in 1791, Göthe gives the name of Bettina to the little gypsy girl who was to become the model of Mignon.

Staël to impose upon her; she saw that the first understood nothing about German poetry, and could only appreciate the moral side of her countrymen. His companion seemed to her "a phenomenon of vital power, selfishness, and incessant intellectual activity. Her exterior is transfigured by her interior, and has great need of it; for there are moments, or rather dresses, in which she looks like a sutler, and in which, nevertheless, one can quite well imagine her capable of representing Phædra, in the most elevated tragical sense." No jealousy whatever appears to have dictated this judgment, for Caroline is quite ready to acknowledge that Schlegel owes more to the petulant Frenchwoman than she to him. In the midst of this false Catholicism of the romantic school, "Wilhelm remains Protestant under his own shield, or rather that of his Pallas, . . . for after all he is the purest of them all. . . . Alas! how they have erred from the right road, and how they have allowed themselves to be led astray by destinies which they have prepared for themselves." This last remark is especially addressed to Friedrich Schlegel, just then at Vienna, enjoying Alicante and biscuits, as, ten years previously, he had appreciated *liqueurs* and sausages at Berlin. He also had gone over to the house of Austria, and to the Catholic Church at the same time, and showed a strong disposition to "become a persecutor of heretics. They say he is already as fat, lazy, and sensual as a monk. . . . I knew them all in better times, in the age of their innocence. Then came discord and sin. . . . How firm he has remained, relying on himself; how good, open, childlike, and entirely dignified that friend (alluding to her husband, Schelling) whom I need not name!"

Let us end with these words, which are the chorus of all Caroline's letters concerning him who, during the time of her happiness, had "melted all her existence in sweetness." This feeling was not to last long. She died almost suddenly on a journey in Würtemberg, where she was going to pay a visit to Schelling's aged parents. The same disease which had carried off her child, nine years before, put an end to her own life on the 7th of September, 1809, at the age of forty-six. As she had foreseen and prophesied, she "closed her eyes in peace and serenity of mind."

In the beginning of this essay, I quoted those words of grief and passionate admiration which escaped Schelling's lips a few weeks after losing "this singular being, whose equal will not appear again on earth." He remained true to this feeling; and more than ten years afterwards, when the daughter of that Louise Gotter, who had been Caroline's oldest and best friend, again gave him pure domestic happiness, he evidently still had before him the image of the wife of his youth, when he exclaims in his Platonic dialogue, "Clara," "Let me recall to mind the transfigured friend who was my life's guardian angel; let me remember how, at the approach of the shadow of death, a celestial radiance illuminated her whole being to such a degree that I thought I had never seen her more beautiful than at the very moment when she was about to breathe her last, nor even imagined that death could present so much grace. Let me remember how her accents, at all times melodious, became divine music, spiritual sounds which even now resound in the depths of my heart."

Caroline was not the only superior woman of those times, whose life presents a tissue of romantic vicissitudes, errors, and grand sides. On her track we have already met with the daughters of Heyne and Moses Mendelssohn. If we wished to widen our range, how many others besides, such as Charlotte von Kalb, Caroline von Wolzogen, Sophie Méreau, Emilie von Berlepsch, Frau von Knorring, and Madame de Krüdner, would have to be placed within it, as forming inherent parts of the literary society of that memorable period. Yet we should be mistaken were we to judge of the general morality of their age by their example; for, in this, Germany presents an analogous spectacle to France, England, and Italy, during their greatest literary periods. The higher classes sought eagerly to free themselves from the trammels of a social order, to which the middle ranks still scrupulously adhered. The world of art and literature was essentially addressed to the higher orders of society, adopted and cherished by them, and partook of other social privileges and "freedom from all prejudice." There is much said about the corruption of France under Louis XV., and of England under Charles II.: if we look at things somewhat closer, however, we may detect here, as elsewhere, below a licentious court, nobility, and literary coterie, an orderly, steady, and even pious middle-class. Thus beside and below the free society of Berlin and Weimar, an honest, laborious class of citizens existed, who, incapable of comprehending what was going on above them, were only too ready to look upon all this set as a species of gypsy company devoid of all principles, and to censure its freaks and immorality with a species of equivocal charity only to be found among the virtuous. It would be a great error were we to suppose that the high intellectual culture of Weimar penetrated to the mass of the nation or even to the middle-classes. An abyss separated the two worlds; and a *bourgeoisie* which devoutly crossed itself at the bare mention of *Wilhelm Meister's* wild associates and at the thought of the subversive principles of the *Elective Affinities*, when it did not content itself with the Bible and Gellert's Fables, read the novels of Auguste Lafontaine. It always has been so: Raphael and Shakspeare were not more moral, in the *bourgeois* sense of the word, than Diderot and Göthe.

PEEPS AT SPIRITS.

THERE can be no doubt that Spiritualism, or Spiritism, for we decline entering on a question about which "eminent lexicographers," as the *Medium News* tells us, are at variance, is really marching on. It is rapidly freeing itself from the baser elements of table-turning, rapping, "tipping," and planchette writing, and attaining a far more direct faculty of converse with the ghostly world. It is true that some of the lowlier incidents of its early origin still cling to it; that, with a few exceptions, its *séances*, so far as London is concerned, seem to be held in queer quarters, — in London Fields, Clerkenwell, or Bethnal Green, — and that its mediums still rejoice in the oddest of all possible names. Since the heroes of Mr. Dickens's later fictions, we have met with no odder group of designations than those enjoyed by Messrs. Guppy, Mumler, Shorter, Cogman, and Simkiss. But it must be owned that greater names are dropping in. "The People's Poet," and "The Discoverer of Thallium," titles which certainly throw a halo of grandeur round the rather commonplace personages of Mr. Crookes and Mr. Gerald Massey, are at the head of the movement. It has been formally announced by the spirits themselves that all criticism on their doings and sayings is simply the result of "weak blood and a strumous temperament." The movement is widening its borders beyond Clerkenwell and Bethnal Green: there is "a respectable church" of Spiritualists at Melbourne, in which we are glad to remark the new peculiarity of "a marked predominance of intellectual physiognomy;" and there is a circle at Cairo where "Madame Blawatsky" is willing, for a consideration, to reproduce the plague of frogs, or any similar incident of Pharaonic life, at a moment's notice. Spiritualism has at last a worship, which is described as consisting of "invocations, the singing of suitable hymns, and the delivery of addresses *without any ceremony or ritual.*" To conduct worship without ceremony or ritual of any sort is an achievement which even Quakers despair of, and of which Spiritualism may be justly proud; though we are bound to say that the accounts of such services as we have seen have the familiar twang of the conventicle, and little besides, to recommend them. The address of the "Medium in a Trance," which closes the proceedings, reads wonderfully like the ordinary discourse of our friend Mr. Stiggins out of it. But this is of little consequence, when, as the Spiritualist organ triumphantly observes, "Science is on our side, and the spirit of the age is with us." It is of still less importance when the

spirits themselves, after a good deal of ghostly coquetry, have been at last wheedled into coming fairly to the front; when these ghostly visitants are no more like Wordsworth's cuckoo, "a wandering voice," but are good enough to take material form, and to allow themselves to be seen of mortal eyes and photographed in common *cartes-de-visite*.

The first photographic manifestation took place, of course, in America; but the Yankee seer experienced the usual prophetic fate, and the discovery had to be made over again, in less sceptical climes. It is only fair to Mr. Samuel Guppy that he should tell his own story. He had accompanied his wife, with conjugal solicitude, to a photographic studio; and, "after the sitting was finished, I asked her to try an experiment to see if I could get a spirit photograph. I arranged the drapery, sitting myself in front of a screen of black cloth, my wife being behind it. While so sitting, waiting for Mr. Hudson to bring the prepared plate, a wreath of artificial flowers was placed on my head. Mr. Hudson brought the plate, took and developed the picture, which showed a draped figure in white, standing behind me." We see the result in a copy of the *carte-de-visite* which is now before us. The world knows nothing of its greatest men; and we were a little startled at first sight of the venerable person with whom spirits take such affectionate liberties. If we may trust the photograph, Mr. Guppy is a rather short and podgy person, with an extremely ill-fitting coat, and leaning back in a chair with that air of attempted serenity which is common in photographic studios. His head appears to be bald, and is certainly covered by a wreath of flowers, which, as big cabbage-roses of this sort hardly bloom in the month of March, we may presume to be artificial. Behind Mr. Guppy is a white erection, which might be a spirit, and which might be a pump, but which to mortal eyes would rather suggest a couple of broomsticks, draped in a white sheet. Altogether, let us frankly own, this first spiritual photograph is a little destructive of reverence. The mind instinctively quits the veiled broomsticks, to fasten itself on Mr. Guppy; and that comfortable face, the face of a cosey tallow-chandler, when crowned with paper roses, becomes absolutely irresistible. We should tremble for the domestic happiness of Mrs. Guppy, if Mrs. Guppy had not claimed her share in these spiritual interviews. "I will go with Tommy," said Mrs. Guppy, in words which throw a certain subdued light on the inner life of the Guppy circle, — "I will go with Tommy to get a spirit photograph; but I must have my own way entirely. I am always interfered with, and told to do this or that; but this time I will have my own way!" The result of this spirited conduct shall be told in her husband's words: "We went at three o'clock, to Mr. Hudson's. A snow-storm came on. However, she placed herself kneeling with the child in front. She desired me to look at her through the cloth screen all the while. . . . Though I say it as shouldn't say it, I think it is the most beautiful photograph I have ever seen, and worthy of copying by a first-rate painter." We may fairly pardon this little outburst of Mr. Guppy's artistic enthusiasm, as we have pardoned his little irrelevance about the snow and the exquisite "however" which follows it; but to ordinary eyes the photograph is a very inferior photograph indeed. Our natural curiosity about the spirited wife who "will have her own way," is disappointed by so terribly blurred a face that not a feature can be made out. Such as she is, however, Mrs. Guppy kneels in the foreground, holding "Tommy," whose hair does not appear to have seen a brush for some months, in her arms, while a very unmistakable spirit towers high behind them. Unluckily, the countenance of "the spirit Katey" — for Mr. Guppy is good enough to supply us with her name — is less distinct than Mrs. Guppy's own. She is got up in the usual stage ghost fashion, — indeed, we think it reflects credit on our dramatic managers that they should for so many years have known how a ghost would be clothed when it was actually good enough to appear on earth. A fillet is tied over the brow, and a loose white drapery is thrown loosely and vaguely over the rest of the figure, leaving a little hole for the face, and two smaller apertures for a couple of ghostly hands. It is a little trying to faith to remark how easily the whole thing could be imitated with a common white pocket-handkerchief and an ordinary sheet. We have not had the privilege of seeing any spiritual representations in which the ghostly sitter appeared in a more distinctive garb, though we are led to hope that such may soon be vouchsafed. Mr. John Jones has, indeed, succeeded in inducing spirits to appear in a more earthly guise. In the photograph of his daughters, "one of the spirits has on a dark shawl, is stooping, and reading a book; the other, standing and thinking." Of course, when one can photograph a spirit, it is easy to photograph thought into the bargain. But the greatest success was achieved in a second attempt, where "a spirit seems to have come in with bonnet and lace fall on, as if a visitor, to see the group of three taken by the camera." It may have been a little jealousy of the "lace fall" which induced "the spirit Katey" to dispense, after Mr. Guppy's interviews, with photographs altogether. Mr. Smith gives us an account before which that of Mr. Jones fades into insignificance. At the *séance* which he describes, "Katey came over to the side where Mr. Harrison and myself were sitting, and showed two brilliant lights, one in each hand, the fingers of which could be seen as though grasping light. She said to Mr. H., 'Now, Willie, can you see me?' and as she spoke, she turned the light upon her countenance, which could be seen distinctly, the taper moving as she spoke. He then illuminated part of her dress, which she said was such as she wore in India, referring to me at the time for confirmation. 'Now can you understand? This is the way we show ourselves in the photographs.' Mr. H. requested and was permitted to touch the figure which we saw." Katey only disappeared to make way for a dear friend, every feature of whose face was distinctly to be recognized. "Yes, Cliff," said the spirit, — Mr. Smith's name, we may remark, is "Clifford;" but spirits have their little familiarities, — "you recognize me, you recognize me!"

After manifestations of this kind, we must own that the more ordinary spiritual demonstrations pall a little on our taste. We don't think we can be rallied into vivid interest, even when the spirits ram our strong-minded friend, Mrs. Guppy, headlong through the stout brick wall of her bed-room, and leave her in a light and airy *déshabille* to be picked up by the policeman, or other kind friends on the pavement. A flower-pot, it is pathetically added, accompanied her in her flight, and stood uninjured beside her. We doubt whether our curiosity will be greatly raised, even should Miss Lottie Fowler be transported a second time out of an omnibus, without notice (or, we fear, payment) to the conductor, and brought into a *séance* through the keyhole, although it may be interesting to know that "the conductor has been sought for, but not as yet discovered." Mr. "Punch" will, no doubt, learn with interest that "the liquor-bottle with silver top and stopper," which mysteriously disappeared at a *séance* which he was good enough to comment upon, has returned in answer to his remonstrances. It fell suddenly from the ceiling, in the presence of the two mediums who assisted at its disappearance, and to whose honesty the "silver top and stopper" bear convincing witness, though, by an accident, nothing is said about the liquor. After all, liquor-bottles are only liquor-bottles, and spirits are spirits. The appearance of "Katey" in her Indian shawl, and of Mr. Jones's anonymous friend in her "lace fall," puts all other wonders out of court. We cannot help, however, feeling a certain anxiety as to the ultimate issue of these spiritual appearances. When the spirit of "John King" flings sofa cushions about the room, and puts his medium, Mr. Williams, through the roof, as a punishment of disobedience, we see that we have some spiritual rough customers to deal with. And our comfort is by no means increased when we are introduced to Mr. "Jack Todd," a Liverpool spirit, who amuses himself with tearing a table to pieces, and flinging the legs of it at the heads of his visitors. As he turns out to be the spirit of a highwayman, we are hardly consoled by the assurance that "he will, no doubt, improve in time." But if Mr. King is to appear in person for the purpose of

hurling us through the roof, and Mr. Todd in visible shape is to re-appear with his highwayman's pistols, it is clear we shall be driven to ask for the institution of a Spiritual police. There is no need, however, to anticipate dangers; and meanwhile these visible apparitions afford a timely check to the merely "sensual" critics, who, out of sheer "weak blood and strumous temperament," are forever insisting on the test of utility. As to utility, we have Mr. Sharpe's confession that "the Sharpe rifle was wholly invented for him by the spirits, and that he merely obeyed their injunctions." Detectives, too, would become at once unnecessary, if our present criminal code were only reformed. "Tracing murders and other criminal occurrences is quite practicable, and will be common to mediums whenever society is enlightened enough to make a proper use of the information thus obtained. All clairvoyants and mediums, with hardly an exception, decline to give information in such cases, because of the very unpleasant moral relations that it subjects them to." The spirit world will have nothing to do with our present system of criminal punishment, or it would not be honored with the patronage of Mr. Jack Todd. But, setting aside all merely practical results, we may clearly expect some remarkable changes in the spirit-conduct, should spirits be good enough to come face to face with us. The sentimental tone which unhappily pervades all the communications we have ever seen from the spirit world will, no doubt, pass into a tone more common among persons of average intelligence. "Ellen," for instance, when consulted about the health of a living friend, will hardly reply in a rhapsody of this sort: "Ellen sees her friend's wasting form is nearly extinct. She may reach the first cheerful warbling of the birds, which invite her to the bright shores of that ever-blissful land of happy angels, who are standing to aid her to ascend those beautiful regions of ever-reigning harmony, where the angels of bliss are singing their welcome chants of melody, ringing through the groves of the most luxuriant plants and trees, whose fragrance perfumes the air. As you glide through, scarcely touching the soil, you feel to soar the air like the things of winged creation; but pride does not exist among the dear angel spirits." If "Ellen" would only allow "Cliff" to recognize her, or "H." to touch her, she might allow some less intimate friend to suggest that a "form" can be hardly "extinct," and that "ascending a region" is almost as difficult as "soaring the air." It is, perhaps, hardly safe to entertain the more ambitious hope that an Œcumenical council of visible spirits might settle some of the difficulties which seem to exist in the Spiritualist Church itself. There is a schism on the subject of vaccination; there is another schism on the subject of Christianity. Mr. Jones still seems to cling to the Christian tradition; while the freer Spiritualists call up the spirit of Tom Paine, and declare "there are vast asylums in the spirit world, where the victims of dogma are placed until they are able to perceive truth independently." There is a schism as to "psychic force," where the followers of Mr. Hume find no words too emphatic for Mr. Sergt. Cox. Unhappily, the spirits seem as divided as their followers. Those who look for theologic peace in the after world have still to learn that Unitarian and Trinitarian spirits carry on their dogmatic controversies as busily as if they were on earth, though, as it seems to the "strumous" critic, with even less intelligence of the subject discussed. But, if we cannot get a council, we can at least get a photograph; and spirits that can find no union in theology can find a common ground of enjoyment in crowning Mr. Guppy with artificial roses, and in gladdening the heart of Mr. Jones with a "lace fall."

HALLUCINATIONS.

It must be admitted that the interest attached to the subject of hallucinations is not of a particularly pleasing or cheerful kind. The mental associations which cohere to it necessarily impart to it something of their own sombre complexion. In the first place, to a person holding exalted notions of the inherent dignity of his species, the historical relations of the subject are not by any means assuring. In all ages, hallucination has been closely allied to superstition, sometimes in the way of cause, and sometimes of effect. As illustrative of this, we need only point to the presence of this element in the moral epidemics which have prevailed in Europe. Mr. Lecky has shown that it was hallucination which prompted the early anchorites to endure the horrors of their desert life; it was this that gave rise to the hideous forms of epidemic degradation called lycanthropy, vampyrism, and the dancing manias of the Middle Ages; and it forms a chief feature in that outbreak of so-called witchcraft, which for nearly two centuries pressed like a nightmare on the peoples of Europe, and followed the Pilgrim Fathers to America. The subject is also invested with a weird, unearthly interest, from the resemblance of ocular hallucinations to the popular ideal of the class of disembodied spirits, which, for reasons of their own, are supposed to "revisit the glimpses of the moon."

But apart from these melancholy associations, the subject is one of considerable intrinsic interest, and not devoid of some bearing on questions of practical every-day life. Hallucinations occur only in certain abnormal, though not necessarily morbid states of the body. They may be described as a class of sensations in which the impression, while appearing to be made by an external object, is really due to some internal cause. An hallucination, then, is simply a counterfeit sensation; an impostor, whose "get-up" is so admirable as to enable it successfully to personate an impression by a real subject. Hallucination may occur within the province of any of the senses. Those of smell are occasionally met with in connection with disease. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" mentions the case of a French poet who was ordered by his physician to anoint his temples with a certain unguent to act as a soporific: but he so detested the smell of it, that for many years after all that came near him he imagined to scent of it, and would let no man walk with him, nor wear any new clothes, because he thought they smelled of it; in all other things wise and discreet, he would talk sensibly."

Hallucinations of touch rarely occur, unless in connection with those of the other senses. Those pertaining to the auditory nerve are, however, not unfrequent. Mr. Lewis mentions that Charles Dickens once declared to him that every word said by his characters was distinctly *heard* by him. An eminent living English physiologist says of himself: "In reading books written by persons with whom I am acquainted, I am sometimes tormented by hearing the words pronounced in the exact way in which these persons would utter them; any trick or peculiarity of voice or gesture being also very accurately reproduced." Dr. Johnson was greatly impressed by hearing, on one occasion, his mother distinctly calling his name, "Samuel," though at the time she was many miles distant. Dr. Ortigue, the French musician, states that the songs of birds in the country have so vividly re-awakened in him the impression of Beethoven's *Pastoral*, that he heard that symphony executed with a precision and justness of intonation perfectly marvellous.

But the most striking examples of hallucinations are those connected with visual impressions. Here it is almost impossible, for the moment, to resist the conviction that an impression on the retina similar to that which would be made by an object, has actually been made by such an object. The aphorism "Seeing is believing," expresses the popular idea of this irresistible force of visual sensations. To discredit the evidence of their own eyes would appear to most people a mental feat equally impossible and irrational. Yet the ability to exercise the kind of incredulity of which this is a popular description, far from being necessarily irrational, is sometimes the very evidence and crucial test of reason. Accounts of remarkable cases of ocular hallucination are so common, especially in medical literature, that it is difficult to select. A lady, Miss N——, was one evening left sole inmate of her house; the rest of the family, including her infirm mother, being out. A

dreadful thunder-storm which came on made her thoughts wander anxiously to her father. Happening to visit the room he usually occupied, she was surprised to see him seated in his arm-chair. Thinking he had come in without her having heard him, she went forward to inquire how he got in. Repeating the word "Father," she tried to put her hand on his shoulder, when it went down, from having met no resistance. She retired in great alarm. After a time, she mustered courage to return to the room, in order to ascertain whether she had not been deceived by some peculiar arrangement of the drapery or furniture. The figure was seated as before: and she now concluded that it was an hallucination. She looked at it from various points of view, rubbed her eyes, but without affecting the appearance. It was still there when she entered the room the third or fourth time. It should be added, that the lady was convalescent from a recent illness.

Not unfrequently, in hallucinations, several of the senses are concurrently affected. A student was about to retire to bed after a hard night's work, when the accidental turning up of a letter from an old companion, long dead, brought up recollections of the deceased. He had just extinguished his candle, when he heard himself addressed by the well-remembered voice of his former friend, and at the same time felt his arm grasped. Suspecting the nature of the visitation, he relighted his candle, and saw standing before him the form of his old friend. It beckoned to the door, and glided out, when he became giddy, and fell down. Though three senses were implicated in this instance, the student never had any doubt that he was the subject of hallucination.

A case remarkably similar in its details is also on record. A gentleman who had been engaged in reading during the evening, was about to retire to his bedroom, when he chanced to see a letter on a side-table. It proved to be an invitation to attend the funeral of the mother of an old deceased acquaintance. This led his thoughts to the painful history of the family and of his friend. Engaged in these reflections, he undressed himself, and extinguished his candle, when he suddenly felt his arm grasped a little below the shoulder, and forcibly pressed to his side. He struggled to free himself, calling aloud, "Let go my arm;" when he distinctly heard the words, "Don't be afraid," uttered in a low tone. He immediately said, "Allow me to light the candle," when his arm was released. On lighting the candle, and turning towards the door, he saw before him the figure of his deceased friend. On stepping towards it, it receded, face towards him. It passed thus slowly down stairs, but stopped when the lobby was reached. He passed close to the figure, and opened the street-door, when he became giddy, sank into a chair, and let fall the candle. He never for a moment considered the image a real object. In these three cases, the reader will have perceived the presence of one common mental element, — that of strong emotional feeling.

In the following example, profound concentration of the attention on a favorite object seems to have been the antecedent determining condition. M. Baudry, a French engineer, was one day deeply occupied with a canal scheme, and had just traced on a map before him the route which he proposed for it. All at once he saw before him a pamphlet in yellow, with the title, "Project of the Opening of a Canal in the Plains of Sologne. For several minutes he read in it, the ideas being of course confirmatory of his own, when the phantasmal *brochure* disappeared. When the hallucination becomes persistent and chronic, the effect may be disastrous, even though it is unable to coerce the mind into a belief of its objective reality. This is illustrated in the well-known case related by Sir Walter Scott, in which an eminent lawyer died from mental depression, being continually haunted by a skeleton, though he was quite aware of the purely subjective character of his tormentor.

In such cases as these, where does the deception lie? Is it the senses that are deluded in hallucination? This is, no doubt, the popular idea; and it is a convenient way of stating the matter. But it is not strictly accurate. It is really putting the blame at the wrong door. If the organs of sense are in a healthy condition, they are incapable of deluding us. No mirror reflects the image of an object placed before it with more perfect accuracy than do our senses the impressions made upon them; but they receive with impartial fidelity the impression from objects without and those which originate within. In hallucination, the affection of the organs is exactly the same as if it were caused by the actual object. The error arises from the mind being unconscious of the mode in which the impressions are produced. It cannot discriminate between the true and the sham perception. The delusion, then, is chargeable, not to the senses, but to the mind itself. But a sane mind always retains the power, by a subsequent process of reasoning, to correct the first erroneous judgment. The rectification, however, is not always immediate; sometimes it is not effected till the person has been led into some rather awkward predicament. A man subject to ocular hallucinations was walking along one of the streets of Edinburgh, when he was very much astonished to see the familiar street divided into two halves, one of which presented a steep ascent, and the other a steep descent. Though utterly bewildered, he concluded that the uphill road was the one he ought to choose; accordingly he began to toil along the level street as if he were going up a hill, to the amusement of the passengers, who appeared to him equally to be toiling up and down an ascent.

In chronic cases, the sufferer is often puzzled to determine on the instant whether a doubtful appearance represents a real object or not. An eminent physician in Edinburgh, lately deceased, was assured by a lady, that if she were summoned as a witness in a court of justice, she could not swear whether what she saw was real or illusory. In such circumstances, the victim is driven to invent some ready test by which to discriminate the real from the apparently real. In the case last mentioned, the lady would never venture to place a glass or plate on a table without previously feeling if there was a table there, or to sit down on a chair without satisfying herself that it was not a spectral one. But to verify the information derived from one sense by an appeal to another, is not always convenient or possible. When the tactile test is not available, others have therefore to be tried; though none of them can be said to be always reliable. One gentleman was in the habit of turning his back on any appearance of which he had a suspicion; if it was a reality, he lost sight of it; if merely apparitional, he saw it as before. A test suggested by Sir David Brewster is to press one eyeball down with the finger, and thus change the axis of vision. If the image is real, it will, of course, be doubled; if merely mental, it will remain single. A lady was accustomed, in cases of doubt, to look into a mirror. If the figure had its back to the mirror, and its face to her, she concluded it was real; if it had its face to the mirror and also to her, that it was phantasmal.

Perhaps the most extraordinary fact in regard to the subject of ocular spectra remains to be stated. It appears that some individuals possess the faculty of evoking them at will. On such persons Hotspur's famous sarcasm, substituting "spectres" for "spirits," would fall pointless, for they *do* come when called on. Abercrombie mentions the case of a gentleman with whom he was acquainted, who could at any time place before him a phantom, by fixing his mind intently on the person whose image he wished to produce. Having once evoked the figure, he had no power to make it disappear, nor could he say how long it would remain. At last the phantoms appeared unbidden, and he was never, at first, certain whether any person he met was real or spectral; but after a little attention, he was generally able to distinguish the substantial from the shadowy, by the former being usually better defined than the mental image. He hardly, however, trusted wholly to his eyes, but tested his visual impression by touch, or by hearing the sound of the footsteps. Though subject to hallucinations all his life, this man was quite healthy in body and sound in mind. Dr. Wigan states that he was acquainted with a very amiable and intelligent man, who possessed the power

of putting before him *his own* image. He often laughed heartily at the sight of his *eidolon*, which to him appeared always to laugh. For a long time this was a source of amusement and pleasantry to him. But the result was deplorable. Hallucination gradually passed into delusion; little by little, he persuaded himself that he was haunted by his double; his other self held obstinate discussions with him, and, to his mortification, sometimes vanquished him in argument, at which he prided himself on being an adept. Wearied out at last, he resolved not to begin a new year; placed in separate papers his daily expenses for a week, paid his debts, awaited, pistol in hand, the night of 31st December, and, the moment the clock struck midnight, blew out his brains. That this extraordinary faculty is one that cannot long be exercised with impunity is also illustrated by the case of the gifted but eccentric poet-painter and engraver, William Blake. His mode of portrait-painting was certainly peculiar. His own account of it to Wigan was as follows: "When a model was presented, I looked at it attentively for half an hour, sketching occasionally on the canvas. I had no need of a longer sitting. I put aside the drawing, and passed to another person. When I wished to continue the first portrait, I took the subject of it into my mind, I put him in the chair, *where I perceived him as distinctly as if he had been there in reality*, — I may even add, with form and color more defined than in the original. I contemplated from time to time the imaginary figure. I suspended my work to examine the *pose: every time I cast my eye on the chair I saw the man.*" In one year he stated that he had painted three hundred portraits, great and small. But the Nemesis of an overstretched imagination inevitably overtook him; by degrees he lost the power to distinguish between the real and the imaginary sitters; his mind became confused and unhinged, and he spent thirty years in an asylum.

Hyacinthe Langlois, an intimate friend of Talma, relates that that celebrated actor informed him that when he came on the stage, he was able by force of will to make his large and brilliant auditory disappear, and to substitute skeletons in their place. When his imagination had thus filled the theatre with these singular spectators, their re-active power on himself was such as often to give his personations a most powerful effect. Sir Thomas Browne, Jerome Cardan, and Goethe, also possessed in various degrees this remarkable faculty. It implies the possession of great power of rapid observation, of a memory tenacious even of minute details, of the ability to withdraw the attention completely from the immediate surroundings, and to concentrate it on the mental idea, and of great force of imagination. That the exercise of such a complex faculty must involve a severe psychical strain, is evident from the frequency with which it throws the delicate mental machinery out of gear.

It is curious to note the number of men eminent in literature or prominent in history, who have been the subjects of temporary or persistent hallucinations, or of whom, at all events, such an allegation has been made. To mention only a few: Socrates had warnings from his demon; Brutus saw his evil genius before Philippi; Cromwell is said to have been visited by a woman of gigantic stature, who assured him he would yet be king; Napoleon believed in his star, at which Gen. Rapp found him on one occasion gazing in rapture; Joan of Arc heard voices and had revelations; Lord Castlereagh saw, on one occasion, a spectral child; Ben Jonson informed Drummond of Hawthornden that he had passed a night in looking at Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, fighting round his great toe; Malebranche heard the voice of Deity; Lord Herbert of Cherbury heard an agreeable noise in the heavens, which he accepted as a favorable response to his prayer for direction in regard to the publication of a book; Pope and Byron saw each, on one occasion, a spectre. The cases of Mohammed, Luther, Pascal, Ignatius Loyola, Col. Gardiner, and a host of others, will occur to the reader as being probably examples of hallucination, determined by that most prolific source of illusions, strong religious feeling.

It is noteworthy, as bearing on the theory of hallucinations, that they are not always reproductions of past states of consciousness. Bostock, the physiologist, states that on one occasion he had constantly before him a human figure, the features and dress of which were as distinctly visible as that of any real existence, and of which, after an interval of many years, he still retained a lively impression; yet he had never been able to discover any person whom he had previously seen who resembled it. A theory which would cover the whole facts must account not only for the renovation of former mental states, but for the presentation of new combinations effected by the imagination. Upon the recondite question of the ultimate causation of these illusions, however, we cannot enter. We know the mode by which the senses are impressed by objects external to them; but the question in hallucination is, in what way they can be affected from within so as to give the effect of impressions from without. There is one part of the problem which to the popular mind may appear the most inexplicable, if not the only thing needing explanation; we refer to the apparent objectiveness — outsideness — of the mental image. How can a mere subjective sensation appear to have an objective existence? This difficulty, however, vanishes on reflection. The image of a body impressed on the retina — no matter in what way that impression has originated — must, necessarily, in obedience to the laws of vision, be perceived as an object apparently external. The real difficulty, then, is not to account for the simulation of reality — that is a necessity arising from the very conditions of sensation; the puzzle is to explain the production of the sensation itself, a problem for the complete solution of which we do not possess the necessary data. But what may be called the proximate causes of hallucination — that is, the physical, mental, and moral condition under which they are generated — lie within the sphere of useful scientific inquiry; and their study is one eminently helpful to a proper understanding of some of the darker pages of history.

ANTOINE WIERTZ.

"Bien faire — question de temps." — *Motto of Wiertz.*

It would, I suppose, be generally admitted that the true ground of veneration for the "old masters" is the fact that they *were* masters, not at all that they lived some years ago; in other words, that not when a man was is the main question, but what he was. Still there prevails an impression that a certain lost greatness lies behind us; the distance has its wonder; we are, too, used to put that which we revere as far away as possible: thus we come to speak of "other days" as though they were indeed other than these that dawn and die for us; as though larger suns illumined them, larger hearts of men and women strove in them for larger aims; as though philosophy, art, poetry, and every beautiful and holy gift, had in them been raised to a height it were presumption in us to hope to surpass, or even reach, since the time when there "were giants in the earth" has passed and gone.

Now, this false modesty, like all false things, works perniciously; not only by lowering the standard men set themselves, and leading them to rest content with mean performances, but also by robbing them of the healthful stimulus the association with greatness gives; so that the success of their predecessors, far from being a high encouragement, and a proof of what human genius, aided by human energy and industry, is capable of, becomes, instead, a depressing and impassable barrier, limiting their aspirations. "So far shalt thou go — hardly; beyond all doubt no farther!"

"A canvas is my battle-field: my Trojans Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rubens." The life of the late Belgian painter who uttered this daring challenge was one long protest against the contemptuous estimate, not so much of the artists of our day, as of their art. The protest itself is worthy of record, however he may have fared amongst the giants with whom he chose to measure his strength; meanwhile, that he did not fail utterly, or at least, that his defeat was not so

inglorious, would seem already, in his own country, to be growing to a conviction.

Antoine Wiertz was born at Dinant, on the 22d of February, 1806. His mother was a peasant woman, his father a tailor, — "un petit tailleur," as M. Labarre, the artist's biographer and friend, expressively puts it; and whoever knows Dinant, and can picture to himself the little, quiet, quaint old town, that seems so sound asleep beneath the chalk-cliffs, and by the side of the beautiful Meuse River, will readily believe that Louis François Wiertz must have done tailoring there in a very small way indeed.

From his earliest years, it was easy to read his inclinations; often he would return, after a day's ramble among the hills or by the river's bank, bringing, as another child might, a handful of wild flowers, sketches of the most varied character, mere outlines at first, which, little by little, he took to filling in, then to coloring, and finally to engraving, having discovered the secret of this art for himself. Up to the age of fourteen, he had no teaching, save that of the wild and picturesque nature in the midst of which he was born.

In his native town there would appear to have been no efforts made to encourage or cultivate the boy's extraordinary gift; but the rumor of it having reached the neighboring town of Ciney and being, one fair-time the subject of conversation in the *auberge* of the "Cheval Noir," the host conceived the idea of conferring on the youthful genius the honor of painting for him a new sign-board. To assure himself, however, that the boy's talent had not been over-rated, he paid him a visit at Dinant. What he saw there would appear to have satisfied him. His confidence was not without its recompense: a satisfactory "Black Horse" was the result; and this childish production not only procured its author more general applause than many of his masterpieces, but, as the tavern sign-board, it had lavishly those two essentials — "distance and daylight" — which he so long sought vainly to obtain for them.

Of more service to him—even than his "Black Horse"—was a frog cut out of wood, which so delighted a certain M. Paul de Maibe, that he carried it off to the court, and introduced it to the notice of the king; who, struck with the promise of the young artist, bestowed on him a pension of one hundred Dutch florins, to enable him to study painting. And here a veil falls upon the childish era. When we next meet with Antoine Wiertz, it is as an assiduous and grave young man, a student at the Academy at Antwerp, under the special direction of the well-known artist, Mathieu van Brée.

It is a critical moment, this entrance on a sublime profession; above all, when, as in the case of this son of the people, there has been no previous experience of what treatment a generous enthusiasm is sure of at the hands of the world. More or less, every youthful aspirant who crosses the threshold of the Temple of Art does so with solemnity.

In this hour, at least, he has faith in the call which draws his life this way, — faith, too, in the divineness of the ideal he pursues; and so his heart is full and his thoughts hushed, as he enters on what he feels to be holy ground. But at the very first, this reverent spirit, which should be constant if he is to achieve great things, runs sore risk of being scared away. He does not find himself in the devout atmosphere he had dreamed: he thought to have left base motives, sordid ends, mere self-seeking, behind him. He finds them rife here. He had hoped to meet a nobler conception of man, of nature, of God; but the scoff at high ideas, the sneer at earnest passion, the disbelief in noble aims, wound him within the very precincts his faith had deemed to be hallowed: there is danger he will cast by his higher thought, as a mere illusion of his youth, and descend to the level of those around.

Under this trial, the happy self-reliance of Antoine Wiertz stood him in good stead: the music of his own soul was not troubled, nor the sanctuary profaned, by this cackle of the throng around the portal; scarcely pausing to wonder at their lack of apprehension, he could, for his part, push his way through them, straight up to the altar steps, and, quite undisturbed, pay his tribute of devotion there.

Speaking of this period later, he says, "My companions regarded me as a pitiable lunatic" (un pauvre insensé): "for me, I said to myself, They have no soul, these men; they are not of those who will live."

Yet there was no misanthropy, nor any contemptuous cynicism, about our young student. It is easy to understand that he might have been more sociable, and yet learned less reverence for humanity.

We find him thrilled by the genius of Rubens, but already moved rather to conquer this excellence than to kneel to it; and we are the less amazed at the sublime presumption of the son of the poor Dinant tailor, when we hear of the worn little copy of Homer that journeyed with him on his daily wanderings, and on which he would lay his hand at times, as if recording some oath too audacious to be spoken. Homer and Rubens, — he was faithful to their inspiration through life. Speaking of the poet, he says "When I need energy, it is he who warms me" (qui m'échauffe); and of the painter, "I confess that the glory of Rubens awakens my audacity."

While unabashed before the king of Flemish painters, he enthusiastically maintains his sovereignty. It is told of him, that one day, standing entranced before a Rubens in the Antwerp Museum, the good Mathieu van Brée whispered to him, hurriedly, "Wiertz, here comes the Prince of Orange: off with your hat, man."

"Scarcely," replied the youth: "I did not take it off — for him," and pointed to the portrait of Rubens.

As to his personal life at this time, his youthful pleasures, loves, hopes, as distinct from his interests as a painter, — Antoine Wiertz had not any. And just here lay the secret of his strength. He did not follow art as a beloved profession only: the artist and the man were not separate; so that the large serenity needful to the former was not, as is usual, shaken by the anxieties, griefs, and passions of the latter There was no waste in self-conflict; but the life flowed unbroken and harmonious, with its full natural sweep of power free to drive all obstacles before it. And truly it might have fared ill with his future had the case been otherwise. It must have been a somewhat discouraging prospect on which the Antwerp student looked: his pension of a hundred Dutch florins, accorded him that he might cultivate his gift, would probably cease ere long. Few things does this young combatant demand of "gods and men," — bread, colors, and sunlight; but the florins ceasing, he may chance to find even these refused him; and there is the widowed mother at Dinant, living in great poverty.

In face of these circumstances, Antoine Wiertz comes to a certain resolution, viz., that the talent of the painter being progressive, and consequently it being in his power to correct and perfect his past works, it is not advisable for him to allow his pictures to pass out of his own possession: *thus he will not sell any creation of his*, and will live as best he can by what portraits it may come in his way to paint, — *not* upon the sale of that title to renown which it is the object of his life to earn.

This resolution of his, from which he never swerved, made him innumerable enemies. There are a great many people who simply cannot conceive disinterestedness; and to be a problem to one's neighbors is to inflict a grievance on them: thus during his lifetime Wiertz was a perpetual thorn in the minds of the vulgar. On the other hand, there were not wanting charitable souls willing to acquit him of responsibility; added to his refusal to sell his pictures, they alleged — and with truth — that it was his habit to wear a large hat, of unusual shape, also in winter time to wrap himself in a loose mantle: proofs sufficient that the man was mad. Moreover, on the wall of his garret a Death's-head was conspicuously painted.

Rejecting, for our part, the hypothesis of insanity — what might be the meaning of this reminder of mortality, and of the haunting horror of death which pursued the man, and breaks forth constantly in his works, in defiance, as it seems, of his will? Fear, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, it clearly was not: Wiertz was not of the stuff of which cowards are made; nor had he that blind

sensuous attachment to life for its own sake, which belongs to a strong physical organization. His repugnance was wholly intellectual: to advance no farther, to create no more, to be struck down amidst his work perhaps, for "life is short, and art is long." to leave it incomplete, — this was the menace death had for him. Now, upon this subject, it seems to me a quite false impression has grown up, easily to be accounted for by the general dread of grief, and the swift haste to discover at once an antidote. Whilst poets have invested death with angelic wings, and, like the kind earth, sought to hide its ugliness with flowers, the more practical assume to treat the matter lightly, and have so long and widely professed to despise it altogether, that contempt for death has come to be regarded, not only as an admirable quality, but one essential to human dignity. But, observe: considering death *as such*, i.e., in its appreciable effect, and leaving out of the question what may lie beyond, in the "untravelled country," it is not a fact, but the negation of one; the contempt, then, does not apply to the erasure, but to the state erased: who uses life worthily does not despise, but reverence it! Nay, though celestial beatitude indeed await us in the future, for the moment it is here, not there, it behooves us to fix our minds. What have we to do with *then?* — *Now*, by this conscious grasp we have on being, stand we in the very presence of our God, and to the eternal triumph-note, affirming through the ages, "I am that I am!" can reply, oh wonder ineffable! "And behold *I am!*" Is this the power it shall be thought shame to regard, in others and one's self, most sacred? It will be told me a higher, fuller consciousness ensues on death. It may be: I will not stay to question the inscrutable; but death meddles strangely with identity, have it how we will.

With Antoine Wiertz, as we have seen, there was a certain battle he had at heart to get fought out. Hardship and poverty could not daunt one whose mind was not set on ease; persecution and slander were powerless, since he knew that in the end right is might; pleasure had no voice for him, self-interest was meaningless, passion crushed into control under his feet: there was one adversary alone that could conquer his indomitable will, — *death*, — that was the secret of his fear; he dreaded failure.

That he utilized the feeling, and, as in the Antwerp garret, made it a spur to his industry, so that, as he himself expresses it, "every moment passed in inaction costs him a regretful sigh," should be to his honor; that he at times succumbed, and allowed the spectre of his own despair to master his inspiration, was his weakness; about the only one he can be reproached with, and to which we can afford to be lenient, since it betrays the man through the Titan, and brings him down to within reach of our love.

In these early days, however, the influence would seem to have been wholly salutary. Already, amongst a small circle, his genius and industry had earned due recognition: his old master, Mathieu van Brée, in particular, predicted that this grave young student, with the austere yet beautiful countenance that seemed of marble, it was so chiselled and so cold, was destined to win, not merely laurels for himself, but a wide-spread renown that would reflect back honor, even on the birthplace of the great Rubens. Spite of which, in July, 1828, having entered on the *concours* for the Roman prize (viz., a pension for four years, to enable the victor to spend this time in studying the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Eternal City), Antoine Wiertz was conquered by a certain M. Jean Verschaeren, with whose name otherwise fame has nought to do. Our young painter appealed hotly against the decision; and there is something in the wording of it which lends weight to his protest. "Having examined separately and carefully compared the competitors' works," thus runs the report, "the prize has been unanimously accorded to No. 5" (J. Verschaeren), "as greatly surpassing No. 1" (A. Wiertz); *although No. 1 for composition and expression possesses a great deal more merit than No. 5, and is consequently worthy of encouragement.*

The matter is decided, however; and Wiertz has four years before him ere a second *concours* will revive his chance. We next hear of him at Paris; for, faithful to his resolve not to sell his pictures, he did not find portrait-painting at Antwerp supply him readily with the necessary bread and colors; he was anxious, also, to study in the Louvre, and to familiarize himself with the modern French school. But of all the hard days in a life not of the easiest, these would seem to have been the hardest. He did not willingly recur to them later; but it was his habit, when he had occasion to mention Paris, to speak of it as the "City of Suicide." One can understand the position: friendless, nameless, penniless, and with that determination, by no means to be departed from, not to barter ideas for money, — and a joyous, laughter-loving crowd fluttering by, not in the least recognizing that it behooved it to have its portrait taken, in order that this forlorn young stranger might live to produce masterpieces.

He continued to write cheerful letters to his poor peasant mother; but the reality was not cheerful. Let us refer to M. Labarre, and read how it actually fared with him.

. . . . "There was a crushing back (*refoulement*) of his soul; he dreaded the contact of this crowd: with haste, as though in every living being here he saw an enemy, he fled back to his garret. He shut himself in there; and without a step towards the door, or a glance from the window, alone with the spectres of all the artists and poets, dead from hunger in the silence and oblivion of the Paris night, not speaking a word, hating the human voice too much to tolerate his own, he passed weary days and sleepless nights."(p. 36).

But this state of mind did not last: the bold, strong heart awoke and rebelled; and the Paris episode, which seemed to promise a tragedy, winds up with a rough, defiant laugh, flung in the face of adversity.

From two hundred francs to one hundred, and thence to seventy-five, the painter had sunk, in his eagerness to get portraits to do: finally, when no applicants arrived, he painted above his door, "Portraits gratis." But even under these circumstances, the Paris *bourgeoisie* would not confide their sacred features to the unknown artist. When things had reached this point, a deputation of his late fellow-students came to condole with him, and give him much advice. Wiertz listened to their commiseration patiently for a while; but presently, springing to his feet, and snatching the hat and mantle whose eccentricity had been an offence to Antwerp: "Morbleu," he exclaimed, "you tell me I should, by a brilliant stroke, *un coup d'éclat*, arrest their attention? I will obey you!" He strung his guitar across his shoulders, and in this guise dashed out on the boulevards; taking up his position, facing his own door, as though he were about to play. It was a summer evening, and the boulevards were full: needless to say that, in a few moments, he was the centre of observation of a gaping crowd, filled with amazement by this unusual apparition. When the throng was thick enough to satisfy him, he made his way through them, and, regaining his attic, asked his visitors, with a laugh, "You were sympathetic over my failure to attract attention: do you not congratulate me on my success?"

The next day he left Paris.

However, he was not to struggle thus, without recognition, much longer. The Roman *concours* came round at last; and this time Wiertz was unanimously acknowledged laureate. In the rapturous letter in which he announces the good tidings to his mother and Gilain Desière, he says, "The glorious path is now open to me: a few steps more, and I will show what is my destiny!" He does not speak one word of the material advantages the prize will secure him, nor of his relief from pecuniary cares, at least for four years' time.

It is somewhat amusing to mark how suddenly the good town of Dinant now awakens to consciousness that she has here a son on whom she may justly plume herself. Straightway she gets engraven a medal, on which it is inscribed that "Antoine Wiertz has deserved well of his birthplace." Also, she receives him with an ovation, on which subject M. Labarre is eloquent through one long chapter; the sole noteworthy incident being the way the artist accepts this token, that his fellow-citizens appreciate,

if not his merit, at least his success. Amazed, on his arrival by the coach, to find the whole town in the market-place to meet him, his first impulse is to escape; this being out of the question, he accepts the demonstration, — applause, complimentary addresses, and medal even, without visible emotion of any sort; on which many, it is said, call out on his pride.

As to scornful Paris, it is clear he could not forgive her, or rather, could not forgive himself for having been so nearly extinguished by her scorn. Before setting out for Italy, the painters' paradise, he returned to the "City of Suicide," faced once more the worst she had to deal him, wrestled with the powers of darkness, and — mastered them. This is the last we hear of moral despondency, he can be goaded to exasperation, but never discouraged any more.

It was in the summer of 1834 that he arrived at Rome. In his first letter thence he announces that before even seeking an *atelier* he has secured a "colossal canvas." "I am in a great impatience," he writes: "I long to handle my arms; my brush-strokes shall be furious and terrible, as the lance of Grecian heroes:" and a little further on, "I choose, to give myself emulation, to defy our greatest colorists: I will measure myself with the Rubenses and Michael Angelos; *by this means I hope something will come of it.*" (Par ce moyen j'espère qu'il en sortira quelque chose!)

Something *does* come of it: the colossal canvas becomes animate with a colossal idea, "The Struggle round the Body of Patroclus." Completed, the picture was exhibited before the six thousand artists then at Rome; and the venerable sculptor Thorwaldsen exclaimed, "This young man is a giant!"

This is the summary of his sojourn at Rome. We have no adventures, no escapades, no duels, not the shadow of a love-tale: the story of his life there is all in this, — he produced a masterpiece.

Dr. L. Watteau, the author of the *Catalogue raisonné* of the Wiertz Museum, recounts an amusing anecdote of the reception the *Patroclus* met with at Antwerp. According to custom, the laureate sent to the Academy this trophy of his campaign: but so formidable an offering had never before presented itself; and the colossal canvas involving colossal freightage, the secretary was half-minded to let the picture go, rather than pay its carriage. Being somewhat of a connoisseur though, it seemed to him worth while to know what he was rejecting; accordingly, the case was opened, and the *Patroclus* lay revealed. The secretary was at first transported with admiration; being, however, a man of sensitive modesty, not to say prudishness, he soon discovered that it behooved him to be scandalized also. The corpse, round which this desperate struggle raged, might have been draped, surely? It is true that the contrast between the flaccid, inert body, and the intense vital action of the rest of the picture would thereby have been obscured, — but what then? Artistic effects must at times be sacrificed to higher considerations. Had not Mathieu van Brée and some others rushed to the rescue, the picture would have been refused by the over-scrupulous secretary.

Wiertz desired ardently to have his picture exhibited at the Louvre, the following spring (1838); but, owing to a delay on the road, it arrived at Paris after the day appointed for the contributions to be sent in; and the committee were inexorable in their refusal to abate a letter of the regulation in favor of the foreign painter. Stormily enough, we may be sure, he pleaded his cause: his letters are quivering with indignation, at this "absurdity," this "disloyalty," this "revolting piece of selfishness," which holds "artists living at a distance accountable for railway accidents," &c. He besieged museum after museum, — to find every door closed; he then proposed to have a tent on the Place du Louvre, and exhibit the *Patroclus* himself: the permission to erect this tent was, as might have been expected, refused him; finally, he had to give the matter up, and retire to Liége; hot antagonism to the "insolence of office" already in his heart; but, as he says, "he will return next year, with resolution a hundred times more great."

He had need of it. This time, he was not behindhand; his picture was accepted, given a place in the room of honor: but the supreme injury which malice or ignorance has in its power to inflict on a painter is dealt him now! The *Patroclus* was hung in such a light that the author himself could scarcely recognize his work.

Let us refer to M. Labarre, to see how he bore the discovery of his misfortune. "The first moment," says the friend who was with him in this hour of trial, "found the man a prey to all the anguish of a soldier vanquished without a battle. After the first cry of pain, audible to me alone, not a word, not a sigh, escaped him; but if ever human face expressed the shock of betrayal, that face belonged to Antoine Wiertz this moment! I looked him in the eyes: "Well," he replied, to my mute appeal, "now for the others." Save a slight flush upon his cheek, nothing betrayed the conflict now fought out in this valiant breast."

But if he met the blow manfully, it was not because he was resigned. On the morrow he sought the director, and demanded the restoration of his picture. This, of course, was flatly denied him. He then implored that the string might be lengthened, which would at least equalize the shade; for a month he pleaded in vain, then an alteration was made; but the artist not being allowed to supervise, one yard was added, instead of two as he had required; the result being somewhat more lamentable than before.

Henceforth Antoine Wiertz was in open revolt: all the hardihood and fiery resolution of his character were lashed into rebellion, not against authority, but the powers that assume it. Neglect and censure and popular applause were alike a scorn to him: he pursued his one aim, "Bien faire;" and since he was whole-hearted in this, and steadfast, he believed in its fulfilment.

This is the "proud, rebellious spirit" he is reproached with: such "pride" and such "rebellion" are, nevertheless, so needful to the artist-character, that, for lack of them, many a painter, poet, and man of letters, dwindles down to a mere reflection of the superficial mood that sways the hour.

After the Paris exhibition, the Belgium Commission for Recompenses assigned him a medal; the minister's letter to him ran thus: "The king, appreciating the distinguished talent of which you have given proof," &c.; to which the painter, indignant at being thus crowned where the chance of winning the right to such honor had been denied him, replied, that "Michael Angelo, fearing to render himself ridiculous, declined always to pass an immediate judgment on the work of his contemporaries; that, therefore, it seems to him (Wiertz) impossible that his Majesty, not being a Michael Angelo, should mean that he has in so cursory a glance *appreciated* his picture; at the same time, supposing this medal to be ascribed to the *Patroclus* by the Commission of Recompenses (*consisting of artists, and therefore of men capable of classifying such works*), he will accept it with enthusiastic gratitude."

The minister's sole answer was to send the medal; and Wiertz had it set into the left corner of the *Patroclus*.

The following year he had his revenge on the Paris jury. He sent them a "Head of Christ," bearing his signature; the picture was rejected: in reality, it was not the production of Wiertz, *but of Rubens!* The report of this spread far and near. The most servile of Belgium journalists could not resist so golden an opportunity of being merry at the expense of their neighbors. On the whole, the Paris dignitaries must have felt they had been rash in rousing so dangerous an insurgent. In the letter where he is obliging enough to inform them of their blunder, and the trap into which they have fallen, he says, "There are, gentlemen, two follies by the aid of which I have the pretension to keep absolutely independent: the first is, I care little for the advantages of fortune, and do not dread the workhouse (*l'hôpital*); the second, that I aspire solely to the approbation of the future, — like those who, in an age where there were no juries nor newspapers nor critics, yet attained an undying glory."

About the same epoch he wrote to the minister, M. de

Theux, proposing to him, that, as an incentive to emulation, some of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the great masters should be admitted into the exhibitions of modern pictures. "Thus," he writes, "will enthusiasm be excited; but to assign medals to earnest men, who regard art seriously, is puerile, all encouragement being barren to those who do not despise such recompenses." He proceeds by offering himself as the first combatant. "In the cathedral of Antwerp," he says, "reigns, as from the throne of art, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Rubens, the *Descent from the Cross*. It is against this inimitable type of perfection that I would try the power of my brush. In so unequal a struggle, of a certitude I must be worsted; but, as in the plains before Troy it was beautiful to die by the lance of Achilles, I desire, wrestling with Rubens, to succumb gloriously. . . . I confess, the glory of Rubens excites my audacity. Far from being the fruit of mere presumption, this is the proof of my sincere enthusiasm. . . . I formally renounce all payment: the only recompense I solicit is the honorable favor of seeing my picture placed by the side of the immortal *Descent from the Cross*. He adds, "It is time the painters of our epoch should also chant their *Marseillaise*." His offer is refused; but he does not therefore renounce his project. *The Triumph of Christ* owes its existence to this generous rivalship with the highest merit he recognized.

The letter to M. de Theux bears date February, 1840. The same year, in August, on the occasion of the inauguration of the statue of Rubens, a literary *concours* was opened by the Society of Letters and Arts, the life of the Flemish master being the subject given. The *Eloge de Rubens*, by Antoine Wiertz, was the work crowned. The genuine admiration and just appreciation of the great painter's excellences which the essay displays are as remarkable as the vigorous eloquence of the literary style, which gives no sign that the author is less at home with the pen than with the brush.

About the same time he himself proposed a theme. The prize was to be the *Patroclus*, and the subject, "The Pernicious Influence of Journalism on Art and Letters." The memoirs were read in public, at the Academy of Louvain, and M. Labarre was pronounced the victor. The matter caused a sensation amongst the public; but the journalists observed a discreet silence, indeed, henceforth were somewhat cautious in their handling of so unruly an antagonist.

Meanwhile there were other difficulties to be grappled with. His poverty cramped him on every side. For the vast conceptions he contemplated, colors and canvas, above all an *atelier* of needful dimensions, were lacking. Here, one would think, must have been the supreme temptation. His brush was never idle, so the children of his genius had accumulated around him: might not one be sacrificed? "For your very art's sake," one can imagine would be the thought. But we do not discover the shadow of such an idea. To depart from a principle was an impossibility with him, — the only one he recognized. But, whilst he had the courageous certainty that he could surmount all the obstacles that sprang up in his path, it was grievous to the man who felt he had need of all his small share of time to give his soul forth, if none of its wealth were to be lost in death, thus to waste his life in these unnecessary struggles. A friend surprised him, during these days, standing gazing, with a sorrowful look, at a circus-tent in the market-place at Liége.

"What do you see there?" asked his friend.

"The sole favor I crave on earth," replied the artist bitterly; "and which is, nevertheless, refused me." He meant space to paint in.

But he did not accept denial. "The picture *shall* be executed," he writes at this period, "though the whole universe oppose it;" and adds, "On saura si je suis en état de peindre La Révolte de l'Enfer contre le Ciel!"

Necessarily, in the end, a resolution of the sort was victorious. In 1841, after much petitioning, the municipality of Liége came to the conclusion of the unjust judge, and, for the sake of peace, granted him permission to occupy the deserted Church of St. André. At the same time the Commission of Recompenses undertook to supply him with the requisite materials. Behold him, then, in the silent solitude of the old church, unrolling his gigantic canvas, and setting joyously to work. "I know," he says, "nor day, nor time, nor date: I recognize but two things, — the hour of work and the hour of sleep."

Now, one would certainly have imagined, that, to a saint who had known work also in his day, the spectacle of this so zealous laborer would have been a grateful glimpse of life: possibly even, a more pleasurable thing than to look on at slow processions, and listen to droning choirs, of which small diversions, too, there had been a lack for the last score of years. However, the *œdiles* of Liége, who were, it would seem, in the confidence of St. André, discovered that he not only objected to this invasion of his abandoned fane, but regarded it in the light of sacrilege: out of consideration for his susceptibilities, then, Antoine Wiertz received notice to quit. But he had profited well by the short year of hospitality. *La Révolte de l'Enfer* and *Le Triomphe du Christ* issued forth into the world with him.

The last-named picture, generally considered his *chef-d'œuvre*, was executed on a system of his own, which he called *peinture mate*. It would appear that this process is not only more expeditious than the usual method of oil-painting, but that a greater durability is the result. Wiertz is said to have exposed a picture of the sort, *Le Temps*, in his garden, to all the changes of season, without any detriment to the vividness and richness of its color.

In August, 1844, a dreadful loss befell him: the menace that had been a vague darkness upon his life before brought its pain home to him, — his mother died. Thus was quenched out the one tender and human joy which had let warmth in upon his heart. He never put his grief away: beyond his *atelier*, there was nothing for him any more; and even there, though he toiled more manfully than ever, the shadow pursued him always, to the end. Because he had kept back nothing of his soul from art, the anguish sobs forth through his work. It could not have been otherwise: his pictures were his thoughts; and he painted where another would have wept. Also the old dread returned more vividly: was *he* to leave his work incomplete? There was an anxious restlessness about his zeal henceforth: like a task-master, Death, standing so near, hurried him to a painful haste; for the first time his self-reliance was shaken, and his resolution to conquer a place by the great masters was qualified with, "If the time is given me." At this epoch he passed judgment on certain of his pictures, and marked them with a red letter M. (signifying *mauvais? mort?*) Confiding his last wishes to M. Labarre, he said, "I charge you to destroy, after my death, such of my works as bear this sign M. Then there is one last service I ask of your friendship: that you will declare in my name, and so that it be known publicly, that many I have spared are immature; you will add, — if I have not accomplished the work for which I felt myself born, it is because life enough was refused me!" (Vide *Etude*, p. 257.)

Meanwhile that life had so darkened for him, the difficulties in the way of his artistic career were fast disappearing. The *Triumph of Christ* established its author's title beyond dispute; and in the spring of 1850 the liberal government built, after his own design, the Bruxelles Museum; which was to be his for his lifetime, on condition, that, at his death, four of his principal pictures (of which *Le Triomphe* was to be one) should become the property of the State. Wiertz responded by bequeathing all his present works, and what future ones it might be given him to accomplish, to the nation.

Thus, then, was the dream of his life fulfilled: space and light were secured to his beloved conceptions; and for himself, "bread and colors;" we know he asked nothing further from gods and men. Henceforth his life was too fruitful in work to afford biographical incidents. No less than twenty-six finished productions, each seeming to represent years of devotion and toil, mark this epoch, — October, 1851, to June, 1865; and whilst the vast walls of

the new *atelier* were getting thus swiftly and magnificently clad, his pen, bold, vehement, and eloquent as ever, was not thrown by. Another *Mémoire*, the subject this time "The Flemish School," was crowned by the Academy. Meanwhile his old enemies, the *feuille-tonisites*, were not neglected: the lash of his fearless sarcasm and half-humorous indignation dealt them many a stinging stroke. He contemplated also a literary undertaking of a more serious character, — to give to painting also its *raison d'être*, its grammar, as he expressed it; and to establish on a sound basis certain principles, capable of rational demonstration, which principles should be proved of necessity involved in any adequate conception of the beautiful in art, — a term no more subject to the fluctuations of caprice, in his opinion, than any ethical virtue or attribute. Unhappily, this scheme was not to be realized: at the time of his death, the merest fragments of the *Grammaire* were found available for publication.

As to his later pictures, and their constant representation of death, and that, too, in its most cruel and appalling aspect, his known turn of thought, which the loss of his mother and his own failing health intensified, afford, I think, a sufficient explanation. Many, however, saw here a fitting climax to that mental aberration of which they were all along willing to find proofs. Others, again, allege that Wiertz devoted the few last years of his life to holding up capital punishment to general execration. This last ingenious suggestion, which I do not hesitate to pronounce untenable, borrows weight from the extraordinary and startling production, entitled *Pensées et Visions d'une Tête coupée*, where the painter, adopting the theory of Sœmmering, Œslner, Sue, Castel, and others, that extinction of sensation does not immediately follow decapitation, represents the three moments of life become agony, through which the unhappy victim is assumed to pass, ere the merciful still Hand can reach him, and quench out the sense of pain. A subject so ghastly, and rendered with a vividness which betrays that the horror it breathes was the artist's own, is calculated to obtain an undue empire over the spectator's mind, and to master, by sheer force of terror, the more elevated and harmonious impressions produced by the surrounding pictures. Thus, then, it is not unaccountable that the name of Wiertz is principally associated with this, artistically speaking, the least memorable of his works. But no connection can be established between capital punishment and *L'Inhumation précipitée*, *Le Suicide*, *Une Seconde après la Mort*, *Etre et Paraître*, *Pauvres Orphelins*, *&c. &c.* In all of these the abhorrence of death is differently expressed.

It would, however, be a mistake to imagine, that, during these years, Wiertz painted only scenes of horror and distress. Two works, in particular, dating from this period, can scarcely be surpassed for poetic perception and grandeur: I am speaking of *La Puissance humaine* and *L' Orgueil*. The same idea animates both, "de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!" In the first named, man, having achieved the final triumph over nature, and grasped the law which gives him possession of the air, as already he has wrested their secrets from the earth and sea, bounds upwards through the ether. Near, within his grasp, are the stars, beaming large in light; beneath him is the dark. Two things are noteworthy,— the artist has idealized his star, but has felt no need to decorate humanity with feathers. *Man*,— in very truth, man,— whom pain and passion and grief have worn, is here the conqueror.

L' Orgueil is of even more puissant, because more direct, inspiration. We have to await no future development to attain to this. Leaning against a pedestal, his head thrown back, and resting on one hand, the other clenched upon his hip, the artist fixes an unflinching gaze upon the skies. At his feet lie the brush and palette, flung there as though unworthy to express his genius any more. The stern, defiant face is free from scorn: there dwells a passion of sadness on it, as in the soul that wrote its secret there. "Powerless, O jealous heavens!" it would seem to breathe, "to maim or crush or stifle such as I; powerless to conquer, powerful alone to use your privilege — and slay!"

To the right of this superb figure, ascending skyward, form, as it were, a ladder, dimly visible, the monuments of human genius. At the base, splendid edifices, then towers, sculptures, &c.; higher yet, the painter, poet, orator, have their representatives; and higher, ever higher, the Empyrean is sealed by this unconquerable art, and one has again in one's ears the heroic blasphemy of olden times: "Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top shall reach unto heaven."

I have already sought to make intelligible in what this "pride," esteemed by Wiertz so valuable a quality, consisted. Certainly, if ever man were free from the fool's characteristics of self-sufficiency and vanity, he, who saw always something to remedy and improve in his own work, may be pronounced to have been so. There is a motto of his on record, which throws light on the subject: "*Modestie d'artiste, raffinement d'orgueil.*" He did not allow that the artist should so far intrude his personality as to need to blush for it. What should we think of the priest who imagined it behooved him to be bashfully depreciatory of the Deity he adored? To the mind of Antoine Wiertz it was intolerable egotism to presume to be modest in the name of Art.

Meanwhile, his presentiment had not erred. His genius was at its height, and a more lofty conception than he had yet attempted in contemplation, when a terrible malady — putrid fever — struck him down. It was at once pronounced fatal; but to the end he battled against death. Dr. L. Watteau thus describes the last scene: —

"His limbs were cold: one could scarcely feel the pulse, yet his eyes were full of light. By a desperate effort he contracted his livid hands, crying, 'I feel it. I have yet strength. I will not die!"

At this juncture M. Labarre enters. They ask him, "Does he recognize his friend?"

"A sob no words can describe, and which was this man's farewell to life, was the reply. With a visible effort, his eyes turned towards me, he gave me (Louis Labarre) one long look, then he flung up his hands above his head: they fell. I took them in mine: they were already cold." . . .

It was ten o'clock on the night of the 18th of June, 1865. He was in his sixtieth year.

With funeral honors, obituary notices short and long, Dinant papers going into mourning, and black flags hung out from club windows of an artistic turn, — nay, even with farewell speeches, where eloquence was eloquently broken by many sobs (for this man of bitter enemies was also tenderly beloved),— we who have followed this struggle to "Do well" to its close, and have learned that applause is no criterion of success, have not much to do. Only for the credit of his nation, it seems worth while to mention how there was universal grief around his sepulchre. His body was embalmed, and lies in the cemetery of Ixelles: the heart was taken to Dinant. It was decreed that the street leading to the Museum should bear his name. Dinant has also its "Rue Wiertz;" where still reside the children of the good boatman, Gilain Desière, our painter's earliest friend.

To conclude. Not hidden by the mists of any so-called heroic age, but close to us, we have this remarkable type of the artist-mind; and thus, in our very sight as it were, has it been proved that unswerving fidelity to conviction, and ready sacrifice of profit and popularity to excellence, are still possible, even in a day which is too apt to regard theory and practice as distinct. And in this sense has it been truly said of Antoine Wiertz, that "he made his own life the most admirable of his pictures."

HOW A FORT DITCH WAS PLUMBED.

AN EPISODE IN AN INDIAN CAMPAIGN.

DURING an Indian campaign, about a quarter of a century ago, it was necessary to take a very strongly fortified city. The name need not be given. Some of the allusions in the following story will probably enable those conversant with recent Indian history to identify it.

The city held a commanding position: planted on the

only knoll of high ground in the district, it was visible for miles around. The massive mud walls of the city, — and with the old-fashioned siege-trains they were the hardest to batter down, — heavily mounted with guns, many of which bore the stamp of European manufacture, frowned defiance far and wide; while high above the rest, and most defiant of all, rose the *enceinte*, the fort itself. Many a siege had it withstood; and it still boasted of being one of the fast-decreasing number of "maiden forts of Hindostan." The surrounding country was very arid, bordering on desert, with scarcely a tree of any growth, beyond some conspicuous avenues of palms, exotics here, which a former chief had introduced. One of the old, broad, classic rivers of India flowed near, and supplied the water for the ditch, or moat, with which the whole city was surrounded. The besieging camp was, on the whole, well placed, and had been favored with more than an average of healthiness; for, as a rule, in India verdure and health are found in inverse proportions. Still, so large a force as was now hurriedly gathered together here, though free from any strong local provocatives to disease, could not long show a clean bill of health. The hillmen of the frontier were beginning to droop, as they sighed for the more bracing air of their native heights. The Hindostanis, despite all the sanitary precautions of the quarter-master-general's department, showed signs of failing strength and heart; and the European part of the force were daily giving in increasing sick-returns. Time pressed, for the sake of the troops — and for other reasons; the surrounding country was becoming disturbed, while the more remote districts, denuded of troops, who had been all wanted for the siege, were growing restless. The city *must fall*. England's honor must be vindicated speedily; the blood of the two brave young Englishmen, the representatives of their country, who had been cruelly done to death beside its walls, must be avenged without further delay.

Impatience had now begun to show itself in camp. Weary of the protracted siege, with its monotonous duties of systematic investment, the men were eager for the excitement of the crowning assault; and it was generally considered to be close at hand. Spies had reported that disease and famine were daily claiming their victims by hundreds in the city, — that desertions were of nightly occurrence. They could not hold out much longer; yet it would be no bloodless achievement. The enemy knew that they deserved no mercy, they expected no quarter, and they meant to sell their lives dearly. All this was generally known in camp; and it only made men the more eager for the end.

The city walls had been fast crumbling away under the pounding of our siege-guns, and would offer no great difficulties. But then the real work of the day would begin. However easily they might be mounted, the fort, which stood out in an extreme corner, would still remain to be gained. It was the stronghold of the besieged: here they would make their last stand. To reach it would be a march of death to many. They would have to fight their way foot by foot; and of all fighting, street-fighting in an old Indian city is the most deadly. Every roof, every window, every loop-hole in the walls, has its matchlock-men, where, under cover, they can pick off their enemy calmly and with unerring aim; while the fort guns, which always command the city itself, as a precaution against an *emeute*, as well as the glacis against an attack from without, would sweep down the long, narrow streets, and hundreds of brave fellows fall without being able to strike a blow in fair fight. This, too, was well known in camp; and the general hope was, that, while feints might be made at different points on the city walls, the grand assault would be on the fort itself, on its water-face, for the main ditch ran under its very walls.

While the camp was in this state of excitement and impatience, and every thing indicated that the assault would be made within a week at furthest, one evening there was the usual gathering of officers in the artillery mess-tent, which, as a rule, included those of the engineer corps, who were too few in number to establish a mess of their own. It happened that the old brigadier-general, and the chief engineer were both present. Naturally the coming assault was the topic of conversation. On the faces of the elder men, the glow of hope for success, and for honorable mention in General Orders, was perceptibly subdued by the thought of absent dear ones, whose future for weal or woe hung on the result of that assault; while among the youngsters, light-hearted enthusiasm seemed to hold unbroken sway.

In the course of the conversation there passed some remarks, loud enough to reach the brigadier's ear, about the attack being made on the fort itself, as the more brilliant and the less bloody course; and all the youngsters were in favor of it. The brigadier, turning to the chief engineer, said, as though quite casually, "Well, colonel, I suppose you are prepared, whenever the order comes? All the ladders, and those sort of things ready? By the way, do you know the exact depth of the ditch on the fort face?" "Not *exactly*," was the reply, "but, I fancy, near enough for our purpose." "I wish I knew to a foot," said the brigadier. "It might save many lives," he added gravely. Then, looking at the young men who had been the loudest in their remarks about making the assault direct on the fort, he said, "Well, young gentlemen, I admire your zeal; but, considering that we know the ditch is much deeper opposite the fort than round the city, I can't say much for your united forethought, when not one of you has had — I will not say the pluck, for that I don't doubt — but the wit to go and plumb it."

The remark was like the bursting of a shell: nearly every man at the table felt himself hit, and hit hard.

Soon after, the party broke up and began to disperse. A young subaltern of engineers, — we will call him Norval, — as he was passing a group of officers waiting at the door of the mess-tent for a few last words, was thus greeted by a young captain of artillery, named Wilson: "A pretty good wigging all you young engineers got to-night, Norval; and, I must say, you deserved it." "Perhaps so," was Norval's quiet remark, as he walked away.

This was not the first sneer Capt. Wilson had launched at Norval; for, before coming into camp, they had been together in cantonments. A few words will explain the different characters of these two men, and their attitude towards each other. Norval was a man of mark, though he could hardly be said to be a popular man. Indeed, a natural reserve prevented this; but his readiness to help (and his position as an engineer officer in cantonments gave him many opportunities of helping), and his gentle, thoughtful bearing commanded regard, and, young though he was, respect; while Wilson's more genial manner — for he was a first-rate companion, and the very life of a mess — made him a more general favorite among youngsters. But, unhappily, Wilson's early training had been very different from Norval's. That of the latter had been precisely of the kind out of which the consistent practical Christian is the most likely to be developed; for in his early home religion had been a quiet, unpretending principle of daily life. Wilson, on the other hand, had been accustomed from childhood to the most rigid observance of religious forms, and had seen in the inner life of his home so much that was unreal and untrue, that his naturally quick, discriminating mind had grown to regard the profession of religion as an imposture. He remembered bitterly how many a hard, ungrateful task had been imposed, and duty exacted, in the name of religion. He held in contempt — and he made no secret of it — all those who were supposed to be influenced by religious motives. He had the character among his acquaintances of being a scoffer; yet he was so clever, so able to hold his own in argument, and so amusing, that, in spite of what they disapproved, he was very popular among his brother officers, especially the younger ones; and to be popular was the great aim of his life. Norval recognized his abilities, but shrunk from the man who so perverted them. Wilson, again, was so utterly incapable of appreciating Norval, that he lost no opportunity of showing his dislike towards him. Norval was a first-rate cricketer, and ever ready to join in a match; a

more than average billiard-player, and a keen sportsman; but the very fact that a bet on any game, and still more an oath, was hateful to him; that he was always in his place at church, and known to take an interest in the spiritual needs of the men under him, was enough to brand him in Wilson's mind as a hypocrite, and to draw forth, whenever opportunity offered, the cutting sneer. It was Wilson's *bête noir*.

Hence arose that remark after mess on the evening already referred to. It so happened, that the rebuke of the old chief applied least of all to Norval; for he had only a few days before joined the camp, and had had plenty to do in learning the duties of his own post, and had never thought of inquiring what his seniors knew, or did not know, regarding the state of the siege.

Nevertheless, from the moment the brigadier's words were uttered, Norval made up his mind. *He* would wipe off the reproach. As he left the mess-tent, little heeding Wilson's words, or perhaps exulting in the thought that he would very soon give him cause to regret them, he crossed over to the lines of the European regiment which lay beyond the artillery, and, picking his way between tent-ropes or over insidious tent-pegs, to the tent on the extreme left, he there found the man he wanted, Capt. Parker, who commanded the Light Company of the 10—th Regiment.

"Parker," he said, "I am bent on a little spree to-night, and I want you to join me."

"What's up now? You out on a spree! Well, yes: I'll join you; for I am very sure friend Norval will go in for no spree, as he calls it, in which I should be ashamed to join him."

"Well, look here, old fellow: just now, at mess, the old brigadier startled us all by asking us, as we were crying so loud for an assault on the fort, whether we knew the exact depth of the ditch on that side. And, to our shame be it said, not a man had ever thought of it. I can't take much blame to myself, because I have so lately joined; but I should like, for the fun of the thing, to go and take soundings, as my old father the commodore would say, and present it to the old boy before he turns in for the night. Will you come and help me?"

"Will I not? When do you go?"

"Well, we ought to have some fellows with us, in case of a scrimmage; for we may have to fight our way back. So, if you can bring half a dozen of your best "Lights," I should be glad. I needn't say, don't bring drunkards; but bring clear headed fellows, — men who don't fancy they require a tot of grog to brace up their pluck, forgetting that it muddles their brains. We must have men who have brains and pluck at command."

"All right," said Parker: "you shall have the best I can give, — men in whose hands I can trust my own life, and yours too, if need be."

"Then let us meet at the battery, on the extreme left of our lines: that will bring us pretty straight in front of the fort. Now I'll go and arrange with old Jones, who is field-officer, and get him to let us pass the sentries. It's past eight now, the moon won't be up till nearly one; and, luckily for us, it's the dark side of the moon, as a native would say, so it will be all the darker and better for us. If we start at ten, we shall be back — if we ever do get back — before the moon rises."

"So be it: ten, sharp."

They parted. Parker went to think over his company, and pick the men he thought would be the most reliable for such a venture. Success was of vital importance; for he knew that nothing but success would justify such a step without orders, and save him perhaps from a court-martial. Norval at once proceeded to find Major Jones, and talk him into letting them pass; which was no easy matter, for the old man, personally as brave as any of them, had a provokingly strong regard for "Rules and Regulations," and had no fancy for being privy to hair-brained adventures. He was, however, won over, and consented. "Remember, Norval, it may cost me my commission if you chance to come to grief; yet for your sake I'll run the risk."

That settled, Norval had much to do, and not much over the hour to do it in. His habits of ready resource now stood him in good stead: he had at once grasped the idea, and soon formed his plans. He was an enthusiastic angler; and knowing that while the force had been lying so many weeks before the fort, they had had many a day's good fishing in the old classic river that skirted the camp, he had stowed away some tackle among his baggage, in the hope of getting his share of the sport. This he now turned to good account. At the artillery canteen he got a large bung cork: this he cut into a float by tapering it upwards to a point, leaving the bottom flat; through the middle he slipped a quill, inside which he fixed a piece of mainspring, and ran through it a strong line he had, — strong enough to land a *mahseer* * of ten or a dozen pounds' weight. Thus he contrived a first-rate float, through which the line would run freely one way, but would not slip one inch the other way. On one end of the line he fastened a large-sized plummet, and wound it all up on a short piece of bamboo. This was all his apparatus, — simplicity itself, yet deserving a patent.

It was now nine o'clock. One hour more he could call his own. That hour — how it was spent was only known by the subsequent disclosures of his "bearer," who said that when he had gone into the tent to take his master a cup of tea, he found him very busy writing; that, when he afterwards lifted up the *purdah* (curtain) to take away the cup, his master was on his knees; and that, as he left the tent to go out, his master placed in his hand a thick packet, with orders that, if he did not return by morning, it was to be given to the paymaster.

As the stillness of the night-air was broken by the several regimental *gongs* striking ten, Norval appeared at the rendezvous. Parker and his men were already there; and good Major Jones was there too, to protest once more, almost with tears, and to let them pass the sentries.

It was now quite dark. The sentries of the enemy formed a *cordon* about three hundred yards outside the city walls, and about twice as far in front of the advance line of the English pickets; and their presence was only to be detected by the sound of their voices, as they met at the end of each beat, and passed on the word "*Sub achchha!*" ("All's well!") from end to end of the line. The little party were now fairly on their way; treading softly and slowly, they stole along till within about fifty yards of the enemy's sentries. Here they stopped. Two sentries were in the act of meeting, straight in front of them: they passed the word to each other, and parted on their return way. Norval now counted how long it took them to reach the other end of their beats, and back again. They went, and came, and parted. Norval waited still, with his little band, their hearts beating quick and loud, so as almost to be heard in the dead stillness of the night, — waited till he knew that the sentries must be close at the end of their beats, with their backs still turned, and a clear two hundred yards between them. Then, at a word from him, all the party sprang forward as noiselessly as possible, were soon beyond the sentries, and up to the bank of the ditch itself.

There, a few yards in front of them, rose up, looming out against the dark sky, the towers of the fort, and at their feet the ditch of unknown depth. A glance betrayed the real state of affairs. The flanking bastions had been sadly pounded by the heavy guns, and in some parts the curtains between had been entirely demolished, and crumbled down till the *débris* gave an easy ascent from the water's edge.

As the bank of the moat had been somewhat raised, it furnished cover and shelter on its outer side. Here Parker and his men lay down concealed. Norval arranged his apparatus for the cast. Unwinding his line from the stick, and fastening the end round his body, he hung it in loose coils on his right arm, and took the plummet in his right hand. Then noiselessly crossing the pathway on the bank, he stole down to the water's edge, and threw the plummet sufficiently high to insure a good arc and straight fall. It carried with it, coil after coil, the line

*A *mahseer* is a large fish met with in the rivers of Northern India, and highly prized by anglers as the Indian salmon.

off his arm, and fell in the very middle of the ditch. It dropped with a sharp plash, a single sound: it made but a slight noise,—not more than a fair-sized fish would make as he snapped at a fly; yet that slight noise "sounded an alarm on the dull ear" of night. Instantly all was life. The sentries started out of their half-sleeping stroll, and fired off their matchlocks; the guards sprang to the battlements, and blazed away in the direction from which the sound had come. The sentries on the glacis followed suit, without aim or object. Norval, the instant he had made his cast, had sprung back across the bank, and was lying concealed by the side of Parker. Slowly raising his head over the bank, he could see the guards hurrying to and fro along the ramparts, running down the sloping *débris* to the brink of the water, and there standing aghast. But there was nothing to be seen,—nothing to account for the noise. The sound was not repeated. There was evidently nothing astir. So the firing gradually ceased; the men returned to their posts, or their slumbers; and Norval heard on the ramparts an occasional laugh, as the joke was passed along, "*Kali muchhli tha!*" ("It was only a fish!")

That danger passed, it now remained to draw out the line with its register float, and to make good the retreat. But Norval waited till all was perfectly quiet before he stirred from his lair. He waited,—it seemed hours,—when the gongs in camp began to sound eleven. "Now for it," he though, "or I sha'n't be back by midnight." So he crept up the bank again, across the path, and down the other side, close to the water, where the grass was longer, and helped to conceal him, as he lay full length on the very brink. Then began the work of drawing in the line: round and round he turned slowly, over and over, noiselessly winding the line round his chest, converting himself into a winch, until he had the cork in his hand. In the excitement he forgot himself for a moment; turning less cautiously than usual, his foot touched the water. The plash was heard. Again all were on the *qui vive* on the walls; but nothing seemed to come of it; so the sentries relapsed into quiescent confidence, and contented themselves with the thought, "There goes that fish again!" But it brought Norval back to his former prudence: more slowly and silently than ever he gathered round him the few feet of line that remained.

At last it was all done, and the plummet was in his hand! He now crawled back to Parker, touched him; the signal was passed on to the men, and the retreat began. This was a far more tedious and delicate affair: they now had the enemy, already startled, behind as well as in front. The slightest sound would have betrayed them, and all might have been undone. So, one by one, in single file, at short intervals, on hands and knees, they crept along, until they were within some fifty yards of the enemy's sentries. Now Norval, who was in advance, pulled up: all closed in: not a word was uttered. With bated breath they waited till the sentries had met and parted, and were on the extreme end of their beat again; then they rose cautiously on their feet, and, with a simultaneous spring, made for the lantern, which, by agreement, had been placed to guide them back to the battery, and were again safe and sound within their own lines.

There was Major Jones, only too ready to welcome them. Between night-rounds he had been constantly at the battery; for his anxiety was so intense that he could not rest in his tent. It is due to him to say, that, during those two weary hours of agonizing suspense, the brave old man had thought more of the danger of that "young mad-cap Norval," than of his own imperilled commission. The trembling voice and the convulsive grip with which he greeted the young engineer told how much he had gone through.

With a very fervent "Good-night," and "God bless you!" to him and to Parker, and with a kindly shake of the hand to each of the men, and the assurance that he should never forget how they had joined him in a venture of life or death, Norval made straight for the brigadier's tent. The old man was asleep; so, seeing a light in the chief-engineer's tent close by, he walked in, and said, "Colonel, I find the brigadier has turned in; so I come to you. If you'll kindly *unwind me*, you'll know the depth of the ditch under the fort rampart. Please tell the brigadier I will vouch for its accuracy."

"Tell me how you did it," said he eagerly.

"Let me off for to-night, colonel. You shall hear all to-morrow, when in reporting it I may have to ask your forgiveness for unauthorized absence from camp after tattoo."

He had not left the tent many minutes, when the general awoke, and was told by his bearer that "Norval sahib" had been to see him, and had gone to the chief-engineer. A note at once brought the colonel, with the line in his hand. Nothing would now satisfy the brigadier but that Norval should be sent for, as he could not sleep again till he had heard how it had been done.

"Capt. Wilson!" he called out,—for Wilson was his orderly officer, and was in attendance close at hand,—"will you oblige me by telling Lieut. Norval that I wish to see him at once. He has actually gone and plumbed the ditch!"

Capt. Wilson, who was very comfortable, as he lay back in his easy-chair dozing over his *cheroot*, was not over well pleased to be thus disturbed, and still less for such an object. So he went on his errand in no very gracious mood. On reaching Norval's tent he made straight for the *purdah*, and was going to lift it, when the bearer stopped him: "*Hookum na*," he said (which means, "The order is not to admit any one").

"I must see your master," Capt. Wilson retorted haughtily, and was again moving to lift the *purdah;* but the bearer again interfered, and, joining his hands, deprecating Capt. Wilson's entering the tent, said, "*Sahib girja parhta hai*" ("My master is saying his prayers").

Wilson turned contemptuously on his heel, saying, loud enough for Norval to hear, "Tell your master the brigadier sahib wants him immediately."

"'Saying his prayers!' hum! more cant and humbug, eh? Yet, did he expect I would come for him at this moment? No: it can't be!" (so Wilson thought himself as he walked back.) "There is no hypocrisy in this, at any rate. That man must be sincere. 'Saying his prayers!'" The sound of his own voice this time, in such very different tone from that in which the words were first uttered, set him musing; and his uncertain steps, now slow, now quick, betrayed that a struggle was going on in his mind, as he wended his way back to the brigadier's tent.

Norval the while had been, as his bearer had truly said, "saying his prayers"!—prayers overflowing with thankfulness that his life had been preserved. As he rose, he called to his servant, and asked for the packet he had put into his care. He opened it with tearful eye and trembling hand, as he thought how the contents might have told to his mother, and to her whom he hoped in time to make the partner of his life, the tale of his soldier's death. Again ascended from his heart the prayer of gratitude to Him into whose hands he had committed himself, for that he had gained his object, and was safe.

He proceeded at once to the brigadier's tent. As he reached it, he was accosted by Capt. Wilson. "Norval, can you ever forgive me the wrongs I have done you in thought and act? I feel now how I have wronged you. Can you ever forgive me? May we not be friends? such a friend as you I need, or I am lost."

From that hour they were friends indeed.

The assault was made on the fort itself. And in a few months—the Victoria Cross not having then been established—the *Gazette* which announced Lieut. Norval's promotion to a regimental captaincy proclaimed him brevet-major.

Thus was the ditch plumbed, and many a life saved; and one heart was plumbed too, and set in the way of being saved.

CLARENCE KING'S "MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA."

A FRESH and vigorous record of varied kinds of adventure, combined with vivid pictures of mountain scenery, and with glimpses of wild life among Indians, Mexicans, and Californians, will commend itself to most readers. Mr. King's object in exploring the regions of the Sierra Nevada was scientific; but there is not a page in his book above the level of the most ordinary intelligence, and his style is always popular. Some parts of his book may be ranked with the accounts of Alpine climbing, which have excited so much interest in England; and in reading of the ascent of the peak to which Mr. King gave the name of Mt. Tyndall, we recognize the source of his inspiration. Yet, whatever may have been the dangers surmounted by the members of the Alpine club, there is one respect in which Mr. King is alone and unapproached. His description of the ride across the Tulare Plain, with two Mexican highwaymen on his track, of the incessant watchfulness by which he escaped their attempts to waylay him, of the splendid run he gave them over some fifteen miles of country, will be followed with interest. While this incident is strongly significant of the lawless habits which prevail in those parts, there are other passages in Mr. King's book which tell the same story. One of the most noteworthy of these is the specimen given us of lynch-law, as practised on a man suspected of horse-stealing. The owner of some animals which were missing had tracked them for a short distance, and had noticed that their trail was followed by the footmarks of a man in spurs. This at once led to the conclusion that some Mexican had stolen the animals; and the first Mexican who appeared with a pair of spurs on was seized, and brought to trial. The facts were briefly stated to a jury, chosen from among the bystanders; and when the jury retired to deliberate, the Mexican was carried off to a place where the expected verdict could have its proper consummation. By and by some of the populace returned, opened the door of the jury-room, and asked the verdict. "Not guilty," was the answer. The court promptly refused to accept that conclusion, menacing the jury with pistols, and sending them back with greater violence than was ever shown by Jeffries to reconsider the matter. In about half an hour the door was again opened; and by this time the jury had yielded to the force of argument. On being asked, "Your opinion, gentlemen?" they replied, "Guilty!" and must have been re-assured when that was met with the remark, "Correct! You can come out. We hung him an hour ago." The only further fact in the case is, that, later in the day, the missing animals were found grazing just behind the tavern in which the trial had been held; and it then occurred to the barkeeper that they had been there ever since the morning.

When we turn from white men of this stamp to the Indians, of whom Mr. King had some strange experiences, we are almost tempted to prefer the genuine savage to such a parody of civilization. Still, the description given us of the funeral of a chieftain's wife, and of the manner in which the bereaved widower made haste to console himself, somewhat jars on our feelings. Mr. King mentions the stoicism with which, in the first instance, the chief alluded to his wife's death. "My woman she die," he remarked laconically; "very bad; to-night, sun-down, she burn up." At sunset, however, when the professional mourners of the tribe, old women with their heads daubed with pitch, proceeded to light the funeral pile, all this stoicism had departed; the chief poured forth tears and cries, and was at one time on the point of throwing himself into the flames. Mr. King was convinced of the sincerity of Indian feeling; and as he lay awake that night, hearing the death-wail, he was persuaded that "any policy toward the Indians based upon the assumption of their being brutes or devils was nothing short of a blot on this Christian century." Next morning, however, Mr. King again visited the Indian camp; and there it turned out that the chief, who had been left inconsolable, was drunk in his hut, in the company of a new wife whom he had taken to himself the night before. We need hardly add that this discovery chilled Mr. King's enthusiasm. "Since then," he says, —

"I guardedly avoid all discussion of the 'Indian question.' When interrogated, I dodge, or protest ignorance; when pressed, I have been known to turn the subject; or, if driven to the wall, I usually confess my opinion that the Quakers will have to work a great reformation in the Indian before he is really fit to be exterminated."

The contrast between man and nature, which appears throughout Mr. King's book, cannot fail to remind us of the well-known lines applied to Ceylon in Bishop Heber's missionary hymn. It is a relief to accompany Mr. King through the forests and gorges, which he brings before us in such glowing pictures; to watch his ascent of Mt. Tyndall, or to see him wrestling with the very king of storms in the Yosemite Valley. Mr. King's love of word-painting, natural enough to one who excels, is so frequently gratified, that the critic's task is somewhat perplexing. We cannot quote forever, yet still less can we analyze a series of landscapes on all of which color has been so lavishly employed. It is not Mr. King's fault, if some of his chapters produce on us the effect of a kaleidoscope. We have a somewhat confused idea of splendor, — of vast distances, out of which rise serrated peaks, thrown into keen relief on the sunset sky, — of deep valleys, thick with forest growth, or winding like ribbons between walls of massive rock. As a quiet evening scene, contrasting with the episode in the storm on the Yosemite, we may take the following passage from the ascent of Mt. Tyndall: —

"All the snow of our recess lay in the shadow of the high granite wall to the west, but the Kern divide which curved around us from the south-east was in full light; its broken sky-line, battlemented and adorned with innumerable rough-hewn spires and pinnacles, was a mass of glowing orange, intensely defined against the deep violet sky. At the open end of our horse-shoe amphitheatre, to the east, its floor of snow rounded over in a smooth brink, overhanging precipices which sank two thousand feet into the King's Cañon. Across the gulf rose the whole procession of summit peaks, their lower halves rooted in a deep, sombre shadow cast by the western wall, the heights bathed in a warm purple haze, in which the irregular marbling of snow burned with a pure crimson light. A few fleecy clouds, dyed fiery orange, drifted slowly eastward across the narrow zone of sky, which stretched from summit to summit like a roof. At times the sound of waterfalls, faint and mingled with echoes, floated up through the still air. The snow near by lay in cold, ghastly shade, warmed here and there by strange flashes by light reflected downward from drifting clouds. The sombre waste about us; the deep violet vault overheard; those far summits, glowing with reflected rose; the deep, impenetrable gloom which filled the gorge, and slowly and with vapor-like stealth climbed the mountain wall, extinguishing the red light, combined to produce an effect which may not be described; nor can I more than hint at the contrast between the brilliance of the scene under full light, and the cold, death-like repose which followed when the wan cliffs and pallid snow were all overshadowed with ghostly gray."

No words of our own need be added to this extract in order to bring Mr. King's book to the notice of our readers.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Pope was eighty years old on the 13th of last month.

M. EDMOND ABOUT has retired from the *Soir*, to take the chief editorship of the Paris paper, entitled *Le XIX^e Siècle*.

THE Governor of Pondicherry has prohibited dancing in his dominions until the last German soldier has evacuated French territory.

THERE are no more savages. A Cherokee Indian child is in Paris. He is going to study for the bar: his name is

Mr. Woods; very well chosen for an ex-inhabitant of the forest.

THERE appears to be no end to the making of books about Charles Dickens. Mr. Charles Kent, a not remarkable English poet, has in press a volume entitled "Recollections of Charles Dickens." Mr. Kent and the novelist were intimate friends, and the last letter ever written by Dickens was addressed to the gentleman who is now publishing these memorials of him.

THE Americans in Rome intend to build a new church within the walls of the city. A site for it has been already secured on the Via Nazionale, at the corner of the Via Napoli. This part of the city has been chosen as being the centre of those new quarters, which, by reason of their superior healthfulness and freedom from the danger of inundation, must soon become the favorite residence of the foreign population of Rome.

THE Parisians are recovering from the state of emotion into which they were plunged by the news of the murder of Mme. Dubourg, and are beginning to recollect anecdotes more or less *apropos*. Here is the latest: At the Théâtre Français, Mlle. D—— was, in the presence of the author, repeating her part in a comedy by Scribe. "My child," said M. Scribe, "permit me to give you a hint. Here is the scene. Suppose that you are in your own room: a young man is at your feet, making a passionate declaration of love to you: your husband suddenly enters. Now, what would you do?" "I would tell him to go away again," replied the artless maiden.

MIRACLES are being still performed in France with great success. "Notre Dame de la Salette," who had already cured many cases of paralysis, has unexpectedly extended her medical help to diseases of the skin. There is also a special pomade under this saint's protection, against which the most obstinate hair-diseases are not proof. In another part of France, at Trouville, in Normandy, a pedestal of black marble has been offered to the Virgin in grateful return for her kindness in keeping away the Prussians from this exceptionally protected town. The black marble bears an inscription signed by the mayor, the municipal councillors, and the Bishop of Lisieux.

AN English journal presents the following question of law to debating societies: A young student received lessons in law, it being agreed that a certain fee should be paid if the pupil were successful in the first clause he pleaded. The pupil, however, neglected to undertake any cause; and the master, in order to obtain any fee, was compelled to sue him. The pupil defended himself in the court, and it was, consequently, the young man's first suit. The master argued thus: "If I be successful in the cause, the pupil will be compelled to pay by virtue of the sentence; and should I be even unsuccessful, he will have to pay me in fulfilment of the original contract." To this the apt pupil replied: "If I be successful, I shall be free; and even if I be unsuccessful, I shall be free by virtue of the contract." Which is the right view of the case, say, ye debating societies?

A VERY distinguished Paris physician says, "I believe that, during the twenty years I have practised my profession, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms. Put the bulb of a thermometer into a baby's mouth, and the mercury rises to ninety degrees. Now, carry the same to its little hand: if the arm be bare and even cool, the mercury will sink to fifty degrees. Of course, all the blood that flows through these arms must fall from ten to forty degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say, when these currents of the blood flow back to the chest, the child's vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at the frequently-recurring affections of the tongue, throat, or stomach?"

THE Theatre Royal, at Stratford-on-Avon, has been torn down, in order to restore the great garden of Shakspeare to its original form and size. The generosity and energy of Mr. J. O. Halliwell having secured the purchase of the whole plot of ground once occupied by the poet, the Gardens of Shakspeare will hereafter form a public property. The house which Shakspeare bought, and in which he passed the last years of his life, was pulled down by Parson Gastrell about a century ago, and only the foundations remain. On this site, however, overshadowed by the old Guild Chapel, Shakspeare "eat in safety, under his own vine, what he planted;" and here, doubtless, he often "slept within his orchard, his custom always in the afternoon." Five and forty years ago, a theatre was built on a corner of the garden, and opened with "As You Like It;" and, with "excellent taste, i' faith," the little theatre was closed, last month, with the greatest work of Shakspeare's genius, — the tragedy of "Hamlet;" much of which, probably, was written on the very site where it was played.

THERE are many penalties attached to greatness; and it is doubtful whether it may not be preferable to occupy an obscure position, and to die unlamented by the public, rather than to be consigned to earth with a pompous ceremonial, or to run the risk of having one's deeds recorded by an incompetent biographer. In Italy, however, it is possible for a great man to anticipate, in the prospect of his decease, a still more terrible indignity. It will sadden an illustrious American, or an Englishman, in his last moments, to think of the manner in which his mental remains may be served up for the amusement of idle readers; but what must be the feeling of an Italian, at the thought that his very body may be detained above ground to whet public curiosity. This, however, is the destiny of Mazzini, whose mortal remains, instead of being consigned peacefully to the earth, are to be preserved by Prof. Gorini for the benefit of future generations of sight-seers. This is a cruel fate, and one well fitted to quench the generous aspirations of Italian patriots and statesmen. To live and die for Italy, may be to live and die nobly; but to have one's body "petrified," that it may be curiously scanned by future generations of Italian sight-seers, is an unhappy lot indeed.

Punch pays the following tribute to the late Horace Mayhew: —

With a very deep sorrow we record the loss of another old friend and colleague. Horace Mayhew has been unexpectedly called away. Associated with this periodical from nearly its earliest days, he was for years an indefatigable and valuable contributor; and, when fortune had rendered him independent of labor, he continued to share our counsels, and he never abated his earnest interest in our work. This testimonial is easy. But when we would speak of the manly simplicity and childlike affection of his nature, of his indomitable cheerfulness, of his ready generosity, and of his singular sweetness of temper, we can write only what must seem to those who knew him not in excess of the truth, while it fails to do justice to our own knowledge of a beloved friend. But, in the affectionate memories of us all, his worth and lovingness will be treasured while memory remains to us. Heavy is the grief that has fallen on those who lived in friendship with the kind, the just, the gentle "Ponny" Mayhew.

THE Théâtre Français has reproduced the "Supplice d'une Femme," after an interval of three years. It is not likely that the revival of this comedy will evoke even a part of the excitement to which it gave rise when it was first put on the stage. The most curious feature in the whole piece is, that it has no author in the eyes of the law. The handbills are thus worded: "Le Supplice d'une Femme, par M. X——." The piece was originally written by M. Emile de Girardin in conjunction with M. Alexandre Dumas, fils; but the two *collaborateurs* quarrelled at the first performance, each wishing to put his name to the work, and laying claims to exclusive authorship. The affair went before the courts; and, as it was no easy matter to determine who had

written the greater part of "Le Supplice d'une Femme," it was decided that the comedy should have no legal author. Neither of the two writers lost by it; for the piece is an abnormal picture of French society, as devoid of truth as it is of dramatic merit.

THE results of the inquiry made as to the damage sustained by the inhabitants of Paris during the two sieges and the devastation caused by the Commune, have been communicated to the Muncipal Council by the Prefect of the Seine. The number of claims for compensation were 12,480, representing a sum of four hundred and seven million francs. These demands have been cut down and classified in the three following categories: Damages caused by foreign war to 1,703 claims, and rather more than two million francs; damages caused by the second siege to 2,436 claims and about nine millions francs; injuries done by the Commune to 8,451 claims, and fifty-five million francs. These sums, added to a further sum of ten millions for subsequent demands since admitted, give a total of seventy-seven millions ($15,400,000), which will be shortly distributed.

IN an article on "Prussia and the two Empires," by M. Albert Sorel, in the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, it is stated that Count von Moltke was anxious that war with France should have been declared immediately after Sadowa. The German soldier saw that war with France was inevitable, and might probably be perilous; and he hoped, by a sudden attack, to take the enemy by surprise. The pretext for a declaration of war would have been the territorial "revendications" of Napoleon III., and there was perfect confidence that all Germany would have supported the contest with enthusiasm. The plan of operations was indeed, says M. Sorel, traced out, and the army was full of *élan*. Count von Moltke proposed to withdraw his columns, and by a bold and and swift march, which seemed sure of success, to throw himself at once upon France, which would have been taken utterly by surprise, and in the midst of the greatest military disorganization. Nor can it be doubted that if this plan had been carried out, France would in 1866 have suffered the fate which was reserved for her four years later. Not a few French politicians and others declaim wildly against the ex-Emperor, because he did not go to war with Prussia after Sadowa, and so prevent the first great step towards German unity. But it requires very little reflection to see that if France were unprepared in 1870, she was still more so in 1866; and, as it was, she was only saved by circumstances from being overrun in 1866, as was seriously contemplated by her conquerors subsequently.

A LITTLE awkwardness on the part of Madame Thiers, recently, in the reception of a lady of moderate rank, with the belief that she was a duchess of the *crême* of society, recalls to memory that an English lady, with a very fine, high-sounding French name, and probably the descendant of some political outlaw, went to a ball at the Tuileries, during the reign of the Emperor Napoleon, and gave her name as Madame M——. On the first landing, this was changed to Madame de M——; and by the time our fair compatriot (and she was very fair) reached the saloon, where the emperor was standing, surrounded by his court and the high dignitaries of the empire, she found herself a duchess. Now, the emperor was always very anxious to get the old noblesse of the Faubourg St. Germain to come to the Tuileries; but with few exceptions, — those of the Duc de Mouchy, the Duc de Gramont, the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, and a few others, — he had not succeeded. When, therefore, the usher announced Madame la Duchesse de M——, he instantly left the empress, to whom he was talking, stepped gallantly forward, and offered Mrs. M—— his arm. The lady was very much astonished, not having paid any attention to the announcement; and it was only when the emperor asked if her Grace had come up to Paris from her château X——, that she perceived the error, and undeceived his Majesty, who made her a bow, and returned, rather crestfallen, to the empress. However, in the course of the evening, Napoleon III. sought out Madame M——, and, explaining the error, apologized for his seeming want of politeness, laughed over the mistake, asked Mrs. M—— to dine, and was ever after most civil and kind to her and her family.

UNSEEN.

I.

AT the spring of an arch in the great north tower,
High up on the wall, is an angel's head;
And beneath it is carven a lily flower,
With delicate wings at the side outspread.

II.

They say that the sculptor wrought from the face
Of his youth's lost love, of his promised bride;
And when he had added the last sad grace
To the features, he dropped his chisel and died.

III.

And the worshippers throng to the shrine below,
And the sightseers come with their curious eyes;
But deep in the shadow, where none may know
Its beauty, the gem of his carving lies.

IV.

Yet at early morn on a midsummer's day,
When the sun is far to the north, for the space
Of a few short minutes, there falls a ray,
Through an amber pane, on the angel's face.

V.

It was wrought for the eye of God; and it seems
That he blesses the work of the dead man's hand
With a ray of the golden light that streams
On the lost that are found in the deathless land.

ROBERT BROWNING.

BEARDED like some strong shipman, with a beam
Of gray orbs glancing upward at the sky,
O friend! thou standest, pondering thy theme,
And watching, while the troublous days blow by
Their cloudy signs and portents; then thine eye
Falleth, and, reading with poetic gleam
The human lineaments that round thee lie,
Peers to the soul, and softens into dream.
O dweller in the winds and waves of life,
Reader of living faces foul and fair!
No nobler mariner may mortal meet.
Steadfast and sure thou movest through the strife,
Knowing the signs and symbols of the air,
Yet gentle as the dews about thy feet.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

TO CURE ASTMHA. — WHITCOMB'S REMEDY acts more directly than any other known panacea.

WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA will effect a cure if tried faithfully.

THE best article as a relish for family use is the famous HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE; and we confidently recommend it to all. The sales of the regular customers of our best grocers are constantly increasing, for each one who tries the HALFORD praises its quality to his neighbor, and the makers state that their cards of reference are made up of everybody who uses the goods. — *Boston Traveller.*

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1872. [No. 24.

THE YELLOW FLAG.

BY EDMUND YATES.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI. — A SAFE INVESTMENT.

THE second-floor front have come in, Ben," said Mrs. Mogg, of 19A, Poland Street, as she opened the door to her husband on a wet and windy autumnal evening: "she have come and brought her luggage,— a green carpet-bag with a poll-parrot worked on it, and a foreign-looking band-box tied up in a handkerchief; she's French, Ben, that's what she is!"

"Is she?" said Mr. Mogg shortly: "well, I'm hungry, that's what I am; so get my tea." He had had a long and dirty walk home from the West India Docks, where he was employed as a warehouse-man, and chattering in a windy passage about his wife's lodger scarcely seemed to him the most desirable way of employing his first moments at home.

But after despatching two large breakfast-cups of tea, and several rounds of hot salt buttered toast, from which the crust had been carefully cut away, Mr. Mogg was somewhat mollified, and, wiping his mouth and fingers on the dirty table-cloth, felt himself in cue to resume the conversation.

"Oh! the new second-floor has come, Martha, has she?" he commenced; "and she's French, you think. Well," continued Mr. Mogg, who was naturally rather slow in bringing his ideas into focus, "Dickson may or may not be a French name; that it's an English one we all know: but that's no reason that it should not be a French one too; there being, as is well known, several words which are the same in both languages."

"She wrote down P. Dickson when she came to take the rooms this morning; and I see P. D. worked on her portmonnaie when she took it out to pay the first week's rent in advance," said Mrs. Mogg.

"Then it's clear enough her name is Dickson," said Mr. Mogg, with a singular facility of reasoning. "What should you say she was now, Martha,— you're good at reckoning 'em up, you are: what is the second-floor front, should you say?"

"Either a gov'ness or a lady's-maid out of place," said Mrs. Mogg decisively. "I thought she was a gov'ness until I see the sovereigns in her portmonnaie; and then made up my mind she was a lady's-maid as had given up her place, either through a death, or the family going abroad, or giving up housekeeping, and these were the sovereigns which she had just got from the wardrobe-shop for the perquisites and *etceteras* which she had brought away with her."

"You're a clear-headed one, you are," said Mr. Mogg, looking at his wife with great delight. "Has she had any thing to eat?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mrs. Mogg, giggling with some asperity: "she brought a lettuce in with her, I suppose; for when I went up to ask her whether I should get in any little trifle for breakfast, I found her eating of it, and dropping some lumps of sugar into a tumbler of water."

"Well, that's beastly," said Mr. Mogg: "these foreigners are disgusting in their ways, one always heard; but how did you make her understand you about breakfast?"

"Lor' bless yer, man, she speaks English first-rate; so well, that, when I first see her, I thought she was a country-woman of mine from Norfolk."

"Well, so long as she pays regularly, and don't stop out late at night, it don't matter to us where she comes from," said Mr. Mogg, stretching out his arms, and indulging in a hearty yawn. "Now, Martha, get me my pipe; and when you have cleared these things away, come and sit down, and let's have a quiet talk about how we are to get rid of the German teacher in the back attic."

The newly-arrived tenant of the second-floor, whom these worthies in the kitchen were thus discussing, was walking up and down her room in much the same manner as she had paced the platform at Lymington, or the Prado at Marseilles. It was very lucky that the occupant of the drawing-room, a gentleman who taught noblemen and senators the art of declamation, had not on that evening one of his usual classes, in which budding orators were accustomed to deliver Mark Anthony's speech over the sofa-pillow, transformed for the nonce into the dead body of Cæsar, and where, to encourage his pupils, the professor would set forth that his name was Norval, and proceed to bewail the bucolic disposition of his parent, or the grinding sound of the heels above would have sadly interfered with the lesson. It was well that Pauline was not interrupted, for the demon of rage and jealousy was at work within her. The burning shame consequent on the belief that she had been deceived, and made a fool of, nearly maddened her; and as every phase of the deceit to which she now imagined she had fallen so ready a victim rose before her mind, she clasped her arms above her head and groaned aloud.

"To think," she cried, "that I, who had known him so long and so intimately; I, who had been his companion in his plottings and intrignes, who had sat by, night after night, and day after day, watching the patience and skill with which he prepared the pitfalls for others,— that I should be so blind, so weak, so besotted, as to fall into them myself. Lies from the first, and lie upon lie! A lie to the man Calverley, whose agent he pretended he would be; a lie to the old man Claxton, who obtained the place for him, and sent him the money by the pale-faced woman! Then a lie to me; a cleverer kind of lie! a lie involving some *tracasserie*, for I am not one to be deceived in the ordinary manner. To me he admitted he intended playing false with the others, and now I am reckoned among those whom he has hoodwinked and befooled!

"The notion that came across me at that place! It must be true! He never meant to come there: he sent me on a fool's errand, and he would never be within miles of the spot! The whole thing was a trick,— a well-planned trick from the first; well-planned, and so plausible too. The flight to Weymouth, then to Guernsey; hours of departure of trains and steamer all noted and arranged. What a cunning rogue! What a long-headed, plausible rascal! And the money, the two thousand pounds: many would be deceived by that. He thought I would argue, that, if he had intended to leave me, he never would have handed over to me those bank-notes.

"But I know him better! He is a *vaurien*, swindler, liar; but, though I suppose he never loved me in the way

that other people understand love, I have been useful to him, and he has become used to me, — so used that he cannot bear to think of me in misery or want. So he gave me the money to set his mind at ease, that my reproachful figure should not rise between him and his new-found happiness! Does he think that money can compensate me for the mental agony that I shall suffer always, that I suffer now? Does he think that it will salve my wounded pride? that it will do away with the misery and degradation I feel? And having been cheated by a shallow artifice, will money deprive me of my memory, and stop the current of my thoughts? Because I shall not starve, can money bereave me of my fancies, or keep away mental pictures as will drive me mad to contemplate? I can see them all now; can see him with her; can hear the very phrases he will use, and can imagine his manner when he talks of love to her! How short a time it seems since I listened to those burning words from the same lips! How well I remember each incident in the happy journey from Marseilles, the pleasant days at Genoa, the long stay at Florence! Where has he gone now, I wonder? To what haunt of luxury and ease has he taken his new toy? Fool that I am to remain here dreaming and speculating, when I want to know, when I must know! I must, and will, find out where they are; and then quickness, energy, perseverance, — he has praised them more than once when they served him, — shall be brought into play to work his ruin!"

At this point in her train of thought, Pauline was interrupted by a knock at the door of her room. Starting at the sound, she raised her head, and listened eagerly; but whatever fancy she may have indulged in as to the idea as to who might be her visitor was speedily dispelled by hearing the short sniff and the apologetic cough with which Mrs. Mogg was wont to herald her arrival; and, being bade to come in, that worthy woman made her appearance, smiling graciously. It was Mrs. Mogg's habit to fill up such leisure as her own normal labor and active superintendence of the one domestic slave of the household, known as "Melia," permitted her, in paying complimentary calls upon her various lodgers, apparently with the view of looking after their comforts and tendering her services, but really with the intention of what she called "taking stock" of their circumstances, and making herself acquainted with any peculiarities likely, in her idea, to affect the question of her rent. Having thoroughly discussed the possibility of getting rid of the German teacher with her husband, and it being pleasantly arranged between them that that unfortunate linguist was to be decoyed into the street at as early a period as possible on the ensuing morning, and then and there locked out, his one miserable little portmanteau being detained as a hostage, Mrs. Mogg was in excellent spirits, and determined to make herself agreeable to her new lodger.

"Good evening, ma'am," she commenced; "time being getting late, and this being your first night under our humble roof, I took the liberty of looking in to see if things was comfortable, or there was any thing in the way of a Child's night-light or that, you might require."

Almost wearied out with the weight of the wretched thoughts over which, for the last forty-eight hours, she had been brooding, Pauline felt the relief even of this interruption, and answered graciously and with as much cheerfulness as she could assume. "The room was comfortable," she said, "and there was nothing she required; but would not madame sit down? She seemed to be always hard at work, and must be tired after climbing those steep stairs. Perhaps she would not object to a little refreshment?"

Mrs. Mogg's eyes gleamed, as from her neat hand-bag Pauline produced a small silver flask, and pouring some of its contents into a tumbler, handed the water-bottle to her landlady, to mix for herself.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Mrs. Mogg, seating herself on one of the two rush-bottomed chairs, and smoothing her apron over her lap with both her hands. "It is a pull up the stairs after one's been hard at it all day; and a little drop of comfort like this does one no harm, whatever they may say against it, more especially when it's like this, and not the vitriol and mahogany shavings which they sell by the quartern at the 'Goldsmith's Arms.' You didn't bring this from France with you; did you, ma'am?"

"Oh, no!" said Pauline with a half-smile. "It is a long time since I left France."

"Ah! so I should think," said Mrs. Mogg, "by your civilized ways of going on, let alone your speaking our language so capital. Mogg, meaning my husband, was in France once, at Boolong, with the Foresters' excursion, and thought very high of the living he got during the two hours he was there."

"Ah! you have a husband," said Pauline, beginning to lapse into dreariness.

"Oh, yes, ma'am! and as good a husband as woman could wish; a hard-working man, and taking no holidays save with the Foresters to the Crystal Palace, Easter Mondays, and such like. He's in the docks, is Mogg."

"In the docks!" said Pauline: "he would know, then, all about ships?"

"Oh, no, ma'am!" said Mrs. Mogg, with a slight toss of the head: "that's the Katherine's Docks you're thinking of, where the General Steam goes from. Mogg is in the West Injia Docks: he's in the saleroom, — horns and hides, and other foreign produce."

"Then he has nothing to do with ships?"

"Nothing at all, ma'am. It would be easier work for him if he had, though more out-door work; but his is terrible hard work, more especially on sale-days. He's regular tired out to-night, poor man; for to-day has been a sale day, and Mogg was at it from morning till night, attending to Mr. Calverley's consignments."

"Mr. Calverley!" cried Pauline, roused at last. "Do you know him?"

"Oh, no! not I, ma'am," said the landlady; "only through hearing of him from Mogg. He's one of the largest merchants in horns and hides, is Mr. Calverley, and there is never a ship-load comes in but he takes most of it. Mogg has done business for him — leastways, for the house, for when Mogg knew it first, Mr. Calverley was only a clerk there — for the last thirty years."

"Is Mr. Calverley married?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am! He married Mrs. Gurwood, which was Miss Lorraine before she married Mr. Gurwood, who killed himself with drink and carryings-on. A pious lady, Mrs. Calverley, though haughty and stand-offish, and, they do say, keeping Mr. C.'s nose to the grindstone close."

"And Mr. Calverley, what is he like?"

"Not much to look at, ma'am, but the kindest and the best of men. My nephew Joe is light porter in their house; and the way in which Mr. Calverley behaves to him — half-holidays here, half a crown there, Christmas-boxes regular, and cold meat and beer whenever he goes up to the house — no tongue can tell. Likewise, most bountiful to Injuns and foreigners of all kinds, Spaniards, and that like; providing for children and orphans, and getting them into hospitals, or giving them money to go back to their own country."

"Where is Mr. Calverley's address, — his business address; his office, I mean?"

"In Mincing Lane, in the city, ma'am. It's as well known as the Bank of England, or the West Injia Docks themselves. May I make so bold as to inquire what you want with Mr. Calverley, ma'am?" said Mrs. Mogg, whose curiosity, stimulated by the brandy and water, was fast getting the better of her discretion: "if it's any thing in the horn and hide way," she added, as the notion of something to be made on commission crossed her mind, "I am sure any thing that Mogg could do, he would be most happy."

"No, thank you," said Pauline coldly: "my inquiry had nothing to do with business."

And shortly after, Mrs. Mogg, seeing that her lodger had relapsed into thought, and had replaced the silver flask in her hand-bag, took her departure.

"What that Frenchwoman can want with Mr. Calverley," said she to her husband, after she had narrated to him the above conversation "is more than I can think: his

name came up quite promiscuous, and she never stopped talking about him while I was there. She'd have gone on gossiping till now, but I had my work to do, and told her so, and came away."

Mrs. Mogg's curiosity was not responded to by her husband, a man naturally reticent, and given, in the interval between his supper and his bed, to silent pipe-smoking. "They're a rum lot, foreigners," he said; and after that he spoke no more.

Meanwhile Pauline, left to herself, at once resumed the tiger-like pacing of her room. "I must not lose sight," she said, "of any clew which is likely to serve me. Where he is, she will be; and until I have found them both, and made them feel what it is to attempt to play the fool with me, — me, Pauline Durham, — I shall not rest satisfied. I must find means to become acquainted with this man Calverley; for, sooner or later, he will hear something of Tom Durham, whom he believes to have gone to Ceylon as his agent, and whose non-arrival there will of course be reported to him. So long as my husband, and the poor puny thing for whom he has deserted me, can force money from the old man Classon, or Claxton, or whatever his name is, they will do so. But in whatever relations she may stand to him, when he discovers her flight he will stop the supplies; and I should think Monsieur Durham will probably turn up with some cleverly-concocted story to account for his quitting the ship. They will learn that by telegraph from Gibraltar, I suppose, and he will again seek for legitimate employment. Meanwhile, I have the satisfaction of striking him with his own whip, and stabbing him with his own dagger, by using the money which he gave me to help me in my endeavors to hunt him down. The money! It is there, safe enough!"

As she placed her hand within the bosom of her dress, a curious expression, first of surprise, then of triumph, swept across her face. "The letter!" she said, as she pulled it forth; "the letter, almost as important as the bank-notes themselves, Tom Durham called it. It is sealed! Shall I open it? but for what good? To find, perhaps, a confession that he loves me no more; that he has taken this means to end our connection, and that he has given me the money to make amends for his betrayal of me — shall I — Bah! doubtless it is another part of the fraud, and contains nothing of any value."

She broke the seal as she spoke, opened the envelope, and took out its contents, a single sheet of paper, on which was written: —

"I have duly received the paper you sent me, and have placed it intact in another envelope, marked, 'Akhbar K,' which I have deposited in the second drawer of my iron safe. Besides myself, no one but my confidential head clerk knows even as much as this; and I am glad that I declined to receive your confidence in the matter, as my very ignorance may at some future time be of service to you, or — don't think me harsh, but I have known you long enough to speak plainly to you — may prevent my being compromised. The packet will be given up to no one but yourself in person, or to some one who can describe the indorsement, as proof that they are accredited by you."

H. S.

This letter Pauline read and re-read over carefully, then with a shoulder-shrug returned it to its envelope, and replaced it in her bosom.

"Mysterious," she said, "and unsatisfactory, as is every thing connected with Monsieur Durham! The paper to which this letter refers is of importance, doubtless; but what it may contain, and who 'H. S.' may be, are equally unknown to me; and without that information I am helpless to make use of it. Let it remain there! A time may come when it will be of service. Meanwhile I have the two thousand pounds to work with, and Monsieur Calverley to work upon: he is the only link which I can see at present to connect me with my fugitive husband. Through him is the only means I have of obtaining any information as to the whereabouts of this pair of escaped turtle-doves. The clew is slight enough; but it may serve in default of a better, and I must set my wits to work to make it useful."

So the night went on; and the Mogg household, the proprietors themselves in the back kitchen; the circulating librarian in the parlors; the Italian nobleman, who dealt in cameos and coral and bric-a-brac jewellery, in the drawing-room; the Belgian basso, who smoked such strong tobacco, and cleared his throat with such alarming vehemence, in the second-floor back; and the German teacher in ignorance of his intended forcible change of domicile in the attic, — all these slept the sleep of the just, and snored the snores of the weary; while Pauline, half-undressed, lay upon her bed, with eyes indeed half-closed, but with her brain active and at work. In the middle of the night, warned, by the rapid decrease of her candle, that in a few minutes she would be in darkness, she rose from the bed, and, taking from her carpet-bag a small, neat blotting-book, she sat down at the table, and in a thin, clear, legible hand, to the practised eye eminently suggestive of hotel bills, wrote the following letter: —

19A, POLAND STREET, SOHO.

MONSIEUR, — As a French woman domiciled in England, the name of Monsieur Calverley has become familiar to me as that of a gentleman — ah, the true English word! — who is renowned as one of the most constant and liberal benefactors to all kinds of charities for distressed foreigners. Do not start, monsieur; do not turn aside or put away this letter, in the idea that you have already arrived exactly at its meaning and intention. Naturally enough you think that the writer is about to throw herself on your mercy, to implore you for money, or for admission into one of those asylums towards the support of which you do so much. It is not so, monsieur; though, were my circumstances different, it is to you I should apply, knowing that your ear is never deaf to such complaint. I have no want of money, though my soul is crushed; and I am well and strong in body, though my heart is wounded and bleeding; calamities for which, even in England, there are no hospitals nor doctors. Yet, monsieur, am I one of that *clientèle* which you have so nobly made your own, — the foreigners in distress. Do you think that the only distressed foreigners are the people who want to give lessons, or get orders for wine and cigars, the poor governesses, the *demoiselles de magasin*, the *emigrés* of the republic and the empire? No: there is another kind of distressed foreigner, the woman with a small sum on which she must live for the rest of her days, in penury if she manages ill, in decent thrift if she manages well. Who will guide her? I am such a woman, monsieur. To my own country, where I have lost all ties, and where remain to me but sad memories, I will not return. In this land, where, if I have no ties, yet have I no sad memories, I will remain. I have a small sum of money, on the interest of which I must exist; and to you I apply, monsieur. You, the merchant prince, the patron and benefactor of my countrymen, to advise in the investment of this poor sum, and keep me from the hands of charlatans and swindlers who otherwise would rob me of it. I await your gracious answer,

Monsieur, and am your servant,

PALMYRE DU TERTRE.

The next morning Pauline conveyed this letter to the office in Mincing-Lane, and asked to see Mr. Calverley; but on being told by a smart clerk that Mr. Calverley was out of town, visiting the ironworks in the North, and would not be back for some days, she left the letter in the clerk's hands, and begged for an answer at his chief's convenience.

"CHIFFONNIERS."

WHO has not seen in Paris, towards six in the evening in winter, rather later in the spring and summer seasons, the prowling figure of a muddy man, who stops to consider the heaps of refuse emptied by the side of the pavement, fumbles amid them with a crook, and transfers as much of their contents as he thinks worth the while into a deep-mouthed basket on his back? He is the *chiffonnier*, or certificated ragman, — a person whose existence is involved in just enough of nocturnal mystery to make him an object of wondering interest to the grown-up world, and of hideous terror to misbehaved small people. His clothes are an amalgamation of blouse, patches, rents, and string, such as Callot or Gavarni might have sketched for him; his caps belong to the fashions of no recorded time or people; he has some such *sobriquet* as Bijou or Bibi, which fits him oddly, like his cap; and his countenance is as often as not illustrated with a red nose and a black eye. Follow him, however, and you will not see him deviate from that rectilineal course which is the outward sign of sobriety. He slinks by, straight, silent, and stealthy as a shadow. If darkness has set in, the lantern which dangles by a rope from his left hand glimmers in the distance, like a will-o'-the-wisp; and, if you ask any question of the man, he will answer you civilly but curtly, and pass on. Foreigners, policemen new to their work, or people against whom he has accidentally run at a street-corner, have occasionally treated Bijou or Bibi as a vagabond; but this is a mistake. He is no vagabond. He carries in his pocket, and carefully embedded in a tin box, which is the only clean thing about him, the license which is at once the charter of his independence, the cause of his eventide civility and soberness, and the patent which raises him during the hours when he plies his crook vocations to the level of a municipal functionary.

Go to the *préfecture de police* some morning, and fee one of those obliging detectives who hang about its neighborhood to show you the waiting-room of the "Chercheurs de Livrets." You may go in without the detective if you like; but a guide will help you to distinguish categories in the mysterious gathering of postulants there, and to make the visit more instructive. The room is a common one, with whitewashed walls, hard forms, a black stove, and a copy of police regulations hanging on the wall within a flat wire cage, as if it were feared somebody would steal it. It is not a large room; and the license-seekers do not remain there long before being admitted to an inner chamber, where clerks cross-question them, examine their certificates of character and identity, levy a payment, and order them to call another day. But short as is the time, there is enough of it to fraction the company into groups as distinct, reciprocally disdainful, and studiedly unconscious of one another, as any in a watering-place assembly room; and what makes all this the more perfect is, that the groups seem to despise one another on exactly the same obscure but absolute principles as their betters in the upper walks of society. Thus, here is a young man with bow legs, who has come to take out a cabman's license. He has passed the examination, which consists in driving a broken-down vehicle through a labyrinth of stakes on the grounds of the Cie. Générale des Petites Voitures. He is about to enter into a prosperous course of overcharging the public, shouting at it when he gets his right fare, and now and then breaking its bones; yet he looks down with a contempt which nothing can equal on a lean mountebank, who will overcharge nobody and never break any bones but his own. He is generally a Gascon, this mountebank; and his lank arms, shrunk chest, and flutey legs excite the hilarity of a pair of giant Auvergnats, who will, by and by, get licenses as water-carriers. Why, with one of their brawny arms they could hold two of his size up in mid-air — at least, so they say, until the Gascon, divining that he is being made the object of jests, looks at them pointedly with his shifty eyes, and offers to prove his strength by throwing them both out of the window; an offer which is cautiously declined. There is not much talk in an Auvergnat, and such little as there may be is not always intelligible to the outside world; nevertheless, the pair in question cannot help asking the Gascon what hopes he has of getting his tumbler's license. The Gascon has very little hope, he says, lapsing suddenly mournful.

From minute to minute a sharp-voiced detective comes to the door and cries out a name; and the company leaks out, by drops of one man at a time, through a door which was once white, and is no longer so. There are postulants of twenty sorts besides those already mentioned, — domestic servants, perambulating "coco" venders (those men with velvet-covered receptacles of licorice tea strapped to their backs, and a semicircle of silvered goblets jutting from a contrivance on their breasts), public fortune-tellers and public scribes, market salesmen, and sufferers in every variety, from the man with no legs, who wants leave to propel himself through the streets on a truck, to the public horror and inconvenience, down to the blind man with his dog, who wishes to stand near a church or on a bridge, with an appealing manuscript on his chest. All these people require licenses; all of them must be inscribed on the prefectoral books, with name, age, residence, and antecedents in full; and all of them have come supplied with a very sheaf of certificates to attest that they are honest folk. You might drop your handkerchief or your watch without fear among them; even the aspirant *chiffonnier* who sits apart from the rest, and patiently waits his turn to the last, with a sullen consciousness of his social inferiority, would restore your property to you, asking no reward unless you chose to give it to him. "Now, then," shouts the detective, when Bijou is left alone, the very last of all; and Bijou gets up, fumbles underneath his blouse for his "papers," and shambles into the august presence of the clerk who is to interrogate him. And it is no child's play, this inquisition. At a glance the clerk has detected the records of three sentences of imprisonment on Bijou's papers. "Yes," pleads Bijou humbly; "but they are all three for assaults when drunk, not for theft." "And it is because of your drinking habits that you are reduced to becoming a ragman," suggests the clerk; and to this Bijou responds doggedly, "that one must live somehow." If the clerk were facetious, he might answer like Talleyrand, that he saw no necessity for it; but he confines himself to a searching inquiry as to what Bijou did during all the time that the Commune lasted; for it is evident that if any man, having served under the Commune, were allowed to earn his bread honestly as a ragman, the salutary principles of order would be undermined. Bijou, however, succeeds in proving that he held no terms with the Commune. He was a mechanic once; drink ruined him; if he is not authorized to become a ragman now, he must smash somebody in order to be sent to prison again. The clerk, partly unbending, dismisses him with the assurance that the matter will be inquired into; which means, that after Bijou's antecedents have been closely verified, and after he has spent four or five more mornings cooling his heels in the waiting-room of the Prefecture, he will be inscribed on the list of those who are waiting for ragmanship vacancies. This means, again, that, before Bijou receives his patent of appointment, some three months or more must elapse; for the *chiffonniers* are a close corporation, numbering in all, men and women, no more than four hundred and fifty souls. These, then, are the preliminaries through which Bijou has had to wade before being licensed to fish for valuables in dust-heaps. At first the *chiffonniers* were a disconnected body, plying each man his vocation for his own sole behoof; but in time this system was found to be unproductive, and so the *chiffonniers* organized themselves into a community, like those of the mendicant monks in former days, or the Greek brigands in ours. In every quarter of Paris — and there are eighty quarters — exists a dépôt whither the *chiffonniers* carry, after sorting them, all the good things they have been able to find in the evening, — bits of old iron, brass, rags, cloth cuttings, old pomatum pots, gloves, battered hats, shoes, bones, &c.; and the district dépôts in their turn forward all these treasures to a central dépôt, where their

value is appraised, and the sum divided equally among the members of the brotherhood. Of course there are things which the ragman is allowed to keep for his own private use; of such are cabbage stumps, carrot shavings, and other vegetable refuse, of which, one is sorry to say, he makes soup; but, taking account of these deductions, the average earnings of a *chiffonnier* still range from 2f. 50c. to 3f. a day. This seems a large sum for casual gleanings off waifs; but Parisians, living in flats, and being always at a loss for room, throw out into the streets a multitude of things which if space were less confined might be stored up for years as lumber. This is especially the case in the middle-class quarters. In the wealthy districts the servants take charge of all rejected odds and ends, and sell them for their own profit; besides, there is a dust-bin in rich houses, and the emptying of this dust-bin lies out of the province of the *chiffonnier*, being the dust contractor's business. Again, in the very poor streets the tenants throw nothing out but ashes, and even these are sifted so fine that not a cinder can be got out of them: it is a godsend when, probing with his crook to the lowest depths of a pauper's heap, the ragman manages to extract from it something salable that has been thrown away by mistake. In the middle-class houses, however, there is no dust-bin, and the occupants are often ignorant of the value of waifs; or, knowing it, cannot be troubled, or think it *infra dig.* to turn their knowledge to account; and it is in front of these houses that the *chiffonnier* finds the whole pound-weight of lead or tin at a time, brass casters, rabbit-skins, the plucking of a whole goose, broken umbrellas, dead parrots with all their feathers, and articles of clothing with months, nay, years, of possible wear still left in them. The *chiffonnier* has three streets in Paris which he prefers to all others for his residence, — the Rues Mouffetard, Filles-Dieu, and Sainte Marguerite; three hideous streets which might pass for relics of the mediæval Cour des Miracles of cut-purse memory. But the ragman feels at home here; he is with other ragmen; has his special cafés and eating-houses, knows his neighbors and is known of them, and can be tipsy or sober, as he pleases, without fear of scandalizing the quarter. It is not often that the ragmen come to arguments or blows among themselves; but sometimes the *chiffonnières* do, and then the battles are apt to be exciting. A *chiffonnière* generally plies her crook by hereditary tenure. Her father was a ragman; she was brought up among the rag-folk; and she becomes a rag-girl, a rag-woman, and finally, — if Heaven spare her, — a rag-hag, by the natural sequence of events. This accounts for the young and sometimes pretty *chiffonnières* one may meet in the streets; also for the battles above mentioned, which have generally some too seductive *chiffonnier* for their cause. But let it be said, to the honor of the *chiffonnières*, that their morals are habitually good. They contrast favorably and proverbially in this respect with some of their "betters" in Parisian womandom.

Now and then a *chiffonnier* will disappear from his beat. Whither? If you follow up the man, — not by his name, which most often the Prefecture alone knows, but by his *sobriquet* of Bijou, Bibi, or whatever it may be, — you will generally learn one of two things: either that Bijou vanished "mysteriously and has not been heard of since," which, being translated, means that Bijou whilst out on his rounds must have found a trinket or a pocket-book which proved too much for his honesty, or Bijou is dead. The former of these contingencies is not of frequent occurrence; but there is more than one instance of it on record: and what becomes of the *chiffonnier* who has found a fortune is a question that must remain as puzzling to solve as that other query, What becomes of the things which Bijou picks up, puts in his basket, and sells? Usually, however, the disappearance of Bijou is the indication of his death. The profession is not one that induces longevity. Out at night in all weathers, perpetually stooping, inhaling noxious vapors as a matter of habit and necessity, the *chiffonnier's* average span of rag-picking does not exceed five years. After that he declines into asthma. On an afternoon one may occasionally see the commonest and basest of hearses threading its way up the long Rue de la Roquette to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, followed by a shaggy crew of tattered mourners. This is Bijou or Bibi, being escorted to his last bed by his fellow-ragmen. French ragmen do not fail in these pious observances; and perhaps, as you stand and watch the curious procession filing by, the official at the cemetery gates will whisper to you, "Monsieur would be surprised if I were to tell him the real name and history of the man being buried there. They will put nothing more than an initial on his tomb; but, if the man had been told when young that this is how he would go to his grave, he would have laughed outright. Life has singular ups and downs."

PLAYING UPON NAMES.

PUNNING, says a hater of word-twisting, punning is execrable enough, but to pun upon names is worse still. Execrable or no, great wits have not thought it beneath them. Shakspeare, who dearly loved a pun, frequently indulges himself in playing upon a name. Methodically mad Petruchio calls his termagant lady his —

> "Super dainty Kate;
> For dainties are all cates:"

and furthermore declares: —

> "I am he, am born to tame you, Kate,
> And bring you from a wild-cat to a Kate,
> Conformable, as other household Kates."

Falstaff is ever playing upon his swaggering Ancient's name, telling him he will double charge him with dignities, charge him with sack, or dismissing him with, "No more, Pistol: I would not have you go off here; discharge yourself of our company, Pistol." When Bardolph announces that Master Brook has sent the knight a morning draught, Sir John exclaims, "Call him in: such Brooks are welcome to me, that overflow such liquor!" And after his misadventure at Datchet Mead he says, "Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford!' So, examining his pressed men, the fat rogue tells Mouldy it is the more time he was used; Shadow, that he is likely to make a cold soldier, but will serve for summer; Wart, that he is a ragged wart; and finishes by crying, "Prick me Bullcalf till he roar again!" But, like other jokers, honest Jack did not enjoy such humor when he was the butt; for it angered him to the heart when Prince Hal, setting a dish of apple-johns on the table, took off his hat, saying, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights!" When Jack Cade harangues his followers with "We, Jack Cade, so termed of our supposed father," Dick, the butcher, puts in the words, "Rather of stealing a cade of herrings;" and upon his leader's asserting his wife was a descendant of the Laceys, interpolates, "She was, indeed, a peddler's daughter, and sold many laces."

Sometimes our great dramatist plays upon a name in most sober sadness, making Northumberland receive the fatal news from Shrewsbury field with the inquiry, —

> "Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
> Of Hotspur, cold-spur?"

and the dying old soldier, John o' Gaunt, plays nicely with his name, to the wonderment of his unworthy nephew, as he gasps out, —

> "Old Gaunt, indeed; and Gaunt in being old;
> Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
> And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
> For sleeping England long time have I watch'd:
> Watching breeds leanness; leanness is all gaunt.
> The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
> Is my strict fast, — I mean my children's looks;
> And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt.
> Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
> Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones."

In his Sonnets, we find Shakspeare twisting his own name about to soften the heart of an obdurate fair one:—

"Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will;
And Will to boot, and Will in overplus.
. . . . .
If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will,
And Will, thy soul knows, is admitted there.
Thus far you love, my love-suit, love, fulfil.
Will Will fulfil the treasure of thy love?
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
. . . . .
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me — for my name is Will."

Whether certain lines inscribed to Ann Hathaway were written by her famous husband, in his courting days, or not, they afford too excellent a specimen of the art of rhythmical punning on names to be passed over. In its way, the following stanza stands unsurpassed:—

"When Envy's breath and rancorous tooth
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray,
To soothe the heart Ann hath a way.
She hath a way to chase despair,
To heal all grief, to cure all care,
Turn foulest night to fairest day,
Thou know'st, good heart, Ann hath a way;
She hath a way,
Ann Hathaway,
To make grief bliss, Ann hath a way."

As modern burlesque writers hold themselves licensed to distort words out of all recognition in order to produce what they call a pun, so, when complimentary playing upon names was in vogue, literary flatterers allowed themselves strange liberties. Capgrave, the chronicler, did not hesitate at antedating the death of Henry V. to make it fall upon the feast of St. Felix, as most appropriate to a person who was felicitous in all things. Nicholls, the writer of a poem entitled "Virtue's Encomium," puzzled how to deal with Sir Robert Wroth's name, got over the difficulty in this ingenious fashion:—

"Worth's chief is dead, since worthy he is gone,
Who of that name most worthy was alone.
Ye poor and hungry all, his grave go find,
That holds the body of so pure a mind.
There sit ye down and sigh for bounty dead;
Bounty, with that brave knight, to heaven is fled;
Where, since he came, Heaven, as it doth appear,
Wanting a star to place by bounteous Clare,
In Wroth did set the o before the r,
And made it Worth, which since is made a star."

Love is a much better versifier than expectant gratitude. An admirer of a pretty girl named Rain thus gave expression to his feelings:—

"Whilst shivering beaux at weather rail,
Of frost and snow, and wind and hail,
And heat and cold complain,
My steadier mind is always bent
On one sole object of content, —
I ever wish for Rain!
Hymen, thy votary's prayer attend,
His anxious hope and suit befriend,
Let him not ask in vain;
His thirsty soul, his parched estate,
His glowing breast commiserate, —
In pity give him Rain!"

Equally happy are the lines on a young lady named Careless:—

"Oh, how I could love thee, thou dear Careless thing!
(Oh, happy, thrice happy! I'd envy no king.)
Were you Careful for once to return me my love,
I'd care not how Careless to others you prove.
I then should be Careless how Careless you were;
And the more Careless you, still the less I should care."

When Mrs. Little earned the Queen's guineas, and a friend remarked, "Every little helps!" the reminder was doubtless consoling to the happy father, who otherwise might have thought three times a little rather too much of a good thing. Brougham perpetrated a fair joke in accounting for Campbell's absence from his accustomed place in court, by telling Judge Abbott the missing barrister was suffering from an attack of scarlet-fever, when he was really doing the honeymoon with his bride, *née* Scarlett. Still better was Bishop Philpott's defence of Lord Courtney's marriage with Miss Clack, upon a lady objecting to the bride's want of family: "Want of family? Why, the Courtneys may date from the Conquest, but the Clacks are as old as Eve." When a middle-aged coquette settled down in wedlock with a Mr. Wake, Miss Austen wrote:—

"Maria, good-humored and handsome and tall,
For a husband was at her last stake;
And having in vain danced at many a ball,
Is now happy to jump at a Wake."

Miss Holmes, the lady president of an American total abstinence society, gave her hand to a Mr. Andrew Horn, thereby provoking the marriage lines:—

"Fair Julia lived a temperance maid,
And preached its beauties night and morn;
But still her wicked neighbors said,
"She broke the pledge, and took A. Horn."

When a Miss Snowdon became Mrs. White, a rhyming punster wrote of her as a lady,—

"Who always was Snowdon by night and by day,
Yet never turned white, did not even look gray;
But Hymen has touched her, and, wonderful sight,
Though no longer Snowdon, she always is White."

This is pretty fair, but not so smart as the lines commemorating the union of Mr. Job Wall and Miss Mary Best:—

"Job, wanting a partner, thought he'd be blest,
If, of all womankind, he selected the Best;
For, said he, of all evils that compass the globe,
A bad wife would most try the patience of Job.
The Best, then, he chose, and made bone of his bone;
Though 'twas clear to his friends she'd be Best left alone;
For, though Best of her sex, she's the weakest of all,
If 'tis true that the weakest must go the Wall."

Matrimonial cases apart, your punster rarely has an opportunity of playing upon two names at the same time. In the student days of Campbell the poet, he had such a chance given him, and could not resist the temptation. In the Trongate, Glasgow, Drum, a spirit-dealer, and Fife, an apothecary, were next-door neighbors, the latter displaying over his window the inscription, "Ears pierced by A. Fife." One night, Campbell and a couple of chums fixed a long fir board from the window of one shop to that of the other, bearing in flaming capitals the Shakspearian line, "The spirit-stirring Drum, the ear-piercing Fife." A conjunction of names may be disagreeably suggestive: the proprietor of an Illinois newspaper felt obliged to decline an otherwise desirable partnership proposal, from the impossibility of arranging the names satisfactorily, since the title of the firm must read either Steel and Doolittle, or Doolittle and Steel; so he wrote: "We can't join: one party would soon be in the workhouse, and the other in the penitentiary." When Manners, Earl of Rutland, said to Sir Thomas More, "Honores mutant Mores," the chancellor retorted, "It stands better in English, — Honors change Manners." The same names were brought together rather cleverly, when Archbishop More was succeeded by Dr. Manners Sutton, in some lines complimentary to both dignitaries:—

"What say you? The archbishop's dead?
A loss indeed. Oh, on his head,
May Heaven its blessings pour!
But if, with such a heart and mind,
In Manners we his equal find,
Why should we wish for More?"

Epitaph writers have so often punned, sadly or saucily, upon the dead, that the selection of a few examples is a puzzling matter. An epitaph in Waltham Abbey informs us that Sir James Fullerton, sometime first gentleman of the bedchamber to King Charles I., "died Fuller of faith than of fears, Fuller of resolutions than of pains, Fuller of honor than of days." The connubial virtues of Daniel Tears are recorded in the couplet:—

"Though strange, yet true, full seventy years,
Was his wife happy in her Tears."

Much more dubious in expression are the last lines of the inscription to the memory of Dean Cole of Lincoln:—

"When the latter trump of Heaven shall blow,
Cole, now raked up in ashes, then shall glow."

Of jocular performances of this kind, two odd specimens will suffice:—

"Here lies Thomas Huddlestone. Reader, don't smile,
But reflect, as this tombstone you view,
That Death, who killed him, in a very short while
Will huddle a stone upon you!"

And this upon an organist:—

"Here lies one, blown out of breath,
Who lived a merry life, and died a Merideth."

Vicar Chest turned the bones of Martin, the regicide, out of the chancel of Chepstow Church; an act the vicar's son-in-law resented by inditing the following epitaph for him when he required one:—

"Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One Chest within another;
The chest of wood was very good
Who says so of the other?"

Gen. Worsley, the officer to whose charge "that bauble" was given by Cromwell, was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel with great ceremony. The next morning the stone above his grave bore the words, "Where never Worse Lay,"—words written upon it by the dead man's own brother-in-law, Roger Kenyon, member for Clitheroe, who had returned to the abbey after the funeral party (of which he was one) departed, that he might vent his hatred of the Protector by abusing his favorite officer. Party feeling is apt to find savage expression, even in our own times; when Gov. Grey and the colonists of the Cape took different views on the convict question, the following lines appeared:—

"Mankind have long disputed at the Cape,
About the Devil's color and his shape.
The Hottentots declared that he was white;
The Dutchman swore that he was black as night.
But now all sink their difference, and say,
They feel quite certain that the Devil's—Grey."

A comical instance of a man playing upon his own name sprang out of absent-mindedness. Sir Thomas Strange, calling at a friend's house, was desired to leave his name. "Why," said he, "to tell the truth, I have forgotten it!" "That's strange, sir," exclaimed the servant. "So it is, my man: you've hit it," replied the judge, as he walked away, leaving the servant as ignorant as before.

Swift's friend, Dr. Ash, would have relished Strange's joke infinitely. Soon after the passing of an act for the protection of growing timber, the doctor, turning into an inn for shelter, asked the waiter to help him off with his coat: the man refused on the plea that it was felony to strip an Ash,—an answer so much to the doctor's taste, that he declared he would have given fifty pounds to have made the pun himself.

A gentleman who had never been known to make a pun in his life achieved one under very peculiar circumstances. Capt. Creed and Maj. Pack were fighting a double duel with Mr. Mathews and Mr. Macnamara. The first-named falling before his opponent's sword, Pack exclaimed, "What! have you gone, poor Creed?" "Yes," cried Mathews "and you shall quickly Pack after him," and with the words he brought the major to the ground by a thrust through the body.

In justice to our readers, we must not trifle longer with their patience; but we cannot resist quoting the lines with which a poetess added grace to her contribution to the fund raised for the widow of Hood:—

"To cheer the widow's heart in her distress,
To make provision for the fatherless,
Is but a Christian's duty; and none should
Resist the heart-appeal of Widow—Hood!"

a quatrain worthy of the great poet-punster himself.

THE GRAVE OF EVE.

"No getting to Mecca, then?" said I despondingly.

"O' course not," answered the captain, with an air of fatherly contempt. "You must be precious weak (if you'll hexcuse o' my sayin so) ever to ha' thought on't at all. If I'd known as that was your little game, I could ha' told you long ago as how as 'twas impossible."

We were standing, together with our Arab pilot, on a "crow's-nest"* at the foremast-head, straining our eyes toward the spot where, far away on the eastern horizon, a long line of brilliant white marked the whereabouts of the coral reefs which fence the harbor of Djeddah, the port which is to Mecca what Yambo is to Medina, or Jaffa to Jerusalem.

"Master," strikes in the pilot, showing all his magnificent teeth in a broad, derisive grin, "suppose you try go Mecca, you no come back again. Look see! tree month ago, come here one Austriacoman—clever man—veree good, Arab make talk; he put on clothes like Arabs man, and go dere. Well, what den? De four day he dere, Arabs men spy out dat he Christian, and den"—a quick, slanting stroke of his right hand sufficiently completed the sentence.

"Um!" said I; "that's rather a sell too. But what *can* one see here, then? for it won't do to get within forty miles of the Prophet's tomb and see nothing after all."

"Hark you, master," answers Ibrahim, "you say *tomb*—dat is just it! Outside de town here you go see de tomb of Eve, she dat was wife to Adam, you know—veree fine place—all Inglis howadjis go dere. Suppose you make pay ten piastre, I go show you all ting."

"What d'ye think of that, captain? I vote we take Father Abraham's advice."

"See about that when we get ashore," answers the practical skipper: "there's lots to be done afore then. Starboard, my lad there; starboard!"

"Starboard it is!"

For the next hour Ibrahim and the captain have to do all they know in keeping clear of the reefs, which show their long white fangs on every side through the green shallow water; while, moment by moment, the glittering line ahead of us defines itself more and more clearly, and behind it begins to appear a broad band of gray, broken midway by what seems at first sight a great heap of white rocks. But as we approach, the formless mass shapes itself into flat-roofed houses, and loop-holed walls, and rounded domes, and tapering minarets, and all the barbaric picturesqueness of an Eastern town. The harbor is crowded with vessels under every flag, from the Yankee stars and stripes to the white elephant of Siam; and the broad quays are heaped with bales, chests, and barrels, among which the swarming Arabs who are loading and unloading look like an army of ants.

"Trifle better than Koomfidah, ain't it?" says the skipper approvingly.

We glide into the harbor, and anchor between two of the outermost vessels, having slipped dexterously through the gnashing jaws of the encircling reefs. That done, we lower our boat, and zigzag for nearly an hour amid a net-

*The "crow's-nest" is simply a plank slung upon two ropes, like an ordinary swing.

work of shoals, banks, and coral patches. At length (not without several collisions and a good deal of Homeric dialogue) we land in front of the custom-house, and are met by the resident shipping-agent, a dapper little Austrian Jew, who, as soon as the necessary formalities are gone through, hospitably insists upon dragging us off to "tiffin" at his town-house; adding, as a further inducement, that he will himself furnish us with a guide to all the "Merkwurdigkeiten," the famous tomb of Eve included.

There is no need to ask in what country we are landing. Had we been let fall from the clouds, like Gulliver or Bedreddin Hassan, the files of camels that go by with their long, noiseless stride; the lean, dark, sinewy figures in cotton waistcloths that throng the gateway; the quivering haze of intense heat which hovers along the horizon, and the wide, desolate, cruel waste of sand that lies below, would all announce Arabia, in language that no one can mistake. We are upon enchanted ground, and with every step into the city the impression waxes stronger and stronger. The low, massive rampart, standing up white and bare in the blistering sunshine; the tall, dungeon-like, narrow-eyed houses, looking stealthily down at us like lurking assassins; the dark, narrow streets, from the depth of which we can just see the sky far above us, like a little ribbon of burning light, are all genuinely Oriental. And as we turn a corner, and plunge into the labyrinth of the many-gated bazar, filled with a rich summer gloom of shaded sunlight, and echoing like a menagerie with the howls of conflict between buyers and sellers, the illusion is complete.

All the shadowy people whom we dreamed of by the nursery fire, years ago, surround us here as living and breathing realities. There are the portly merchant in his flowing robes, and the gaunt, savage-looking beggar, and the bare-legged porter, waddling beneath his high-piled load; the veiled woman in her long blue mantle, with her little brown "piccaninny" hanging at her back like a wallet; the brawny water-carrier, stripped to the waist, with his black, greasy skin of water poised on his broad shoulders; and the copper-skinned dervish in his coarse camel's-hair cloak, who stalks past us, rolling his eyes and whirling his clenched fists, like a pugilistic saint of the desert. Here sits Aladdin at the door of his father's shop, as he may have sat on the memorable evening when the African magician invited him to that expedition of which we all know the result. There trudges Ali Baba behind his laden donkey, with a shade of uneasiness upon his weather-beaten face, as if doubting whether he may not have forgotten the cabalistic "open sesame," or wondering whether that brute Cassim will ferret out the secret of his newly-acquired wealth. This richly-dressed lady in yellow slippers, veiled so closely as to leave nothing visible except her brilliant eyes, must be the "incomparable Princess Badroulbadour" on her way to the bath, happily unconscious of the prying gaze furtively directed at her by the audacious owner of the Wonderful Lamp. And yonder, in their usual disguise of Moussul merchants, go "the good Haroun Alraschid" and his vizier Giafar.

But after a time our enjoyment of this splendid diorama begins to be somewhat marred by the obtrusive attentions of the "stinging flies," and the determined hostility of the dogs; for in this stronghold of Islamism even the dogs are as good Mohammedans as their masters, and fly at every Giaour with a heartiness of religious feeling which would entitle them to a high place in the Church of England. What with these annoyances, and what with the heat and dust, we are not altogether sorry when our host, having piloted us through all the intricacies of the town, turns suddenly out of the blinding glare into a cool, shady court, as thoroughly sheltered from the sun as four stories of good masonry can do it. The walls are hung with maps, charts, sailing advertisements, and all the paraphernalia of a shipping office; while in the centre appear a sofa, several chairs, and a writing-table, beside which stand expectant two white-bearded elders (the most venerable-looking patriarchs and most unconscionable rogues in the town), who have come hither in the fruitless hope of cheating our host out of a few piastres. As the usual skirmishing begins (necessarily sharp between Jew and Arab) the skipper and I seat ourselves on the sofa, throw off our coats, and "take it easy" till the trial of fence is over.

"Now, gentlemen," cries M. R—— at length, jumping up as the two "grave and reverend seigniors" shuffle out of the court, "that's done at last, thank Heaven; so come along to tiffin."

I will not tantalize my reader with the recital of the countless native dainties which formed our afternoon meal, spread in a large, lofty upper room with painted walls, from the deep lancet-like windows of which we have a noble view of the harbor. Suffice it to say, that our repast is as agreeable as good taste and frank hospitality can make it. Our honest skipper, it is true, is at first just a little shy about entering Madame R——'s presence in his "sea-going rig;" and indeed, both he and I, fresh from roughing it down in Yemen, with our garments tattered and travel-stained, our faces burned to the color of chestnuts, and our beards five inches long, are rather strange-looking ornaments for any lady's drawing-room; but the cordiality of our charming hostess speedily removes all embarrassment. The table-talk would be a treat for Prof. Max Muller, carried on as it is in six languages at once,—English, French, German, Italian, Turkish, and Arabic; but we are very merry, nevertheless, for Europeans always amalgamate readily amid an alien population, and, at a distance of four thousand miles from home, even an Englishman can afford to be tolerably affable without wholly losing his self-respect.

And oh, what a treat it is to be for once fairly out of the beaten track of modern travel! No "new and interesting routes," no "monster excursions," no photographs, no Bradshaws, no "antics" (as our skipper styles the relics of the past), not a trace, in fact, of that noble army of martyrs who yearly take their six weeks of discomfort on the Continent, and carry out the prescription of "complete change of scene" by taking England with them wherever they go. I am just beginning to wonder whether old Jean Jacques was not right, after all, in his theory of "man's normal condition of happy barbarism," when my reflections are suddenly cut short by the stentorian voice of the captain.

"Mr. K——, if you're a-goin' to look at that 'ere tomb o' Mother Eve's we'd best be stirrin'; and here's a darkey all ready to pilot us."

The "darkey" in question—a tall, gaunt, cunning-looking Arab—appears at the door; and, taking leave of our entertainers, we march off toward the eastern gate. After about ten minutes' silence, the skipper, who had evidently got something on his mind, suddenly breaks forth:—

"I say, how did Eve come for to run into *this* port? The Garden of Eden warn't in these parts, was it? Seems to me she must ha' got a goodish bit out o' her course."

"So did all the rest of the family, to judge by appearances," answered I. "I have seen the tomb of Cain at Damascus; I've seen the tomb of Adam at Jerusalem; and now here's the tomb of Eve near Mecca,—rather a divided household, upon my word! If we could only light upon the tomb of Abel, now, that would just make up the lot."

"Master," strikes in our guide, 'you not know why Adam and Eve no togedder? Why, 'cause dey husband and wife; de furder husband and wife apart de better!"

In the midst of an uproarious laugh from the skipper over this genuinely Asiatic solution, we pass through the gateway, and find ourselves on the verge of a vast sandy plain, along the horizon of which looms a shadowy range of low hills, wave after wave. Immediately in front of us, with their long necks outstretched upon the earth in lazy enjoyment, lie thirty or forty camels, awaiting the departure of a caravan for Mecca; while a few hundred yards to the left, within a low white wall, appears a little stone chapel (the headstone of Eve's sepulchre), whither our guide bends his steps, giving us *en route* a few necessary instructions.

"Here come much plenty beggars, ask for 'bucksheesh;' you give two, tree piastre, dat 'nuff. Den come moollah, he show you all tomb; he say put down money here, put down money dere; you give him one medjidieh,* dat 'nuff; for all dem moollah—big rogue!"

* The Turkish dollar, worth nearly four shillings.

And the worthy Palinurus, himself one of the most accomplished rogues in the province, lifts his head with an air of conscious honesty, which is as good as a play to behold.

His prediction is speedily verified; for as we reach the boundary-wall of the tomb the beggars pounce upon us *en masse*, — a swarm of lean, naked, filthy monsters, reeking with dirt and vermin, deformed by ophthalmia, and rotting piecemeal with disease — the *reductio ad absurdum* of the Oriental race, which at its worst is very bad indeed. Following these comes the moollah, a villanous-looking old rascal, whose brown, shrivelled figure, swathed in its white *burnouse*, looks (as the skipper remarks with a grin) "just like a cigar wrapped in paper." This worthy, with a laudable anxiety to secure all the booty to himself, vigorously drives away the minor marauders, and, leading us up to the little chapel above-mentioned, says solemnly in Arabic, "There is the head!"

"He mean de head of Eve — dere it lie!" explains Palinurus.

"And dere *he* lie too," whispered I to the captain, who grins assentingly.

The moollah hints that it is customary to deposit an offering here; but we, mindful of our instruction, reserve the right of payment, and pass on, — an omission at which the reverend gentleman looks considerably chapfallen. From this point we have a view of the entire structure, which consists merely of two parallel lines of low white wall, about six feet apart, with a stone chapel at either end, and one in the middle, — the whole affair looking very like the model of a railroad with disproportionately large stations. The total length of the tomb, as I measured it by paces, is three hundred and sixty feet. Truly, there *were* giants in those days!

Arrived at the second chapel, the moollah unlocks a door, revealing a kind of bureau, curiously carved and embossed, which, being opened, discloses a small silver casket. "See," he says impressively, "there is the heart!" I lay my medjidieh on the casket, in obedience to a cabalistic sign from Palinurus; and the captain, remarking *sotto voce* that "it's a precious small heart for a young 'ooman o' that height," follows my example. Thence we proceed to the third chapel, where the show ends, and a furious dispute begins between Palinurus and the moollah as to the propriety of further payment. The skipper and I at length settle the matter by walking off; whereupon his reverence, seeing that his share in the spoil is at an end, lets loose the expectant swarm of beggars, who follow us with howls and entreaties almost to the gate of the town.

At the gate, however, we halt, as if by mutual agreement, to take one last look at the surrounding panorama. The sun is setting, and the stillness of a great calm lies upon earth and sea and sky. Far away to the left, the smooth expanse of the harbor, with its glittering fringe of coral reefs, reflects the glory of the sunset; behind, the white ramparts and tall minarets of the town rise against the crimson sky; while in front, breaking with its windings the endless monotony of the surrounding desert, the caravan road melts away in curve after curve to the purple hills, beyond which lies the spot whither a hundred millions of men daily turn their faces in prayer, — the holy city of Mecca.

"Well," observes the skipper, folding his arms complacently, "we *have* seen summut, after all!"

And so, indeed, we had.

MY NAME.

I. — WHAT I DID WITH MY NAME.

It is the greatest mistake in the world to suppose there is nothing in a name, or even not much: I have found by experience that there is a very great deal in mine. It is beyond my comprehension how my parents, knowing that — through them — I should be stigmatized all my life by the surname of Ogg, could have the premeditated ferocity to add thereto "Neremiah Bottletop." The only apology they have been able to offer me in later years is, that this preposterous name originated in the person of my godfather, an eccentric old bachelor of good fortune. But even to be called Neremiah Bottletop, with the pleasant consciousness that thereby I had earned a place in my godfather's affections and will, was denied me. We lived in the Eastern Riding of Yorkshire, and Mr. Bottletop near the town of Chester; and I arrived at the mature age of twenty-five without having had the pleasure of even making his acquaintance.

In my childish days at home the misfortune of my name had never told severely on my youthful spirits: among my sisters and brother I went by the undignified but obvious abbreviation of "Nerry;" and not until I went to school, at the age of nine, did it really dawn upon me that my name was a terrible thing. I will engage that no merely human boy at school and college ever possessed such a collection of objectionable nicknames as were founded upon my unlucky cognomen. I believe the name Neremiah is *not* a Scriptural one, — at least, I have never met with my namesake in the Bible; but, heedless of this, I was called Obadiah, Jeremiah, Isaiah, Lamentation, Job, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; the prophet, the seer, the patriarch; Moses, Mo, Gog and Magog; Boggy, Bottle, Jugs, Pots, Tops; the King of Bashan, Sihon the Amorite, the Moabite, the Hivite, the Hittite, and all the rest of the nations against which the children of Israel carried on war, — in fact, a longer string than I can now remember; but I know that I hardly ever meet an old school friend who does not address me by some title coined at my expense from his own exuberant fancy.

Still, as I fortunately possessed a tolerably good temper and the light heart of my age, these small annoyances became harmless through their frequency, and I went through life with youth's careless serenity until — I fell in love.

My father was a man of pretty good fortune, and M. P. for our little town of Newborough; but, as I possess an elder brother and eight sisters, I was very reasonably expected to earn some bread of my own. But, most unfortunately, I had no talents and less ambition, and felt an unaccountable dislike to every course of life which was pointed out to me. The position I should have preferred, and probably adorned, was that of a country squire, with a big house and garden and half a dozen hunters; but these good things are seldom attained — except by accident — when a man is at an age to appreciate their blessings. I had put off my decision until I was too old for the army or navy; I had an unmistakable distaste to the learned professions; I had no turn for art, literature, or science; and I was not clever or business-like enough for a mercantile career. It was at this unsettled period of my life that I took upon me to fall in love.

The name of my enslaver was Miss Geraldine Montague; and if any thing was calculated to strike terror into the boldest heart, it was the question which haunted me, — not, Does she love me? Will she be mine? or even, How shall I support her if she will? but, — How can I ask her to change *that* name for Mrs. Neremiah Bottletop Ogg?

A horror came over me for my name, upon which I now look back as a man recovered from illness thinks over his ravings. I could not avoid the dreadful necessity of knowing that she thought of me (when she did) by the name of Mr. Ogg, as I had been introduced to her before my mind gave way, or I feel convinced I should have added a syllable or two to my surname, and perhaps brought it out Ogglethorpe or Ogilvy, as I subsequently committed absurdities quite as great.

I met Miss Montague and her mother at a friend's house in London, my own relations being safely at home in the wilds of Yorkshire, except my brother, who was with his regiment in India. After three days' acquaintance, I had seen a great deal of the Montagues, having systematically dogged their footsteps in a manner only possible in a big city. I caught at faint clews as to where they would spend the afternoon or pass the evening, and invariably contrived

to turn up, greatly, of course, to our mutual surprise. At the end of a week, I began to think the mamma was graciously disposed to me. After a fortnight, I began to hope the daughter smiled upon me. I became so convinced about this latter and extremely important part of the proceeding, that one evening, at the opera (when her mamma had dutifully gone to sleep), I went to the desperate lengths of calling her "my angel Geraldine," and of adding a good deal more to the same effect, unrebuked.

At this time I had known them about a month; and I was goaded into strong measures by the knowledge that they were about to leave town, perhaps going home to Lincolnshire, the following week. I can say now, after the lapse of years, that Geraldine was pretty and charming; but at that time she appeared to my dazzled vision every thing that was beautiful, graceful, and perfect, and worth every sacrifice and exertion a man could make to win her. Not that, in a pecuniary sense, I was called upon to absolutely sacrifice any thing particular. When I found things were really serious, and matrimony becoming imminent, I wrote to consult my father. For reasons of my own, much too absurd to state to him, I did not tell him the young lady's name (any English person of ordinary geographical attainments will know that Lincolnshire and Yorkshire are adjoining counties: my father might go to make a morning call on Mrs. Montague next week, and say how fortunate he considered his son "Nerry" to have been — possibly Neremiah!); but I told him that I knew on the best authority (I had it from Geraldine herself) that she would have three hundred pounds a year of her own when she came of age, and she was now twenty. Now, my father allowed me three hundred pounds a year; and I thought, if it were possible that I could get some kind of employment, that, with her little fortune too, we might manage very well. My father wrote to me very kindly, noticing that I had "forgotten" to name the lady, — but saying that he would be very glad if I were happily settled in life, and that he would do his best to assist me.

I must say I thought matters looked very bright for me on this night in question; when I had received all the encouragement I could wish from the lovely Geraldine in the crush-room, she whispered when I had put her dear mamma into the carriage, "Write to me to-morrow: that will be the best way, and then I can ask my mamma about it. We shall be at my uncle's at Chatham all to-morrow." I spent a very restless night. My happiness was certain and decided, but the vision of that letter haunted me. It would have to be written early in the morning, as I must send it by hand in time to catch them before they started for Chatham; and that hour, above all other periods, the mental faculties are at their lowest ebb. I ought to say, it was not the letter — that was easy enough: it was *my name* which distracted me. I had successfully kept from Geraldine a knowledge of even my initials, and now I felt the subterfuge of initials would not avail me. Yet a thought — I imagined it then a bright one — flashed across me, not entirely for the first time: I had previously had slight aberrations of reason on this point before. I would sign myself something else; I would throw aside the hateful clog of my name, and assume (many men even change their surnames) quite a new one.

I became infatuated with this idea; and truly, when, after careful reflection and a tub, I came to write it, I found it next to impossible to finish off a rhapsody of a letter with the words, "Knowing how I adore her, can my Geraldine bestow one word of hope, of life, of *love*, on her ever-devoted," Neremiah Bottletop Ogg? The thing was preposterous!

Much might depend upon this letter: it might even be shown to the maternal power. Why — oh! why — ye cruel parents! did ye not name me Reginald — Alfred — Henry? Any thing but this terrible name, which seemed to me to grow into a barrier between me and my fondest hopes. Neremiah Bottletop! It was impossible; my pen refused its office. I would adopt another name, — John, or George, — and then tell my friends; but it must be done at once.

Here goes, then. "Ever devoted" — John Ogg? There is a want of euphony even about *that*. John Reginald? George Reginald? Better. Oh, confound it! "In for a penny, in for a pound." If you will believe it, I signed that document "Cecil G. Reginald Ogg;" and if I could have thought she would have known from whom it came, I probably would have substituted for Ogg, Plantagenet.

II. — SOME OF THE CONSEQUENCES OF MY NAME.

My relief and joy at having boldly cast off the incubus which so long had weighed upon me was great, yet in spite of this a felonious consciousness accompanied it. I felt that I ought to have done it with more care and less abruptness.

There ought to have been some advertising in the papers; yet how the deuce could I advertise the very thing which I wished to bury as a profound secret, — the name which might so probably catch *her* eye and revolt her?

No: I had taken a bold, decided, manly step, and I would abide the consequences. The consequences began in a most bitterly unexpected manner, though I could not complain of being kept in suspense unnecessarily long. The day after despatching my letter I received the following reply, — not from Geraldine, but from Mrs. Montague. How high my heart beat with hope as I opened it. Even now I can recall my trembling fingers, though I flattered myself, reasonably enough, that I had no cause to be alarmed as to my reception by my future mamma-in-law: —

"SIR" (at the first word I felt my moral temperature fall at least twenty degrees) — "SIR, — My daughter, Miss Montague, has shown to me a most extraordinary letter addressed by you to her. For what reason you should have written in a manner so unwarrantably presuming is best known to yourself; but, as Miss Montague is too indignant to reply to it, I must tell you, in her name and mine, that we think what has happened is much to be regretted, but that after it we feel compelled to decline the honor of any further acquaintance with you.

"I am, sir, yours, &c.,

"MADELINE DE COURCEY MONTAGUE."

What! — what was this? Was I mad? or was she? or were they? I stared at the paper with melodramatic eyes and exclamations, though I can assure you I never was more in earnest in my life, and very probably said, "R-r-r-r-re—jected!" in a tone which would have brought down any house on the Surrey side of the water. I tore my hair, I gnashed my teeth (figuratively), I raved, I swore; I denounced all the women on earth as impostors, deceivers, snakes, traitresses, artful hussies, and heartless toads. Little, little did it matter by what name I was known to this unfeeling, unfaithful young woman. While I — poor fool! — was willing to even sink my own identity for her sweet sake, she was laughing at me in her sleeve — "leading me on" (had I not read of such dark deeds among beautiful women?) in order to goad some refractory admirer into jealousy, and to lure me to my destruction. Could I not remember, by the hundred sweet glances from those soft blue eyes, — smiles in which the most bashful might read encouragement, — not to mention the occasions when I had come off proudly victorious among a crowd of competitors in a ballroom, or had persuaded her to "throw over" some poor wretch in my favor, or detained her in some conservatory or secluded nook during a dance promised to some other fellow? It was impossible; for my eyes, coming back from their mental meander, fixed themselves on the words of that audacious old Mrs. Montague. The letter was a deliberate insult; but how can a man retaliate when a woman strikes him? She knows so well the strength of her weakness that she verges now and then on cowardice, being careless of the pain she may inflict, where she knows it will be silently borne.

But a sudden hallucination seized me. Could I, by force of the odious habit, have signed the letter by my own name, after all? and could she — could Geraldine have been so repelled by it as to assent to this letter? I eagerly looked at the address on the envelope. Not even this loophole

was afforded me: it was very legibly inscribed to "Cecil G. R. Ogg, Esq.," and even that flash of hope faded.

Need I relate how I couldn't eat my breakfast, how I paced about my room, how I scowled at myself when I met my own eyes in a mirror over the chimney-piece, and flung the morning paper unopened into the fire? What was news to me now? What did I care what became of all the people in London, in England, or the world? Society was a humbug, and consequently the sooner it became extinct the better. Most people of at all an excitable temperament have tasted the joys of this frame of mind, and those of the calmer mood succeeding it. The repentant fit, I think, is the worst, when you consider what an idiot you have been making of yourself: how you have knocked over your claret, and broken your favorite claret-jug; how you have made your hand so unsteady that you cut yourself while shaving; how the paper is in the fire, and you want to look at the approaching "marriages in high life."

A cheroot rather soothed me; and I came to the resolution to haunt the Park in the afternoon, and seal my fate by seeing if Geraldine could cut me.

"Hang the mother!" ran my thoughts, with more force than elegance. "If this is only her work, I'm all right yet."

Accordingly, I got myself up in irreproachable attire that afternoon, and, about the hour when I thought it most likely to meet my whilom friends, betook myself to the Park. I had not been there a quarter of an hour when I caught a glimpse of their well-known turnout coming slowly nearer, close to the rails where I was standing. I felt my heart going like a steam-engine, and I went quite chill and "shivery" with apprehension. The drive was so crowded that the horses moved at a foot-pace, but I stood my ground. Mrs. Montague caught sight of me: I knew it by instinct. Some remark was passed between Geraldine and herself; and, as I raised my eyes defiantly to to see what was to be my fate, Mrs. Montague met them with calm, cold serenity, cutting me dead. Geraldine's face was half averted; and her eyes, wandering quickly among the carriages in front of her, gave me no chance even to read dismissal in the expression of quiet determination, new to me, on her features.

When they had fairly passed me, I drew myself together. "Well, there's one comfort," I thought grimly: "there can't be any mistake about this, you know; and, of course, I shall grow wiser as I grow older."

III. — I CONTEMPLATE BURYING MYSELF AND MY NAME IN THE COUNTRY.

I think my mental system received a severe shock at the time of which I am writing. I know one very curious change came over me. I, who had been the idlest of the idle, suddenly found an idle life insupportable, and my inward man clamored for something whereupon to employ thoughts which were no longer pleasant ones. After much cogitation, I decided upon learning farming. Farming is one of the finest pursuits in the world for a gentleman to lose money at; and, as that was the one thing which I knew by experience I could do better than any other, I thought I was sure to take kindly to it. So, a few weeks after my rebuff (I made no attempt to provoke a second), I decided to go to Cheshire. I told my father about my new plan, — but not yet about the dismal failure of my matrimonial hopes, this being too sore a point to write about, — and he very cheerfully undertook to do what he could for me, evidently beginning to think that perhaps there might be *something* in me after all; and he reminded me that I ought to go and visit my godfather, who lived in the neighborhood of Chester, — the horrible man through whom I had come by my fatal name; for whether by instinct, or merely coincidence, I always associated my vanished hopes with my odious name.

I felt very blighted indeed about this period, having arrived at the properly reckless frame of mind. I smoked and drank much more than was good for me, I neglected my personal appearance, and felt altogether down on my luck.

What a great deal some young ladies have to answer for! Still I kept saying I should be all right when I went to Cheshire and got regularly to work. I went to a certain bookseller in Regent Street, the day before I left town, to invest in some eminent works regarding the relative value of guano and manure on different soils; when I found the footman of the Montagues at my elbow, inquiring for a parcel. This gentleman had every reason to regard me as a desirable friend; and accordingly he grinned, and touched his hat with a full experience of the virtue gratitude, as defined by Dr. Johnson (I think), — a strong sense of benefits to come. I gave him a nod, and returned to my books.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the fellow, unwilling to lose his chance; "not seen you for a long time, sir. Sorry to see you are looking so ill, sir."

"I'm all right, John, thank you," I answered carelessly, keeping my hand sternly out of my pocket. What was Mrs. Montague's footman to me? But he was pertinacious, and spoke again in a subdued voice.

"Beg your pardon, sir; but perhaps you may not have heard that Miss Montague's been very bad. Been took abroad this last month, sir, and we have only just come from Spa."

I felt the color change in my face, but said, "Indeed," with well-sustained implacability.

"I suppose you know we are going into the country, sir," he pursued, having studied my features attentively. "Change o' hair is recommended."

Why attempt to disguise my feelings? This man knew quite as much of my story as I did, and I was wild to hear a few words more.

"Is she better?" I asked, almost in a whisper.

"She's much better since she have come to town, sir," said the villain significantly; "but she don't want to go to the country, and her ma do."

"I see — Can you tell me if they are going anywhere this evening?"

His eyes brightened up: he knew he was sure of his tip now. "A dinner-party, sir, at Lady Dufferkins, at eight."

"Nowhere else?"

"No, sir; not as I heard."

I didn't know Lady Dufferkin, and I did now much wish to see Geraldine. She had not been happy perhaps! She had been ill! A thousand suggestions in my favor arose in my mind at the news, and I longed to settle the question with my own eyes and ears.

"Look here," I said: "are they going home to Lincolnshire soon?"

"No, sir; going on a visit first, I've not heard where, and then to the 'Ighlands."

"Well — all right; good afternoon." My hand found its way to my pocket after all; and I walked out of the shop lost in thought, and utterly forgetful of my guano books. I had a friend called Toppin, who was acquainted with the Dufferkins, — indeed, on intimate terms with them; and I was in a hansom and flying to my friend forthwith. I found, as I had hoped, that he was going to this dinner; and I poured forth to him that the course of my love was not running smooth: he was tolerably sympathetic, and promised to take notes of every thing he could, how she looked, what she said, &c., &c.; and I was to go to breakfast with him the next morning and hear. Nearly all that night I spent in anathematizing my own foolishness: it soon became clear to my mental vision that John had been merely bent upon getting a sovereign out of me; and, after all, what had he told me?

It was even worse in the morning. My perfidious friend had had the felicity of taking Geraldine in to dinner, and had evidently been smitten. He actually told me that she looked in as good health as any one possibly could, made a very good dinner, was very sociable, and "no end of a stunner to look at."

Breakfast! or friendship! no more. I would now throw off entirely this demoralization; and amid the calm pursuits of agriculture I would strive to forget the misery of the

present, the torturing joys of the past, &c., &c., and a good deal more to the same effect.

IV. — I MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE GENTLEMAN FROM WHOM I DERIVED MY NAME.

Another day saw me fairly embarked on my rural occupations. My chief notions of farming were, that it was incumbent on one to rise early, and if your brow could arrive at the condition boasted of by Longfellow's blacksmith you were on the high-road to prosperity and fame. It happens I don't like getting up too early: I am of Charles Lamb's opinion, that it is apt to make one uncomfortable for the rest of the day. But for a whole week I breakfasted with my new instructor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, at eight o'clock.

At the end of the week I went to call on my godpapa, whom I had never yet had the happiness to meet. He had a large handsome house, with very pretty grounds, about three or four miles out of Chester; and he was an odd-looking little man, with a round, solemn face: he was dressed in his invariable costume, a short gray coat and knee-breeches, and yellow leather leggings. Before I had been with him long I found the solemn face could light up and twinkle in a truly surprising manner; and, as we soon got upon sporting topics, I was led off to inspect what he termed "the beasts," i.e., the dogs and horses. I was kept to dinner, and regaled with some wonderful Madeira. Mr. Bottletop was a widower, and had no children; but I had always heard that his property was all to go to a nephew, a Commodore Bottletop, and the old villain had never so much as given me a silver pot. Still, he was inclined to be friendly; for, a couple of days after my call, I received an invitation to go and have "a week or so's shooting" at Cheslyn; and I did not find my studies so engrossing as to make me think it necessary to decline.

"Now," said Mr. Bottletop, as we sat together at dessert on the first evening of this visit, "you can't guess what I've asked you here for?"

He inspected my face in his deliberate, serious manner, to see if he could detect a glimmer of intelligence there; but apparently failing, he added, "I thought not. I'm going to get you married straight off."

"Are you, really?" I returned, any thing but gratified by the nature of my summary execution.

"Now, my dear boy, just tell me this much, and I'll engage for the rest. Have you any thing of the kind on hand at present, or have you not?"

"No," I answered, I'm afraid somewhat savagely. "No: I've *not*."

"All right, then, so far. Now, just listen. I can tell you, you might do a very great deal worse than marry this poor girl."

"Poor girl indeed!" I observed, with some indignation: "a poor man like myself is much better without a poor girl."

"She has a nice little fortune — it's not that, poor thing; and she's so pretty too"—

"What the deuce *is* it?" I was becoming rather annoyed.

"I've heard from her mother to-day — very good family, my boy; related to all sorts of grandees — and she says — here's the letter; I'll read you what she says about it: 'Poor girl! she is, I hope, rather getting over it now, and is looking forward very much to seeing you again so soon. Do, dear Mr. Bottletop, if possible, invite some nice, good-looking young man to stay with you while we are at Cheslyn. I don't mean — *comprenez?* — anybody she will be likely to fall in love with, but just to rather divert her thoughts, and that kind of thing. She is such a favorite of yours, I knew you'd be sorry to hear of this.'"

"But hear of *what?*" I asked with some impatience, as he complacently re-pocketed the letter.

"Oh, about the love affair! She has been crossed in love in some way — it's not very clear to me how; and, let me tell you, there's not such a pretty girl in the county, — tall and straight, and a real *good* girl into the bargain."

"Faith, sir!" I said rather hotly, "I don't quite know what you take me for. I assure you I don't care about picking up love-lorn young women in this style at a day's notice."

Then Mr. Bottletop's queer, grave face gave way, and he laughed very heartily.

"O Lord!" he exclaimed. "It's the funniest thing I ever knew. Come, out with it, you young humbug! I know as well as you do that you are head-over-ears in love. Why don't you say so?"

I stared at him in surprise.

"One gets over these things, you know," I answered, hesitating.

"Oh! if one has got over this, one is in a position to begin again."

"I don't see it."

"Well, you *have* got a story to tell me, eh? I'm a capital hand at keeping secrets."

I would have explained my situation without a moment's hesitation, — reserve and mystery seldom belong to natures like mine; something much more profound and solid is required in those who never tell their love,— but the dickens of it was my confounded *name!* How could I tell *him* the story? But as he again importuned me for it, more urgently than before, I warned him that he would probably be deeply offended with me when he heard it; then, as nearly as can be, I related what I have written down here. He listened gravely as an owl (he was rather like one); but when it came to what I thought the thrilling and heart-rending part of my narrative, viz., Mrs. Montague's astounding letter, he went into a paroxysm of laughter; and, far from being offended, he shook my hand most affectionately, and said that for the future he intended to call me nothing but "Cecil."

I could not understand him in the least, and his indecently hilarious reception of my sorrows rather annoyed me on the whole. These people were expected the next day; and being decidedly out of humor about them, I took my gun as soon as breakfast was over, and set off after the partridges, unceremoniously declining going to meet the visitors in Mr. Bottletop's place, which he coolly proposed I should do. I had a very good day's sport, and got back about six o'clock. I went in at the library window, — dogs, dirty boots, and all, — because by that route I could go into and out of the hall without passing the drawing-room; but — I felt as if I was shot, when, with a half-stifled cry, my quondam "angel Geraldine" started from a chair as she saw me. She stood still and silent, and looked quite pale with the unexpected *rencontre;* and I waited for her to take the initiative. But as she merely sat down again, coloring up violently, I made a grave bow, and departed in silence, but with all the blood in my veins tingling like fire.

I should leave the house at once! What extraordinary coincidence has brought *her* here? I went straight to Mr. Bottletop's room, and told him I was going away immediately, and of course he knew why. I had not concealed any names in *my* recital though it now struck me he had never told me those of his guests.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Bottletop: "I won't hear of it. Going to be a dinner-party to-night, and I want you to sit at the foot of the table: a lot of people are coming to stay in the house to-morrow; can't possibly do without you; and as for the girl — rubbish! — you need never look at her."

After much persuasion, I agreed to stay over the evening, and leave early in the morning. While I dressed for dinner, I fortified my mind by recalling all the little incidents I could of the flagrant heartlessness of Miss Montague's conduct. She assented to that letter; she cut me in the Park; she had behaved with unbecoming levity at the Dufferkins' dinner; and to-day she stared me in the face, and never even said a word! Two can play at this game; and I did not doubt that I could assume supreme indifference, both to mother and daughter for one evening.

On entering the drawing-room I found my host, Mrs. Montague, and several other guests, but not Geraldine: she came into the room last of all, just as dinner was announced. I was introduced as Mr. Ogg; but Mr. Bottletop did not fail once or twice during dinner to address me most audibly

from one end of the table to the other, as "Cecil." I didn't care what he called me: I was at first in a miserable state of repressed excitement, and I was very attentive to an old lady on one side of me, and flirted hard with a young one on the other. But I presently observed that Miss Montague was very silent, and, if any thing, looked bored. Mrs. Montague, I next thought, was looking perplexed and rather anxious. I began to feel master of the situation; and I reflected, that, after all, I should be out all day shooting: there would be a room full of people here every evening to meet them. By Jove, I wouldn't run away! I had done nothing to be ashamed of; so I would screw my courage up, and face it out.

V. — I BECOME TOTALLY OBLIVIOUS OF MY NAME, AS OF ALL THE OTHER ILLS OF LIFE.

The following conversation did not come to my knowledge until a month or two after this time: but, as it occurred the morning after the Montagues' arrival at Cheslyn, I insert it here in its proper place.

I was out shooting; Geraldine had gone into the woods; and Mr. Bottletop and Mrs. Montague were talking over the dinner-party.

At last she mentioned my name.

"Is this Mr. Ogg a relation of yours, Mr. Bottletop?"

"No, not any; but he is related to the Oggs of Yorkshire, who, as you know, have always been great friends of mine."

"It is one of *that* family who is your godson, I believe?"

"Yes; and he is called after me."

"Well, you know I told you when I wrote what a terrible mistake I had made. If I had not persuaded Geraldine to show me his letter to her, I should never have guessed that he was not your godson: you know Ogg is such an uncommon name, but you always told me your godson was called after you."

"It was a great escape for Geraldine," observed my godfather. "This Cecil is, I dare say, a very good young fellow in his way, but poor as a rat; and Geraldine is hardly the girl for a farmer's wife."

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Montague warmly. "Dear Mr. Bottletop, I am so glad, — so satisfied you think I have done right. I assure you," and she sighed plaintively, "it has been a great trouble to me, and girls nowadays are very different to what they were when I was young. Do you think it likely that Mr. Neremiah Ogg will visit you soon?"

"Very probable," returned Mr. Bottletop, without a muscle twinkling; "and, as I told you last night, I really think it will be worth your while to stay and meet *him*. Meanwhile, it is, as you say, rather awkward about Cecil being here just at present, but I think with your tact and good sense you can easily manage him; and I can't send the man away."

Mrs. Montague smiled sweetly; and Mr. Bottletop laughed in his sleeve till he nearly blew himself up.

I tramped away in the September sunshine, shooting wildly, and heedless alike of the keeper's sarcasms and the reproachful glances of the setters. But, on my return to the house, I resumed my off-hand manner, went through dinner in triumph, and, not content with flirting to-night, I made vigorous love to a lady with a remarkably long nose. The next day it was the same thing over again; and I began to feel, that, in spite of Mr. Bottletop's entreaties, and my own clear conscience, I could not stay the week out. A severe bow and a stately "good-night" and "good-morning" were the extent of my intercourse with Mrs. and Miss Montague: there were some other ladies in the house, my long-nosed fair one among them, or I couldn't have stood it for an hour.

On my return from my third day's shooting, Tom Marks, the keeper, happened to be carrying both my gun and his own. We came home by what was called the High Covert, a pretty plantation which we had been through in the morning.

"I'm late — I'll get through the hedge, Tom," I remarked. "You had better go round by the gate, as you've got those guns;" and I scrambled through the thick fence. Tom, I suppose, thought more of his own opinion than mine; for, as I turned to speak to him again, I saw him struggling among the brambles, and the next moment the report of a gun rang out, followed by a faint cry — not from me, though I got a small peppering in my shoulder.

"What the devil are you doing?" I began, naturally very angry; but Tom's white, scared face stopped me. He was still on the top of the fence, from which eminence he commanded a wider prospect than I could obtain from the ground: and he gasped in awe-stricken accents, —

"Oh, good God! sir — look — I've shot the lady!"

I ran forward to where he pointed; and, sure enough, behind the low thicket, down on the ground, pale and frightened-looking, was Geraldine Montague.

"Are you much hurt?" I exclaimed. "It's that fool, the keeper — an accident, you know — where are you hurt?"

"My ankle," she said; and, as I had some brandy in my flask, I proceeded to give her a strong dose, which kept her from fainting.

"You go," I said to the abject Tom, who now came up, "go and bring up the little pony-phaeton here, and send off for a doctor. Mind! you can get the trap here, I'm certain, in less than twenty minutes." Whereupon he dashed off like a madman.

"I think I must have strayed into a part of the grounds where I ought not to be," said Geraldine confusedly. "Mr. Bottletop told me where I was not to go; but I was stupid, I think, and didn't understand."

"I'm afraid you are in great pain," I said; and I tried very hard even then to appear quite cool. I knelt down by her, and put the flask into her hand, telling her to drink some more; as I did so she suddenly became paler than she was, and held my hand —

"Look — look here!" she exclaimed, "Oh, there is *blood* running down your arm — your wristband is covered with it! Oh! and you are wounded all the time — and never thinking of yourself. What can I do? How selfish, how horrible I have been!"

I would gladly have had the whole contents of Tom's gun in my shoulder for the exquisite pleasure these words gave me; but what price I could have soared to for the additional luxuries of her heartrent tone, her sweet looks, the white and red that came by turns to her face on my account — I really cannot imagine.

"It's — it's — nothing — nothing at all," I stammered: "I really don't mind it a bit, you know — only a shot or two in my shoulder." Recovering myself, I added neatly, "I'd be shot gladly — altogether — if I could save you a minute's pain by it."

Upon this I thought the brandy-flask would have to come into play again, she went so pale; but it is rather difficult to keep up sentiment, however real, with a pull at a flask every five minutes. But after a little pause she went on bravely, though not without a quiver in her voice, "I don't think you carry out your words as a rule. But I suppose you would say the same thing to any woman."

"Geraldine! I don't think *I'm* to blame" —

"But Miss Werter is very handsome" (she was the long-nosed beauty), — this was said in a manner verging on sobs, — "and very well off — and — and — mamma" —

"What are you talking about?" I exclaimed; "let us have it out now — if you can stand talking — can you?"

"Yes," hesitating. "Cecil — you know it was all mamma's doing."

"*Was* it?"

"Yes, indeed. Dear old Mr. Bottletop told me that she wrote a dreadful letter to you, and treated you so shamefully that day in the park; and — all the time — I never knew, and only wondered what had become of you."

I need hardly remark that by this time her pretty brown hair was — on my shoulder, in fact; but whatever she might have felt, I never was more unconscious of pain in my life. We made it out all straight very soon. She had never seen me on that memorable occasion in the park: her mother had caught sight of me first, and then asked Geraldine "if it was not Mr. Cecil Ogg in the carriage with

that pretty girl?" which at once turned Geraldine's powers of observation in an opposite direction. She had spent same miserable weeks at Spa, but she was too proud to write and ask me to explain myself; at the Dufferkins' hinner she heard of me from Mr. Toppin — "and I liked him so much," she observed with delicious candor, "for he knew you."

The arrival of Tom and the pony-phaeton put an end to the *tête-à-tête;* and there was a great commotion when we arrived at the house. Mrs. Montague embraced her daughter as if she had just come in from heading a forlorn hope, and bestowed a tragical scowl on me when I inadvertently asked if the doctor had come yet for "Geraldine." Mr. Bottletop stood looking on with a face absolutely funereal, which I knew to be the very verge of a burst of laughter. Miss Werter, being a strong-minded charmer, wanted to cut my coat off, and volunteered the information that she was remarkably clever at binding-up wounds, and never felt faint at the sight of blood; to which interesting facts every one, including myself, displayed the most chilling indifference. Her younger sister, on the contrary, went into hysterics on discovering certain mysterious gory traces on the back of Geraldine's waist.

"My dear, you'll die if you have been shot *there*," said the eldest Miss Werter consolingly; and, at the sight of Geraldine's crimson cheeks, Mr. Bottletop suddenly exploded into an ecstasy of laughter, and rushed out of the hall-door.

VI. — I HEAR MORE OF MY COUSIN AND NAMESAKE.

The next day Mrs. Montague, Mr. Bottletop, Geraldine, and myself all met in solemn conclave. Geraldine's injury was not very severe, after all the hubbub; and as for *mine*, I need hardly observe what a joke I thought it. Geraldine, however, was on a sofa, and looked a trifle pale, but pretty and happy as could be. Mrs. Montague opened the ball.

"Geraldine, I have taken the advice of my old and valued friend, Mr. Bottletop, and he concurs in my opinion that you are hasty in this matter. You do not know so very much of Mr. Cecil Ogg; and though very likely he may be a — an — *amiable* young man — in some respects — yet I feel sure he will himself acknowledge that he is scarcely in a position to support a wife on"— with a bland smile at me —"three hundred a year, I believe I was informed?"

"Mamma," said Geraldine, her color rising, "I don't care about money. Mr. Bottletop, you know Cecil was not well used."

"I know all about it, my dear,"— he did, indeed, the old rogue; "but my advice is, that you wait to see his cousin before you decide."

"I never heard any thing so preposterous!" flashed out Geraldine. "Do you suppose that if I were engaged to Cecil, and fifty cousins came, and supposing even they *wanted* to marry me, do you think it could make any difference?"

"It would be very embarrassing to have so many at a time," rejoined my godfather; "but as this young fellow happens to be on the lookout for a wife, and has, or will have, some five thousand a year and a very nice place, I don't think he is to be despised."

"Of course, he will be a horrible creature," retorted the inflexible Geraldine: "men with money always are."

"On the contrary, he is charming, good-looking, unaffected, not over clever, and good-tempered."

Geraldine absolutely laughed.

"A perfect goose, in fact. What can it matter to me what he is?"

"Geraldine," said Mrs. Montague solemnly, "I insist that this foolish, this most absurd engagement, shall not yet take place; you are still so young" —

"Indeed, mamma, I'm nearly twenty-one; and when I am I shall have a little money of my own to help poor Cecil with." And her pretty face lighted up as the thought struck her. I don't know what extravagance I could not have committed; but I contrived to speak very deliberately: —

"I can't allow you to be more generous than I am, Geraldine. I won't have you bind yourself to me — at least until after you have seen this hero, who is expected to make such an impression on you."

Mrs. Montague looked surprised, then pleased. Mr. Bottletop's comical old phiz screwed itself up into appalling gravity, and Geraldine looked at me with tears in her eyes.

"It doesn't, after all, make any real matter," she presently said, in a voice of contentment. "Of course, you can trust me just the same. But it is not quite so easy for me," she whispered aside. "There's Miss Werter, you know."

So it was arranged that we were to wait for the arrival of this conquering hero before we were to be formally betrothed; although, as Geraldine remarked, "There never was any thing so ridiculous; because *why* should he fall straightway in love with her whom he had never met, and who would be most careful to be pointedly disagreeable to him?"

I must say, I found farming a fall in life, after my week at Cheslyn. I would not stay to meet my cousin, who was daily expected there, and who rejoiced in the delightful name of Neremiah Ogg, besides his other recommendations; and I studiously kept away. No correspondence between Geraldine and myself was allowed. A fortnight later came this note from Mr. Bottletop: —

"MY DEAR CECIL, — You are wanted here at once. Come in time for dinner — eight o'clock. Ever yours,
"NEREMIAH BOTTLETOP."

My suspense was extreme. There was a mystery about this summons which awed me. Why "at once"? and why did he not tell me something about Geraldine? Could the irresistible Mr. Ogg have superseded me, after all? Had I been too rash in relying an a *woman's* truth? And I enlivened myself, as I cast my worldly goods into a portmanteau, by repeating, "Woman's love is writ in water, woman's faith is traced on sand; and I argued why, if Prince Charles Edward and Mr. Aytoun had both come to this conclusion, should I be more fortunate? I dived into Tennyson: "You thought to break a yeoman's heart for pastime e'er you went to town;" not that I could quite apply this, not being a yeoman yet: I only wished I was. A certain statement also came to my mind, though I could not remember by what author, to the effect, that, compared to man's love, woman's "is as water unto wine;" and I thought if there was any truth in this, Geraldine's mamma had some chance worth mentioning of getting her own way, and that I might soon find absence had produced the dire results it too often does in these days, the exact reverse of what the old song asserts as to its making the heart grow fonder.

VII. — I BECOME DESPERATELY JEALOUS OF MY RIVAL, AND AM ON THE POINT OF REVEALING MY TRUE NAME.

I drove myself and my portmanteau over to Cheslyn, a distance of ten or twelve miles; and at every mile of the road my heart grew heavier and heavier, my hopes dimmer and more shadowy. I pictured to myself, as I had often done before, the figure, face, and even manner, of my unknown rival; and in my mind he ever appeared superhumanly attractive, and gifted with accomplishments and talents such as nobody before was ever known to possess, except perhaps the hero of a fairy tale. While, as to me — too well I knew that I was fatally unlearned, deficient in accomplishments, and, though I might have just enough sense and perseverance to win the heart of the woman I loved, I had no skill to keep it. Perhaps Geraldine herself would be unable to resist the comparison, so damaging to me, which she must draw every hour of the day between the wealthy aspirant to her affections and the unworthy possessor, and would naturally yield to the fascinations of the former. Altogether, my drive was calculated to depress the very best intentions, and I arrived at Cheslyn as surly as a bear.

Fortunately every one was dressing for dinner, so I *had* time to recover myself, — inasmuch as destroying two shirts and three neckties through sheer nervousness is conducive to restoring the masculine temper. Until that evening, I

am bound to say, I had never felt any reason to object to the arrangements made by Nature with regard to my personal appearance. I was tall and strong, and tolerably good-looking, though not my most partial admirers could for one moment have held me up as a beauty; but, on this night, an insane ambition came over me to outshine my rival in every respect. Yet, at the last moment, I descended to the drawing-room under the melancholy impression that I had brought the wrong pair of trousers, that my waistcoat had grown too short since I wore it last, that nothing on earth would keep my shirt from bulging, and that perhaps if I grew whiskers I might be better looking. But, as all the world knows, whiskers are not procurable on ten minutes' notice; so, pulling my mustache to unnatural lengths, and nervous as a girl, I opened the drawing-room door. There were a great many guests; and, having shaken hands with Mr. Bottletop, I glanced round to find Geraldine. Quite a pang went through me when I saw her talking earnestly with a gentleman too like my fancy portraits of him to be any but my cousin. He was a slight — I thought graceful-looking — young man, with very dark eyes, aquiline nose, black hair, and — whiskers! Was I not forewarned that my rival would have whiskers?

Geraldine appeared quite oblivious of my presence; so, acting on the spur of the moment, I became quite oblivious of hers; and I offered my arm, in obedience to Mr. Bottletop's mandate, to a very fat young lady with very small eyes.

During dinner I went through a purgatory of anxiety; Geraldine and my rival being seated on the same side of the table as myself, and it being a physical impossibility for me to see either of them. I only knew they had gone in to dinner together: therefore I felt an absurd but almost overpowering inclination to set etiquette and civilization at defiance, to rise from my place, and walk up to her, and insist upon knowing the best or the worst at once.

My fat little neighbor was very sentimental, and inquired what was my favorite flower, poet, color, &c.; and on my utterly failing to satisfy her on these points, she proceeded to enlighten me as to her tastes. I forget the poet, but I know she said she admired blue, "because it is the color of the heavens;" and she rolled her little eyes like a languishing young pig, as she informed me that among flowers she loved best the wild forget-me-not. At the time I was too savage to be amused, and it was not until nearly the end of dinner that I discovered she was arrayed in her favorite hue, and had a bunch of supernaturally large and blue forget-me-nots stuck in her hair.

On the ladies leaving the room I rose eagerly to push my chair away, and catch a glance from Geraldine in passing; but my lady, contriving by some porcine evolution to knock over and smash a decanter and two or three wine-glasses, a grand confusion ensued; in the midst of which — while I was rubbing sherry off the legs of my trousers, or picking up broken glass on my hands and knees under the table — Geraldine vanished.

"Come, Cecil," said my godfather, "Miss Podger has given you the wine outside, try some of this Burgundy *in*. You know my friend Mr. Miles, I think. Let me introduce you to Mr. Brown — Mr. Podger — Mr. Jones — oh! and Miah, here. Miah, this is Mr. Ogg."

This latter sentence was addressed to the gentleman of the aquiline nose and dark eyes.

"Miah?" I thought: "this is confirmation indeed." For my ingenious mind took up this name, and, perhaps assisted by reminiscences of early life, I twisted it easily into a new and elegant abbreviation of our common misfortune, — the name Neremiah. This, then, indeed, was my cousin, — my wealthy rival.

Mr. Podger bore down upon me, and began to relate a story which, to my mind, had neither beginning, end, nor sequence, but which seemed to highly interest him. I writhed with anguish during its infliction; for in the midst of it, when my own escape was impossible, I saw "Miah" quietly take his departure from the room.

"Now, you see," proceeded Mr. Podgers, "that this premise being given, of course the best and only thing left under these distressing circumstances for the poorhouse guardians to do" —

I rose up, desperate.

"What's the matter, Cecil?" said Mr. Bottletop. "You young fellows are off very soon. Try a glass of that Madeira, my boy: you like it — hand it on, Mr. Podger."

"No, thank you. I — I'm — not very well," I stammered feebly: "I mean, my *horse* isn't. He was a little lame. I must go and see my groom about him. I hope to hear the rest after, Mr. Podger, if you will kindly excuse me now."

My godfather regarded me with his solemnest aspect. "By all means take care about your horse, Cecil," he said, his bright eyes twinkling: "it never does to leave 'em to servants."

And with joy I found myself outside the door. I entered the drawing-room with a feeling of anxiety quite indescribable. My heart beat twice as quick as usual; and I felt quite stunned and stupefied when I saw Geraldine, seated in a far and lonely corner, engaged as before, in an animated conversation with my detestable cousin. Yet I must have expected something of the sort. His attitude and expression, as he leaned forward glancing up in her face, were full of extreme deference and admiration; but whether the bright color in her cheeks was the result of gratification, or the reverse, I had no skill to decide. I *guessed* the former.

I may here remark, that I consider jealousy to be one of the meanest, most foolish, and altogether most despicable of human passions; yet I regret to state that just then I was completely under its dominion.

I left the room abruptly, and went out on to the terrace in a mood comprehensive of Othello, Bluebeard, Lara, and everybody else uncomfortable and disagreeable. I saw *now* what a fool I had been, to fall in love with a pretty girl; a fellow like me, with no money, no profession, no brains, — not even a decent name to offer! Bah! the thing was absurd; it would be wise — much better to have it out with her and done with, and then — why, the sooner I went to the dogs the better, &c., &c., *ad lib.* After perhaps an hour of this, I returned to the drawing-room, where I found an impromptu dance going on. One glance showed me Geraldine — faithless Geraldine! — dancing with *him*. Oh, of course! It was a waltz, and I found it quite impossible to stand and look on for more than one minute.

This time I went to the hall-door, which was wide open; and, scarcely knowing what I thought in my anger and surprise, I stood leaning against the doorway, and looked out at the autumn stars. I felt only a dumb, dreadful sense of pain and desolation: until then I had formed no idea how much I loved her — how impossible my life appeared without her.

"I must see her in the morning," I kept repeating feverishly. "It's all up now; but I must see her in the morning, and then be off for good"—

"No, thank you, Mr. Miahs: I would rather stay here, — it is cooler." This was Geraldine's voice in the hall, not ten paces behind me. "I'm not afraid of the draught, but you can give me that cloak — thank you. Ah! there is Mr. Ogg, I dare say he will look after me: *don't* let me detain you from your partner."

I found her at my side; and, with a good deal of embarrassment, I offered her my arm. It is not an easy matter, however good your cause, to upbraid the woman you love, — to begin a quarrel, in fact; and this was what I just then felt bound to do.

"I should so like to go on to the terrace," she half whispered.

"I am afraid you will find the air cold," I replied with dignity, quite awful, even to myself.

She glanced up at me uneasily.

"No — and I've got this cloak on — do! I want to talk to you, Cecil."

I beg to state that the wisest of men was no match for a woman, so no wonder that I yielded as submissively as a beaten poodle to her coaxing tone.

"Fancy! you've never spoken to me — never even looked at me — since you came!" was her remark when we were well out of earshot.

"You have so kindly given me so many opportunities," I began.

"Now, what *is* the matter? I do believe it is Miss Podger. It is too hard on me to see you go on your knees before her, right in my face, and regardless of a roomful of lookers-on. It is all very well to pretend it was the decanter" —

"Will you be serious for five minutes, Miss Montague?" My own voice and mood might have belonged to the Archbishop of Canterbury at a state funeral, so sombre were they both.

"You want to frighten me," she replied, for the second time anxiously scanning my face; but I felt her fingers close tightly on my arm.

I went on quickly. "I know all about my cousin, and that his pretensions to your hand are infinitely superior to mine. I can see he is handsomer; I know he is ten times wealthier; and, from all I have observed, he appears to be a hundred times more agreeable. I — I — well, it's deuced hard lines to be cut out in this way, though — I might have expected it. Never mind *my* feelings, you know — I'm a man, and can bear it — and, of course, if you wish — to be — released" —

"Cecil, you must be crazy! I don't know what you are talking about. Who is your cousin? I don't know any cousin of yours. What do you mean?"

"I mean Mr. Neremiah Ogg, with whom" —

"Has he come?" she interrupted. "Oh! where is he? Where was he? When did he come?"

I stared at her, confounded.

"It is quite folly to attempt to deceive me in this way," I replied, suppressed anger making my voice queer and unsteady. "You talk to one man a whole evening — go to dinner with him — dance with him — and then pretend you don't know his name!"

She came in front of me, putting her hands on mine, and looking up at me steadily.

"I know you are angry," she said, "and I am afraid you are angry with me; but you are speaking riddles to me. The man who took me into dinner is a horrid little wretch called Myers, — a Jew, I believe, — and I could not get rid of him sooner, though I tried my very hardest. I *did* think you might have come to my rescue. But Mr. Bottletop told us that this wonderful Mr. Neremiah Ogg, who is to be his heir, is expected late this evening" —

"What! has he never come yet?"

"No. He has been expected ever since you went, and has been prevented coming several times, but he is really to arrive to-night; and when you told me — when you said,"

"Geraldine, you are the same as ever? Tell me. I have been miserable, unjust to you, making a fool of myself about nothing. Surely I have! Ah, my darling! do you love me, after all, though I'm poor, and stupid, and such a great goose as to fancy *you* could be fickle or mercenary?"

Here followed a ceremony which I, at least, considered very necessary to the making up of the quarrel — if, indeed, a quarrel it was, being all on one side; and my display of contrition threatened to be a prolonged one, I having become deeply repentant, and also utterly defiant of the all-subduing charms of my cousin — when he should come.

But on Geraldine insisting on going into the house again, I pleaded for one minute, and, with a "now or never" sort of courage, I said that I had a confession to make — a dreadful confession: I — I was afraid she would think far less of me when she had heard it; but it must be told. "Geraldine, I am not what you believe me: my name is an assumed one — my real" —

A servant here approached quickly, and interrupted me.

"If you please, Miss Montague, Mr. Bottletop wishes to see you immediately. I was to say a gentleman's come, Miss — Mr. Neremiah Ogg — and please, will you step this way at once?"

We followed the man, my fatal confession silenced; and he led us to the library, where Mrs. Montague and Mr. Bottletop were sitting together, one on each side of the fire. The little dance was over, and the other guests had retired for the night.

VIII. — I BECOME PERFECTLY RECONCILED TO MY FATE, MY NAME INCLUDED.

"Well," said Mr. Bottletop, "at last our friend has arrived" (I looked round, but saw nothing of him); "and as it is as well to know our own minds about things, let us settle now. Cecil being here makes it a little awkward, so we'll have no misunderstandings. Cecil, in the first place, do you think you are able and willing to marry on the little money you and Geraldine will have between you? Do you think, now, supposing your debts were paid, that you *could* be economical, and keep straight?"

"I'm quite sure of it, Mr. Bottletop," I answered eagerly. "Nothing will induce me to relinquish Geraldine again."

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Bottletop, with much gravity. "And what do you say, young lady, to this headstrong fellow?"

"I think he is right," answered Geraldine steadily, though she blushed brightly.

"May I ask where my cousin is, sir?" I demanded.

"You will see him soon enough," responded my godfather composedly: "he was in his travelling dress, and not presentable when he arrived. But now, Mrs. Montague, having heard what these young folks say, and believing — as *I*, at least, do — that they mean it, and are really very fond of each other, don't you think it will be kindest and wisest, after all, to let them have their own way?"

Geraldine's soft eyes rose to his face gratefully; and, though I had not the least hope that my optics could ever be so expressive, I did the best I could with them.

But Mrs. Montague replied majestically, "*No*, Mr. Bottletop. I am quite surprised to hear this from you. I object utterly to any alliance between my daughter and Mr. Cecil Ogg; and, if I know her aright, she will never wed against my wishes."

I knew this too well, as Geraldine had impressed it on me many times; and my spirits fell proportionately.

"But why should you object to him?" urged Mr. Bottletop good-humoredly. "He is a gentleman both by birth and education; he might be a great deal worse to look at; and, for my part, I never heard any harm of him — except, perhaps, that he has spent a trifle more than he ought, and earned a trifle less."

"And you call *that* nothing?" said Mrs. Montague, with scathing emphasis. "An idle, good-for-nothing, unprincipled spendthrift, steeped in debt and poverty — is *he* a fit husband for Miss Montague? — a man with no sense of honor, or he would never have come in this underhand manner and re-established his ascendency over the mind of my daughter, after he had given his promise" —

"Stop! Another word of this, and I will marry him to-morrow." It was Geraldine who spoke, her eyes flashing as I had never seen them before, — and, I may add, as I have never seen them since, — and quite overawing her majestic mamma. "Cecil gave no promise, except not to write to me, and he has kept it; he has not written." Then she turned those same blue eyes, full of tears, to Mr. Bottletop, adding, "Oh! *you* know this is not true — that my mother only — *only* says these things about him because Cecil is not rich. And as for breaking his promise, it is nonsense; and indeed, the truth is, he never spoke to me at all till I went up to him this evening; and I *asked* him to take me out on to the terrace" —

"My dear," said Mr. Bottletop kindly, "I think you are right, and that your mother is wrong. Not that you need hope to find Mr. Cecil there perfection, or any thing like it. But as for his being an unprincipled spendthrift, or any thing of that kind — why — why — you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mrs. Montague, for saying it of him. But now

come, Cecil: we'll go up stairs and see if Neremiah is ready to come down. I'm sure you and he will be good friends."

He put his arm through mine; and we went out of the room, but not up stairs as I had expected. Instead, he took me into a little room he called his study, and unlocked a drawer in his writing-table. He took from it a parchment document unlike any I had ever seen before, and spread it out on the table.

"Do you see this, my boy?" he asked, pointing to where certain "lands and tenements, including the estate and mansion of Cheslyn," and money, invested in various ways, amounting to the sum of one hundred thousand pounds, "there or thereabouts," were left to his godson, Neremiah Bottletop Ogg.

I read it, and looked at him, my mind wavering. This must be my fortunate cousin; yet why show it to *me*? *I* was his godson, — *I* was Neremiah Bottletop Ogg. I thought my brain was getting irretrievably confused; but he saw how puzzled and surprised I looked, and with a very grave face said, —

"I shall never be able to call you any thing but Cecil, but it is best to put you down in my will all correct. And you must have the wedding from here; and you and Geraldine must come and keep house for me afterwards — d'ye hear? — and maybe some day I'll have some little great-godsons; and, by Jove! we'll call *them* Cecil, and George, and Reginald, and all the rest of it. By the way, do you see the day this will was made? — the day after you told me your love-story. You thought I would be offended; but see what a fine thing it is to tell the whole truth. The first lady I asked to become Mrs. Neremiah Bottletop declined on the score of the 'dreadful name;' and I had never thought of your plan: you may guess how it tickled me."

"But — my cousin?" I asked in great perplexity.

The puckered-up face dissolved, and he laughed so long and so heartily I couldn't help laughing too.

"By Jove, I forgot him!" he gasped. "That old woman's face will be worth a hundred pounds to see. When my poor nephew, Com. Bottletop, died, two or three years ago, some story got afloat that all my money would go to my godson, — a Mr. Neremiah Bottletop Ogg, — which it will *now*. Mrs. Montague heard of this, and caught at your acquaintance in town. I knew all along she was as insincere an old manœuvrer as there is in England; but I wanted to try the girl. *She's* as good as gold, Cecil; and she has stood up for you through thick and thin, and, I take it, has not had a very easy time of it lately with the old lady. Be a good husband, my boy; for you'll get a good wife."

As he spoke, we left the room and reached the library door. Flinging it wide open he announced loudly, "My godson, Mr. Neremiah Bottletop Ogg!"

I shrank, even then, at the hideous sounds; but I saw Mrs. Montague grow scarlet with annoyance, amazement, and confusion, and my pretty Geraldine looking pale and frightened. I was by her side at once, telling my imposition and the cause, in a few incoherent words; whispering that all — every thing — was right now; that there *was* no cousin, that *I* was my cousin — and I was getting a little involved when my future mamma interrupted us. She had recovered herself, and was equal to the occasion.

"My dear Mr. Ogg, I hope you will overlook the somewhat hasty expressions I have used about you: a mother's feelings are not always entirely under her own control."

I took the hand she held out to me, and said, "Oh! all right;" but, though outward peace was made, Geraldine and I don't often trouble the maternal residence when we are in town.

"And I'm not Cecil at all, Geraldine," I said humbly, the next morning; "but I'm — it's absurd, I know — but my sisters generally call me Nerry, and perhaps it's a shade better than" —

"O Cecil, how funny!" she interrupted, laughing. "Why, at home I always go by the name of Jerry! What do you think of *that* for a name, — for a lady too? But, as that dear, delightful old Mr. Bottletop says, I know I shall never be able to call you any thing but Cecil."

So, but for the happy chance of possessing the name I do, and of signing my first letter to Geraldine, "Cecil George Reginald," I should never have been able to demonstrate how good and true she is: she would never have known that I could be constant to her for months, — with or without hope, — and seriously contemplate matrimony on six hundred a-year; Mrs. Montague would never have come out in her true colors; and, above all, I should never have made the friendship of the very best, cheeriest, and kindest godfather ever human being possessed. My father and mother never did a wiser action than when they invited him to my christening, and bestowed upon me the name which — abhorred as it once was — has indirectly brought me all the blessings of my life. Now, too, as I associate it with the good, genial disposition of its first possessor, I incline to think that an ugly name, weighed against a noble nature, ought to be the merest feather in the balance; and I think what a fool, an idiot, must the woman have been who refused him on account of it.

"Ay, Cecil," he said, laughing, when this thought escaped me the other day; "but I'd no money then: and who, do you think, was the lady? I rather think I was the idiot. She was the lady who afterwards became Mrs. de Courcey Montague. I had my reasons, you see, for taking such pains about her daughter; and — well, I'm sure I thank Heaven that she didn't take me, and that our name has been so useful to us."

As I want a moral to adorn my tale, I think I cannot find a better than that contained in some of Mr. Bottletop's further reflections.

"My dear boy, depend upon it, there's nothing in the world, however hard it may seem, that isn't for our good in some fashion, though we are sometimes so dull that we never find it out in this world. There would be less grumbling, I dare say, if we could see to the end of what we call our misfortunes, and find how very often they turn out to be blessings."

A DESSERT PLATE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

YES, I know I'm very pretty — that's no news to me. I've seen a good many flowers in my time, but I never saw any so beautiful as my own posy. Real flowers, if you look at them close, almost always have some little fault somewhere; and its just the same with fruit. I've handled a good many peaches in my time, but I never came across one as perfectly speckless as the painted ones. To be sure, people can't eat the painted ones — which may make a difference to *them;* but for my own part, I prefer painted peaches to real ones. The painted ones have no juice and stones to make me sticky. I sometimes get quite angry at being messed and stained and littered as I am, with one thing and another. As I said before, I know that I am a beauty; and I do not think that it is polite for any one coolly to pour a spoonful of preserved ginger on my bouquet, and then expect to be thanked for it. How would a human-clay beauty like to be treated in that way? My bouquet, however, is not the only thing that makes people notice me. Did you ever see a more graceful shape, or a more exquisite complexion than mine? I'm a very different sort of creature from those poor workhouse-blue willow-pattern plates. And yet — will you believe it? — the other day a gentleman (I suppose he called himself — a grovelling idiot *I* call him) gave me a contemptuous flip with his finger, and said that he preferred those old-fashioned things to new-fangled finery. He made out that there was quite an interesting love-story on those willow-pattern plates, about a handsome young Chinaman eloping with a beautiful young Chinese lady, and being chased by the angry papa, and getting away in a boat, and being killed at last, and their two souls flying up to heaven like two doves. I don't believe a word of it; but if the plates were meant to tell all that, doesn't it prove that they *must* be rubbish? Who could have guessed the story, if he had not been told? You might as well put down a lot of scratches, and say it meant the *Times* newspaper. I'm a very differ-

ent sort of creature, the potters be praised! I look delicate, don't I? But you wouldn't say so if you knew all that I have gone through. I was "raised," as the Americans say, in North Staffordshire. Such a queer place, — miles of smoky towns running into one another; chimney-stacks, kiln-cones everywhere; coal-pits, iron-works, great yellow hollows with clayey water at the bottom; lots of meeting-houses, and public-houses with big swinging sign-boards; weighing-machines, railways, tramways, muddy canals; magnificent new buildings, substantial old buildings, tumble-down old hovels, and trim new cottages, all either smoke-begrimed or smoke-smeared: the whole let into and patched with grassy, wooded country. The patches, however, soon lose their grass and trees, and look as dismal as worn-out, dusty hearth-rugs. You can soon see that there is plenty of clay to be got in that part of the country. The cottages have porcelain plates on the doors, Parian ornaments in their windows, and red and black tiles for their floors. The street footpaths are paved with bricks arranged in figures, on which the potter's clogs make a heavy clatter; the splendid brick railway-station of the town in which I was raised is paved with beautiful tiles, like those you see in the fine new churches, and the dreary, waste places all about are heaped with bricks and tiles and broken saggars. (If you don't know what saggars are, I will tell you presently.)

For hundreds of years earthenware has been made in the part of England I have been telling you about; but until some hundred and fifty years ago, the Staffordshire potteries only turned out poor, coarse stuff, and very little of any kind in comparison with what they turn out nowadays. The Staffordshire potters are a great army now, encamped over nearly fifty square miles: and, besides making all that she wants for herself, England sends abroad a good deal more than a million pounds' worth of crockery every year.

Just a hundred and fifty years ago, a Burslem potter was coming up to London, on horseback of course, instead of by the North Staffordshire and Midland Railways. At Dunstable he noticed that his horse had bad eyes, and asked the hostler of the inn at which he was stopping to tell him what he had better do to them. The hostler burned and crushed a bit of flint to powder, which he blew into the horse's eyes. I don't know whether it did them any good; but the Burslem potter, whose name was Astbury, noticed how snowy white it was, and made up his mind to put burned flint into his pottery when he got back to Burslem; and so he did, and made his pottery ever so much better. Ten years after the burned flint was blown into Mr. Astbury's horse's eyes, Mr. Josiah Wedgwood was born at Burslem. Well, this Mr. Wedgwood made use of a discovery that Mr. Cookworthy had made, — he was a worthy cook of clay, — to wit, that first-rate china-clay can be got in Cornwall; and Mr. Wedgwood got a great artist of the name of Flaxman to help him in making his ware beautiful; and after Mr. Wedgwood, came Mr. Minton and Mr. Copeland — and here I am, the blushing beauty you see me.

If you will insist on hearing my history, I will tell it to you. I have gone through a good deal, as I said before; but that is nothing to be ashamed of — quite the opposite.

A good many biographies of people begin with, "I was born of poor but honest parents." My parents were all honest — I had four instead of two like you, poor human-clay creatures, who are so fond of boasting of your ancestry (I wonder whether your ancestors feel inclined to boast of you). I will not deny that my parents may have been considered poor in their native places, but they were worth a good deal when they got into Staffordshire. Ground flints, calcined bones, china-clay, and Cornish granite were my parents. The clay and the granite were cousins: they both came from Cornwall. The rivers there wash the clay out of granite, and then drop it in hollows called catch-pools. When it is dry, it looks very much like whitey-brown sugar. First it is ground into dough in a mill in which ever so many knives go round and round; and then it is either stacked away in loaves to improve by keeping, or mixed with water till it looks like cream. Other mills grind up the granite and the flints, &c., and the colors. The mills in which the granite and the flints are ground are great, headless white drums, in which thick beams, with big blocks of stone on them, crunch slowly but steadily round, gradually crushing all before them. My earliest recollection is of a great tub, in which a splashed, pale-faced man, in a flannel coat and an apron, was stirring up the milky clay, granite, &c., out of which "china slip" is made. Then I was strained through fine sieves called "lawns;" and then I had to run past magnets, waiting to drag every bit of iron out of me, into a hot, shallow tank lined with plaster of Paris. The plaster and the hot flues that run along the walls soon turned me from cream into hasty-pudding, and then into putty. Afterwards, I was handed over to a man called a "flat presser," who clapped me down on a plaster mould upon a disk with a vertical axle. A boy, called a "jigger-boy," made the disk spin round by turning a handle, whilst the man pressed me flat with his hands and tools. Then, so to speak, he cut my hair — sliced off the stuff that overlapped the mould — and, *hey, presto!* I was a plate as far as shape went. But you could have doubled me up then, like a crush hat. So I was put into a hot, dark room, with ever so many more plates, and so on. A man, who seemed to be evaporating, took charge of us, and put us on shelves, and turned us until we were dry. Next, a number of us were piled up in a saggar, with clay cockspurs, needles, triangles, &c., between, to keep us from sticking to one another. A saggar is a great, coarse, earthen vessel, like a hollow cheese. When the saggar had been made air-tight with clay, it and ever so many more were put into a kiln, — piled up in great columns, — and then the fires were lighted, and a nice baking we got for nearly two days and nights. When we were taken out we were called biscuit; and the common plates had patterns printed on them before they were glazed, but we china plates had to be glazed before we could be printed. A man, who looked half poisoned with lead, swished me about in a tub of stuff, and then I was put into the furnace again. When I came out I had a glassy gloss on me, and was handed over to a long-haired young fellow in a blouse, who had a mug full of beautiful flowers before him. He painted them on me, — more beautiful than the real ones, as I said before, — violet and gold and green and ruby and pink and purple. In the same room, more long-haired men in blouses were pouring just such stuff as I was before I had been dried in the shallow tank, out of jugs into plaster of Paris moulds, in order to make Parian statuettes. When I had been painted, I was once more sent back to the furnace; and I can assure you that I was getting tired of the fire by that time. But, after I came out, my troubles were over. My fine colors were delicately burnished by a young woman, who handled me as such a delicate beauty as I ought to be handled by her lady's maid; and then I and my sisters were put into a beautiful show-room, where we met the best of company, — Parian and porcelain and majolica. Every thing there was exquisite, either in shape or in color; and some of us were exquisite in both. Our family attracted great attention, even there. We had hardly come out a week, before an old gentleman fell in love with us, — yes, with the whole lot of us. And now that he has got us, he vows that he will never part with us; so it is no good of your looking longingly at me like that.

CROSSING THE WAR-TRACK.

DID it ever strike you, O reader! how quick Dame Nature is to hide with a decent green mantle the havoc caused by her own hand or by that of man? Leave her to herself, and the track of the avalanche will soon become more verdant than the path which remains unscathed by the ruinous downfall. Let man labor to fell forests and to carry roads through the wilderness: after years of labor he succeeds; but let him leave his work for a while, and the cleared spot becomes a tangled mass of brush-wood, and the road pasturage for cattle. It was no fanciful picture which Landseer drew, when, in typifying Peace, he placed a cannon in a field of flowers, with a lamb plucking grass from the very

mouth of the deadly implement of war. These thoughts filled my mind, as, impelled by curiosity, I journeyed toward Strasburg, less than a year after the close of the deadly conflict which raged around that city.

Approaching by rail, we saw before us green fields, and fields from which the harvest had just been gathered, trees and flowers, and the river flowing gently on its course as of yore; no desolate-looking tracts; no mounds where the horse and his rider, the conqueror and the conquered, sleep side by side; no hastily-raised earth-works bristling with cannon; no roads ploughed up by heavy artillery, and strewed with broken weapons and whitening bones. All was as serene and smiling as though war with all its horrors had not desolated that peaceful-looking spot for at least a century. But it is only where Nature has lent her ready help to man, that the past has been so quickly and so easily obliterated: where man has had to toil alone, the ruin wrought by man is still painfully visible. First the ruined station of Kiel, and the railway-bridge over the Rhine, blown up in consequence of a mistaken telegram, and only partially repaired; then the bridge of boats which carried over the invading army, and of which only a small portion remains, — attract your attention. Passing these, you travel on towards the city, which lies spread before you, looking in the distance whole and sound, in the midst of green fields and trees; its fine cathedral standing out boldly, a landmark from afar, a guide to the sharpshooters of the invaders; but the beautiful spire towers up uninjured to the skies, and from it still float the once white flag of capitulation, now black with smoke, and the flag of the conquerors, the red, white, and black of the new German empire. Entering the city, ruins meet the view on every side. Long rows of houses with scarcely one habitable, others surrounded by boarding to prevent accidents, some partially rebuilt, others with roofs and windows gone but the walls standing, some with scaffolding erected ready to commence the process of restoration, and those apparently sound and habitable, all with new roofs or windows, or both, to show that they did not escape the fate of their neighbors, but only had the good fortune to get the first chance of being repaired. The magnificent library lies a heap of ruins, as though overthrown by an earthquake; the theatre the same, with traces of fire added to the wreck caused by the bombardment.

Verily "It is an ill wind which blows no one any good;" and the ill wind which destroyed Strasburg has at least found employment for thousands: it will be many a long day before masons, carpenters, tilers, glaziers, house decorators, and painters will lack employment there. Without seeing, it would be impossible to believe the havoc caused by a bombardment, — houses so completely smashed that the rubbish brought out from the ruins is absolute *powder:* and yet in the midst of these ruins stands the splendid cathedral, apparently untouched! Surely the marksmen of the German army must have taken great pains to spare this noble structure; perhaps its very prominence was its salvation: yet it seems a marvellous skill, which could so direct bombs at such a distance, that they should fall and utterly destroy houses within a few feet of such a building, and leave it unscathed; for unscathed it may be called, although one or two stray balls slightly grazed it, and one fell through the roof, smashing the organ and doing some minor damage. But the great clock went on marking the days of the siege as calmly as formerly the days of peace and prosperity, noting them only as so many in the year, and the year a unit only in the century; and the apostles walked their daily round, and the cock crew, and Peter wept, but shed no more tears for the death and misery existing in the city, than he has done every day since he was first placed there to record his sin and his repentance forever; and the Saviour looked benignly upon him, yet put not forth his hand to stay the fury of the combatants.

And those splendid stained-glass windows stood the shock nobly: how they must have shivered and shaken in their frames, as the balls fell hotly around! yet, wonderful to relate, there is not one ruined. All are *slightly* injured, some more than others; in one, a portion of the stonework has been broken away at the top, and of course the glass with it. Yet, looking round, you see many which appear quite perfect, although in one of those apparently uninjured I counted twenty small holes, but so small as not in the least to interfere with the effect of perfect soundness; and glaziers were busily at work repairing these small fractures, and in a short time they will be restored to their pristine splendor: for all the art of Munich will be employed to reproduce as nearly as possible the antique; and the cheat will be unknown to all, excepting to those prying antiquaries of future generations who may make it their business to rub the gilt off the gingerbread.

It seems almost a miracle which preserved these fragile beauties from destruction. Solid stone masonry may be supposed capable of withstanding the concussion of a bombardment, provided the balls are civil, and do not intrude too often; but glass! — why, the concussion of the explosion at Stowmarket shivered windows miles distant; and here explosions were going on all day long and quite close, houses falling, bombs flying, shells bursting perpetually, within a stone's throw, and yet they survive. They were, doubtless, carefully boarded, and the interstices filled with sand; but even with this protection their escape is marvellous, and I would like to ask his Holiness Pius the Infallible for whose sake they were thus spared. Was it on account of those saints whose images they contain, and at their intercession? or for the sake of that pious heretic, William of Prussia, who now holds them as a portion of the holy German empire? or that they might be reserved to be handed over intact to the eldest son of the Church, when he can get them? At all events, in whatever manner spared, all travellers and lovers of art will rejoice that so it is. The portion of the cathedral most injured by the siege seems to be the custodian, who had his leg broken, and now limps over the cathedral, pointing out the spots where shells or splinters of shells fell, and cursing in his heart those Germans whom he should rather bless, as by their means his gains during the past year must have wonderfully increased, through the multitude of tourists who have hastened to gaze upon the damage done and not done, and to listen to his tales; whereas a few well-directed balls from those terrible German batteries, and all the hope of his gain would have been gone; the cathedral would have been a heap of ruins, and the curious mechanism of the clock he shows with so much pride would have perished forever. Truly, these German Goths have great discrimination, and know well what to spoil and what to spare. Let us trust that they will be equally discriminating in knowing when to take and when to leave off taking!

In the cathedral we were witnesses of a very interesting ceremony. As we entered we observed a small body of soldiers in uniform, but rather uncouth in appearance, marshalled up to the steps of the altar by some fine-looking officers; and we observed that a special altar had been erected, and at it stood a priest, evidently a military chaplain, his acolytes being soldiers in uniform. At first we supposed there was to be a mass for the dead of a regiment decimated during the war; for the organ-loft was also filled with soldiers, who sang the mass, the dilapidated organ pealing forth its notes from behind a white cloth, placed as a decent veil to hide its infirmities: but we soon found we were mistaken; for, the mass concluded, the priest turned to the soldiers, and commenced a discourse upon the duties of military life, the necessity of obedience, and of being ready to die for Kaiser and for Fatherland when called upon to do so, with the face to the foe; and promising that Christ, who himself suffered and died in the path of duty, would receive them so dying, and give them the reward of faithful servants. The discourse was eloquent, almost impassioned in parts, but was listened to somewhat stolidly by those for whom it was intended, although I saw many old women who had gathered round for curiosity wiping their eyes with their aprons, whilst others shook their heads gravely and disparagingly. During this discourse we had observed a sort of pantomime going on between the officers present, who seemed to be making signs to each other with their fingers, raising first two fingers,

and then three, and then two, several times. At last the two fingers prevailed, and at the conclusion of the address we saw the meaning of this dumb show; for each soldier present had to hold up his thumb and two fingers in a certain position, and repeat after the officer the oath of allegiance to William of Prussia, Emperor of Germany.

Strange, indeed, it seemed to see these young recruits, conscripts probably from the conquered provinces, torn — perhaps unwillingly — from their homes, taking oath in their old Catholic cathedral, with all the solemn ceremonies of their religion, to serve unto death the champion of Protestantism, the conqueror of their former master, and the destroyer of the city wherein they stood. Yet they seemed apparently indifferent, and took the oath without reluctance; although some, either from awkwardness or of *malice prepense*, did not hold up their hand properly until made to do so by the officer who administered the oath. Awkward, stolid-looking fellows they were certainly, and some of them very young; but a year's drill under their new masters will give them a very different aspect, and they will wear the spiked helmet, and carry the needle-gun gallantly, and perhaps do much towards reconciling the districts from which they come to the rule of him who is certainly the idol of the soldiers, and justly so, being himself every inch a soldier. A strange example of the perversity of human nature is the suddenly-conceived aversion of the German inhabitants of Alsace to the rule of their German conquerors. I suppose in no case can it be pleasant to be conquered, either by friend or by foe; the feelings of the vanquished will ever be bitter for a time: but it seems sheer perversity when this bitterness causes people to change the language which they have spoken from childhood for an unfamiliar tongue; yet this is certainly the case in Strasburg. When I was there five years ago, the majority of the people spoke German, and, moreover, looked upon you with a sort of pitying contempt if you ventured to address them in French; but, strange to say, German guns have had the effect of converting a German-speaking people into ardent Frenchmen, so that now French is the language of the people, and German that of the officials; which is rather puzzling to strangers, being the exact reverse of former experience. Undoubtedly, at present, the Strasburghers are so sore at having been conquered, that they disdain law and order and prosperity, and eagerly desire to return to the dominion of France, under whatever government that unhappy country may groan, whether Thiers, Gambetta, Napoleon, or Henri Cinq be ruler for the nonce; but ere that can be, the right hand of Bismarck must have lost its cunning, and the grand old German emperor must lie sleeping with Barbarossa, watching with him even from his grave over the destinies of Fatherland.

War may indeed arise again, and probably will do so: but I am pleased to find that even the most sanguine of Frenchmen allow that ten years must elapse before they can be ready to meet the foe; and that time will, I trust, do much towards healing old sores. There is great *naïveté* in the way in which the French speak of the war to come.

"Had they been content with money," said a young Frenchman to me, "we might have borne it; but to take provinces, what infamy!"

"But," I suggested, "would you not have taken the Rhine provinces had you been victorious?"

"Mais oui, certainement; et autant plus que possible mais!" With an expressive shrug of the shoulders, which meant decidedly that what is sauce for the goose is certainly *not* sauce for the gander, in their estimation.

Nevertheless, with the best will in the world, they will require to become strong and united, like the many-headed, many-handed giants of our childhood, before they can again dare to cope with united Germany, with even the faintest chance of winning back, in fair fight, the conquered provinces; for they are not at all likely ever to catch Bismarck asleep.

A grand nation, certainly, is the German; brave in war and modest in success. On the anniversary of Sedan, I was in the romantically-situated village of Partenkirchen, in the Bavarian Highlands. No ringing of bells or firing of cannon distinguished the day; flags flying from houses and churches alone told of festivity. As we sat at supper in the little country inn, we heard a few "hochs!" from an adjoining room in which the peasantry were enjoying themselves, whereupon a Bavarian general and another gentleman belonging to the Government left the room, and probably gave the soldiers money, for the "hochs!" increased. On their return, one of the gentlemen remarked to me, half-apologetically, but with a certain pardonable pride, that it was the anniversary of Sedan; and the gentlemen present all rose, clinked their glasses, and drank a toast to the memory of that great day; and this was all the exultation I witnessed at such unparalleled success. A little later I had the pleasure of seeing the great German conqueror at Baden-Baden, as he sat between his son, the valiant Prince Imperial, and his daughter, the Duchess of Baden, in the simple Lutheran church, listening to the discourse of the black-robed preacher with deep attention. But for the ubiquitous photographs, what stranger could have believed that in the two fine-looking private gentlemen, without even a star or a ribbon to denote their rank, he yet beheld the two men who made France tremble. Truly, the best guard of a monarch is the love of his subjects, a sentiment fully believed in by the Emperor William and many other German princes, and which enables them to go about among their people like private citizens, almost unattended, and frequently unrecognized; thus, on the occasion of which I write, the Crown Prince and Grand Duke and Duchess arrived first at the church, quite unnoticed; and some time afterwards the emperor drove up, in a little open carriage, with only one attendant (Count Eulenberg, I believe), and was received at the church-door by one gentleman only. There was no curious crowd to await his arrival, — in fact, we were the only individuals looking on, — the congregation, apparently, gave no heed to the presence of these august personages. I saw no inattention to the service, no whisperings, no curious glances directed to the royal pew; all was quiet, orderly, and decorous; the alms-bag was handed to the emperor as well as to the rest of the congregation; but at the conclusion of the service, although there was no pushing and rushing, as in England, to get a glimpse of the imperial party, yet all the congregation formed in an orderly line at the door, and every hat was raised with no simulated reverence as they passed.

The empress always attends the English church; and there one gentleman only is deputed to receive her at the door, and conduct her to her seat.

This absence of pomp and ceremony must be a great boon to royalty in Germany, and, moreover, causes the people to look upon their sovereign as a fellow-citizen, as well as visible head of the State, rather than as a dressed-up puppet, only to be admired as a rare-show upon grand occasions, and is, perhaps, the cause of that affectionate loyalty which characterises the mass of the German people. Scarcely can you enter an inn, or even a private house in Germany, without finding the portraits of the king, queen, and heir to the throne occupying the place of honor, and frequently adorned with a wreath of flowers; and, since the war, the emperor has been almost universally added at the head of the royal group, a proof that princes are not looked upon as tyrants, at any rate.

But to return to Strasburg. The Germans have a profound veneration for the maxim, "Early to bed and early to rise," which, however, a man may follow all his life, and never receive the reward promised, of health, wealth, and wisdom; and the Germans, although possessing a full share of the last-named, have not hitherto been famed for wealth, and scarcely for health, if we may judge from the number of baths, waters, and cures of all kinds, in vogue amongst them; meanwhile, the practice is a great nuisance to weary travellers arriving late at their destination, who find the hotels half shut and the waiters all too sleepy to attend to their wants; whilst at daybreak, or before, there arises such a ringing of bells, such a hammering and clattering, that it is impossible to make up for loss of sleep overnight by an extra snooze in the morning.

Our rest at Strasburg was broken not only by the aforenamed noises, but by loud military music approaching rapidly. Rushing to the windows, we saw passing beneath us six or seven regimental bands, followed by a small body of infantry, the whole in such excellent order, so trim and bright and clean, not a foot out of step, not a bayonet awry, they might have been going to a review before the emperor and Von Moltke, instead of to their ordinary daily drill or guard. I could not help contrasting this display with one I witnessed in the same city five years before, when I stood to see a French regiment march past. The pioneers in front were magnificent fellows, with their great bearskin shakos, and their axes over their shoulders; the band, too, was good, and discoursed excellent music; but when it came to the men, what a falling off was there! Some were mere lads, and all were untidy-looking; many slouched dreadfully, some walked, others ran, and the bayonets were all at sixes and sevens; yet many of these men wore the cross of the Legion of Honor and our own Crimean medal, and were doubtless valiant soldiers; but given two opposing forces, equal in valor, victory will surely incline towards the most highly disciplined; as was proved over and over again during the late war, and which certainly is not likely to be soon forgotten in Strasburg, where the ruins of the streets and the untouched cathedral testify to the perfection of the German artillery, and the precision to be attained by practice under discipline.

The children now playing among the ruins, in happy forgetfulness of the misery they endured only a short year ago, will, in their old age, when memory reverts with faithful minuteness to the scenes of childhood, have many a tale to tell to their grandchildren of that dreadful time when they were shut up in cellars for safety, and could not even run across the street because of the fiery hail which battered down all the houses of the city; when they were obliged to catch the rats and mice for food, or kill the dainty-livered goose unfatted, or the pet dog or cat, or horse, or donkey, to satisfy hunger, and saw their neighbors starving or dying of disease, or being killed by the rain of shot and shell; of the many miraculous escapes they themselves had from death, and from injury by fire and sword, and falling houses, and, worst of all, from death by hunger; of the delightful calm which succeeded the booming of those terrible guns; of the childish curiosity which led them to peep from windows, or round the corners of the streets, at those dreaded enemies who had wrought all this destruction, feeling for them mingled hate, fear, and admiration, and finding them in reality not half so wicked as they expected; accepting at last from their hands the offered morsel of bread, and devouring it greedily, half ashamed the while. All this they will have to tell, and much more; but God grant that this may be the *only* tale of war the Strasburghers may have to recount to coming generations.

LOVE IN HEAVEN.

BY MATTHEW BROWNE.

THERE are two ways of looking at the apparent incompleteness of life, — twenty or twenty thousand, no doubt; but for our present purpose, certainly two. The first says, all is vanity; the second, all is promise. These different views are rooted in differences of temperament or faculty. Where lofty idealism and strong conscience are united in the same person, the tendency will be to say all is promise. Instances in point are Milton and Shelley. Where one or the other is deficient, or both, and yet the necessary speculative conditions are present, the mind will gravitate towards the decision that all is vanity. Instances in point are Byron and Quarles.

I have, for ends familiar enough to thoughtful persons, selected on each side examples in which there are wide differences *apart* from my specific purpose; but, that purpose being borne in mind, the necessary explanation may be thus stated. Milton and Shelley differ in much. For instance, in Milton there is veneration or regard for authority *as such;* in Shelley there is no reverence for authority except so far as it can justify itself. But in both, there is the most intense ideality and the most exigent conscientiousness. There would in both be a mighty feeling that the idealism was, by the constitution of things, under a necessity of making good its own reason of existence; and thus what was beautiful and great in life would, for each, look into his soul with eyes of immortal promise. The form of the promise would, of course, be varied by intellectual conditions; but it would be there. Now, take Quarles and Byron. Here, again, the intellectual conditions would, of course, be operative in the total result; but look at the points in which the two men agree and differ. In Byron the ideality was intense, but the conscientiousness was deficient. In Quarles there was much more conscientiousness, but only a good, not by any means an intense, ideality. In each case the ideality would, to use a most expressive French idiom, have no proper *logique;* and the "last word" of life, so to speak, would be, all is vanity. The intellectual and other conditions being what they were, Byron would, for example, say that love was a "cheat" (I have in my mind a passage in "Cain," which is unquotable here), and there he would end. Quarles would also say that love was a cheat, for his sense of the vitality and force of beautiful things would not be strong enough to urge him to feel otherwise; but then his conscientiousness, stronger than Byron's, demanding a *logique* of some kind for the history of what he believed to be an "immortal soul," he would turn elsewhere for what the beauty of life seemed to deny to him.

Now, no sceptical conclusion must be drawn from the fact that so large and important a variation may be determined mainly by inevitable differences of mental constitution; for the question would still remain, Which of the two views, estimated in the minds of the most fully-endowed persons, covers the greatest number of facts? or, still better and more accurately, Which of them does, or does not, contain some element that is irreconcilable with postulates upon which all minds alike do, consciously or unconsciously, directly or indirectly, insist? Thus, it is no argument against an immortality of promise in love that Byron did not feel it, or that Quarles, or any other Puritan, fancying that *something* must be immortal, but that love was a poor sort of thing, felt the promise in another shape. These divergencies might even help us in considering the question, "in the abstract;" but that is what we are not now about to do: what follows will be simply critical, or, at the utmost, suggestive.

One of the most delightful books I have read for a long time is "Egypt of the Pharaohs and of the Khédive," by the Rev. F. Barham Zincke, vicar of Wherstead, and chaplain in ordinary to the queen; but with the general contents of this very felicitous volume of travel, we are not now concerned. A single point of deep interest will give us quite work enough. After having traced Oriental polygamy to its inevitable source (I should myself say one of its sources, and should find plenty to criticise in this part of the work) in the very early decay — the French word *flétrissure* is better — of the women, he passes on to what he, in his familiar, chatty way, calls Houriism, the peculiar institution which is to be the means of rewarding the faithful in the paradise of Mohammed. He does not refer to the story of Ibrahim in one of Montesquieu's "Lettres Persanes," or enter at all into the question of compensation; but he introduces the Christian heaven in the following remarks: "In the Christian heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage. Of this everybody approves: at all events, one never met or heard of a Christian who wished it otherwise." As Mr. Zincke is committed to what he calls the "historical method of interpreting" the sacred books of Christians, there is no certain way of telling how he would deal with either the authority or the bearing of the well-known passage in the New Testament; but, for all that appears, he assumes its absolute authority in the ordinary sense. I wish it to be distinctly understood, that I do not state or imply any opinion of my own whatever as to its authority in any

sense, or its interpretation. But that "one never meets or hears of Christians who wish" the facts "otherwise" than the ordinary reception of the passage implies is, I think, the most startling statement I ever met in the whole course of my reading.

Here, indeed, I must be personal. I was brought up "in the most straightest sect of our religion;" have always been familiar with the religious literature and society of that sect; and have, at this moment, ample means,—which I have used,—of interrogating the facts as to the opinions and feelings of the majority of avowedly Christian people. The first thing, then, I have to remark is, that some of my very earliest and most powerful recollections are of discussions between my parents and among their relations and friends upon this very dictum attributed to the Founder of Christianity. Perhaps Mr. Barham Zincke has some idea of the place the "sin unto death" occupies in the "thoughts and discussions" of Puritan people. He, perhaps, read of the funeral of Mr. "Wheelbarrow" Wells, pastor of an immense strict Baptist church near the "Elephant and Castle," —a funeral at which there were ninety mourning coaches. Now, among the kind of people who sat under Wheelbarrow Wells, the sin unto death would be a perpetual topic of anxious criticism and investigation, as it was among those Christians among whom I was born and nurtured. Next to that topic in my early recollections, that of the fate of the marriage relation in heaven stands prominent. Many scores, many hundreds of times, must I have heard the words, In heaven they "neither marry nor are given in marriage," talked over, wept over, prayed over, made the subject of eager "wrestling with the Lord in prayer." The cases in which ministers were consulted about it, chiefly by wives, as was natural, were far too numerous for me to remember in detail; but I have had to sit out and to read a great many sermons, in which every conceivable trick of the commentator was resorted to for the purpose of blunting the edge of the dreaded words. To my own mother they were a sore trial. I remember walking long miles with her one June day, through the yellow broom and wild-brier roses (that heather ground is now a mass of houses), to consult the minister about those very words. If the conjugal relation was extinguished in heaven, the parental and filial relations would be extinguished too; and not to meet her children and her father in heaven, as her children and her father, was more than my mother could bear to contemplate.

So far, what is personal. Before we pass on to the testimony of poets and others upon the trouble the words in question have given, let us just notice a point of construction which arises at starting. Mr. Zincke might say (he does not say, and I should not think it logical if he did) that the passage, for his purpose, may mean that no fresh conjugal relation will ever be entered upon in the life to come. But, first, the words, as they stand, — the only shape in which it can be true that Christians either do or do not complain of them, — *relate* explicitly to the recognition or resumption of past connections. Everybody knows that the question said to have been thus put and thus answered referred to a woman who was supposed to have married seven brothers. And, secondly, the human heart, the Christian human heart, has rebelled against the words considered as making fresh ties of love between man and woman impossible in a future life. Thousands of baffled or vaguely-yearning hearts have reached forward to the life beyond the grave, to grasp in thought a love unrealized here. Mr. Zincke has heard of Mr. George MacDonald. Now, I distinctly remember in his "Guild Court" a very beautiful passage, in which he says, speaking with authority as a seer and prophet, that those in whom, to use the old English phraseology, the life of humanity has not been perfected or completed, shall have that life completed in the world to come. The language is something like this: "for God will take care that his youths and maidens shall yet become men and women." And a paragraph in Canon Kingsley's "Yeast," applying to Honoria Lavington, beloved of Paul Tregarva (her father's gamekeeper), is to the same key-note. How much to the same purpose there is in Swedenborg I do not know (though we shall come to him directly); but if Mr. Zincke ever preaches to an ordinary congregation of two thousand people, he may depend upon it that there are in it at least fifty girls who look forward to having the love of their heroes when they get to heaven, and who, if the dictum in question occurred in the reading for the day, would secretly resent it, and feel "in their bones"* that there must be some way of getting out of it. But here is the passage I was about to quote from the epilogue of "Yeast:" "There she lies, — and will lie till she dies, — the type of thousands more, 'the martyrs by the pang without the palm,' who find no mates in this life .... and yet may find them in the life to come .... Poor Paul Tregarva! Little he fancies how her days run by!" And here are lines, very much to the point, from Mr. Tennyson's "Guinevere:" —

> "My love through flesh hath wrought into my life
> So farf that my doom is, I love thee still.
> Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
> Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
> And so thou lean on our fair Father Christ,
> Hereafter, in that world where all are pure,
> We two may meet before high God, and thou
> Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
> I am thine husband, — not a smaller soul,
> Nor Lancelot, nor another. *Leave me that,*
> *I charge thee, my last hope.*"

Now, this last quotation is strictly relevant to the question of the formation of new nuptial ties in the life to come, — the question between what is called "the flesh" and what is called "the spirit" we shall come to in few sentences, — for on Arthur's side there was in this world no true possession, as, indeed, his own words imply: the marriage was still inchoate; and, besides, not all the art of the poet has satisfied the reader that Guinevere, even at the last, loved Arthur. We all know, in our own experience of passion, what are these sudden spasms of revulsion; and we feel that the love born of remorse is not to be depended upon. But we will take one more quotation or two, to suggest how very general has been the rebellion of the human heart, Christianize it as you please, against the doctrine referred to. The full pertinence of the quotations from Mr. Coventry Patmore's "Faithful Forever" cannot be arrived at in the absence of a complete knowledge of the story of the poem on the part of the reader; but enough for my purpose is made clear in the line italicized: —

> "And now I'll tell you how he talked,
> While in the wood we sat or walked.
> He told me that 'The Sadducees
> Inquired not of true marriages,
> When they provoked *that dark reply*
> *Which now costs love so many a sigh.*
> In vain would Christ have taught such clods
> That Cæsar's things are also God's!'
> I can't quite think that happy thought,
> It seems so novel, does it not?"

We will now pass on to Milton. In the "Treatises on Divorce," I can remember nothing upon the subject, though it was one which was likely to occur to his mind in writing them; but we have superabundant proof that he believed strictly conjugal happiness possible — and probable — in the life to come. His sonnet "On his Deceased Wife" does not go far; but, coupled with other matters, it goes quite far enough. The reader knows that she came to him in a dream, pale and beautiful, like Alcestis, —

> "And such as yet once more I trust to have
> Full sight of her in heaven *without restraint.*"

But we are not left without express information as to what ideas Milton had formed to himself of super-mundane, or infra-mundane loves. We know that when Satan sees Adam and Eve "imparadised in one another's arms,"

* There is an old negress in one of Mrs. Stowe's tales ("The Minister's Wooing"?) who says she always knows a thing is sure to happen if she feels it in her bones.

he turns aside with "jealous leer malign." We know that a prominent place among the torments of the rebel angels is assigned to one consequence of their exclusion from the love which is represented as part of the happiness of heaven. And again, one of the topics used by Adam, when he is endeavoring to dissuade Eve from her adventure in the garden, is the Fiend's (probable) envy of their happiness. The most important matter is, however, to come. In the dialogue with Raphael, after Eve has withdrawn, Adam asks "the angel guest familiar" the following question: —

> "Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask:
> Love not the heavenly spirits? And how their love
> Express they? by looks only, or do they mix
> Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?"

Now, what is the angel's answer? In spite of the necessity, under which criticism places us all, of using words which discriminate between body and soul, two things are certain. First, that in our best moments we have no knowledge of the distinction. Secondly, that no higher imagination, whether of poet or painter, ever entertained the distinction except as one to be "resolved," like a discord, in passing from one passage in music to another. Thirdly, that in music, the most spiritual and least articulate of the arts, the distinction disappears altogether from sight and consciousness. Indeed, it can have no place in the atmosphere of pure art.* Apart from all this, however, we always find the poet goes about, so to speak, to translate the love in which the ordinary conditions of humanity have place into terms or symbols in which those conditions are represented over again perfectly, fact for fact, symbol for symbol. Take an example from "Faithful Forever" — a passage adjoining the one just quoted from that poem: —

> "All I am sure of heaven is this:
> Howe'er the mode, I shall not miss
> One true delight which I have known.
> Not on the changeful earth alone
> Shall loyalty remain unmoved
> T'wards everything I ever loved.
> So Heaven's voice calls, like Rachel's voice
> To Jacob in the field, Rejoice!
> Serve on some seven more sordid years,
> Too short for weariness or tears;
> Serve on; then, O beloved, well-tried,
> Take me for ever for thy bride!"

And now let us see how Milton has dealt with this question of translation. In the answer he puts into the angel's lips, he "goes straight at it;" and we discern the very process, in detail, of the superposition of terms: —

> "To whom the angel, *with a smile that glowed*
> *Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,*
> Answered, 'Let it suffice thee that thou knowest
> Us happy; and without love no happiness.
> Whatever pure thou in the body enjoyest
> (And pure thou wert created), we enjoy
> In eminence, and obstacle find none,
> Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars;
> Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
> Total they mix, union of pure with pure
> Desiring; nor restrained conveyance need,
> As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.'"

Nothing can be more explicit than this; not even what we have in Swedenborg, to whom we will turn next. I cannot lay my hands on my second volume of Mr. White's valuable book; but the following, from the index, will prove that Swedenborg, like many other "Christians" (Dr. Zincke notwithstanding), has grappled with the "dark reply, that now costs love so many a sigh:" "Marriages in Heaven, vol. i. p. 436, vol. ii. p. 354; *explanation* of the Lord's saying, There are none in the resurrection, 357; No children born in angelic wedlock, 360; Few unions contracted on earth perpetuated in heaven, 360." And in part of what Swedenborg has to say of the angels, and love in heaven, we shall find quite enough for our purpose. My copy of his "Conjugial Love" is also mislaid (or probably it is in the possession of some friend); but it is well known, that, after certain deductions for partial insanity, the most child-like openness of speech, and the manners of his century, Swedenborg's writings about love, marriage, and children are of almost inconceivable beauty and tenderness. The following are a few excerpts from Swedenborg's writings on the subject of love in heaven. In reading them, it must be borne in mind, that, in the Swedenborgian theosophy, "angels are no more than glorified men and women." The italics are Mr. White's: —

"The loves of heaven are love to the Lord and love to the neighbor, and it is the nature of those loves to communicate delight. Love to the Lord is communicative, because the Lord's love is *the love of communicating all that he has to his creatures;* and the same love is in each of those who love him, *because* the Lord is *in them.* Love to the neighbor is of a similar quality. The whole business of those loves is *to diffuse joy.* . . .

"The celestial angels, above all the rest, love to be led by the Lord, as little children by their father. They are nearest to the Lord, and live, as it were, *in* the Lord. They appear simple outwardly, and before the angels of the inferior heavens, as little children, and naked. They also appear like those who are not very wise, although they are the wisest of the heavens. . . . . .

"From all my experience, which has now continued for many years, I can declare and solemnly affirm, that the angelic form is in every respect human: that angels have faces, eyes, ears, breasts, arms, hands, and feet; that they see, hear, and converse with each other; and, in a word, lack no external attribute of man, except the material body.

"I have seen angels in their own light, which exceeds, by many degrees, the noonday light of earth; and in that light I have observed all parts of their faces more distinctly and clearly than ever I did the faces of men on earth. It has also been granted me to see an angel of the inmost heaven. His countenance was brighter and more resplendent than the faces of the angels of the outer heavens. I examined him closely, and found him a man in all perfection. . . . . .

"A man is equally a man after death, and a man so perfectly, that he knows no other than that he is still on earth. He sees, hears, and speaks as on earth; he walks, runs, and sits as on earth; he eats and drinks as on earth; he sleeps and wakes as on earth; he enjoys all delights just as on earth: in short, he is a man in general and every particular as on earth; whence it is plain that death is a continuation of life, and a mere transit to another plane of being.

"Nevertheless, the difference between the life of earth and of heaven is great; for the senses of the angels are far more exquisite than those of men. All that

* That it appears in *works* of art is quite another matter. Art is one thing, works of art are another. To explain very briefly: As art is concerned alone with beauty, arithmetic is concerned alone with number. Now, arithmetic is used in various sums, — in weighing sugar and iron, and counting nuts, apples, and shillings. But pure arithmetic has nothing to do with these matters. And thus, a *work* of art may be moral or immoral, — of the body or of the soul; but art, pure and simple, knows none of these things. The word art is constantly used to stand for some imaginary total of all works of art; and then it is said, and quite truly, that art must be either moral or immoral. But the confusion which is constantly made, even by most able and thoughtful writers, between art in this sense and art in the abstract (*q. d.*, physics, or geometry), is a startling, and has always been to me a most irritating, example of the slowness of most minds to catch purely abstract meanings. I do hope that some of the earnest writers and thinkers who have spent "labor and strength" in this matter will look steadily at the following propositions: A *work* of art is like every thing human, a complex product, and is liable to be judged as moral or immoral; but *art* is the same, whether the work be wicked or good, just as arithmetic has the same method for counting stolen shillings as she has for counting earned ones. A similar remark applies to criticism. Every critical writing is, of necessity, a mixed product, in which much besides true criticism will be found; but this proves nothing against a science of criticism. If it did, it would prove too much, and we should have, necessarily, to give up all judgments upon literary work; admitting at once that the "Wealth of Nations" may, perhaps, be a poem, and "Lycidas" an essay. See, *passim*, for its suggestiveness as to the extent to which criticism, even of paintings, can be made absolute, the valuable paper on "Turner and Mulready," in *Macmillan's Magazine* for April.

we have and enjoy, the angels have and enjoy, but in a delicacy and perfection far beyond our gross and sluggish perceptions. . . . . .

"The angels are forms of love, and their beauty is ineffable: love beams from their countenances, inspires their speech, and vivifies their every action. . . . From every spirit (and indeed from every man) there emanates a sphere, an air, an *aura*, impregnated with his life, and by which his quality is made sensible. This aroma, this atmosphere, in the case of the angels, is so full of love, that it affects the inmost life of all who draw near them. . . .

"Death, leaving human nature unaffected, leaves sex unaffected. Angels are men and women, with all the passions of men and women; and consequently marriage is the rule of heaven. Marriage in the heavens is the conjunction of two into one mind. . . .

"They who have lived in the chaste love of marriage are above all others in the order and form of heaven after death. Their beauty is surpassing, and the vigor of their youth endures forever. The delights of their love are unspeakable, and they increase to eternity; for all the delights and joys of heaven are collected into wedded love. No language can describe the delights of those angels."

To these passages it may be added, in brief, that, according to Swedenborg, love always begins from the woman, though she does not know it.

As far as human ingenuity can go, — and that, of course, extends only to verbal subtleties and hints of inconceivable possibilities in the future, — Swedenborg has here gone towards softening down the difficulties of the problem of special conjugal attachments with universal and inexclusive love. He has made every conjugal pair "one angel;" and if we only suppose, in addition, that every soul beloved on earth by more than one other soul is, in some divine manner, multiplied in the life to come, as many times as there are lovers for that soul, the paradise of Swedenborg is complete. Even as it is, his doctrine of the resurrection of the dead is not open to the taunt of Voltaire, conveyed through one of "Les Trois Adorateurs" in "Les Dialogues Philosophiques." He compliments Mohammed on having escaped what he calls an "absurd impertinence;" and Swedenborg has equally escaped it.

As to my own personal opinion about the dictum (attributed to the Founder of Christianity) from which all this takes its departure, I shall say nothing, absolutely nothing, and I wish to have that clearly understood. But in reading any reference whatever, in Semitic writings, to the subject of attachment between men and women, we must bear in mind that what we Westerns, especially of the Teutonic race as distinct (*pace* Mr. Huxley) from the Latin and Celtic races, call love, is a conception nowhere present in those writings. We find in the Bible desire in various qualities and degrees of violence, admiration, the masculine instinct of possession, domestic attachment; and all this, or all these, qualified by the ἀγάπη of the New Testament, and in the writings of Paul by his own peculiar culture. But nowhere do we find any thing even approaching to love in the modern sense, or that estimate of woman as especially divine, which has been not uncommon in the West; though it may be plausibly affirmed, that, on the whole, the Hebrew ideal (if the word ideal can properly be applied to any thing Semitic) has overlaid the other, even in the West. Let any one who has the opportunity turn to Tieck's story of the Golden Goblet, or the episode of Zieschen in Mr. Maurice's youthful novel of "Eustace Conway." He will there find an ideal of love between man and woman, which, so far from taking a direct path towards possession on either side, seems rather to shun it than otherwise. Mr. Maurice's Englishman is dumbfoundered to find, that while the young German adored Zieschen, and avows that his whole being was spiritually transformed by her, he declares positively that he never wanted and does not now want to marry her. What Mr. Maurice does not add in "Eustace Conway" I will add, to save Gath and Askelon the trouble of saying it. It is quite true, then, that unless either Zieschen the shepherdess, or her love, quits Arcadia, their love will end like other love: but that ending will be a surprise to the heart; it will consist in being taken captive, not in grasping at any thing on either side. It is the very "moral" of Tieck's tale, that the act of conscious grasping breaks the sacred spell of the love. The angels of God are ascending and descending upon the lover: he loves, and his whole life is worship and tenderness: —

> "All heaven bursts her starry floors,
> And strews her lights below."

But he is not content. He goes to a magician, and demands to be shown his beloved in the magic goblet. He is solemnly warned to maintain absolute, unseeking reticence. The fair image rises from a tender mist; the golden hair, the white brow, the lovely eyes, the sweet lips, the delicate column of the neck, the divine bosom, — and the lover springs forward to grasp the beautiful phantasm. It is gone. And a rose, for remembrance, is all that remains of it. He is permitted to take the rose, which is a talisman that keeps his soul pure and his heart warm; but he lives and dies lonely.

Does the reader say that I have wandered? Not so far, not so far. I will only add (to recur to our starting-point) that I am in my own soul sure, not that all is vanity, but that all is promise, and that those portions of human experience which involve the greatest happiness, *or* possibility of happiness, contain the surest, highest promise of a repetition of the joyful theme. "Shall he, this wonder, dead, become mere highway dust?" The poem of the laureate's in which that question occurs is, to my mind, a very poor and conventional one; but that question is one that, wrung from the heart hour by hour, draws down from heaven hour by hour the answer, "No, he shall not die."

"Hélas, l'infini a disparu, et j'avais tant de choses à lui dire." Patience, then; and we shall say them yet.

CHILDISHNESS.

THE defect we would indicate by childishness is a weak place in an ordinarily strong and reasonable mind, not a generally low level of character. Some men are all childish: their feebleness and puerility are themselves. We are surprised when they are any thing else. They may be gifted with an animation and vivacity which impart a certain interest to them, but they never take a manly view of things. If they are good and amiable, their friends treat their innocence as angelic; but it is impossible to look at such characters by the light of common sense without observing a deficiency. They never master the circumstances that surround them. Unless we give them credit for a species of inspiration, their judgment is not valuable: their warmest admirers do not think of them as men. There are others whom nobody thinks angels; who see every thing through their own small likes, dislikes, and prejudices; who get up little fervors, little exasperations, little bustles of business, which perplex those who are without opportunities of close examination, and who therefore miss the true explanation of them. Because they have arrived at man's stature and estate, people don't discern that they have never really emerged from childhood. The exterior may be thirty years of age, but the mind and intellectual habits never get beyond ten. We see a child engaged in man's work. There is a smiling priggishness, an empty earnestness, an unmeaning activity, under their grown-up-ness, which tells this tale. They are, in fact, upset by growth: it would have suited them better to stop a dozen years before. Because they cannot occupy so large a tenement, there is a collapse. Master Slender, who courts Anne Page, is one of these stationary, unlovely children. So are the players of a certain class of practical jokes. They are not our concern now. The childishness which at present attracts our notice is an anomaly, a

something out of place, the weak trait in an impressive general effect. Manliness, in fact, is a quality that rarely runs through a character; and the opposite to manliness is childishness. The people to whom we cannot impute this flaw are solid, rather than brilliant. Brilliancy loves display, and all display gives in this direction. Just as Bottom is childish when he wants to undertake every part, so men of conspicuous talents are childish who will not let any department of literature or business alone. We feel it to be so by a diminution of our respect for them. The same intellectual versatility of action which we admire in childhood, we feel to detract from the weight of manhood.

In using the word childish, we do not take the philosopher's or the ascetic's view of it. We do not say that people are childish for liking distinctions, or fine clothes, or jewels, or equipages, or applause of crowds, or games, or risks for the sake of risk. They like these things because they are men and women, not because they are children. It is not in the abstract frivolity of a pursuit, but in the way of pursuing it, that the thing we mean reveals itself as a partial defect, a thing to cause surprise. We make a discovery which causes a sense of disappointment, or furnishes simple matter for speculation, according as our feelings are concerned. We see that mankind is subject to this incompleteness. The intellectual soil is faulty in parts: no solid superstructure can stand on it. There is such a thing as a fixed immaturity: like fruit in an unfriendly season, it will not ripen.

It is, of course, the art of society and knowledge of the world to conceal such weaknesses. The man of the world is all armed. In fact, a wrench or break of some sort generally emancipates the youth from his childhood; and wide intercourse in a new field effects this wrench. The most conspicuous examples of partial, as well as of entire childishness, are to be found in narrow circles. Many modes of life foster childishness; they leave no outlet for growth, and present no sufficient novelty in exchange for what should be thrown aside and "put away:" but it is one of the mistakes that minister to the awe which the man of the world inspires to suppose, because it is out of sight, that it is not there. Catch one of these formidable beings at a disadvantage, look behind the screen of an accomplished manner and lofty assumption, and we are startled by some flagrant or pitiable trait, characteristic of the raw childish time; some timidity, some propensity, some ignorance, some trick or habit, which lasts undisturbed, uncorrected, through all the changes, polishings, and hardenings of the outer man. It is well it should be so; else men of figure, pretension, and general prestige would stand at too great an advantage over others, ungifted by nature and fortune, — ungifted except in some share of mother-wit which helps them to the consolation of these discoveries.

If we contemplate childhood, we find that many of the qualities that most charm us in it are delightful because they are ephemeral: we should recoil at once if we supposed they were to last. Notice, for instance, the excessive activity of infancy, — what may be called its passion for business. It is never still: it rushes from one occupation to another, finding nothing beyond the scope of its inclinations and supposed powers. This hurry, this running after work, is delightful in a child, because it is a passing stage of life. We take for granted, that, as thought develops, this tumult of activity will steady itself. When it remains, when it lasts on, uncorrected, in the man, it is childishness, whatever it may be taken for by himself and some other people. When he rejoices in the multiplicity of irons he has in the fire, we may safely regard him as having never laid aside the habits of his infancy, or occupied himself as he ought in the manly business of thinking, which should modify this trick of action. Again, in children we are quite content with mirth without wit. No children are witty; for, in fact, wit is essentially a mature production: several qualities of mind combine to produce it which are in embryo in childhood. Yet they find a great deal to laugh about; and we laugh with them, without effort, in glad sympathy, though we find them very constant to their jokes, and one lasts them a long time. But, unfortunately, this sort of jocularity, with a good many men, outlives its proper date. Far be it from us to spoil sport; but how many jokes, without a vestige of fun in them, are instigated by the ghost of old infantine vivacity! The joker jokes because he has always joked, and has never put away the method of childhood from him. Perhaps this is as common a form of childishness as any. A great many men are manly, sensible, influential, in their grave discourse, who flounder into a lower standing when they pretend to be humorous; and this because their jokes are made under a different understanding altogether from the jests of real wit. All worn-out jokes are childish. Children can laugh at the same thing many times over: if a man does the same, it is for the reason, that, in this particular, he is a child still. So, to utter a pleasantry, not because it is new, but because it is old, because it was said yesterday, shows a man to be at odds with his contemporaries: their minds have grown, while his remains stationary. Many more persons than are at all aware of it are tempted on by habit to a form of jocularity in which there is no conscious act of invention. Narrow circles and family circles encourage one another in a phraseology of humor, a sort of skeleton vivacity, where the spirit of fun is wholly wanting. Not that they are alive to this. Habit is as potent with the hearer as with the speaker. Nowbody measures the joke by the standard of wit. "So-and-so is all himself to-day," is the received verdict of approval; "all himself" meaning that he is talking in the same strain, jocose on the same subject, lively, without either a new theme or a fresh thought. The difference between a man's joke and this travesty of wit is, that in the one the mind is active, in the other it reposes on a habit of jocularity. It is assumed that the wish to be witty fulfils its own end.

Another trick of infancy is a love of showing its novelties and possessions. We note this sort of officiousness in many childen. No sooner do they catch sight of a visitor, a new arrival of any sort, than they hasten to entertain him by the production of their latest treasures, — any thing indeed. The first thought is, "What have I to show?" and all sorts of incongruities follow on the indulgence of this impulse. We admire and discuss with a good grace because they are children, whose lead we must follow if we care to please them, and also because we may say and do what we please. We are not always critics. But where the habit does not drop off, where the fancy of these exhibiters to display their wares for our entertainment lasts into the maturity of life, the case is different. Very few people indeed have an omniverous curiosity; and it happens more often than not, that what our friend persists in showing hits some blot in our acquirements. We are ignorant where he is knowing; and it requires an exceptional passion for knowledge in general to throw one's self into conchology, or genealogy, or heraldry, or a print, or an old coin, or a copy of verses, because our friend has something to show about them. The visitor expects to be led on to talk, and has his topics and interests ready. He finds that he has to abandon this vantage ground, and to force his unwilling attention upon subjects alien to his tastes. There are men with whom you cannot be in a room three minutes without their rushing off in quest of some book or other object. Conversation is impossible in their company. They are intent, from mere habit, on showing something, which means violently breaking the thread of discourse: and it is an irrepressible inclination; there is nothing to be done but to humor it, avenging ourselves for these amiable outrages by pronouncing our friend a child still. There is another example by which to express our meaning, though it may be deemed below the dignity of print. However, our subject is puerile: so why shrink from minute instances, especially as it is a sort of childishness of very wide prevalence? We all know it, and are irritated by it; and yet, ten to one, we do it ourselves, whenever we are not restrained by the severer exigencies of formal good manners. It shows, in fact, that on the domestic hearth, where we may take liberties, we are still children. The post probably brings newspapers enough each morning to supply, by subdivision, every one of the party present. Each one seizes his portion, and throws his attention into the comprehensive glance which is the cream of newspaper reading.

It is a rule which admits of no exception, that a man with the day's paper just put into his hands does not want to be interrupted; yet somebody present *will* read bits out of his own, to the disturbance of the rest. They need not be important bits: the reader knows that everybody will come upon them in time, and through a means which he himself infinitely prefers to this method of dribbling them out upon unwilling ears; but he cannot help indulging himself with something to tell, — of all habits the most characteristic of the child. Every child desires, above all things, to be the first to tell. To possess a piece of news, and to be before others in the telling of it, is the especial craving of infancy; and in this matter how many are infants still! We do not mean that the inclination to impart news is childish. Nobody who is worth any thing as a companion is without it; but this remorseless interruption, this deadness to our rights over time and place, is essentially childishness, innocent in the child, who does know that he infringes on our privileges by any thing he does of this sort, but culpable in the man, who knows perfectly well, if he would reflect, how sensitive he is under a similar annoyance, and who ought to be alive to the unwilling, grudged attention with which his self-indulgence is repaid.

The habit of collecting is generally begun in childhood. It may be applied to most useful and important purposes in after life; but generally some of the old turn lingers in it, and about the collector himself. It is unnecessary, however, to follow the subject into further detail. Where it at all takes possession of the thoughts, every reader will easily find examples of his own, high and low, public and private, illustrating the childish things which the grown man. in so many instances has not put away.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A SUBSCRIPTION is being raised in Paris to erect a monument to Auber.

A "COKE famine" has set in, in the north of England, and is exciting no small uneasiness.

MR. CARLYLE received the other day, from the German Empress, the formal expression of the thanks of the Emperor, for the "Life of Frederick the Great."

PRINCE BISMARCK is, it seems, in such bad health that he intends to have a rest of several months directly the state of public business will permit.

THE Paris papers mention that citizen Courbet had the modesty to go into the country, so as not to pass the anniversary of the fall of the Vendôme in Paris.

THE London comic papers do not fail to congratulate the United States on the graceful manner in which we eat humble-pie.

THE *Cosmopolitan* observes that "George N. Sanders is about to return to the United States, to take a part in the election. George is not much on the stump, but great in laying pipes and pulling wires."

IT is said that on a recent occasion the people waited patiently outside the doors of the theatre at Dresden for a space of eleven hours, to hear Madame Lucca sing in "Faust."

A YOUNG American in Paris has designed, and is having prepared, a badge for the new order of Cincinnati. It is in the form of a Greek cross, illuminated with as many diamonds as there are stars in the national flag, and has in the centre a portrait of Horace Greeley.

THE umbrella duel fought on the Boulevards recently, between the gallant M. Ratisbonne of the *Débats*, and the equally gallant M. Rogat of the *Pays*, has just ended before the police magistrate, who fined the former twenty-five and the latter two hundred francs.

Chambers's Journal for June the 1st has an entertaining paper on Mr. Fields's "Yesterdays with Authors." The writer closes by saying, "While we are reading 'Yesterdays with Authors,' it seems, indeed, that they are with us to-day; and our thanks are due to him who has reproduced them for our pleasure."

THE English government has a neat way of encouraging inventive genius. The *Court Journal* says that a clerk employed at the Chatham Dockyard has been suspended from duty for twenty-one days, without pay, for the "offence" of communicating some valuable suggestions on improvements in iron ship-building direct to the Admiralty, instead of forwarding them through the head of his department.

AUSTRALIA is not more fortunate than other places with regard to places of amusement. The Melbourne Theatre Royal, considered the first theatre in the country, has been entirely destroyed by fire, which broke out shortly after a performance of "The Streets of New York." This is the third Australian theatre which has been burnt in less than eighteen months; the buildings previously consumed being the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Sydney, and the Melbourne Haymarket.

THE *Athenæum* says, "The statement that Mlle. Tietjens has declined forty-eight hundred pounds, with her travelling expenses besides, to sing two pieces, for twelve consecutive days, at the monster Jubilee Festival, which will be commenced in Boston at the end of this month, is not a *canard:* the offer was made by telegram, but the London engagements of the German *prima donna* prevented its acceptance. Four hundred pounds per day, or two hundred pounds per song, is indeed terms which may be stated to be the maximum ever proposed to any vocalist."

ALL the fragments of the Vendôme column have been recovered except a small portion near the top and middle part of the shaft. It has now been ascertained that, in spite of the *surveillance* of the Commune, some foreigners in the surrounding hotels (Americans, it is said) were able to secure, at a high price, four large pieces; in addition to which it has now become known that a Swiss, staying at the Hôtel Chatham, became the proprietor of a fifth piece, weighing three pounds, six ounces, of which he has just made a present to an old friend of his.

IN the Romish Cathedral of Seville, the service on Easter Eve is begun without sound of bell or note of music. On the north side of the altar stands the *paschal candle*, a pillar of wax nine yards in height, and thick in proportion, weighing eighty *arrobas*, or about two thousand pounds. This candle is recast and newly ornamented every year, being broken in pieces on Whitsun Eve, and a part of it used in the consecration of the baptismal font. The candle is lighted with new fire, struck by a priest from a flint, and burns until Ascension Day. It is lighted and trimmed by a surpliced chorister, who climbs to the top by means of a gilt iron rod, furnished with steps like a flagstaff.

OUR English cousin is actively engaged at his Woolwich arsenal in the manufacture of various kinds of torpedoes, both aggressive and defensive, the production of these warlike implements apparently taking precedence of all other kinds of work. The torpedo upon which the largest number of workmen is engaged is the "fish torpedo:" it is made of iron, in the shape of a fish, and is about five feet long. When discharged from the side of a suitable vessel, it is set in motion by a small atmospheric engine, which gives to the tail a motion similar to that of a screw-propeller, and passes through the water at the rate of nine knots an hour to the side of a hostile ship, which it strikes with wonderful accuracy, instantly exploding, and causing the almost certain destruction of the vessel. These torpedoes can, it is said, be used with effect against vessels at dis-

tances of four hundred or five hundred yards from the point at which they are discharged.

THE Rev. Dr. Cumming, in the course of a recent lecture at Bristol, in mentioning, approvingly, that Scotland had opened her pulpits to Anglican bishops and clergy, expressed a hope that the next movement would give him a chance of preaching in Westminster Abbey. He was ambitious to occupy that place, because his friend Archbishop Manning had stated that it was certain that before he died he would say high mass within the walls of Westminster Abbey; and he (the doctor) was most anxious to give the Archbishop a good introduction by telling the people what high mass was.

THE attempts made during the siege of Paris to establish a system of signals with mirrors and reflected light appear to have failed only because there was no spot in the city high enough for the rays of light not to be intercepted by the curve of the earth's outline, before they had reached a serviceable distance. The recent experiments at Montpelier, directed by M. Leverrier, seem to promise ultimate success; and an exceedingly simple apparatus is suggested for enabling two bodies of troops to discover each other's whereabouts, and so establish telegraphic communication.

THE *Spectator* has discovered that Mark Twain is a humorist. "The United States," says the critic, "are taking a lead in the humorous literature of the day. Bret Harte and Col. John Hay and Artemus Ward are not alone. Their humor, it is true, is of a much more subtle character than that of Mark Twain, and the outcome rather of a political and social irony than of a keen sense of the ludicrous simply; yet Mark Twain ranks high, and is much more certain to be understood and appreciated by a general public, especially in countries where the politics, manners, customs, and tone of thought, of Americans are, comparatively, little known. The secret of his fun lies in the assumed childlike credulity with which he accepts the premises offered, and the real ability and assumed simplicity with which he follows them up to their logical but utterly absurd conclusions. For instance, in writing of Benjamin Franklin, whose birthplace is a matter of dispute at Boston, he says, 'He was twins, being born simultaneously in two different houses in the city of Boston.' And in the same way he ignores the inference in Franklin's boast that he began life with only half-a-crown, and takes it simply as a statement of fact. 'He was always proud of telling how he entered Philadelphia for the first time, with nothing in the world but two shillings in his pocket, and four rolls of bread under his arm. But really . . . it was nothing. Anybody could have done it.'"

THE Greeks appear to be making strong efforts to convert the Jews to Christianity. On Sunday, the 5th of May, according to the *Levant Herald*, a party of drunken Greeks seized upon a poor Polish Jew, in an obscure part of Galata, smeared his beard and hair with tar, and set fire to them, inflicting cruel and probably fatal injuries upon their victim. At Smyrna, there has been a display of Christianity on an unwonted scale. A report having been circulated that a Christian child had been killed by the Jews as a sacrifice at their passover, a fearful onset was made on these unhappy people. In vain did the priests from the church-pulpits proclaim that the child in question had simply been drowned by accident. Every Jew met with was horribly maltreated; and after some hours of indecision, during which it was vainly hoped that sober sense might prevail, the excited Greek mob, with all the rascality of the town in its train, made for the Jewish quarter, sacked the houses, murdered the inmates, and committed other acts of brutal atrocity. Many Jews at length turned on their assailants, and then the fury of the Greek rabble knew no bounds. Neither women nor children were spared; and these scenes of violence continued day after day, until the Jewish quarter was converted into a pandemonium of pillage, rapine, and murder. At length the governor interfered. Troops were called in, and Christianity was brought under some sort of control.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, signing himself "A Wrangler of former Days," points out a curious error in the calculations by which Mr. Jeula and Mr. Chichester Fortescue have been estimating the significance of the increase in the number of collisions at sea. It is erroneous, he observes, to suppose that the number of collisions will, with equal management, increase merely in proportion to the number of vessels. The true theory is, that the number of collisions will vary as the combinations of the number of vessels taken two together, for obviously every vessel is liable to come into collision with every other. Suppose, for instance, that there are on a certain river two vessels only, and that they come into collision once a year, on an average. Suppose, now, that two new vessels are introduced; then each of them will come into collision, not only with the other, but with each of the former two vessels; so that, instead of the number of collisions being doubled, it will be increased in the ratio of six to one; and this will hold good whatever be the numbers. An application of this theory to Mr. Jeula's statistics shows that the proportionate number of collisions has decreased materially, instead of having increased, as was erroneously supposed. The collisions of sailing-vessels, which should have risen twenty-one per cent, with equal management, on the increased number of vessels, have only risen nine and four-tenths per cent, while the collisions of steamers, instead of having doubled, have increased only sixty-three and four-tenths per cent. "There is nothing so fallacious as figures," concludes the "Wrangler;" but the words "except facts" are sometimes added, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Jeula's statistics, upon which the "Wrangler" relies, are more correct than his calculations.

THE well-informed Roman correspondent of the *Perseveranza* gives some interesting particulars relative to the refusal of the Pope to accept Prince Bismarck's nomination of Cardinal Hohenlohe as the German ambassador at the Vatican. At first, says the correspondent, both the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli were disposed to concur in this appointment; but the Jesuits, fearing that it might produce a *rapprochement* between Germany and the Holy See, set every engine at work to prevent it. In this they were strongly supported by the French clergy at Rome, who had a powerful advocate in M. Veuillot, that gentleman being at the same time on a visit to the Holy City. "The policy of the Jesuits," observes the correspondent, "which does its utmost to prevent any distinction being made in theory or in practice between Jesuitism and Catholicism, here had a common ground of action with that of the French Chauvinistes, who hope to bring religious fanaticism into the field as their ally in the future war of revenge against Germany. . . . These are mighty influences on the anti-German side, and they place the Pope in an extremely difficult situation. The French clergy evidently claim to be the protectors of the Holy See, with the intention of afterwards making use of their position to influence the destinies of France. Religion is thus made the cloak of an extensive conspiracy; and the Pope, who professes to be the prisoner of the Italian Government, is really the prisoner of these ambitious plotters."

THE *Saturday Review* devotes an article to Mrs. Woodhull, who is not worth the powder. Among other sensible things, the *Saturday Review* says, "It would be absurd, of course, to attribute any deep or serious influence to persons like Mrs. Woodhull, or to publications such as her weekly journal: but worthless straws will show how the wind blows; and the connection between the free-love movement in America and the agitation for what are called women's rights, is too close and conspicuous not to be remarked. Whatever gloss may be put upon it, there is no getting rid of the fact that the cardinal principle, underlying the demands which are raised for a female franchise, for the legal independence of

married women, and so on, is simply that marriage shall cease to be an absolute and permanent union, in the sense in which it has hitherto been understood; and that it shall be reduced to a mere commercial partnership, with limited liability. From this to free love is only a step, and not a very wide one. Under the new system, a woman would be taught to regard herself as a person with separate rights and interests from her husband; the legal facilities which would be provided, in order to enable her to assert her independence, would supply a constant incentive to do so; and whenever any serious difference of opinion or quarrel arose, the minds of husband and wife would be turned, not, as at present, in the direction of compromise and conciliation, but rather to immediate separation. When married people know that they must make the best of each other, they naturally try to do so; but if it were once to be understood that they have separate interests and possessions, and a distinct legal existence, and that the only tie between them is a mere matter of commercial convenience, the natural consequence would be to destroy that unity of thought and sentiment upon which the permanent happiness of such a union so vitally depends. Of course, if personal convenience is to be the ruling principle of marriage, it would seem to follow that the marriage should be dissolved when the convenience has ceased; and thus we get to Mrs. Woodhull's theory, that the duration of marriage should be measured solely by inclination, and that a woman has a right to take a new husband every day if she likes."

THE last number of the *Examiner* contains a flattering review of Mr. Higginson's "Atlantic Essays." We select the following passage from the article: "There is so little that is oceanic in either the style or the pretensions of these charming essays, that it may be well enough to mention for English readers that their general title is derived from the *Atlantic Monthly*, of Boston, in which they originally appeared. At the same time, there is enough in these pages to remind us that the ocean stretching between the old world and the new is a connection as well as a separation; and that, though the accumulated culture of Europe may undergo a certain filtration on the way over, its influence has become an appreciable element in American thought. Mr. Higginson has a true but a cautious respect and sympathy for the tendencies of his country, while he is above all a literary artist, and with his fine insight reads the events and faces around him by the best lights of the world's large experience. He is free without extravagance, brave without recklessness, and original without eccentricity. And when to these qualities we add that he has the instincts of a scholar, a fine imagination, and genuine American humor, we need give no stronger assurance to those who are interested in the phases of transatlantic thought that they will find, in the 'Atlantic Essays,' a volume well worthy of their attention. It is, indeed, hardly to the credit of our reading public that a writer of such remarkable powers should, as yet, be comparatively unknown in this country; though there are a few who have known the same author's 'Out-door Papers' as embodying the 'muscular' philosophy in its American form, and still more who have been entertained by the fine New-England romance, 'Malbone,' which has been printed in this country. There are casual evidences in this work that Mr. Higginson has for some time been a man of distinction among his countrymen; and those who followed with interest the varying fortunes of the late civil war in America may recognize him as among the foremost of the scholars of New England who suspended their literary pursuits, and gave themselves up with enthusiasm to the work of saving their country and of redeeming it from the great wrong which had so long impeded its progress. Of these, none more distinguished himself on the battle-field than our author. If any of our readers have fallen in with a work entitled 'Army Life in a Black Regiment,' which bears the name of *Col.* Higginson as its author, they will probably remember it as one of the most characteristic and notable chapters in a history replete with romance. The civil war happily ended, and the evil which caused it eradicated, the thinkers of America have been able to resume their congenial pursuits with a cheerfulness and devotion which were scarcely possible in a country so long under the pressure of angry political and moral contentions; and we can well realize the change which has come over that country, so far as its scholars are concerned, when we think of one of them as passing from the leadership of a regiment of negroes in South Carolina, to the production of a work like that before us, indicating, as it does on every page, a refinement of thought, a breadth of culture, and a poetic insight, which could only have become associated by a very abnormal combination of circumstances with military renown."

WATCHING.

I.

YES, it will soon be the dawn, dear; the darkness is lingering still,
But I know it is almost the morning, the air is so hushed and so chill.
Can you lie silent no longer? Indeed, if you can, it is best,
For sometimes you sleep towards morning; try to be quiet and rest.

II.

Is it the pain that disturbs you? Your forehead feels hot to my palm.
I hoped that the fever had left you, you lay there so patient and calm.
Is it so hard to bear, dear? I know it is hard, by your smile.
Ah! if I only could take it, and let you be free for a while!

III.

Weary? No, I am not weary; only of seeing you so.
Do not you trouble for me, dear: I rest in the daytime, you know.
Just let me straighten your pillow, and darken the light from your sight:
All I can do is so little, the aid I can give is so slight!

IV.

Yes, I can see at the window, the dawning begins to grow strong.
Though you are always so patient, I know that you find the hours long;
But now that the pain is more easy, while yet the night-silence is deep,
Perhaps you may still get some rest, dear; try to be quiet and sleep.

THE SWEET, FIXED OIL of the Cocoanut is represented in *Burnett's Cocoaine.*

EVERY one in need of a convenient work of reference on statistics ought to buy "*Schem's Universal and Statistical Table,*" published by *L. Prang & Co.* — See Advertisement.

WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA will effect a cure if tried faithfully.

THE demand for the HALFORD LEICERTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE by guests who best understand how to make most palatable their soups, fish, and meats, induces all the best hotel proprietors in the country to place it constantly upon their tables.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1872. [No. 25.

THE YELLOW FLAG.

BY EDMUND YATES.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—IN THE CITY.

THE descriptions of the great house of Calverley & Co., given respectively by Mr. and Mrs. Calverley, though differing essentially in many particulars, had each a substratum of truth. The house had been founded half a century before by John Lorraine, the eldest son of a broken-down but ancient family in the north of England, who in very early years had been sent up to London to shift for himself, and, arriving there with the conventional half-crown in his pocket, was, of course, destined to fame and fortune. Needless to say, that like so many other merchant princes, heroes of history far more veracious than this, his first experiences were those of struggling adversity. He kept the books, he ran the errands, he fetched and carried for his master,—the old East India agent in Great St. Helen's; and by his intelligence and industry he commended himself to the good graces of his superiors, and was not only able to maintain himself in a respectable position, but to provide for his two younger brothers, who were sipping from the fount of learning at the grammar school of Penrith. These junior scions being brought to town, and applying themselves, not, indeed, with the same energy as their elder brother, but with a passable amount of interest and care to the duties set before them, were taken into partnership by John Lorraine when he went into business for himself, and helped, in a certain degree, to establish the fortunes of the house. Of these fortunes John Lorraine was the mainspring and the principal producer: he had wonderful powers of foresight, and uncommon shrewdness in estimating the chances of any venture proposed to him; and with all these he was bold and lucky,—"far too bold," his old employers said, with shaking heads, as they saw him gradually, but surely, outstripping them in the race; "far too lucky," his detractors growled, when they saw speculations, which had been offered to them and promptly declined, prosper auriferously in John Lorraine's hands.

As soon as John Lorraine saw the tide of fortune strongly setting in, he took to himself a wife, the daughter of one of his city friends, a man of tolerable wealth and great experience, who in his early days had befriended the struggling boy, and who thought his daughter could not have achieved higher honor or greater happiness. Whatever honor or happiness may have accrued to the young lady on her marriage did not last long; for shortly after giving birth to her first child, a daughter, she died, and thenceforward John Lorraine devoted his life to the little girl, and to the increased fortune which she was to inherit. When little Jane had arrived at a more than marriageable age, and from a pretty fubsy baby had grown into a thin, acidulated, opiniated woman (a result attributable to the manner in which she had been spoiled by her indulgent father), John Lorraine's mind was mainly exercised as to what manner of man would propose for her with a likelihood of success. Hitherto, love affairs had been things almost unknown to his Jane; not from any unwillingness on her part to make their acquaintance, but principally because, notwithstanding the fortune which it was known she would bring to her husband, none of the few young men who from time to time dined solemnly in the old-fashioned house in Brunswick Square, or acted as cavalier to its mistress to the Ancient Concerts or the King's Theatre, could make up their minds to address her in any thing but the most common phrases. That Miss Jane had a will of her own, and a tart manner of expressing her intention of having that will fulfilled, was also matter of common gossip: stories were current among the clerks at Mincing Lane of the "wigging" which they had heard her administering to her father, when she drove down to fetch him away in her chariot, and when he kept her unduly waiting; the household servants in Brunswick Square had their opinion of Miss Jane's temper; and the tradesmen in the neighborhood looked forward to the entrance of her thin, dark figure into their shops every Tuesday morning, for the performance of settling the books, with fear and trembling.

Old John Lorraine, fully appreciating his daughter's infirmities, though, partly from affection, partly from fear, he never took upon himself to rebuke them, began to think that the fairy prince who was to wake this morally slumbering virgin to a sense of something better, to larger views and higher aims, to domestic happiness and married bliss, would never arrive. He came at last, however, in the person of George Gurwood, a big, broad-shouldered, jovial fellow, who, as a son of another of Lorraine's early friends, had some time previously been admitted as a partner into the house. Everybody liked good-looking, jolly George Gurwood. Lambton Lorraine and Lowther Lorraine, who, though now growing elderly men, had retained their bachelor tastes and habits, and managed to get through a great portion of the income accruing to them from the business, were delighted with his jovial manners, his sporting tendencies, his convivial predilections. When the fact of George's paying his addresses to their niece was first promulgated, Lambton had a serious talk with his genial partner, warning him against tying himself for life to a woman with whom he had no single feeling in common. But George laughed at the caution, and declined to be guided by it. "Miss Lorraine was not much in his line," he said; "perhaps a little given to tea and psalm-smiting, but it would come all right; he should get her into a different way; and as the dear old guv'nor (by which title George always affectionately spoke of his senior partner) "seemed to wish it, he was not going to stand in the way. He wanted a home, and Jane should make him a jolly one; he'd take care of that."

Jane Lorraine married George Gurwood, but she did not make him a home. Her rigid bearing and unyielding temper were too strong for his plastic, pliable nature; for many months the struggle for mastery was carried on between them; but in the end George—jolly George no longer—gave way. He had made a tolerable good fight of it, and had used every means in his power to induce her to be less bitter, less furtive, less inexorable in the matter of his dinings-out, his sporting transactions, his constant desire so see his table surrounded by congenial company. "I have tried to gentle her," he said to Lowther Lorraine one day, "as I would a horse, and there has never been one of them yet that I could not coax and pet into good temper. I'd spend any amount of money on her,

and let her have her own way in most things, if she would only just let me have mine in a few. I have tried her with a sharp bit and a pair of 'persuaders,' but that was no more use than the gentling! She's as hard as nails, Lowther, my boy, and I don't see my way out of it; that's the truth. So come along and have a B and S."

If having a B and S — George's abbreviation for soda-water and brandy — would have helped him to see his way out of his difficulties, he would speedily have been able to perceive it; for thenceforward his consumption of that and many other kinds of liquids was enormous. Wretched in his home, George Gurwood took to drinking to drown care; but, as in most similar cases, the demon proved himself far too buoyant to be overwhelmed even by the amount which George poured upon him. He was drinking morning, noon, and night, and was generally in a more or less muddled state. When he went to business, which was now very seldom, some of the clerks in the office laughed at him, which was bad enough, while others pitied him, which was worse. The story of George's dissipation was carefully kept from John Lorraine, who had virtually retired from the business, and devoted himself to nursing his rheumatism, and to superintending the education of his grandson, a fine boy of five or six years of age; but Lambton and Lowther held many colloquies together, the end of them all being their both agreeing that they could not tell what was to be done with George Gurwood. What was to be done with him was soon settled by George Gurwood himself. Even his powerful constitution had been unable to withstand the ravages which constant drinking had inflicted upon it. He was seized with an attack of delirium tremens while attending a race meeting at Warwick; and during the temporary absence of the night nurse, jolly George Gurwood terminated his earthly career by jumping from the bedroom window of the hotel into the yard below.

Then it was that the investigation of the affairs of the firm, consequent upon the death of one of the partners, revealed the serious state in which matters stood. All the name and fame, the large fortune, the enormous colonial business, the commercial credit, which John Lorraine had spent his life in building up, had been gradually crumbling away. Two years more of this decadence, such as the perusal of the firm's books exhibited had taken place during the last ten years, and the great house of Lorraine Brothers would be in the bankruptcy court. Then it was that Mr. Calverley, hitherto only known as a plodding, reliable head clerk, thoroughly conversant with all details of business, but never having shown any peculiar capabilities, came forward and made his mark. At the meeting of the creditors he expounded his views so lucidly, and showed so plainly how, by re-organizing the business in every department, it could once more be put on a safe and proper footing, and re-instated in its old position as one of the leading houses in the city, that the helm was at once put into his hands. So safely and prosperously did he steer the ship, that, before old John Lorraine died, he saw the business in Mincing Lane, though no longer conducted under its old name (Mr. Calverley had made a point of that, and had insisted on claiming whatever was due to his ability and exertions), more flourishing than in its best days; while Lambton and Lowther, who had been paid out at the re-organization of affairs, and thought themselves very lucky at escaping being sucked in by the expected whirlpool, were disgusted at the triumphant results of the operations of a man by whom they had set so little store, and complained indignantly of their ill-treatment.

And then John Calverley, who, as one of the necessities involved in carrying out his business transactions, had been frequently brought into communication with the widowed Mrs. Gurwood, first conceived the idea of making her an offer of marriage. Pretty nearly forty years of his life had been spent in a state of bachelorhood, though he had not been without the comforts of a home. He was thoroughly domesticated by nature, simple in his tastes, shy and shrinking from society, and so engrossed by his unceasing labor during the day, that it was his happiness at night to put aside from his mind every thing relating, however remotely, to his city toil, and to sit drinking his tea, and placidly chatting, reading, or listening to his old mother, from whom, since his childhood, he had never been separated. The first great grief of John Calverley's life, the death of this old lady, took place very shortly after he had assumed the reins of government in Mincing Lane; and since then his home had been dull and cheerless. He sorely felt the want of a companion, but he knew nobody whom he could ask to share his lot. He had but rare opportunities of making the acquaintance of any ladies; but Mrs. Gurwood had been thrown in his way by chance, and, after some little hesitation, he ventured to propose to her. The proposition was not disagreeable to Jane Gurwood. For some time past she had felt the loss of some constantly present object on which to vent her bile; her tongue and her temper were both becoming rusty by disuse, and in the meek, pleasant little man, now rich and well to do, she thought she saw a very fitting recipient for both. So John Calverley and Jane Gurwood were married, with what result we have already seen.

The offices in Mincing Lane remained pretty much in the same state as they had been in old John Lorraine's day. They had been painted, of course, many times since he first entered upon their occupation; but in the heart of the city the brilliancy of paint does not last very long, and in a very few months after the ladders and scaffoldings had been removed, the outside woodwork relapsed into its state of grubbiness. There was a talk at one time of making some additions to the building, to provide accommodation for the increased staff of clerks which it had been found necessary to engage; but Mr. Calverley thought that the rooms originally occupied by Lambton and Lowther Lorraine would do very well for the newly-appointed young gentlemen, and there accordingly they set up their high desks and stools, their enormous ledgers and day-books. The elderly men, who had been John Lorraine's colleagues and subordinates in by-gone years, still remained attached to the business: but their employer, not unmindful of the good services they had rendered, and conscious, perhaps, that without their aid he might have had some difficulty in carrying out his re-organizations so successfully, took means to lighten their duties, and to place them rather in the position of overseers and superintendents, leaving the grinding desk-work to be performed by their juniors. Of these young gentlemen there were several. They inhabited the lower floor of the warehouse, and the most presentable of them were told off to see any stray customers that might enter. The ships' captains, the brokers, and the consignees knew their way about the premises, and passed in and out unheeded: but occasionally strangers arrived with letters of introduction, or foreign merchants put in a fantastic appearance; and for the benefit of these there was a small glazed waiting-room, set apart, with one or other of the presentable clerks to attend to them.

About a fortnight after Pauline's first visit, about the middle of the day, Mr. Walker, one of the clerks, entered the large office, and proceeded to hang up his hat and to doff his coat, preparatory to putting on a sporting-looking garment made of shepherd's plaid, with extremely short tails, and liberally garnished with ink-spots. Judging from his placid, satisfied appearance, and from the fact that he carried a toothpick between his lips, which he was elegantly chewing, one might have guessed, without fear of contradiction, that Mr. Walker had just returned from dinner.

"You shouldn't hurry yourself in this way, postman, you really shouldn't," said Mr. Briscoe, one of the presentable clerks aforenamed. "You will spoil your digestion if you do; and fancy what a calamity that would be to a man of your figure! You have only been out an hour and a quarter, and I understand they have sent round from Lake's to Newgate Market for some more joints."

"Don't you be funny, William," said Mr. Walker, wiping his lips, and slowly climbing on to his stool: "it isn't in your line, and you might hurt yourself."

"Hurt myself!" echoed Mr. Briscoe. "I will hurt you, and spoil your appetite too, when I get the chance; keeping a fellow hanging on here waiting for his luncheon, while

you are gorging yourself to repletion for one and ninepence. Only you wait till next week, when it's my turn to go out at one, and you will see what a twist I'll give you. However, one comfort is, I'm off at last." And Mr. Briscoe jumped from his seat, and proceeded towards the hat-pegs.

"No, you're not," said Mr. Walker, who had commenced a light dessert on a half-hundred of walnuts, which he had purchased at a stall on his way. "There's a party just come into the private office, William; and, as you're picked out for that berth on account of your beauty and superior manners, you will have to attend to her. A female party, do you hear, William? so brush your hair, and pull down your wristbands, and make a swell of yourself."

Mr. Briscoe looked with great disgust towards the partition through the dulled glass, on which he saw the outline of a female figure; then, stepping across, he opened a pane in the glass, and inquired what was wanted.

"I called here some time ago," said Pauline, for it was she, "and left a letter for Mr. Calverley. I was told he was out of town, but would return in a few days. Perhaps he is now here?"

"Mr. Calverley has returned," said Mr. Briscoe, in his most fascinating manner, a compound of the familiarity with which he addressed the waitresses in the eating-houses and the *nonchalance* with which he regarded the duchesses in the park. "I believe he is engaged just now, but I will let him know you are here. What name shall I say?"

"Say Madame Du Tertre, if you please," said Pauline; "and mention that he has already had a letter from me."

Mr. Briscoe bowed, and delivered his message through a speaking-tube which communicated with Mr. Calverley's room. In reply, he was instructed to bring the lady up stairs; and bidding Pauline follow him, he at once introduced her into the presence of his chief.

As his visitor entered, Mr. Calverley rose from the desk at which he was seated, and graciously motioned her to a chair, looking hard at her from under his light eyebrows meanwhile.

Pauline was the first to speak. After she had seated herself, and Mr. Calverley had resumed his place at his desk, she leaned forward and said, "I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Calverley?"

"That is my name," said John, with a bow and a pleasant smile. "In what way can I have the pleasure of being of service to you?"

"You speak kindly, Mr. Calverley, and your appearance is just what I had expected. You received a letter from me — a strange letter you thought it; is it not so?"

"Well," said John, "it was not the sort of letter I have been in the habit of receiving: it was not strictly a business kind of letter, you know."

"It was not addressed to you in your strictly business capacity, Mr. Calverley: it was written from the heart, a thing which does not often enter into business matters, I believe. It was written because I have heard of you as a man of benevolence and charity, interested in the fate of foreigners and exiles, able, if willing, to do what I wish."

"My dear madam," said John Calverley, "I fear you much exaggerate any good qualities I may possess. The very nature of my business throws me into constant communication with people from other countries, and if they are unfortunate I endeavor to help them to the best of my power. Such power is limited to the giving away of small sums of money, and helping them to return to their native country, to getting them employment if they desire to remain here, or recommending them to hospitals if they are ill; but yours is a peculiar case, if I recollect your letter rightly; I have it here, and can refer to it" —

"There is no occasion to do that. I can explain more fully and more promptly by word of mouth. Mine is, as you say, a peculiar case. I am the daughter of a retired officer of artillery, who lived at Lyons. At his death, I married Monsieur Du Tertre, who was engaged as a traveller for one of the large silk factories there. He was frequently coming to England, and spoke the language well. He taught it to me; and I, to aid an income which was but small, taught it again to several pupils in my native city. My husband, like most Frenchmen of his class, took a vivid interest in politics, and was mixed up in several of the more prominent Republican societies. One day, immediately after his return from a foreign journey, he was arrested; and since then, save on the day of his trial, I have not set eyes upon him. I know not where he is: he may be in the *cachots* of Mont St. Michele; he may be kept *au secret* in the Conciergerie; he may be exiled to Cayenne; I know not. All I do know is, I shall never see him again. 'Avec ces gens là il faut en finir,' was all the reply I could get to my inquiries, — they must be finished, done with, stamped out, what you will. There!" continued Pauline, brushing her eyes with her handkerchief: "it is not often that I give way, monsieur; my life is too stern and too hard for that. After he was taken from me, I could remain in Lyons no longer. It is not alone upon the heads of families that the Imperial Government revenges itself: so I came away to England, bringing with me all that I had saved, all that I could scrape together, after selling every thing we possessed; and the result is that I have, monsieur, a sum of two thousand pounds, which I wish to place in your hands, begging you to invest it in such a manner as will enable me to live honestly, and with something like decency, for the remainder of my days."

John Calverley had listened to this recital with great attention; and when Pauline ceased speaking, he said to her, with a half-grave smile, "The remainder of your days, madam, is likely, I hope, to be a tolerably long period; for you evidently are quite a young woman. Now, with regard to your proposition, you yourself say it is unbusiness-like, and I must confess it strikes me as being so in the highest degree. You know nothing of me, beyond seeing my name as a subscriber to certain charities, or having heard it mentioned as that of a man who takes some interest in assisting foreigners in distress; and yet you offer to place in my hands what constitutes your entire fortune, and intrust me with the disposal of it. I really do not think," said John Calverley, hesitating, "I can possibly undertake"—

"One moment, Mr. Calverley," said Pauline. "The responsibility of declining to take this money will be far greater than of accepting it, for if you decline to act for me, I will consult no one else; I will act on my own impulse, and shall probably either invest the sum in some swindling company, or squander and spend it."

"You must not do that," said John promptly: "you must not think of doing that. Two thousand pounds is not a very large sum of money; but, properly invested, a lady without encumbrance," said John, with a dim recollection of the formula of servants' advertisements, "might live very comfortably on the interest, more especially if she had no home to keep up."

"But, monsieur, I must always have a home, a lodging, a something to live in," said Pauline, with a shrug.

"Yes, of course," said John Calverley rather absently; for at the moment a notable plan had suggested itself to him, and he was revolving it in his mind. "Where are you living now, Madame Du Tertre?"

"I have a lodging — a bed-room — in Poland Street," she replied.

"Dear me," said John Calverley, in horrified amazement. "Poland Street? I know, of course; back of the Pantheon, — very stuffy and grimy, children playing battledore and shuttlecock in the street, organ-men and fish-barrows, and all that kind of thing; not at all pleasant."

"No," said Pauline, with a repetition of her shrug; "but beggars have no choice, as the proverb says."

"Did it ever occur to you," said John nervously, "that you might become a companion to a lady, — quite comfortable, you know, and well treated, made one of the family, in point of fact?" he added, again recurring to the advertisement formula.

Pauline's eyes glistened at once; but her voice was quite calm as she said, "I have never thought of such a thing. I don't know whether I should like it. It would, of course, depend upon the family."

"Of course," assented John. "I was thinking of — Do you play the piano, Madame Du Tertre?"

"Oh, yes! sufficiently well."

"Ah!" said John unconsciously, "some of it does go a long way. Well, I was thinking that perhaps" —

"Mrs. Calverley, sir," said Mr. Briscoe, throwing open the door.

Mrs. Calverley walked into the room, looking so stern and defiant that her husband saw he must take immediate action to prevent the outbreak of a storm. Since that evening in Great Walpole Street, when John Calverley had plucked up his spirit, and ventured to assert himself, his wife, though cold and grim as ever, had kept more outward control over her temper, and had almost ceased to give vent to the virulent raillery in which she formerly indulged. Like most despots, she had been paralyzed when her meek slave rebelled against her tyranny, and had stood in perpetual fear of him ever since.

"You come at a very opportune moment, Jane," said John Calverley.

"It scarcely seems so," said his wife, from between her closed lips. "I was afraid I might be regarded as an unpleasant interruption to a private interview."

"It is I, madam," said Pauline, rising, "who am the interrupter here. My business with Mr. Calverley is ended, and I will now retire."

"Pray stay, Madame Du Tertre," said John, motioning her again to her chair. "This lady, Jane, is Madame Du Tertre, a foreigner and a stranger in England."

"But not a stranger to the history of Madame Calverley," said Pauline, rising gracefully; "not a stranger to the beneficence, the charities, the piety, of Mademoiselle Lorraine; not a stranger," she added, in a lower tone, "to the sainted sufferings of Madame Gurwood. Ah, madame! though I have been but a very short time in this great city of London, I have heard of you, of your religion, and your goodness, and I am honored in the opportunity of being able to kiss your hand." And suiting the action to the word, Pauline took Jane Calverley's plum-colored gantlet into her own neatly-gloved palm, and pressed it to her lips.

Mrs. Calverley was so taken aback at this performance, that, beyond muttering "not worthy," and "too generous," she said nothing. But her husband marked the faint blush of satisfaction which spread over her clay-colored complexion, and took advantage of the impression made to say, —

"Madame Du Tertre, my dear Jane, is a French lady, — a widow with a small fortune, which she wishes me to invest for her in the best way possible. In the mean time, she is a stranger here in London, as I said before; and she has no comfortable lodging, and no friends. I thought perhaps, that as I am compelled by business to be frequently absent from home, and am likely to continue to be so, it might break the loneliness of your life if Madame Du Tertre, who speaks our language well, and plays the piano, and is no doubt generally accomplished, might come as your visitor for a short time; and then, if you found you suited each other, one might make some more permanent arrangement."

When Jane Calverley first entered the room, and saw a lady gossiping with her husband, she thought she had discovered the means of bringing him to shame, and making his life a burden to him. Now in his visitor she saw, as she thought, a woman possessing qualities such as she admired, but for which she never gave her husband credit, and one who might render her efficient aid in her life's campaign against him. Even if what had been told her were false, and this woman were an old friend of his, as a visitor in Great Walpole Street, Mrs. Calverley would have her under her own eye, and she believed sufficiently in her own powers of penetration to enable her to judge of the relations between them. So that, after a little more talk, the visit was determined on, and it was arranged that the next day Madame Du Tertre should remove to her new quarters.

"And now," said Pauline, as she knocked at Mr. Mogg's door, whither the Calverley's carriage had brought her, "and now, Monsieur Tom Durham, *gare à vous!* For this day I have laid the beginning of the train, which, sooner or later, shall blow your newly-built castle of happiness into the air."

SOCIAL NEW YORK.

FROM AN ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW.

THE outward appearance of the city of New York has been so often described, that it is tolerably well known to English readers. The fine bay, with its white sails, and the usually clear blue sky overhead, forming so great a contrast to the Mersey, gives at once to the American-bound traveller a comfortable sense of breadth and cheerfulness. There is nothing dull to look at; nothing hopeless; nothing hateful in ugliness and gloom. And Broadway, although we may find it much narrower than we imagined, and very disappointing in the incongruity and tastelessness of its architecture (with the wretched flag-staffs of different sizes on every roof, and flaunting signs stuck up at every door-post), has still an attraction from the novelty and the scale of many of its buildings; and there is a display of wealth and bustling, eager activity about the street, that give it a character of its own. Fifth Avenue, too, with its handsome brown-stone houses, and the trees bordering the pavement in their fresh green, is a sight to please the eye. It is the sort of street we have not been accustomed to. It is typically American. It would be difficult to match its three miles in comfort and sightliness. It is already built out to Central Park, the great pride and glory of New-Yorkers. Within the last ten or twelve years, this park has been formed out of an absolute wilderness of rock. The roads in it are perfect. The turf is admirably kept, and no English lawn can look brighter or greener than it does in spring. Fine timber there is none, and never can be, owing to the want of depth of soil; but flowering shrubs and small trees there are in abundance, with several artificial lakes very picturesquely laid out; and whether in spring-time in its freshness, or in the fall, when Autumn's "fiery finger" is laid among the leaves, the park has a bright, pleasant appearance, with its crowds of well-dressed people walking about, and the numerous "wagons" with fast-trotting horses.

When the ordinary tourist, without letters of introduction, asks what more there is to be seen in this, the third largest city in the civilized world, it must be difficult to direct him. There are one or two collections of modern pictures in private houses open to view, which might interest him for half an hour. If addicted to education, or charitable institutions, he can occupy some time, and receive much valuable information, from visiting the schools and the other buildings devoted to these purposes. If commercially inclined, the shipping, and the "Bulls and Bears" in Wall Street, will claim attention; but, at the end of three or four days, he must join in the general verdict of travellers, which has not been favorable to New York. Now, although it must be admitted, that, as a metropolis, it is very deficient in objects of general interest, the ground on which it may claim both attention and study, has scarcely been travelled over by any foreigner. That ground is the interior life of this most American of all American cities. For, in their social as well as in their political innovations, Americans exhibit the same tendency towards an equality of conditions. In both cases, the general result is a wonderful average of content, with less of extraordinary eminence in culture and refinement, than may be found among the few in such a country as England; but with a much wider diffusion of apparent happiness among the many.

The same Englishman who devoutly thanks Heaven that he does not live in a land where gentlemen take no part in the government, and where such frauds can be perpetrated as have recently come to light in New York City Administration, will return thanks with equal fervor that his wife and daughters do not squander his substance in millinery, nor their own time in frivolities. Scarcely, perhaps, giving due weight to the fact that, however deplorable certain blemishes may be in the practical working of these American institutions, the country, whether by aid of them or in spite of them, thrives; and, in the one case, the spectacle is presented of forty millions of the best

educated, the best fed, the best clothed, and the most contented people in the world; and, in the other, that whatever defects may be found in the social organization, one end, and not an unimportant one, is attained; namely, securing a very great amount of happiness for a very large number of young people, by encouraging them in constant opportunities of meeting, of getting to know one another, and of marrying. This latter feature is of special interest to us in England, for we are becoming so ultra-civilized, that love-marriages are in some danger of going altogether out of existence; the prevalent and growing idea of man's real enjoyment being, apparently, to get away from petticoats, — at any rate, from reputable petticoats. In America, on the other hand, scarcely any amusement is popular in which the presence of ladies is not *the* essential part. The "tournament of doves" languishes in New York because ladies will not go there. Compare one of our metropolitan race-courses, and take Ascot as one of the most lady-like, with the Jerome Park Meeting at New York. As a question of racing sport, the latter, at present, is nowhere; but such a circumstance could not occur there, nor, indeed, at any race-meeting in the country, as is too apt to happen to any one taking ladies on the course at Ascot. Your carriage gets jammed in between two drags, containing choice spirits of that class of the youth of England who delight to regale themselves after luncheon with the peculiar style of ballad literature known as "Derby Songs." The coarser the language, the better the pay to the wretched women who sing them. There is nothing for it but to take ladies away till "the fun" is over. Such barbarity tolerated in England, not among the lowest, but among the highest in rank, would be an absolute impossibility among any class in America. Not that there is, by any means, a higher tone of morality in New York than there is in London; but impure associations are very sedulously banished from the sight of the pure, and all that particular class of vice, at any rate, pays the tribute to virtue of keeping itself absolutely apart.

The example of a race-course may be more striking than any other; but it is not necessary to go so far for an instance. Take an ordinary croquet party, or a yachting party, or a picnic; or, better still, take the general way in which average young gentlemen in the two countries will spend a holiday. In London, it will be a party of men to shoot, or hunt, or row, or play cricket, or whatever else it may be: it will seldom occur to them to take ladies with them as one of the elements in their pleasure-seeking. It will as little occur to the same class of men in New York not to take them. There, the first thing thought of is a matron, and as many young ladies as there are gentlemen; and whether they drive out for a game of croquet and a dinner to the Four-in-hand Club, or to see the horses in training at the Jockey Club, or steam up the noble Hudson to picnic among the Highlands, or go to some house in the country for luncheon and a dance afterwards, or down the bay in a yacht, or (if the season be winter) on a sleighing party, the great point aimed at — the circumstance from which the chief pleasure is expected to be derived — is the association of ladies and gentlemen together. And this association, which is thus prized, esteemed, and, one may say, lived for, by American men, cannot be said to be more than tolerated by Englishmen; and that not always with the best grace in the world. We see the results in the dreariness of our garden parties, our croquet parties, our archery parties, where the entertainment consists of twenty-five men protecting themselves, as best they can, from the advances of seventy-five ladies; most of the latter nominally in the capacity of matrons, — as if two or three matrons were not enough for a whole party.

In America we find women, and especially unmarried women, holding a higher rank, relatively to men, than they do in this country. More deference is shown to them, — more courtesy. They are encouraged to feel that they are the most important element in the social happiness of the men; and the consequence is, among the better, but not at all uncommon styles of girls, there is a most charming want of constraint, affectation, or mannerism. They are very little conventional or self-conscious; and the just mean is very often found where perfect freedom does not verge on forwardness, pertness, or fastness. And this is due, not merely to the difference in the numerical proportion of men and women in the country, but it must also, in great part, be attributed to the independence in which American girls are brought up from their childhood. They become recognized leaders in all amusements, and are able to dictate a tone to society. For society seems to be a good deal like any other bully, a very great coward when made to feel the strong hand; and young ladies, aware of their tremendous social power when organized, cease to be satisfied with graceless inattentions from men; nor, under such organization, is it possible that there should exist the public recognition, not to say condonement, of that "great social evil" which in England, though confined perhaps in its most prominent aspect to the few "very high in the realm," nevertheless is accountable for a tone and position which men of all classes are apt to assume towards ladies, — a position of complete and unconcealed independence of their society. And is not this want of community between men and women in their interests and amusements —

> "The little rift within the lute,
> That, by and by, will make the music mute"?

and that is said of the sweetest of all music here in England.

The prevalent English notion of New York society is that it is a perfect sink of iniquity; but bad though it may be, — and its best friend could not say much for some sections of it, — there is nowhere the same effrontery in vice as can be seen in London or Paris.

Another, and perhaps a stronger point, is that Americans are very far indeed from recognizing the inherent superiority of boys over girls, which is admitted without question in most English families, and which was so well satirized some years ago by *Punch*, in the story of the schoolboy at home, asked by a visitor the number of his family, and answering, "Well, if you count the girls, we're eight. *I'm one.*" The taunt may go for what it is worth, were it not that the poor girls pay the penalty of their inferiority in a form appreciable by the dullest understanding or sensibility, namely, in being left twenty thousand pounds where their brothers are left two hundred thousand pounds, if their parents are wealthy! In America they share, and share alike. And all the advantages that money can buy will be lavished on the daughters; while the sons will be turned into a counting-house or lawyer's office at seventeen or eighteen years old, and will be made to work for their living, with little or no money help from their fathers. It is not, therefore, altogether surprising, that, in their own estimation, young ladies on the other side of the Atlantic have, as they themselves would phrase it, a much more "lovely time" than their cousins here. From their childhood they assume the position of the greatest importance in society. When they are seven or eight years old, they go to "dancing schools," or classes, where they meet boys two or three years older than themselves; and from that time forward, they are thrown into constant association with the other sex. It is quite true that American children are generally abominations; and this early making little men and women of them is, no doubt, one of the causes; but still, it must be acknowledged to have some good effects too.

At whatever age you may see an American boy and girl together, you are never pained by that wretched *mauvaise honte* so common in England.

A college boy of fifteen or seventeen in New York will make visits to his girl friends of thirteen or fourteen, and treat them with thorough courtesy. He will have plenty to say to them, and will say it naturally, — not in the least off his ease, and yet not, as a general rule, forward. It is his ambition to know many of them, to be a favorite with them; and their pursuits and amusements out of school will be in common. These boys go into society at a ridiculously early age, and are often very indifferently educated. Many

of them, of course, are readers, and make up in later life for any early deficiencies; but many are apt to have an extremely low intellectual standard: being quite contented with that amount of knowledge or native smartness that will enable them to succeed in importing fancy dry goods, or in selling stocks and gold in Wall Street: and yet, with all that, there will generally be found a "grace of courtesy" ingrained in them, which makes it impossible for them to be otherwise than polite to a lady, or indeed to any other human being.

It would be absolutely impossible to find twelve American gentlemen in an omnibus on a wet day, some of whom would not make room for a woman; and do it with grace, as if they had a pleasure in the doing of it. They would always prefer even that a man should come in and stand on their toes with his umbrella dripping over them, than that he should be left out in discomfort. Most of us who take occasion to travel in these not very aristocratic conveyances in London may remember to have noticed the expressions and actions of the five on each side, when a lady passenger makes her appearance as No. 11 at the door, — the alacrity to make room and remove her embarrassment as to which side she should choose, and the pleasant welcome given! However, we have rules and regulations as to complements which are conspicuous for their absence in New York. It is outrageous, the way in which they fill their omnibuses and cars, — exactly like the carts one sees in London streets filled with calves, — not only with all the sitting and standing room taken up, but with men hanging on to the platforms; and that under no necessity of exceptional pressure, but as an every-day occurrence. One is apt to hear in this country unfavorable comments on American manners; and it is true that they may often be found not altogether consonant with the highest grace or finish; but a stranger may travel "from Maine to California, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico," with very tolerable certainty that he will never encounter the slightest wilful impoliteness unless he himself gives occasion for it. On the other hand, he will often find excessive courtesy from rough exteriors, where he might little expect it, exhibited not in waste of words, but in kindness of action. Even in a California emigrant steamer, an Englishman, busy in taking care of his guns and of his bath-tub, and of himself generally, may, if he has the eyes to see and the heart to understand, learn some lessons in chivalry — an accomplishment of bygone days — from these same rough Western fellows, who may have shocked his delicate sensibility by eating pease with their knives, and by chewing tobacco. Under a glaring tropical sun, it will be their first business, on arriving at Aspinwall, to carry ashore the chairs and other movables, including babies, of women in no way connected with them, helpful to get them good places in the new steamer at Panama, — unmindful, till that is done, of their own comfort. Is it, then, this equality of conditions that tends to greater courtesy, greater kindliness in manner? Certainly, these qualities are noticeable among American men. As for the women, they are very bewitching from their sprightliness, but they are sometimes spoilt, more or less, by the attention they receive, looking upon the men merely as providers for their amusement; and they may be a little too apt to regard what they designate "having a good time" as the most important object in life; but still, as a rule, they appear to make good wives and mothers. And while they are young, life certainly is made very easy to them, very joyous, as it naturally should be. Their association with the other sex is encouraged in every direction. Nothing so pleasantly surprises an English gentleman who goes to a New York ball well introduced, as to be asked by half a dozen fair maidens of eighteen to twenty years of age, to whom he may have been presented, to call on them any evening. As it is only in most exceptional instances that their papas or mammas add to the crush in a ball-room, he is not likely to have the faintest idea who his new friends may be; but the invitation having been given in the frankest, kindest manner, he naturally takes advantage of it, and on the first occasion will probably be introduced to the parents and the rest of the family. But on all future occasions he is more likely than not to find the young lady quite alone. Not that she will deliberately so contrive it as to be alone. It would be truer to say that no one else will deliberately contrive that she should not be alone; and yet, so habitual is this custom, that there will not be the smallest constraint or consciousness in her manner. She conducts herself exactly as if it was the most natural thing in the world that two young people should be alone together. Perhaps the most common form for the visit to take will be that the young lady receives her friend in an anteroom, while the rest of the family, with folding doors open between, will be proceeding with their ordinary avocations in the adjoining room, precisely as if no foreign element were present. Each girl in the family will have her own distinct circle of acquaintance, both men and women; so that Maria's friends are possibly unknown, except by sight, to Julia, and papa's and mamma's friends are quite unknown to both young ladies. In some large houses in New York, where two or three of the girls are in society, each receives her own friends in her own boudoir, where her visitor is shown up straight from the front door, and where she has her piano and her own favorite books and flowers about her. He comes and goes without seeing any other member of the family; and this unconstrained intimacy is apt to tend naturally towards matrimony.

The safety of the arrangement lies in the numbers. For the visitor going out is likely to stumble on another coming in; and the same young lady will walk or ride alone in the park with a different gentleman every day of the week, or will be seen one day perched on one of those marvellous "light waggons," with very scanty room for two on the seat, behind a pair of trotters speeded up to a "two-forty gait" (twenty-two miles an hour); the next day, alongside a different driver, on an English dog-cart with a tandem team; on a third day reclining with a third cavalier among buffalo-robes in a sleigh, rattling along under the merry music of its silver bells. In whatever form the men amuse themselves, the companionship of ladies seems to be a necessity for their thorough enjoyment.

And to this may be attributed the lightness of the atmosphere of American entertainments. At a New-York dinner there is certain to be a very large proportion of young married ladies and girls recently "come out;" and these women are apt to be so beautiful to look on, and so coquette (without being flirts at all in the offensive sense of the word), simply so frankly ready to be admired and to be pleased, and so anxious to please, that no man can have time to realize any defects or wants. He welcomes the new sensation of seeing people thoroughly and unrestrainedly enjoying themselves in their own way. It may not be the highest way; but they are there for the purpose of enjoyment, and they do enjoy themselves, and do not consider it necessary to give themselves airs either of frigidity, gushing sentimentality, literary enthusiasm, or fastness. They are simply natural. Of course, in a city of the size of New York, there are numerous sets in what may be called "the best society," comprising every tone of culture, or want of culture; and it is therefore impossible to give an idea of the average style of conversation. It would not surprise you to find in an average dinner-company several men unaware of the existence of well-known recent works, as, for instance, the "Idylls of the King," "The Spanish Gipsy," or "The Ring and the Book." But at the very same table you might find yourself taken up sharp by a girl in her teens, if you ventured to air a doubtful knowledge of Mr. Herbert Spencer's writings, or were to quote Buckle inaccurately. It would probably, however, be difficult to find any thing like the number of quiet dinner parties in New York that may be found in London, where various subjects of political, literary, or scientific interest are conversed about with considerable knowledge on the part of the talkers, and where it would be impossible for any one to circulate without a very fair acquaintance with the current literature of the day. "Shop" is the general bane of average New York dinner conversation among men.

Then there is generally a hearty desire on the part of

every one to have a "good time;" and as hospitality is one of the cardinal virtues of American character, whatever your host has of best in the way of wines and cigars is sure to be forthcoming without stint. There is none of that repression which is the cold blanket on so many English entertainments, where those who consider themselves a little grander, socially, than their neighbors, must always be asserting their supremacy; and where, from the butler to the baronet, so many people are always striving to be what they are not, and to force themselves into the society of others whose whole end and aim in life is to avoid associating with them. In New York the lawyer, the banker, the merchant, and the broker all associate on terms of perfect equality as gentlemen; and out of business hours you may see the young broker without a shilling of fortune, but who is a gentleman, take a position in society that a millionnaire banker, who may not be a gentleman, would give his ears to obtain, and never can obtain. In England there is a very general — almost a universal — impression or reproach, that money will do any thing in New York; but we who live in so thin a glass house cannot afford to throw stones. Many a railway magnate who may have amassed a fortune — compared with which Hudson's in his palmiest days would have been scarcely a competence — is as rigidly interdicted from any decent society in New York, as Hudson was warmly welcomed in those circles which claim to call themselves the select society of London. It is very hard to say what does constitute the right of *entrée* into good society in New York; but it most certainly is not wealth alone. There seems to be a sort of process of natural selection of all those people who in themselves contribute something to the general enjoyment. For in all their social gatherings, enjoyment is the chiefest point considered. This is especially noticeable in a ballroom. The genius of the people goes out much towards dancing. Nothing can be more perfect of its kind than one of their assemblies at "Delmonico's." "Delmonico's" is an institution of New York, a Swiss family of that name having for long been the chief restaurateurs of the city. They have rented a couple of the handsomest houses in Fifth Avenue, and have built a ballroom behind them, which is used not only for these public assemblies, but is very generally hired by any one wishing to give a large private ball. The suite of rooms is sufficiently handsome; and, as four or five hundred people can be accommodated without crushing, there is generally room to move about and to dance. The bulk of the matronizing is done by comparatively few young married ladies, each of whom will take charge of any number of girls who report themselves to her as a matter of form. It is a very pretty sight to see one of these young matrons enter the *salon bleu*, the reception-room, with half a dozen girls in her train, each carrying from one to half a dozen bouquets of exquisite flowers. They have a rare faculty for dressing well, — understanding how to wear their fine things, and having in general a perception of the harmony of colors, aided by a liberality in allowance attained by a diversion of much that English fathers devote to the hunting and shooting proclivities of their sons. A ballroom presents a rich, brilliant appearance, like a gay *parterre* of flowers. Dancing has been elevated almost into an art, and it is very rare to see either man or woman who does not dance really well. Pace and endurance are not so much cultivated in America as grace; and the whole room does not set to dancing, or rather jostling one another, at the same moment. Rows of respectable but uncalled-for papas and mammas consuming valuable air and space are unknown. The young girls are consequently the lords of the ascendent; and they look as if they felt it, as they are entitled to do in a ballroom.

Quadrilles and lancers are never danced, having gone out of fashion as completely as stage-coaches. Waltzes and galops alternate till twelve o'clock, when the favorite German cotillon, with its many fanciful, pretty, and graceful figures, commences and lasts till any hour in the morning. Dancing young ladies seem to be divided into two sets,— one of which dances every thing except, and the other nothing but, "the German."

The men having been taught dancing from their infancy, and having kept it up ever since, seem to enjoy a ball as much as the women; and the women are radiant. The universality of flower-carrying adds very much to the effectiveness of their appearance. It is extremely rare to see any lady quite bouquetless; and it is a pleasant custom, and a natural one, that a man should send to any woman or to many women whom he admires, or to whom he may be indebted for civilities, flowers, either in baskets for their boudoirs, or in bouquets to swell their triumphs at a ball. They express a sentiment as lightly as it can be expressed, without having any undue weight attached either by giver or receiver. The sending of the flowers is good for the man, in that for the moment he has thought of some one's pleasure besides his own: the receiving of them is good for the woman, because it puts her in charity with all men and women. The drawback is the want of moderation apt to characterize things American. The cost of a choice ball bouquet is ten or twelve dollars; so that a belle may often be seen entering a room with ten or twelve pounds sterling worth of flowers in her hands, as five bouquets will be no unusual number. As they will all be cast out next day, the waste of money is excessive and reprehensible; for the sentiment cannot be measured in dollars. Baskets of flowers, of course, run to much greater excess; twenty pounds or forty pounds being often paid in winter for handsome ones.

Even in their club life, the New York men seem to aim at including the other sex. They have a Four-in-hand Club, which certainly belongs as much to the ladies as to the gentlemen, so far as regards the uses to which it is put, and the pleasures derived from it. The Club House is beautifully situated on a knoll overlooking the Hudson, some eight miles from the city, and was built for the purpose of giving dinners and dances. The view from it up and down the river is lovely; and many a pleasant ladies' dinner (always including unmarried girls) is given there in the long summer afternoons. In the winter time, dances with thirty or forty couple, and the return home in a sleigh behind a gentleman whip slightly exhilarated (of course by the keen frosty air), and doing his honest sixteen or eighteen miles an hour, with the moon shining out cold and clear,— no "nebulous hypothesis," as we are accustomed to in this little isle; and the bright stars (much more steadfast than the driver), and the solos and the choruses accompanying the joyous ringing of the silver bells, leaves a pleasant — very pleasant — impression on the mind of him, who, through the storm of the singing, may still be listening to a still small voice very near him.

Another pleasant innovation is the custom of giving theatre or opera parties. Any unmarried young lady or gentleman can select a matron, and ask half a dozen or a dozen of their friends to go to the theatre or opera; the entertainment being generally prefaced by a dinner, or followed by a supper and an impromptu "German" at Delmonico's. You very rarely turn into any theatre in New York without seeing a party of young people enjoying themselves in this way. It is, perhaps, as pleasant a way of passing an evening as any other, to dine at half-past six and go to the opera afterwards. If unfortunate in your right and left at dinner, there is the chance of a new deal subsequently; and, that again failing, there is always the piece to look at, with closed eyes perhaps, if the light is strong! It will be understood that the opera is a much cheaper amusement in New York than in London, and in itself inferior in fully equal proportion. In fact, there is nothing first-rate about it, except the toilettes of the ladies in the audience.

But whether a young lady prefers the constant society of a gentleman or gentlemen at her theatre parties or in her walks, her rides, her drives, or her church-going, the point that makes her life in America different from any European experience is, that she is free as the air to dispose of herself as she thinks best. It can scarcely be said that any part of the mode of life described above is likely to contribute much towards making people wiser: in fact, a disposition towards mere enjoyment is apt to be much contemned by superior people, who are impressed with the

many difficult problems in life which have to be solved, and in the solution of which they themselves may be aiding. But it must be remembered how few of us are superior, or have any intention — even granting we have the ability — to apply our leisure time to schemes for the improvement of ourselves or of our fellow-creatures; and if we don't get the amusement to which we, rightly or wrongly, think ourselves entitled to in one way, we will attempt it in another. Pretty constant social intercourse is good for the great mass of young people, even if a little frivolity be superinduced. But if ladies and gentlemen are to associate together, let their proper relative positions be maintained. Don't let us get and keep the wrong side uppermost. However inferior New York society may be in its intellectual development, on one point it may take its stand, — that a man of thirty, unmarried, is looked on as a helpless, hopeless bachelor; and no girl dreams but that she will be married should she so desire it.

And, notwithstanding the luxury in which these young ladies are brought up, it is a common thing to see them marry men without a shilling of fortune except their brains, and, after having been surfeited with every kind of attention and amusement, take up their quarters in a three-pair-back in "Bridal Row" without a murmur, and live for a season on about the cost of the bouquets sent to them in a previous season. As far as an outsider can judge, they make contented, loving, and faithful wives; and perhaps, after all, they cannot more worthily fulfil their destinies. No form of life can be more beautiful than that often practised by English girls, of devoting a great part of their time and attention to visiting the poor and to ministration in Sunday schools, where the motive is pure benevolence, a strong desire to alleviate misery or to root out ignorance, apart from any selfish idea that such conduct will insure their own future benefit: but, on the other hand, one often sees a character wholly devoid of that talent for real benevolence, wasting a life in a public exhibition of charity, while the poor whom she has always with her at home suffer from a spirit of discontent and dissatisfaction which might be relieved by a little natural romance, for which Nature has fitted her, if circumstances had only been more favorable. For all such, —

> "Were it not better done, as others use,
> To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?"

It would, however, be assuming too much to maintain that there is any necessary incompatibility between the two forms of living. It is quite possible that the same young lady who may sport with her (male) Amaryllis in the shade from four to six in the afternoon, may have been doing good work from ten to four. The records of the Sanitary Commission during the war showed wonderful achievements on the part of American ladies, and of these New York claimed no small share; and the splendid charitable institutions of the city itself bear witness that these duties are in no way neglected.

It does not follow that work will not be well done because play is well done. And although the walks and the rides, the drives and the dinners, the croquet parties and the evening parties, of ordinary young people may seem to be matters of very trivial interest or importance, it must be remembered that the sum of these small daily incidents powerfully affects the disposition, the manners, and the bearing of whole sections of society. We in England are too apt to think that because the best specimens of our own countrywomen and countrymen show types that are very rarely equalled and never excelled, — so that the words English lady and English gentleman convey, and convey rightly, to our mind quite a distinct and different notion from mere "lady" or "gentleman," — therefore we are entitled to believe that our average Briton holds something of a superior social rank to all foreigners. But when the choice specimens have been culled out, the fact is, that, owing to our inequality of condition, the residuum in Great Britain is of a dull, pompous, selfish, ungenial nature, and may learn something from much-maligned New York.

GAMBLING SUPERSTITIONS.

IT might be supposed that those who are most familiar with the actual results which present themselves in long series of chance-games would form the most correct views respecting the conditions on which such results depend, — would be, in fact, freest from all superstitious ideas respecting chance or luck. The gambler who sees every system — his own infallible system included — foiled by the run of events, who witnesses the discomfiture of one gamester after another that for a time had seemed irresistibly lucky, and who can number by the hundred those who have been ruined by the love of play, might be expected to recognize the futility of all attempts to anticipate the results of chance combinations. It is, however, but too well known that the reverse is the case. The more familiar a man becomes with the multitude of such combinations, the more confidently he believes in the possibility of foretelling, — not, indeed, any special event, but the general run of several approaching events. There has never been a successful gambler who has not believed that his success (temporary though such success ever is, where games of pure chance are concerned) has been the result of skilful conduct on his own part; and there has never been a ruined gambler (though ruined gamblers are to be counted by thousands) who has not believed that when ruin overtook him he was on the very point of mastering the secret of success. It is this fatal confidence which gives to gambling its power of fascinating the lucky as well as the unlucky. The winner continues to tempt fortune, believing all the while that he is exerting some special aptitude for games of chance, until the inevitable change of luck arrives; and thereafter he continues to play because he believes that his luck has only deserted him for a time, and must presently return. The unlucky gambler, on the contrary, regards his losses as sacrifices to insure the ultimate success of his "system;" and, even when he has lost his all, continues firm in the belief, that, had he had more money to sacrifice, he could have bound fortune to his side forever.

We propose to consider some of the most common gambling superstitions, — noting, at the same time, that like superstitions prevail respecting chance events (or what is called fortune), even among those who never gamble.

Houdin, in his interesting book, "Les Tricheries des Grecs devoilées," has given some amusing instances of the fruits of long gambling experience. "They are presented," says Steinmetz, from whose work, "The Gaming-Table," we quote them, "as the axioms of a professional gambler and cheat." Thus we might expect, that, however unsatisfactory to men of honest mind, they would at least savor of a certain sort of wisdom. Yet these axioms, the fruit of long study directed by self-interest, are all utterly untrustworthy.

"Every game of chance," says this authority, "presents two kinds of chance which are very distinct, namely, those relating to the person interested, that is the player; and those inherent in the combinations of the game." That is, we are to distinguish between the chances proper to the game, and those depending on the luck of the player. Proceeding to consider the chances proper to the game itself, our friendly cheat sums them all up in two rules. First: "Though chance can bring into the game all possible combinations, there are, nevertheless, certain limits at which it seems to stop; such, for instance, as a certain number turning up ten times in succession at *roulette:* this is possible, but it has never happened." Secondly: "In a game of chance, the oftener the same combination has occurred in succession, the nearer we are to the certainty that it will not recur at the next cast or turn up. This is the most elementary of the theories on probabilities; it is termed *the maturity of the chances*" (and he might have added that the belief in this elementary theory had ruined thousands). "Hence," he proceeds, "a player must come to the table not only 'in luck,' but he must not risk his money except at the instant prescribed by the rules of the maturity of the chances." Then follow the precepts for personal conduct: "For gaming prefer *roulette*, because it presents several

ways of staking your money, which permits the study of several. A player should approach the gaming-table perfectly calm and cool; just as a merchant or tradesman in treaty about any affair. If he gets into a passion, it is all over with prudence, all over with good luck; for the demon of bad luck invariably pursues a passionate player. Every man who finds a pleasure in playing runs the risk of losing.* A prudent player, before undertaking any thing, should put himself to the test to discover if he is 'in vein,' or in luck. In all doubt, he should abstain. There are several persons who are constantly pursued by bad luck: to such I say, *never play.* Stubbornness at play is ruin. Remember that Fortune does not like people to be over-joyed at her favors, and that she prepares bitter deceptions for the imprudent who are intoxicated by success. Lastly, before risking your money at play, study your 'vein,' and the different probabilities of the game, — termed, as aforesaid, the maturity of the chances."

Before proceeding to exhibit the fallacy of the principles here enunciated, — principles which have worked incalculable mischief, — it may be well for us to sketch the history of the scamp who enunciated them; so far, at least, as his gambling successes are concerned. His first meeting with Houdin took place at a subscription ball, where he managed to fleece Houdin "and others to a considerable amount, contriving a dexterous escape when detected. Houdin afterwards fell in with him at Spa, where he found the gambler in the greatest poverty, and lent him a small sum, — to practise his grand theories." This sum the gambler lost, and Houdin advised him to "take up a less dangerous occupation." It was on this occasion, it would seem, that the gambler revealed to Houdin the particulars recorded in his book. "A year afterwards, Houdin unexpectedly fell in with him again; but this time the fellow was transformed into what is called a '*demi-millionnaire*,' having succeeded to a large fortune on the death of his brother, who died intestate. According to Houdin, the following was the man's declaration at the auspicious meeting: 'I have,' he said, 'completely renounced gaming; I am rich enough, and care no longer for fortune. And yet,' he added proudly, 'if I now cared for the thing, how I could break those bloated banks in their pride, and what a glorious vengeance I could take of bad luck and its inflexible agents! But my heart is too full of my happiness to allow the smallest place for the desire of vengeance.'" Three years later he died; and Houdin informs us that he left the whole of his fortune to various charitable institutions, his career after his acquisition of wealth going far to demonstrate the justice of Becky Sharp's theory, that it is easy to be honest on five thousand a year.

It is remarkable that the principles enunciated above are not merely erroneous, but self-contradictory. Yet it is to be noticed, that, though they are presented as the outcome of a life of gambling experiences, they are, in reality, entertained by all gamblers, however limited their experience, as well as by many who are only prevented by the lack of opportunity from entering the dangerous path which has led so many to ruin. These contradictory superstitions may be called, severally, — the gambler's belief in his own good luck, and his faith in the turn of luck. When he is considering his own fortune, he does not hesitate to believe that, on the whole, the Fates will favor him; though this belief implies, in reality, the *persistence* of favorable conditions. On the contrary, when he is considering the fortunes of others who are successful in their play against him, he does not doubt that their good luck will presently desert them; that is, he believes in the *non-persistence* of favorable conditions in their case.

Taking in their order the gambling superstitions which have been presented above, we have, first of all, to inquire what truth there is in the idea that there are limits beyond which pure chance has no power of introducing peculiar combinations. Let us consider this hypothesis in the light of actual experience. Mr. Steinmetz tells us, that, in 1813, a Mr. Ogden wagered one thousand guineas to one that "seven" would not be thrown with a pair of dice ten successive times. The wager was accepted (though it was egregiously unfair); and, strange to say, his opponent threw "seven" *nine times running.* At this point, Mr. Ogden offered four hundred and seventy guineas to be off the bet. But his opponent declined (though the price offered was far beyond the real value of his chance). He cast yet once more, and threw "nine," so that Mr. Ogden won by guinea.

Now, here we have an instance of a most remarkable series of throws, the like of which has never been recorded before or since. Before those throws had been made, it might have been asserted that the throwing of nine successive "sevens" with a pair of dice, was a circumstance which chance could never bring about; for experience was as much against such an event as it would seem to be against the turning up of a certain number ten successive times at *roulette.* Yet experience now shows that the thing is possible; and, if we are to limit the action of chance, we must assert that the throwing of "seven" *ten* times in succession is an event which will never happen. Yet such a conclusion obviously rests on as unstable a basis as the former, of which experience has disposed. Observe, however, how the two gamblers viewed this very eventuality. Nine successive "sevens" had been thrown; and, if there were any truth in the theory that the power of chance was limited, it might have been regarded as all but certain that the next throw would not be a "seven." But a run of bad fortune had so shaken Mr. Ogden's faith in his luck (as well as in the theory of the maturity of the chances) that he was ready to pay four hundred and seventy guineas (nearly thrice the mathematical value of his opponent's chance) in order to save his endangered thousand; and so confident was his opponent that the run of luck would continue, that he declined this very favorable offer. Experience had, in fact, shown both the players, that although "sevens" could not be thrown for ever, yet there was no saying when the throw would change. Both reasoned, probably, that as an eighth throw had followed seven successive throws of "seven" (a wonderful chance), and as a ninth had followed eight successive throws (an unprecedented event), a tenth might well follow the nine (though hitherto no such series of throws had ever been heard of). They were forced, as it were, by the run of events, to reason justly as to the possibility of a tenth throw of "seven," — nay, to exaggerate that possibility into probability; and it appears from the narrative that the strange series of throws quite checked the betting propensities of the bystanders, and that not one was led to lay the wager (which according to ordinary gambling superstitions would have been a safe one) that the tenth throw would not give "seven."

We have spoken of the unfairness of the original wager. It may interest our readers to know exactly how much should have been wagered against a single guinea, that ten "sevens" would not be thrown. With a pair of dice there are thirty-six possible throws, and six of these give "seven" as the total. Thus the chance of throwing "seven" is one sixth, and the chance of throwing "seven" ten times running is obtained by multiplying six into itself ten times, and placing the resulting number under unity, to represent the minute fractional chance required. It will be found that the number thus obtained is 60,466,176; and, instead of one thousand guineas, fairness required that 60,466,175 guineas should have been wagered against one guinea, so enormous are the chances against the occurrence of ten successive throws of "seven." Even against nine successive throws, the fair odds would have been 10,077,595 to one, or about forty thousand guineas to a farthing. But when the nine throws of "seven" had been made, the chance of a tenth throw of "seven" was simply one-sixth, as at the first trial. If there were any truth in the theory of the "maturity of the chances," the chance of such a throw would, of course, be greatly diminished. But even taking the mathematical value of the chance, Mr. Ogden

* This *naïve* admission would appear, as we shall presently see, to have been the fruit of genuine experience on our gambler's part: it only requires, that, for the words "runs the risk," we should read "incurs the certainty," to be incontrovertible.

need, in fairness, only have offered a sixth part of 1,001 guineas (the amount of the stakes), or 166 guineas 17*s.* 6*d.*, to be off his wager. So that his opponent accepted, in the first instance, an utterly unfair offer, and refused, in the second instance, a sum exceeding by more than three hundred guineas the real value of his chance.

Closely connected with the theory about the range of possibility in the matter of chance combinations, is the theory of the maturity of the chances, — "the most elementary of the theories on probabilities." It might safely be termed the most mischievous of gambling superstitions.

As an illustration of the application of this theory, we may cite the case of an Englishman, once well known at foreign gambling-tables, who had based a system on a generalization of this theory. In point of fact, the theory asserts that when there has been a run in favor of any particular event, the chances in favor of the event are reduced, and, therefore, necessarily, the chances in favor of other events are increased. Now, our Englishman watched the play at the *roulette* table for two full hours, carefully noting the numbers which came up during that time. Then, eschewing those numbers which had come up oftenest, he staked his money on those which had come up very seldom or not at all. Here was an infallible system according to "the most elementary of the theories of probability." The tendency of chance results to right themselves, so that events equally likely in the first instance will occur an equal number of times in the long run, was called into action to enrich our gambler and to ruin the unlucky bankers. Be it noted, in passing, that events do thus right themselves, though this circumstance does not operate quite as the gambler supposed, and cannot be trusted to put a penny into any one's pocket. The system was tried, however; and, instead of reasoning respecting its soundness, we may content ourselves with recording the result. On the first day, our Englishman won more than seven hundred pounds in a single hour. "His exultation was boundless. He thought he had really discovered the 'philosopher's stone.' Off he went to his banker's, and transmitted the greater portion of his winnings to London. The next day he played, and lost fifty pounds; and the following day he achieved the same result, and had to write to town for remittances. In fine, in a week he had lost all the money he won at first, with the exception of fifty pounds, which he reserved to take him home; and, being thoroughly convinced of the exceeding fickleness of fortune, he has never staked a sixpence since, and does all in his power to dissuade others from playing."

It may appear paradoxical to say that there is chance that results right themselves, — nay, that there is an absolute certainty that, in the long run, they will occur as often (in proportion) as their respective chances warrant; and at the same time to assert that it is utterly useless for any gambler to trust to this circumstance. Yet not only is each statement true, but it is of first-rate importance in the study of our subject that the truth of each should be clearly recognized.

That the first statement is true, will perhaps not be questioned. The reasoning on which it is based would be too abstruse for these pages; but it has been experimentally verified over and over again. Thus, if a coin be tossed many thousands of times, and the number of resulting "heads" and "tails" be noted, it is found, not necessarily that these numbers differ from each other by a very small quantity, but that their difference is small compared with either. In mathematical phrase, the two numbers are nearly in a ratio of equality. Again, if a die be tossed, say six million times, then, although there will not probably have been exactly a million throws of each face, yet the number of throws of each face will differ from a million by a quantity very small indeed compared with the total number of throws. So certain is this law, that it has been made the means of determining the real chances for an event, or of ascertaining facts which had been before unknown. Thus, De Morgan relates the following story in illustration of this law: He received it "from a distinguished naval officer, who was once employed to bring home a cargo of dollars." "At the end of the voyage," he says, "it was discovered that one of the boxes which contained them had been forced; and on making further search, a large bag of dollars was discovered in the possession of some one on board. The coins in the different boxes were a mixture of all manner of dates and sovereigns; and it occurred to the commander, that if the contents of the boxes were sorted, a comparison of the proportions of the different sorts in the bag with those in the box which had been opened, would afford strong presumptive evidence one way or the other. This comparison was accordingly made; and the agreement between the distribution of the several coins in the bag and those in the box was such as to leave no doubt as to the former having formed a part of the latter." If the bag of stolen dollars had been a small one, the inference would have been unsafe, but the great number of the dollars corresponded to a great number of chance trials; and as in such a large series of trials the several results would be sure to occur in numbers corresponding to their individual chances, it followed that the numbers of coins of the different kinds in the stolen lot would be proportional, or very nearly so, to the numbers of those respective coins in the forced box. Thus in this case the thief increased the strength of the evidence against him by every dollar he added to his ill-gotten store.

We may mention, in passing, an even more curious application of this law, to no less a question than that much-talked-of, but little-understood problem, the squaring of the circle. It can be shown by mathematical reasoning, that, if a straight rod be so tossed at random into the air as to fall on a grating of equidistant parallel bars, the chance of the rod falling through depends on the length and thickness of the rod, the distance between the parallel bars, *and* the proportion in which the circumference of a circle exceeds the diameter. So that when the rod and grating have been carefully measured, it is only necessary to know the proportion just mentioned in order to calculate the chance of the rod falling through. But also, if we can learn in some other way the chance of the rod falling through, we can infer the proportion referred to. Now, the law we are considering teaches us, that, if we only toss the rod often enough, the chance of its falling through will be indicated by the number of times it actually does fall through, compared with the total number of trials. Hence we can estimate the proportion in which the circumference of a circle exceeds the diameter, by merely tossing a rod over a grating several thousand times, and counting how often it falls through. The experiment has been tried, and Prof. De Morgan tells us that a very excellent evaluation of the celebrated proportion (the determination of which is equivalent in reality to squaring the circle) was the result.

And let it be noticed, in passing, that this inexorable law — for in its effects it is the most inflexible of all the laws of probability — shows how fatal it must be to contend long at any game of pure chance, where the odds are in favor of our opponent. For instance, let us assume for a moment that the assertion of the foreign gaming bankers is true, and that the chances are but from one and one-fourth to two and one-half per cent in their favor. Yet, in the long run, this percentage must manifest its effects. Where a few hundreds have been wagered, the banks may not win one and one-fourth or two and one-half on each, or may lose considerably; but where thousands of hundreds are wagered, the bank will certainly win about their percentage, and the players will therefore lose to a corresponding extent. This is inevitable, so only that the play continue long enough. Now, it is sometimes forgotten that to insure such gain to the bank, it is by no means necessary that the players should come prepared to stake so many hundreds of pounds. Those who sit down to play may not have a tithe of the sum necessary — if only wagered once — to insure the success of the bank. But every florin the players bring with them may be, and commonly is, wagered over and over again. There is repeated gain and loss, and loss and gain; insomuch that the player who finally loses a hundred pounds,

may have wagered in the course of the sitting a thousand, or even many thousand pounds. Those fortunate beings who "break the bank" from time to time may even have accomplished the feat of wagering millions during the process which ends in the final loss of the few thousands they may have begun with.

Why is it, then, it will be asked, that this inexorable law is yet not to be trusted? For this reason, simply, that the mode of its operation is altogether uncertain. If in a thousand trials there has been a remarkable preponderance of any particular class of events, it is not a whit more probable that the preponderance will be compensated by a corresponding deficiency in the next thousand trials than that it will be repeated in that set also. The most probable result of the second thousand trials is precisely that result which was most probable for the first thousand, — that is, that there will be no marked preponderance either way. But there *may be* such a preponderance; and it may lie either way. It is the same with the next thousand, and the next, and for every such set. They are in no way affected by preceding events. In the nature of things, how can they be? But "the whirligig of time brings in its revenges" in its own way. The balance is restored just as chance directs. It may be in the next thousand trials, it may be not before many thousands of trials. We are utterly unable to guess when or how it will be brought about.

But it may be urged that this is mere assertion; and many will be very ready to believe that it is opposed to experience, or even contrary to common sense. Yet experience has over and over again confirmed the matter; and common sense, though it may not avail to unravel the seeming paradox, yet cannot insist on the absurdity that coming events of pure chance are affected by completed events of the same kind. If a person has tossed "heads" nine times running (we assume fair and lofty tosses with a well-balanced coin), common sense teaches him, as he is about to make the tenth trial, that the chances on that trial are precisely the same as the chances on the first. It would, indeed, have been rash for him to predict that he reach that trial without once failing to toss "head;" but, as the thing has happened, the odds originally against it count for nothing. They are disposed of by known facts. We have said, however, that experience confirms our theory. It chances that a series of experiments has been made on coin-tossing. Buffon was the experimenter; and he tossed thousands of times, noting always how many times he tossed "head" running, before "tail" appeared. In the course of these trials, he many times tossed "head" nine times running. Now, if the tossing "head" nine times running rendered the chance of tossing a tenth head much less than usual, it would necessarily follow, that, in considerably more than one half of these instances, Buffon would have failed to toss a tenth head. But he did not. We forget the exact numbers; but this we know, that in about half of the cases in which he tossed nine "heads" running, the next trial also gave him "head;" and about half of these tossings of ten successive "heads" were followed by the tossing of an eleventh "head." In the nature of things, this was to be expected.

And now let us consider the cognate questions suggested by our sharper's ideas respecting the person who plays. This person is to consider carefully whether he is "*in vein*," and not otherwise to play. He is to be cool and business-like, for fortune is invariably adverse to an angry player. Steinmetz, who appears to place some degree of reliance on the suggestion that a player should be "in vein," cites in illustration and confirmation of the rule the following instance from his own experience: "I remember," he says, "a curious incident in my childhood, which seems very much to the point of this axiom. A magnificent gold watch and chain were given towards the building of a church; and my mother took three chances, which were at a very high figure, the watch and chain being valued at more than one thousand pounds. One of these chances was entered in my name, one in my brother's, and the third in my mother's. I had to throw for her as well as myself. My brother threw an insignificant figure; for myself, I did the same; but, oddly enough, I refused to throw for my mother on finding that I had lost my chance, saying that I should wait a little longer; rather a curious piece of prudence" (read, rather, superstition) "for a child of thirteen. The raffle was with three dice: the majority of the chances had been thrown, and 'thirty-four was the highest.'" (It is to be presumed that the three dice were thrown twice, yet "thirty-four" is a remarkable throw with six dice, and "thirty-six" altogether exceptional.) "I went on throwing the dice for amusement, and was surprised to find that every throw was better than the one I had in the raffle. I thereupon said, "Now I'll throw for mamma." I threw thirty-six, which won the watch! My mother had been a large subscriber to the building of the church, and the priest said that my winning the watch for her was quite *providential*. According to M. Houdin's authority, however, it seems that I only got into 'vein;' but how I came to pause, and defer throwing the last chance, has always puzzled me respecting this incident of my childhood, which made too great an impression ever to be effaced."

It is probable that most of our readers can recall some circumstance in their lives, some surprising coincidence, which has caused a similar impression, and which they have found it almost impossible not to regard as strictly fatuitous.

In chance games, especially, curious coincidences of the sort occur, and lead to the superstitious notion that they are not mere coincidences, but in some definite way associated with the fate or fortune of the player, or else with some event which has previously take place, as a change of seats, a new deal, or the like. There is scarcely a gambler who is not prepared to assert his faith in certain observances, whereby, as he believes, a change of luck may be brought about. In an old work on card-games, the player is gravely advised, if the luck has been against him, to turn three times round with his chair, "for then the luck will infallibly change in your favor."

Equally superstitious is the notion that anger brings bad luck, or, as M. Houdin's authority puts it, that "the demon of bad luck invariably pursues a passionate player." At a game of pure chance, good temper makes the player careless under ill-fortune, but it cannot secure him against it. In like manner, passion may excite the attention of others to the player's losses, and in any case causes himself to suffer more keenly under them; but it is only in this sense that passion is unlucky for him. He is as likely to make a lucky hit when in a rage as in the calmest mood.

It is easy to see how superstitions such as these take their origin. We can understand that since one who has been very unlucky in games of pure chance is not antecedently likely to continue equally unlucky, a superstitious observance is not unlikely to be followed by a seeming change of luck. When this happens, the coincidence is noted and remembered; but failures are readily forgotten. Again, if the fortunes of a passionate player be recorded by dispassionate bystanders, he will not appear to be pursued by worse luck than his neighbors; but he will be disposed to regard himself as the victim of unusual ill-fortune. He may perhaps register a vow to keep his temper in future; and then his luck may seem to him to improve, even though a careful record of his gains and losses would show no change whatever in his fortunes.

But it may not seem quite so easy to explain those undoubted runs of luck, by which players "in the vein" (as supposed) have broken gaming-banks, and have enabled those who have followed their fortunes to achieve temporary success. The history of the notorious Garcia, and of others who, like him, have been for a while the favorites of fortune, will occur at once to many of our readers, and will appear to afford convincing proof of the theory that the luck of such gamesters has had a real influence on the fortunes of the game. The following narrative gives an accurate and graphic picture of the way in which these "bank-breakers" are followed and believed in, while their success seems to last.

The scene is laid in one of the most celebrated German Kursaals.

"What a sudden influx of people into the room! Now

indeed, we shall see a celebrity. The tall, light-haired young man coming towards us, and attended by such a retinue, is a young Saxon nobleman who made his appearance here a short time ago, and commenced his gambling career by staking very small sums; but, by the most extraordinary luck, he was able to increase his capital to such an extent that he now rarely stakes under the maximum, and almost always wins. They say that when the croupiers see him place his money on the table, they immediately prepare to pay him, without waiting to see which color has actually won; and that they have offered him a handsome sum down to desist from playing while he remains here. Crowds of people stand outside the Kursaal doors every morning, awaiting his arrival, and when he comes, following him into the room, and staking as he stakes. When he ceases playing they accompany him to the door, and shower on him congratulations and thanks for the good fortune he has brought them. See how all the people make way for him at the table, and how deferential are the subdued greetings of his acquaintances! He does not bring much money with him: his luck is too great to require it. He takes some notes out of a case, and places maximums on *black* and *couleur*. A crowd of eager hands are immediately outstretched from all parts of the table, heaping up silver and gold and notes on the spaces on which he has staked his money, till there scarcely seems room for another coin; while the other spaces on the table only contain a few florins, staked by sceptics who refuse to believe in the count's luck." He wins; and the narrative proceeds to describe his continued successes, until he rises from the table a winner of about one hundred thousand francs at that sitting.

The success of Garcia was so remarkable at times as to affect the value of the shares in the *Privilegirte Bank* ten or twenty per cent. Nor would it be difficult to cite many instances which seem to supply incontrovertible evidence that there is something more than common chance in the temporary successes of these (so-called) fortunate men.

Indeed, to assert merely that in the nature of things there can be no such thing as luck that can be depended on, even for a short time, would probably be quite useless. There is only one way of meeting the infatuation of those who trust in the fates of lucky gamesters. We can show that, granted a sufficient number of trials, — and it will be remembered that the number of those who have risked their fortunes at *roulette* and *rouge et noir* is incalculably great, — there must *inevitably* be a certain number who appear exceptionally lucky; or rather, that the odds are overwhelmingly against the continuance of play on the scale which prevails at the foreign gambling tables, without the occurrence of several instances of persistent runs of luck.

To remove from the question the perplexities resulting from the nature of the above-named games, let us suppose that the tossing of a coin is to determine the success or failure of the player, and that he will win if he throws "head." Now, if a player tossed "head" twenty times running on any occasion, it would be regarded as a most remarkable run of luck; and it would not be easy to persuade those who witnessed the occurrence that the thrower was not in some special and definite manner the favorite of fortune. We may take such exceptional success as corresponding to the good fortune of a "bank-breaker." Yet it is easily shown, that with a number of trials which must fall enormously short of the number of cases in which fortune is risked at foreign Kursaals, the throwing of twenty successive heads would be practically *insured*. Suppose every adult person in Britain — say ten million persons in all — were to toss a coin, each tossing until "tail" was thrown; then it is practically certain that several among them would toss twenty times before "tail" was thrown. Thus, it is certain that about five millions would toss "head" once; of these about one-half, or some two millions and a half, would toss "head" on the second trial; about a million and a quarter would toss "head" on the third trial; about six hundred thousand on the fourth; some three hundred thousand on the fifth; and by proceeding in this way, — roughly halving the numbers successively obtained, — we find that some eight or nine of the ten million persons would be almost certain to toss "head" twenty times running. It must be remembered, that, so long as the numbers continue large, the probability that *about* half will toss "head" at the next trial amounts almost to certainty. For example, about one hundred and forty toss "head" sixteen times running: now, it is utterly unlikely that of these one hundred and forty, fewer than sixty will toss "head" yet a seventeenth time. But if the above process failed on trial to give even one person who tossed heads twenty times running, — an utterly improbable event, — yet the trial could be made four or five times, with practical certainty that not one or two, but thirty or forty persons would achieve the seemingly incredible feat of tossing "head" twenty times running. Nor would all these thirty or forty persons fail to throw even three or four more "heads."

Now, if we consider the immense number of trials made at gambling tables, and if we further consider the gamblers as in a sense typified by our ten millions of coin-tossers, we shall see that it is not merely probable, but absolutely certain, that from time to time there must be marvellous runs of luck at *roulette*, *rouge et noir*, *hazard*, *faro*, and other games of chance. Suppose that at the public gambling-tables on the Continent there sit down each night but one thousand persons in all; that each person makes but ten ventures each night, and that there are but one hundred gambling nights in a year, — each supposition falling far below the truth, — there are then one million ventures each year. It cannot be regarded as wonderful, then, that among the fifty millions of ventures made (on this supposition) during the last half century, there should be noted some runs of luck which on any single trial would seem incredible. On the contrary, this is so far from being wonderful, that it would be far more wonderful if no such runs of luck had occurred. It is probable that if the actual number of ventures, and the circumstances of each, could be ascertained, and if any mathematician could deal with the tremendous array of figures in such sort as to deduce the exact mathematical chance of the occurrence of bank-breaking runs of luck, it would be found that the antecedent odds were many millions to one in favor of the occurrence of a certain number of such events. In the simpler case of our coin-tossers the chance of twenty successive "heads" being tossed can be quite readily calculated. We have made the calculation; and we find that if the ten million persons had each two trials, the odds would be more than ten thousand to one in favor of the occurrence of twenty successive "heads" once at least; and only a million and a half need have a single trial each, in order to give an even chance of such an occurrence.

But we may learn a further lesson from our illustrative tossers. We have seen, that, granted only a sufficient number of trials, runs of luck are practically certain to occur; but we may also infer that no run of luck can be *trusted* to continue. The very principle which has led us to the conclusion that several of our tossers would throw twenty "heads" successively, leads also to the conclusion that one who has tossed heads twelve or thirteen times, or any other considerable number of times in succession, is not more (or less) likely to toss "head" on the next trial than at the beginning. *About half*, we said, in discussing the fortunes of the tossers, would toss "head" at the next trial; in other words, *about half* would fail to toss "head." The chances for and against these lucky tossers are equal at the next trial, precisely as the chances for and against the least lucky of the ten million tossers would be equal at any single tossing.

Yet, it may be urged, experience shows that luck continues; for many have won by following the lead of lucky players. Now, we might, at the outset, point out that this belief in the continuance of luck is suggested by an idea directly contradictory to that on which is based the theory of the maturity of the chances. If the oftener an event has occurred, the more unlikely is its occurrence at the next trial — the common belief; then, contrary to the common belief, the oftener a player has won (that is, the longer has been his run of luck), the more unlikely is he to win at the

next venture. We cannot separate the two theories, and assume that the theory of the maturity of the chances relates to the play, and the theory of runs of luck to the player. The success of the player at any trial is as distinctly an event — a chance event — as the turning up ace or deuce at the cast of a die.

What, then, are we to say of the experience of those who have won money by following a lucky player? Let us revert to our coin-tossers. Let us suppose that the progress of the venture in a given county is made known to a set of betting men in that county; and that when it becomes known that a person has tossed "head" twelve times running, the betting men hasten to back the luck of that person. Further, suppose this to happen in every county in England. Now, we have seen that these persons are no more likely to toss a thirteenth "head," than they are to fail. About half will succeed, and about half will fail. Thus about half of their backers will win, and about half will lose. But the successes of the winners will be widely announced; while the mischances of the losers will be concealed. This will happen — the like notoriously does happen — for two reasons. First, gamblers pay little attention to the misfortunes of their fellows: the professed gambler is utterly selfish; and, moreover, he hates the sight of misfortune because it unpleasantly reminds him of his own risks. Secondly, losing gamblers do not like their losses to be noised abroad; they object to having their luck suspected by others, and they are even disposed to blind themselves to their own ill-fortune as far as possible. Thus the inevitable success of about one-half of our coin-tossers would be accompanied inevitably by the success of those who "backed their luck," and the success of such backers would be bruited abroad and be quoted as examples; while the failure of those who had backed the other half (whose luck was about to fail them) would be comparatively unnoticed. Unquestionably, the like holds in the case of public gambling-tables. If any doubt this, let them inquire what has been heard of those who continued to back Garcia and other "bank-breakers." We know that Garcia and the rest of these lucky gamblers have been ruined: they had risen too high, and were followed too constantly, for their fall to remain unnoticed. But what has been heard of those unfortunates who backed Garcia after his last successful venture, and before the change in his luck had been made manifest? We hear nothing of them, though a thousand stories are told of those who made money while Garcia and the rest were "in luck."

In passing, we may add to these considerations the circumstance, that it is the interest of gaming-bankers to conceal the misfortunes of the unlucky, and to announce and exaggerate the success of the fortunate.

We by no means question, be it understood, the possibility that money may be gained quite safely by gambling. Granting, first, odds such as the "banks" have in their favor; secondly, a sufficient capital to prevent premature collapse; and thirdly, a sufficient number of customers, success is absolutely certain in the long run. The capital of the gambling-public doubtless exceeds collectively the capital of the gambling-banks; but it is not used collectively; the fortunes of the gambling-public are devoured successively, the sticks which would be irresistible as a fagot are broken one by one. We leave our readers to judge whether this circumstance should encourage gambling, or the reverse.

It is also easy to understand why, in the betting on horse-racing in this country and others, success ordinarily attends the professional better, rather than the amateur; or, in the slang of the subject, why "the ring" gets the advantage of "the gentlemen." Apart from his access to secret sources of information, the professional better nearly always "lays the odds," that is, bets against individual horses; while the amateur "takes the odds," or backs the horse he fancies. Now, if the odds represented the strict value of the horse's chance, it would be as safe, in the long run, to "take" as to "lay" the odds. But no professional better lays fair odds, save by mistake. Nor is it difficult to get the amateur to take unfair odds. For "backing" is seemingly a safe course. The "backer" risks a small sum to gain a large one, and if the fair large sum is a little reduced, he still conceives that he is not risking much. Yet (to take an example), if the true odds are nine to one against a horse, and the amateur sportsman consents to take eight to one in hundreds, then, though he risks but a single hundred against the chance of winning eight, he has been as truly swindled out of ten pounds as though his pocket had been picked of that sum. This is easily shown. The total sum staked is nine hundred pounds; and, at the odds of nine to one, the stakes should have been respectively ninety pounds and eight hundred and ten pounds. Our amateur should, therefore, only have risked ninety pounds for his fair chance of the total sum stated. But he has been persuaded to risk one hundred pounds for that chance. He has therefore been swindled out of ten pounds. And in the long run, if he laid several hundreds of wagers of the same amount, and on the same plan, he would inevitably lose on the average about ten pounds per venture.

In conclusion, we may thus present the position of the gambler who is not ready to secure fortune as his ally by trickery. If he meets gamblers who are not equally honest, he is not trying his luck against theirs, but, at the best (as De Morgan puts it), only a part of his against more than the whole of theirs. If he meets players as honest as himself, he must, nevertheless, as Lord Holland said to Selwyn, "be — in earnest and without irony — *en verité le serviteur très humble des événements*, in truth, the very humble servant of events."

DELPHINE GAY.

In addition to being a novelist, Delphine Gay was a poetess, an author of plays, and a writer of lively, sparkling letters that skimmed the cream of fashionable follies, and kept frivolity from being wearisome by the most delicate touches of social satire. In a similar manner her own light-hearted gayety was preserved from being childish in a Frenchman's eyes by a pungent wit and a pathetic sentimentality.

Blonde-haired and drooping eye-lashed, she was the pet of French literary society; and the position she gained by her charms of form, she kept by her sweetness of character, her unaffected simplicity, her piquant conversation and fine faculty of repartee. There is no danger now in telling the date of this lady's birth, for she is no longer alive to dispute it. The giving of a lady's age is in England considered rather a breach of etiquette; but to publish the age of a French lady appears to be an unpardonable offence. The individual who, under the name of Eugène de Mirecourt, writes so many hundreds of little contemporary biographies, asserts that Mlle. Dejazet never pardoned him for having told her age in print; that Madame Georges Sand, against whom he committed the same offence, found his fault so inexcusable that she even added on a year to her age, solely for the purpose of making him stand committed to an untruth. Nor, he tells us, is the other sex any the less susceptible. When Paul de Kock sees his certificate of birth, he emits fire and flames. Théophile Gautier, too, protests against the years allotted to him, and so calculates them as to make him have written "Mademoiselle de Maupin" on the knees of his nurse. This is not bad, for 'tis a book ridiculously unlikely to have been composed in so innocent a place.

Madame de Girardin, or Delphine Gay, for the latter name seems to suit her better, was born on the 26th of January, 1804, or, as styled in the new phraseology at the time, "le 6 pluviose an XII." At the time when, most probably, Mirecourt wrote his sketch of her, she would have been near fifty, — an age when too much knowledge on the part of her acquaintance might well be resented. But he gallantly refrains from communicating this; in fact, he manifests quite a killing kindness towards her. "Be off," says he, "with your dusty registers. The age of a woman is on her face, in her eyes, in her smile; and the smile, the eyes, the face, of Madame de Girardin are five-and-twenty years old. And, if facts and dates seem to contradict this, pay them no heed." We English have this creed too. Says a well-known writer: —

"A man is as old as he's feeling;
A woman as old as she looks."

Delphine Gay was the daughter of Mlle. Lavallette, who married a M. Gay, a French official in one of the departments. This Madame Gay was herself the author of a number of works, both in poetry and prose; so her daughter, after, as it is said, having been been baptized at Aix-la-Chapelle, on the tomb of Charlemagne, was, in the words of some poetaster:—

"Cradled by rhythm, and taught,
While quite a child, to twang the lyre."

An anecdote is told of this Madame Sophie Gay, which will be interesting to us, who have so recently witnessed the sudden shiftings of feeling and unaccountable moods in the minds of the Parisians. Sophie Gay was one of those who applauded the downfall of the first Napoleon, and might have been seen with her friends at the head of those Parisian ladies who advanced in front of the Duke of Wellington and offered him bunches of violets. "Ladies," said he to them with dignity, "if the French were entering London, all the English ladies would be in mourning." But Madame Sophie had a private grievance against the Government. A witty sally of hers against a prefect of the department had deprived her husband of an official position which he enjoyed under the victim of his wife's satire; and so her pique seems to have affected her politics.

Delphine Gay was brought up in the society of the large literary circle in which her mother moved. Chateaubriand was a constant visitor; Horace Vernet and Talma would accept the invitations of the queen of the *salon*, and Béranger might be seen there occasionally. There was plenty of chatting, plenty of laughter, plenty of dancing. Then would come a game of cards, and after that they would read verses. Such an atmosphere would be a very stimulating one for a precocious child. And Delphine Gay, being at fourteen *radieuse de beauté*, doubtless attracted much attention.

We notice we have called her plain "Delphine:" had we lived a little earlier, we might have been called over the coals for this breach of ceremonial. The writer who was found fault with for so doing, answered, that, if his critics ever wrote the history of poetesses, he should expect to see Mlle. Corinne, or Miss Sappho. We will take shelter under his target.

In the portraits of Delphine Gay we see large, soft eyes, and what appears to be meant for a fine complexion; but she must have been beautiful exceedingly, if we are to believe what is told us. At the time of the appearance of Victor Hugo's romantic drama of "Hernani," when the theatre would be filled with the enthusiastic crowd of young *romantiques*, and the advocates of the old classicism were trying to stem the torrent, we could scarcely expect that there would be any applause to spare for a mere spectator in a box. But when Delphine Gay entered hers, there came from the tumultuous assemblage a triple salvo of applause,—"not a manifestation in very good taste," says M. Théophile Gautier, in describing it. But then it must be remembered that the pit was full of poets, sculptors, and painters, intoxicated with enthusiasm about "Hernani," and more attentive to their feelings than to the cold laws of society. And she must have been an imposing picture as she sat there,—her magnificent blonde hair being knotted on the top of her head in a large silver comb till it formed a crown like a queen's, and "vaporously" crisped, shaded off into a golden haze the contour of her cheeks, whose hue her admirers could liken to nothing but rose-colored marble. "*Radieuse de beauté*," as we have shown, exclaims one biographer, in an ecstasy; "*Bellezza folgorante*," exclaims another, with similar enthusiasm. Browning's words might perhaps have suited her:—

"Her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth on depth of lustre
Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier than the wild-grape cluster,
Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-misted marble;
Then her voice's music . . . call it the well's bubbling, the bird's warble!"

At all events, she makes a pretty picture in the centre of her crowd of admirers.

The Parisian *littérateurs* made a society of their own, and remained Bohemians to enjoy themselves. There is, doubtless, much to be said for that kind of decent respectability which conducts itself with propriety on a crowded staircase or landing for a number of hours, professes to have enjoyed itself, and styles the entertainment not humdrum, but "kettledrum." And what proper-minded person, on the other hand, could say a word for a gathering where, in the midst of dancing and cards, men would now and then sing their own songs, and ladies would now and then fail to resist the temptation of a cigarette? But the Parisian exquisites thought no evil of such doings, and probably rather enjoyed them. Did not the handling of the dainty cigarette afford many an elegant *pose* to the white arm and neck of the coquettish belle? and did not the pale blue cloud of smoke form a miniature heaven for her starry eyes to gleam through? and what a provoking curl the lips would take as they emitted their tiny puffs! What dull folk we English are! we have not a tithe of the sentimental play of the Parisian's fancy. On the other hand, perhaps, we do not make ourselves quite so childishly ridiculous as he does about trifles.

While yet very young, at the age of eighteen in fact, Delphine Gay gained a special prize from the Academy for a poem. Soon after this she travelled for some time in Italy, where she was received with adulations, and with the advances of many an opulent swain. All these she rejected for love of France.

"Non, l'accent étranger le plus tendre lui-même
Attristerait pour moi jusqu'au mot, Je vous aime,"

says she, in a poem entitled "Return." At Rome she was conducted in triumph to the Capitol, where she recited some verses in the presence of an enthusiastic crowd. And after her return to Paris she went through a similar ovation, on the occasion of the completion of the frescos of the Panthéon by Baron Gros. This period of her life is described as a perpetual joy, a poetic *fête* of every day and every hour. "Marriage alone," says the chronicler, "could make her know, at a later time, chagrin and prose." Although we might imagine her to have been a queen of enjoyment at this period, yet her maxim was "To suffer is to deserve;" and Balzac considered her to have approximated more closely than any one else to his ideal of what a woman's life should be. "To feel, to love, to suffer, to devote herself," says mournfully the great master of realism, "will always be the text of woman's life."

Delphine Gay married the busy and quarrelsome journalist, M. Emile de Girardin. We hear but little of him in gay company, while artistic and literary society is always most enthusiastic about his wife. There was a doubt as to who was his mother, as there had been some curious juggling or kidnapping at his birth. This mystery soured his temper, and he appears to have been undesirable as an acquaintance. He was the founder of an important newspaper, and well-known for his extreme views and violence of language.

For art he cared nothing. In the circle in which his wife moved there were included all shades of literary character, excepting the particular elements of which his life was composed. There was politics *plus* art, as represented in the persons of Victor Hugo and others. There was criticism, in the person of Sainte-Beuve, upon whom our authoress made the rather ill-natured remark, that, whereas he had once produced a great work, it was because he was then under Victor Hugo's influence. "He was only," said she, "a stove, supplied with fuel by Hugo; and the latter having left off putting wood on, M. Sainte-Beuve had fallen to his proper mediocrity." The great critic was for a long time a frequenter of the *salons* where the friends of whom we are speaking met together; but he appears to have grown unpopular among them by degrees. His nature was doubtless too cold for the ardent enthusiasts of the romantic school. In this coterie, too, there was art *minus* politics, as represented by Théophile Gautier, who

takes refuge in the doctrine of art for art's sake, by reason of utter pessimism and want of faith in progress, and finds the beauty of poetry and painting a satisfying haven, apart from the worries and weariness of political conflict. Balzac, too, entered not at all into politics, being wholly occupied with the dream-world of his romances. But politics *minus* art, — this appears to have been inadmissible as qualification for the refined society in which Delphine was queen. Her husband was voted a nuisance, and lived always in his own set of ultra-reformers.

M. de Girardin was not Delphine Gay's first love. This explains something of the want of harmony between them. She had made selection from amongst a crowd of admirers of M. le Baron de la Grange; and rings of betrothal had been exchanged between the pair. All at once, without any warning, the engagement came to an end. And, alas! the fault, or the misfortune, lay with the lady's mother. Madame Sophie Gay, coming as a guest to a drawing-room, where, at the time of her arrival, a number of people had already assembled, chose, for some unaccountable reason, to make her entrance singing a light little song, and dancing the *chassé* step of the *gavotte*. This procedure was amusing, but queer. The servants had just announced her by name, in the usual sonorous fashion; and the idea of so lively a mother-in-law proved too much for the nerves of M. le Baron de la Grange. He beat a retreat, and left the field open to M. Emile de Girardin. The journalist and the "tenth muse" were married in 1831. M. de Girardin was but moderately well off; but this fact did not prevent his purchasing a magnificent mansion wherein to receive his bride. Delphine Gay, doubtless, seemed to need a princely establishment to set off her beauty. M. de Girardin, senior, came to pay the young couple a visit soon after their marriage: he saw the buhl and the paintings and the damask, and he shrugged his shoulders thereat. Delphine was ashamed and stammered, "It is Emile who desired all this: I did not ask for it, I declare to you. Such like frivolities add nothing to happiness. Emile and a garret, that is enough for me."

"A garret!" said the old gentleman, who went away grumbling, "that will come, madame; that will come."

This grumpy father-in-law was a general, a great hunter, and a bachelor: he had, however, recognized his son, but only when he was grown up. His predictions about the mansion of the young couple — his son was the younger of the two — were soon realized. It had to be sold; and Delphine and her husband took a part of the house inhabited by the latter's partner and co-editor in the *Presse* newspaper. When they gave a party, the door of communication between their portion of the house and that of the co-proprietor was opened: he was sent from home for the day, and the house appeared to be a large one. So they avoided the appearance of retrenchment, a vice which the world is vastly ashamed of being suspected of. For a time, the young wife manifested the influence of her husband in her writings, which deteriorated correspondingly. But after a while she escaped into her own true self again, and began to write novels. Her husband, whose literary pursuits were all philosophical, speculative, and quarrelsome, disapproved of her compositions; and, when she had sold one of her books for fifteen hundred francs, quietly pocketed the money, hoping so to disgust her with her pen. But it did not produce the effect expected: she only wrote the more after this little episode. Soon she had a series of papers appearing in his own journal, which attracted a good deal of attention. She had been encouraged to the composition of these "Lettres Parisiennes," by her husband's fellow-editor, who conducted the literary department of the journal, while M. de Girardin had charge of the political department. These letters, and some novels which appeared afterwards, were published under the pseudonym of the Vicomte de Launay. One of these latter was a four-in-hand affair, in which the three others concerned were Théophile Gautier, Méry, and Jules Sandeau. It is entitled "La Croix de Berny," and might have been purchased in London for about fourpence a few months ago, when the book-stalls were swamped with some thousands of small Brussels editions of French poems and romances. It is well written, and worth reading; being quite a model of finished French style.

There are some charming bits of conversation to be found in our lady's books. Here is an example: "How do you pass your time?" says one friend to another. "Can you find amusement in this lower world?" "Oh, yes! I keep an existence to myself: I sail in a boat with people of spirit over an ocean of imbeciles." "You do," was the reply: "take care! a tempest of imbeciles would be dangerous." This little puff is scarcely meant to apply to herself, yet the crew with whom she was associated was a very distinguished one. They did not, however, meet in a boat rocking upon an ocean of imbeciles, but in Madame de Girardin's bedroom. "And here," says one of them, when describing these reunions, "let English prudishness refrain from taking umbrage, or crying out against impropriety: you might be a long time in the room without discovering the bed under the fold of its curtain." Here were to be found, between eleven o'clock and midnight, the following celebrities, some on one day, some on another: here came often Lamartine, Alexandre Dumas, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Méry, Théophile Gautier, Eugène Sue; and now and then Alfred de Musset would turn up. The lady, we learn, was very proud of her friends: they were the luxury of her life. She had discovered that no *fête* with ten thousand candles, a forest of camellias, and the sparkle of all the diamonds of Golconda, was worth these three or four easy-chairs filled with the friends who shared her sympathies and tastes. One of her sayings, "It's the husband's fault," first uttered, probably, at one of these gatherings, became proverbial. A friendly biographer, in concluding his memoir, says he knows not of a single fault which she possesses. Then he suddenly thinks of one. What is it? asks the indiscreet reader. It is her husband. Poor man! he inhabited his own rooms, and never joined the brilliant company which filled those of his wife. She sometimes met him at dinner, and was always at hand to aid him when he was in any difficulty or danger. He narrowly escaped being shot several times, owing to his mode of delivering his opinions, and on account of his general quarrelsomeness. He may have been a good man, in spite of his temper; but two persons could not have been united in marriage of more opposite natures than he and his wife. Bind up a sheet of his newspaper with a piece of his wife's music, and the result could not be more incongruous than the pair themselves.

Delphine Gay sat at the feet of Balzac, and was one of the most constant listeners to his vertiginous conversations. At one time Balzac had been studying very intently the occult sciences, chiromancy, cartomancy, and the like, and had heard a story of a most astonishing sibyl, a more weird and wonderful witch than all the examples recorded, the witch of Endor included. Of course he expatiated volubly on this living example, for every subject grew in size under his hands. Of course, too, he made the party he was addressing share his convictions. It consisted of Théophile Gautier, Méry, and Delphine Gay; and they were all prevailed upon to accompany Balzac on a voyage of discovery, in order to find the pythoness. She lived at Auteuil, but in what street is not recorded; but, as it turned out, that mattered little, for the address given was a false one. They came upon a family of honest people, living in country sojourn, — a husband, his wife, and old mother. Balzac, perfectly convinced, would have it that this old crone had a cabalistic air. But the good woman was scarcely flattered at being taken for a sorceress, and began to grow angry. The husband took them for practical jokers or pickpockets; the younger woman burst out laughing, and the maid-servant made haste to lock up the silver for precaution's sake. They had to retire with shame; but Balzac maintained the truth of his assertions, and when he was in the carriage again grumbled out between his teeth the injuries received from the conduct of the old woman. "Screech-owl, harpy, magician, vampire, hag, ravenous fish, lemur, ghoul, juggler," he cried, using the strangest terms that came into his head. "Well, if she is a sorceress, she has a very good idea of hiding her game," said one of his friends. Still

Balzac's suspicions were not allayed. They tried, however, some more places for the sibyl, but without success; and Delphine pretended that the whole affair was a make-believe of Balzac's, in order to get taken out in a carriage with agreeable companions. They must have made a jolly company. None could be otherwise where Balzac, master of weird drollery, was king.

Delphine Gay seems to have inspired the admiration of men of widely different dispositions; for Lamartine, than whom there could be none less like Balzac, loved her from the first moment of their meeting. If we give the account of this meeting in the words in which we find it described, we shall afford a good example of the faculty which a writer of the French school possesses, of making the descriptions of actual persons and places read like pages of a romance. A little imagination, a little extra color, a good deal of sentiment, and we have a young lady transformed into a goddess, and this plain earth of ours transmogrified into a heaven for her. Perhaps Delphine Gay was not quite the ordinary young lady of the period, but, for a rapturous description of an angel, commend us to her picture as she is made out to have appeared to Lamartine. The poet was visiting the cascades of Terni. As the story runs, "Slowly he ascended to the parapet formed by the rocks, that from thence he might gaze on the cascades below; and great was his astonishment, when he reached this height, to behold there, though at first unseen by her, a young and beautiful girl reclining against the trunk of a fallen tree, and looking down with a sort of fascination upon the waters rushing and roaring beneath her feet. It was Delphine Gay, the *improvisatrice* of France." Then follows a very rhapsody of romance. "The background of dark rock and foliage helped to define the graceful outline of her tall, elastic form, clothed in white; her arms, which were of extraordinary beauty, were bare; her left hand supported her head, the long golden curls of which floated in the breeze; her blue eyes were fixed on the torrent; tears of ecstasy were on her pale cheeks, and on the long, dark eyelashes, which, when she closed her eyes in silent contemplation, rested on them. To his poetic imagination she was a sibyl, a goddess." Every detail in this picture is so deftly adjusted to the sentimental aspect most proper to it, that we ought surely to have been favored as well with the impression made upon young Lamartine by the nose, the chin, the ears, of his charmer, as well as by her white arms, her golden hair, her ecstatic tears, her drooping, long eyelashes, her hand poised as for a photograph. May we not add that her ears were catching poetic murmurs in the foaming strife of the cascade, murmurs unheard by any other mortal, save, shall we say, by Lamartine? That her nose, unspoiled by the manufactured perfumes of Paris, was taking deep breaths of unsophisticated Italian fragrance. That her chin, — well, this French art of description is easy enough, and might be prolonged forever. The weakness of it is, that any such description could, with a few slight changes of color and size, be made to fit any pretty woman. A curious feature in this hallucination of Lamartine's was, that he could not endure the laughter of his charmer. And yet, we are told, she was a lovely laugher, having an exquisitely-formed mouth and perfect teeth. But, alas! Lamartine had deeply loved and deeply suffered; and looking to Delphine for consolation and sympathetic sighs, he found her gayety discordant. When he laughed, it seemed to him "a defect of youth, ignorant of destiny." Verily, is not this sentimentality carried to the verge of the ridiculous and the puerile? Byron, who pretended he could not bear to see a woman eat, was probably laughing at his own sentimentality all the while. But a man who, because he has, like most other people, passed through sorrows, is so woe-begone as to be insensible to the beauty of a young girl's laugh, is surely made of very poor stuff indeed. Lamartine enjoys a fitting acknowledgment of his poetic merits. He is read at girls' schools more than anywhere else.

Madame de Girardin's plays are now and then brought forward upon the English stage, and are deservedly popular. The writer chanced to see one little piece of hers twice over. On one occasion, at a Manchester theatre, he enjoyed a hearty laugh at a brisk afterpiece, entitled "Betty Martin." Some months afterwards, at a theatre in town, he elected to sit out a farce, called "The Clockmaker's Hat," wherein the vivacious Miss Farren was to appear. Soon after the commencement of the performance, a feeling stole over him that he was on familiar ground; but the name of the piece was quite new to him. "One form of many names," the Greek poet says; and so it was in this instance. "Betty Martin" — a most un-Parisian appellation, by the way — and "The Clockmaker's Hat" are one and the same; the double title being a deception. The piece is an adaptation from the "Chapeau d'un Horloger" of Delphine Gay.

At such tiny comedies, little laughing scenes, with delicate play of character, touching passages, and exquisite morsels of wit, she is highly successful, but is of far too light-hearted a nature for sombre tragedy, or for any thing requiring solemnity of treatment or great force of passion. But she has pathos and tenderness; and for calling the gentle tears, as well as lively laughter, she has scarcely a rival. But a short time ago there was acted, at one of the London theatres, a comedy of hers, "La Joie fait Peur," by which the hard-hearted critic of one of the morning papers alleged himself to have been moved to tears. The subject of this comedy is so natural and pleasant that we wonder it has not been utilized more frequently upon the stage. The story runs as follows: News is brought home of the death of a young naval officer, who is engaged on foreign service. His family — his mother, his sister, and his betrothed — go into mourning for him. The evil news chances to have arisen out of a mistake. The youth arrives home whilst the mourners are still in the depth of their grief. The first person he meets is an old servant of the family, who informs him of the unexpected position of affairs, and cautions him of the danger of sudden good news; for joy, like grief, will sometimes kill. Old Noel promises himself to communicate the glad tidings gently to the sad-hearted ladies in black. The various delicacies of stratagem by which this is attempted to be effected in each case form the chain of the story of this pretty comedy.

A quotation from one of Delphine Gay's "Parisian Letters," will show the lively style of her composition. It is a comparison between the walking-dancing as practised in the present day, and the real dances of an expiring era. "A very pretty young lady said to us the other day, 'My mother told me, that, at my age, nothing amused her more than dancing; but, as for me, I confess it does not amuse me at all!' 'You know nothing of it,' we answered her; 'you have never danced!' 'How — but yesterday.' 'Oh! you call that dancing; to walk three steps forward, with the feet turned in, the back crooked, and the shoulders rounded; then shuffle to the right, again to the left, without lifting your feet from the floor during the solemn scene; after this, you may hazard crossing sides, but with the same, always the same slow step, or you would be taken for a woman of forty years.' At a ball, the age is known by the feet more than by the face; a woman who dances with the feet turned out, acknowledges to thirty; she who wheels round in the figure avows herself forty; whoever is nimble of foot, and dances with zeal, confesses to fifty; and she who hazards the zephyr motion betrays herself sixty, if she is capable of performing it. You walk in measure; you do not dance, and cannot know if you love dancing. Formerly the dance was an exercise, for that was required to accomplish the steps; now exertion is scorned. Dancing was also a pleasure, because it gave hopes of success. A young girl who could dance had a future. Matches were made at balls; a *solo* well performed was worth a dowry." At the time when this was written, there must indeed have been a dancing decadence in Paris.

Delphine Gay's "Parisian Letters" are considered to afford a perfect picture of French society from 1836 to 1848. But she worked under difficulties. There is an amusing passage relative to these in the preface to her novelette entitled "Balzac's Walking-stick." This will give us some idea of the incongruity between a wife who writes upon

artistic and romantic themes, and a husband immersed only in political journalism of the hardest, most logical, and least genial kind. It can be no other than he who acted as critic of "Balzac's Walking-stick," while he ought to have been especially merciful, seeing that the book was written soon after he had lost much money in speculation. His wife's humorous complaint runs as follows: —

"Once upon a time there might have been found in this romance" —

"But it is not a romance."

"In this work" —

"But it is not a work."

"In this book" —

"Still less should it bear the title of a book."

"In these pages, in fine, once upon a time, there was a somewhat piquant chapter entitled, 'The Council of Ministers.' But somebody said to the author, 'Be careful, this is personality — these personages will be recognized; do not publish the chapter.' And the obedient author cancelled the chapter accordingly. There was another chapter, entitled, 'A Dream of Love.' It was a rather tender love-scene, as a picture of passion ought to be in a romance. But somebody said to the author, 'It is not proper, on your part, to bring out a book of which passion occupies so great a portion. This chapter is unnecessary; strike it out.' So the frightened author suppressed this chapter also. Once upon a time, too, in these pages were two morsels of verse. The one was a satire, the other an elegy. But somebody decreed that the satire was too pungent, and the elegy too melancholy. So the author gave them up; but this conviction she keeps, that a woman who sees the world ought to refrain from writing, since she may bring to the light nothing but what is perfectly insignificant."

Poor Delphine Gay! We know not whether "to love, honor, and obey" formed one of the promises of her marriage ceremony; the fulfilling it, however, seems to have been somewhat hard for her. Yet when her ungrateful husband was in prison, on account of his political views, she underwent all sorts of dangers for him. This sentimental poetess and lively novelist was certainly not a bad specimen of a woman.

TA'ABBET-SHURRAN AND HIS COMPANIONS.

BY W. GIFFORD PALGRAVE.

A FEW months' experience of Arabia Proper suffices to teach the traveller of our day that the terms "Arab" and "Bedouin," though not unfrequently used as if convertible, are by no means such in reality. It may further teach him, if he knew it not before, that "Bedouin" and "robber" are also not necessarily synonymous; that the latter designation is no less ill-sounding to the ordinary Arab ear than it would be to the European; and that the class which it represents is amenable to whatever penalties Arab law and society can inflict, much as it would be in more civilized lands of juries and police-force. Nor is this, so far as Arabia itself is concerned, a recently-introduced order of things, due to comparatively modern influences, social or political; on the contrary, a retrospective view of the national annals, even when carried back to the first day-dawn of præ-Islamitic history, presents no other aspect; and full five centuries before the appearance of the Meccan lawgiver, we find the thief, the robber, and the brigand already paled off from, and at war with, established order and right; already marked with the outlaw's brand, and subject to all its sternest consequences. And yet, in spite of these facts, it cannot be denied, that, in these same earliest times, the great peninsula bore, as it still, and to a certain extent not undeservedly, bears, an evil name for the number and the audacity of its robbers. The cause is inherent, and not far to seek.

A population much too scanty in proportion to the geographical extent of the land it occupies, as also, though from different reasons, one notably overcrowded, must always render the efficacious protection of individual life and property a difficult task, even for the strongest and most energetic administration; and the difficulty will, under a weak or negligent rule, amount to absolute impossibility. Thus, for example's sake, the open spaces of the lonely Campagna, the wild glens of Albanian or Koordistan, the parched sierras of Central Spain, and the defiles of Southern Greece, have long been, and, bating external influences, may long remain, under the feebleness of decrepit or malformed governments, Papal or Turkish, Spanish or Hellene, the dread of the wayfaring merchant and the defenceless tourist. In lands like these the town gates are often the ultimate limits of security. Indeed, it is not, as we all know, many centuries since, that scantiness of inhabitants, combined with a defective because an incipient organization, rendered large tracts of France, of Germany, and of England itself, dangerous travelling for the unarmed and unescorted.

But nowhere perhaps, in the Old World at least, does there exist an equal extent of land in which all the sinister conditions that favor brigandage are so perplexingly combined and aggravated as in Arabia Proper. There, for distances measured not by miles but by degrees, vast expanses of stony, irreclaimable desert, of pathless sands and labyrinthine rocks, place utterly disproportionate intervals of enforced solitude between the watered valleys and green slopes, where alone any thing like settled life and social union can make good its footing. A week of suns may not seldom rise, and set on the slow-moving caravan without bringing into view a single roof; indeed, the known life-sparing clemency of the Arab robber is chiefly due, not to any favorable speciality of character, but to this very circumstance of solitude; in other words, to the brigand's certainty that long before his plundered victims can reach help, or even give tidings, he himself and his booty will be far beyond pursuit. "Desert means license," says the Arab proverb; the wild lands breed wild men; and thus it is that centuries of comparative law and order, the organizing vigor of Mahomet and his first successors, the sceptre of the Caliphs, and the military discipline of the Turks, have each, in their turn, failed to render the sand-waves of the "Nefood" and the gullies of "Toweyk" wholly safe ventures for the traveller; while even the rigor, amounting almost to tyranny, of the more recent Wahhabee rulers, who avowedly tolerate no spoilers besides themselves, cannot render permanantly secure the intercourse and traffic of one Arab province — oasis, I might better say — with another.

But during the latter years of the præ-Islamitic period, when the entire centre of the peninsula, and no small portion of its circumference, — that is, whatever was not immediately subject to the rule of the Yemenite kings, and of their or the Persian viceroys, — resembled best of all a seething caldron, where the overboiling energies of countless clans, and divisions of clans, dashed and clashed in never-resting eddies; when no fixed organization or political institution, beyond that of the tribe at most, had even a chance of permanence in the giddy whirl, — open robbers were, as might have naturally been expected, both numerous and daring; nor can we wonder if, when every man did more or less what was right in his own eyes, the list of the color-blind to the moral tints of "mine" and "thine" should have been a long one, and have included many names of great, though not good renown. Indeed, it might almost have been anticipated that the entire nation would have been numbered in the ill-famed category, till the universality of fact absorbed the distinction of name; and none would have been called robbers, because all were so.

Fortunately, the clan principle interfered; and, by tracing certain though inadequate limits of social right and wrong, rendered transgression alike possible and exceptional. He who, led astray by private and personal greed, plundered, not on his own clan's account, but on his own; who, without discrimination of peace-time or war, of alliance or hostility, attacked the friends no less than the foes of his tribesmen, — was, from the earliest times, accounted criminal; while he who, in concert with his kin, assailed and spoiled a common and acknowledged enemy, was held to have performed an honorable duty. After this fashion

the Arabs learned to draw the line — in no age or country a very broad one — between war and brigandage; and, by vehement reprobation of the latter, stood self-excused for their excessive proneness to the former.

From such a state of things, where geographical configuration and political confusion conspired to encourage what nascent organization and primal morality agreed to condemn, arose the præ-Islamitic brigand class. This, although recruited in the main, after the fashion of other lands, by idleness, want, and the half-idiocy that has much, if physiology tell true, to do with habitual vice, yet comprised also men, who, under more propitious circumstances, might have led a different and an honorable career. These were they who — having, in consequence of some special deed of blood, sudden mishap, or occasionally sheer innate fierceness of temperament, become nearly or quite detached from their own particular clan and its alliances — led, henceforth at large, a life of "sturt and strife," of indiscriminate plunder and rapine; disavowed by all, hostile to all, yet holding their own; and that, strange though it may seem, not by physical force merely, but also by intellectual pre-eminence. They stand before us in the national records, apart from the great chiefs and leaders of their age, apart from the recognized heroes, the 'Antarahs and Barakats of epic war, wild, half-naked, savage, inured to hardships, danger, and blood; yet looked upon by their countrymen with a respect amounting almost to awe; and crowned with a halo of fame visible even through the mist of centuries, and under the altered lights of Islam: men to be admired, though not imitated; to be honored while condemned: a moral paradox, explained partly by the character of the times they lived in, partly by their own personal qualities.

When a nation is either wholly barbarous or wholly civilized, the records of its "criminal classes" are of little interest, and of less utility. In the former case, they form, indeed, the bulk of the local chronicle; but the tale they tell of utter and bestial savagery, the mere repetition of brute force, cunning, and cruelty, is alike purportless, tedious, and disgusting. On the other hand, among nations well advanced in civilization, the ban laid on exceptional rebels against the reign of law is so withering, and the severance between them and the better life of the land so entire, that nothing remains to a Jack Sheppard or a Bill Sykes but stupid, hateful, unmeaning vice, unfit either to point the moral of the novelist or to adorn the tale of the historian.

But between the two extremes of barbarism and of culture, the records of most nations exhibit a middle or transition period, when the bonds of society, though formed, are still elastic; while public morality is already sufficiently advanced to disallow much that public order is as yet too feeble to repress. In such a period the highway robber is apt to be regarded with a sort of half-toleration, as a relic of the "good old times;" and even becomes, in the estimation of many, a sort of conservative protest against the supposed degeneracies and real artificialities of progress; a semi-hero, to be, metaphorically at least, if not in fact, hung in a silken halter, and cut down to the tune of a panegyric. On these frontier lines between order and anarchy, in this twilight between license and law, flourish Robin Hoods, Helmbrechts, Kalewi-Poegs, and their like; equivocal celebrities, brigands by land and corsairs at sea; feared, respected, and hated by their injured contemporaries; more honored by later and securer generations, and ultimately placed on pedestals of fame side by side with their betters in the national Valhalla. And what the era of King John was to England, the "Interregnum" to Germany, the days of Sueno and his peers to Scandinavia, that were to Arabia the two centuries that preceded the appearance of Mahomet; but chiefly the former. Heroes had ceased to be robbers, but robbers had not wholly ceased to be heroes.

A more special reason for the peculiar and prominent rank held in præ-Islamitic Arab story by these wild rovers of the desert is to be sought in the intense vigor and activity of the prevailing national spirit, of which these very men were an ill-regulated and exaggerated, yet by no means an unfaithful representation. To the physical advantages of strength, fleetness, quickness of eye, and dexterity of hand, — all objects of deliberate and systematic culture in Pagan Arabia, no less than in Pagan Greece, — they added many of the moral qualities then held in the highest esteem by their countrymen, — patient endurance, forethought, courage, daring, and even generosity; while some of them, in addition, attained lasting fame for excellence in poetry, then, as now, the proudest boast of the Arab. Thus it was that although rapine, bloodshed, and not rarely treachery, might dim, they could not wholly eclipse the splendor of their better qualities and worthier deeds.

Such was the classical præ-Islamitic brigand, as portrayed to us in the pages of the Hamasah, of Aboo-l-Faraj, Meydanee, and others; not indeed the full image, but the skeleton and ground-plan of his race: a type in which the Arab character, not of those ages only, but of all succeeding generations, is correctly though roughly given; untamable, self-reliant, defiant, full of hard good sense and deep passion, a vivid though a narrow imagination, and a perfect command of the most expressive of all spoken languages; while at the same time these very men, by their isolation, their inaptitude for organized combination, their contempt for all excellence or development save that of the individual, their aversion to any restraint however wholesome, and above all their restless inconstancy of temper, give the measure of Arab national weakness, and too clearly illustrate that incoherent individualism which ruined the empires of Damascus, Bagdad, and Cordova, and blighted even in its flower the fairest promise of the Arab mind.

Their muster-roll is a long one; but at its head stand eminent three names of renown, illustrated by records of exceptional completeness. These are Ta'abbet-Sburran, Shanfara', and Soleyk, men each of whom deserves special mention, because each represents in himself a peculiar subdivision of the great brigand class.

"Ta'abbet-Shurran," or, "He has taken an evil thing under his arm," is the composite appellation by which Arab story recognizes its robber-hero of predilection. His real name was Thabit, the son Jabir; the clan of Fahm, to which he belonged, formed part of the great Keys-'Eglan family, the progeny of Modar; and accordingly of "Most-'areb" (that is "adscititious Arab," or, in mythical phrase), of Ismaelitic, not of "'Aarab," "pure Arab," or of Southern and Kahtanee origin. The Fahm Arabs, nomad once, but tamed down by the process of the suns into semi-agriculturists, still, as in the century the fifth of our era, when Ta'abbet-Shurran lent his sinister lustre to their name, frequent the wild and secluded, but well-watered gorges that lie immediately behind the mountains of Ta'if and Aseer, south-east of Mecca, somewhat apart from the main lines of Arab land communication; and while they have secured a practical independence by nominal acquiescence in the political or religious phases of their more powerful neighbors, scarcely bear themselves a trace of the many influences that have again and again remodelled the not distant capital of the peninsula. A few earth villages, with low, yellowish walls, a somewhat larger number of black tent-groups; here and there a scraggy enclosure of palms, melons, and vetches, or a thinly-verdant patch of pasture; a fair allowance of goats and camels, of rock and sand between; lean, dusky men in long shirts and tattered cloaks, striped or black; near the houses some muffled women in dark-blue cloth and glass arm-rings; some very brown and naked children, seemingly belonging to no one in particular, — such is the land and tribe of Fahm, rich in blood and genealogies, miserably poor in all besides, and a fit nursing-stock for robbers, even now.

How the Fahmite Thabit, son of Jabir, came by the denominative sentence which has almost superseded his original name in his country's literature, is variously related. According to one account, he had gone out, while yet a mere boy, on some lonely errand, probably to look after some stray camel, and had advanced far into the desert, when suddenly he saw what seemed a large goat perched upon a rock before him. At his approach the thing darted

away; the lad followed, and, being fleet and sure of foot, soon overtook and captured it. But to bring it home was no easy matter; for the brute, not content with kicking and struggling, took to becoming heavier and heavier every minute, till Thabit, whose strength had only just sufficed to carry it up to the limits of the encampment, was forced to let it drop. But hardly had it touched the ground than, in full view of all the horrified bystanders, it assumed its proper form, that of a ghoul, or demon, and vanished. "Ta'abbet-Shurran" ("He has brought a mischief under his arm"), said the clansmen one to another; and this henceforth was Thabit's name. In this story is adumbrated what the Greeks, like the Arabs, would have called the "dæmon" character of the man himself. Another and a more prosaic version substitutes for the goat-ghoul, Thabit's own sword, which he was in the habit of thus carrying, no less persistently than Louis Philippe his umbrella, and which certainly wrought mischief enough, as we shall soon see.

On details like these, historical criticism would be a mere waste of learning and ingenuity: the general truthfulness of a portrait is more to our present purpose than the minute precision of a photograph. All annalists agree in representing Ta'abbet-Shurran as an essentially "wild man," clever, talented even, but irreclaimable; a born rebel to all social law and custom; one of the *ferœ naturâ* whom the literature of modern times is wont to paint in somewhat rounded contours and prismatic colors, but whose real lineaments stand out harsh and vigorous in one of the son of Jabir's authentic poems, where his own ultimate hero-ideal is thus portrayed: —

"Nor exults he, nor complains he; silent bears whate'er befalls him,
Much desiring, much attempting; far the wanderings of his venture.
In one desert noon beholds him; evening finds him in another;
As the wild ass, lone he crosses o'er the jagged and headlong ridges.
Swifter than the wind unpausing, onward yet, nor rest nor slackness,
While the howling gusts, outspeeded, in the distance moan and falter.
Light the slumber on his eyelids, yet too heavy all he deems it;
Ever watchful for the moment when to draw the bitter falchion;
When to plunge it in the heart-blood of the many-mustered foemen,
While the Fates, bystanding, idly grin to see their work accomplished.
Loneliness his choice companion; and the guide-marks of his roaming —
Tell me, whither guide the mazes of the streaky, spangled heavens?"

"As the dawn, so the day," says an Arab proverb; and the circumstances under which Ta'abbet-Shurran quitted his family and tribe, while yet a mere boy, give a tolerable insight into what his character even then was, and what an after career might be augured for him. The "frightful, desperate, wild, and furious" of Shakspeare's young Richard is no less applicable to the former stage of Ta'abbet's life, than "daring, bold, and venturous" to the latter. To Western ears, the tale may sound a strange one; but to those who have passed a day among the tents of Wadee-l-Kora, or a night on the gravel-strewn plains of 'Aared, it has little startling, and nothing incredible.

The mother of Ta'abbet-Shurran, left a widow by the death of her first husband Jabir, while our hero and his four brave but less celebrated brothers were yet mere children, had married again; and this time her choice had fallen on a man named 'Amir, of the tribe of Hodeyl, a clan famous alike for warriors and poets, the latter of whom have bequeathed to posterity an entire volume, or Divan, of verses, oftener studied than understood, even by Arab commentators and critics. 'Amir himself was a poet; and some by no means contemptible performances of his in this line have come down to us. Second, or even third and fourth marriages, have never involved any discredit in Arab opinion, whether Pagan or Mahometan; nor would the merry wife of Bath have needed much argument to make good her case, had her pilgrimage been to 'Okad or Mecca, instead of Canterbury. The only inconveniences a buxom and well-to-do Arab widow needed, or, for the matter of that, still needs carefully to avoid, were family jealousies and clannish dissensions: the relict of Jabir ran her matrimonial ship in its second voyage on both these rocks. Hodeyl, though a neighboring, was not a kindred clan to Fahm; and Ta'abbet-Shurran, or, to give him his domestic name, Thabit, who was the eldest and fiercest among his brothers, soon learned to look on his stepfather as an intruder, and on his position in the household as an abiding insult. When 'Amir (so continues the narrative) saw the lad beside him growing up with evident signs in his face of a hatred which he took no pains to conceal, he said one day to his wife, "By heaven, this youngster's manner causes me real uneasiness: our marriage is the cause; had we not better separate at once before worse happens? Divorce is a less evil than bloodshed." But the woman, who seems to have liked the company of her new husband better than the children of her old one, answered, "First try if you cannot clear the fellow out of the way by some stratagem." 'Amir accordingly waited his opportunity, till, when a convenient time came, he said to the lad, "Are you disposed to accompany me on a raid?" "With all my heart," was the ready answer. "Come along, then," said 'Amir. So they set out both of them together; but 'Amir purposely omitted to take any provisions with them for the road. They journeyed on all that night and the next day, without once halting, till the second evening closed in, by which time 'Amir made certain that the lad must be well-nigh famished for want of food. Thus thinking, he led the way in a direction where enemies were likely to be, till, at last, there appeared the gleam of a fire burning at some distance in front. 'Amir then stopped, and said to his stepson, "Halloa, boy! we are short of food, and must get something to eat; go over to where you see that fire, and ask the folk who are cooking by it to give us a share of their meal." Thabit answered, "What, man! is this a time for eating?" "Time or not, I am hungry," 'Amir rejoined; "so off with you, and bring me some supper." Thabit made no further answer, but went. As he neared the fire, he saw two of the most notorious ruffians in the whole land sitting by it: they were, in fact, the very men into whose hands his stepfather had designed that he should fall. When the reflection of the fire fell on the lad, the ruffians saw him and sprang up to seize him: he turned and ran; they followed; but he was lighter of foot than they, and kept ahead, till, looking over his shoulder, he observed that one of his pursuers had outstripped the other; then, suddenly turning on the nearer of the two, he closed with him, and laid him dead at a blow. This done, without a moment's pause he rushed on the other, who stood bewildered, and disposed of him in the same manner. He then walked leisurely to the fire which they had lighted, and there found some unleavened bread baking under the cinders: this he took, and brought it, without tasting it, to his stepfather, saying, "Eat — may it choke you!" But he himself refused to touch a morsel. 'Amir said, "Tell me all about it, and how you came by it." The lad answered, "What is that to you? eat, and ask no questions." So 'Amir ate, but more from compulsion than appetite, while his fear of the young devil increased every instant, till, unable to contain his curiosity, he again begged the boy, adjuring him by all the rights of companionship, to tell him the whole adventure. Thabit did so; and the result was that 'Amir now feared him worse then ever. After some hours' rest, they again went on, and soon reached the pasture-grounds of the hostile tribe, whence they succeeded in driving off some camels, and then turned homewards with their booty, taking, however, a distant and circuitous way to avoid pursuit. For three successive nights on the road, 'Amir said to his stepson, "Make choice which half of the night you would best like to keep watch over the camels: as for me, I will take charge of them for the other half, while you sleep." But Thabit as regularly answered,

"Make your choice yourself: it is all one to me." Free thus to arrange matters according to his own liking, 'Amir used to sleep during the first half of the night, while his stepson sat up and kept guard; at midnight, 'Amir rose and relieved the lad, who then went and lay down for a few hours; but when Thabit seemed once to be fast asleep, 'Amir took the opportunity to lie down and go to sleep also; so that in fact, he never kept watch at all. Thus passed three nights. On the fourth and last — for they were now nearing their own land — 'Amir thought that the lad must certainly be overcome with fatigue and drowsiness. So he lay down as usual, and took his fill of sleep, while Thabit remained keeping good watch till midnight came, when it was 'Amir's turn to rise and guard. This he did, till, after a while, he saw the lad to all appearance sound asleep, when he said within himself, "Surely, the fellow must now be tired out, and hard of waking; now or never is the time to get rid of him altogether." Not feeling, however, quite sure whether his stepson's slumbers were in reality as deep as they seemed, he thought it best to try an experiment first; so, taking up a pebble from the ground beside him, he flung it to some distance, when lo! hardly had the stone touched the sand, than the lad started up bolt upright, with, "What noise was that?" 'Amir, feigning surprise, answered, "On my life, I do not know; but it seemed to me to come from the direction where the camels are. I heard it, but could not make it out clearly." Hereon Thabit went and prowled about, searching on all sides in the darkness, till, having discovered nothing, he returned and lay down. A second time the stepfather waited, long enough as he thought; then took a little pebble smaller than the first, and jerked it away. It fell a long way off; but no sooner had it struck the plain, than the boy was on his feet again, exclaiming, "What was that?" "Really, I cannot say," was the answer: "this is the second time I have heard it; perhaps one of the camels has got loose." Instantly Thabit began prowling hither and thither in the dark night, but of course could find nothing on which to fix his suspicions; so he returned to his place and laid him down once more. A third time 'Amir waited till a full hour had passed, and then took up the very smallest pebble he could find, and flung it away with all his force as far as possible. But the result was all one: up leaped the lad, fresh as at first, only that this time he asked no questions, but, setting off without a word, searched thoroughly on all sides around; then returned, and coming close up to his stepfather, said, "Fellow, I do not like these doings of yours; so I give you now fair warning, the next time I hear any thing more of this kind, by God you are a dead man." With this he went a little apart, and settled himself again to sleep; while 'Amir, as he himself afterwards told the story, passed the remaining hours of darkness wide awake, and in mortal fear, lest by some accident any one of the camels should really stir, and the lad jump up and kill him. Next day they reached the tents of Fahm; but Thabit, who guessed rightly enough that a plot had been laid against him, and that his mother had been privy to it, would not remain any longer in the family, but took to the desert. 'Amir also shortly after found his position in the tribe, who had got an inkling of the matter, an unpleasant one; so he divided his goods with his wife, and, divorcing himself from her, returned to the pastures of Hodeyl.

However, Thabit, or Ta'abbet-Shurran, as, in compliance with his Arab chroniclers, I shall henceforth call him, became subsequently reconciled with his mother; and often when weary, or hard-pressed by pursuers, availed himself of the temporary repose and shelter of her tent. With his own tribe, too, the men of Fahm, he always remained on friendly terms, though he took no part henceforth in their public affairs; nor was he regarded by them as entitled to their protection, much less assistance. But for all others whatever, he was simply an outlaw and a robber; while the clan of Hodeyl, which he had early learned to hate on his stepfather's account, was, his whole life through, the special object of his depredations.

There is a region which, while it belongs to none of the three great provinces of Western and Central Arabia, — to Hejaz, that is, Nejd, or Yemen, — yet forms a kind of junction-tract between them, and is in consequence traversed by most of the great Arab routes that lead from all directions to the old centre of commercial and social activity, the territory of Mecca. From the earliest times down to our own, this borderland has been a favorite resort of highwaymen; partly on account of the frequent opportunities of plunder afforded by passing travellers and caravans, partly from its own topographical peculiarities, which seem to mark it out as a fitting repair for brigands and outlaws. It is an intricate labyrinth of valleys, narrow and winding where they first descend from the rugged ranges of Jebel Aseer on the west, but widening out as they approach the low level of the great desert or "Dahna'," and assuming the form of long shallow gullies where they rise again towards the table-land of Nejd. Westward the hills are frequently wooded with "Ithel," the Arabian tamarisk, with "Rind," or wild laurel, with "Sidr," a pretty dwarf acacia, besides the spreading "Markh," and other large semi-tropical trees; while under the shade of these coverts numerous wild animals make their lair: wolves, foxes, jackals, hyænas, and especially the small but ferocious Arabian panther, black-spotted on a light yellow ground, the terror of the herded gazelles, and sometimes of the hunter also. In other places the rocks are precipitous, bare, and inaccessible to all but the wild goats that browse on the occasional tufts of thin grass or dwarf shrubs springing from their clefts. The valleys, where narrow, form water-courses in the rainy season; and even in the heats of mid-summer, not unfrequently shelter deep pools, protected from sun and wind by some overhanging rock; little patches too of cultivation occur here and there, marking the permanent establishment of a few families, or a moderate stretch of green justifies the presence of some herdsmen's tents. But nowhere do the conditions of the land allow of any thing like real populousness; and the abruptness of the local barriers tends to divide the scanty inhabitants into small, almost isolated clusters, while by the same fact it detains them in a state of semi-barbarism, scarcely, if at all, affected by centuries of comparative civilization around.

Farther on, however, where these valleys enter the "Dahna'," the prospect is dreary indeed: rock and sand, the latter light and ever shifting, the former abrupt and rugged, or spreading into miles of continuous stone-sheet; the whole appearing much as the bottom of the ocean might possibly do were it upheaved, and left exposed to the sun; an imagination not far removed, it may be, in this case, from the geological reality of things. But jotted as at random through the waste, where least expected amid the utter seeming drought, and discoverable only by long practice and that intimacy with the desert which few but outlaws are likely to acquire, lie small, pale-green spots, marked out by the wild palm, the feathery "ithel," and the tangled "semr" thorn. Here water is to be found when dug for at the depth of a few feet under earth; here also is wood enough for the modest requirements of Arab cookery; here the traveller may occasionally halt at midday or nightfall; and here the robber, flying or pursuing, may take a few hours' stolen repose.

This is the land now known as El-Kora, Soleyyel, Bisns', and Aftaj; a land long unchanged, and likely long to remain so, both in itself and in its inhabitants.

On its outskirts, west and north, spread the pastures of Hodeyl, a tribe once numerous and powerful, and even now not only independent of, but actively hostile to, the powers that be; to the south are the small but many villages of Bajeelah, a Yemenite or "'Arab" tribe, who, with others of their kindred, extend down to the frontiers of rich and populous Nejran; to the east stretched, in Ta'abbet-Shurran's time, the vast encampments of Temeen and 'Aamir, the chief of all the central "Most'areb," or "adscitious" clans; but these last are now crystallized into Wahhabee provinces.

On all of these, now one, now the other, Ta'abbet-Shurran made his predatory attacks, disregardful alike of

national alliance or enmity; sometimes alone, more often in company with other outlaws, to whom he acted as a temporary leader. Many of these raids have been recorded at great length by Arab chroniclers, who have besides preserved to us the verses in which the robber-hero, not more modest in self-praise than the generality of poets, celebrated his own prowess. A few of these anecdotes, rendered as literally as may be, consistently with transferring, or at least attempting to transfer, the vividness of the original Arab picture to the dissimilar canvas of the European mind, — no easy task, — will best illustrate the man, and those amongst whom he lived.

Once on a time he had led a band of fellow-brigands on an expedition directed against the herds and havings of the Benoo Hodeyl, not far from Ta'if. On their way the party passed beneath a precipice of great height; its face showed far up the entrance of a cavern, above which Ta'abbet-Shurran's practised eyes could detect a swarm of bees hovering. Now, wild honey — for art-made hives and tame bees were yet unknown — was the only substitute possessed by Arabs of those days for sugar, and ranked accordingly as a choice, almost indeed a necessary dainty. Ta'abbet and and his crew at once postponed their original design on sheep and camels in favor of this rarer booty; and by long and circuitous paths clambered up the mountain till they stood on its brow, right above the caverned cliff. Next, Ta'abbet tied a camel-rope round his waist, while his comrades made fast the other end to the stump of a tree; and, taking with him a couple of empty skins, allowed himself to be lowered against the mountain face, till he dangled opposite to the mouth of the cave, into which he then contrived to swing himself; much like Shakspeare's samphire-gatherer, or a Norwegian in quest of sea-fowl. As he had conjectured, a large store of excellent honey had collected within the cavern, and he proceeded at his leisure to fill the skins he had brought with the desired prize, unsuspicious of any danger from without. But while he thus busied himself, some men of Hodeyl, who, hidden in the brushwood on the upper slope, had watched all these doings, suddenly rushed out on the associates of the Fahm brigand, and drove them off from their post. The Hodeylees now masters of the position, began twitching the upper end of the rope that girdled Ta'abbet's waist, and thus apprised him of an unfriendly presence. Without hesitation he cut the cord with his dagger, and then advancing to the mouth of the cave looked up.

"Caught," exclaimed his enemies.

"Caught, indeed!" sneeringly repeated Ta'abbet: "that we have yet to see. Do you mean to take ransom, and let me go unharmed?"

"No conditions with such as you," they answered from above.

"Aha! that is your game?" rejoined the robber: "you think that you have already caught me, and killed me, and eaten my honey too, which I have been at such pains to get. No, by God! that shall never be." Thus saying, he brought the skins to the mouth of the hole, and poured out all the honey, so that it went trickling down the face of the precipice in their sight; next he took the empty skins, honey-smeared as they were, and tied them tight against his breast and body; and then, while the men of Hodeyl stood looking on in stupid amazement, let himself slip feet foremost down the crag, with such dexterity that in a few minutes he was safe at the bottom, some hundreds of yards below; and long before his intended captors, descending by the ordinary path, had circled the mountain and reached the other side, was far away beyond all chance of pursuit.

So brilliant an escape deserved to be commemorated by its hero in a spirited poem, from which I will quote a few lines: —

"This my answer to the foemen, when alone I stood defenceless,
Closed the paths behind, before me, in the hour of doubt and danger.
'Is it thus the choice ye give me? ransomed life, and scornful mercy?
These, or death? — not two the offers: one alone befits the freeman.
Yet a third is mine, ye know not: reason scarce admits the venture;
Daring prompts it; and the peril bids me test it to the utmost.'
Iron-hard the rocks, and 'neath them Death securely waits his victim.
Harder than the rocks my breast; and Death askance beholds my safety."

The image of Death enraged at his escape, like that of the Fates idly grinning, their occupation gone, over the enemies he had slaughtered without biding their permission, was, it would seem, in Ta'abbet-Shurran's wild fancy, more than a mere poetical figure of speech. For him — so the Arab narrative, half credulous, half sceptic, records — the desert was peopled with weird phantom shapes, all horrible, and befitting the guilty imaginings or companionship of a man of blood.

Foremost among these was the "Ghoul," a monster half flesh, half spirit; tangible, yet ever changing its form; endowed with speech and reason, but for evil only; hating man, and ever seeking his harm. It may not be amiss here to remark, that præ-Islamitic Arab spiritualism, in the metaphysical sense of the word, seems, like that of the Jews, to have been nearly if not quite exhausted by the sole conception of a Supreme Ruler; all else, whatever is known among other races as soul, ghost, spectre, angel, demon, fairy, sprite, goblin, and so forth, was for them corporeal, or at best quasi-corporeal, and subject, though with certain appropriate modifications, to the principal conditions of animated matter, such as we experimentally reckon them. Nor was Mahomet himself, the Koran to witness, much ahead of his ancestors in this respect. It is not till a later date, when Persian, Greek, and Tartar ideas had infiltrated the national mind, that any thing like the Teuton, Celtic, or even Norse spirit appears among the phantasmagoria of Arab literature. As for the "ghoul," that most popular of præ-Islamitic superstitions, and the nearest approach to a genuine Arab "devil," it was, to complete its corporeality, male and female, and though remarkably tenacious of life, mortal; but when it happened at last to be killed, its carcass had the faculty — an annoying one for curious investigators — of disappearing altogether, or of presenting at most the appearance of a small piece of burned leather, or some equally uninstructive substance. Masa'oodee, the author whose discursive work, the "Golden Meadows," has procured him the overflattering title of the "Arab Herodotus," speculates not quite unreasonably on the matter, and inclines to the opinion that the "ghoul" of old times was nothing else than some ferocious and ill-favored wild beast, probably of the ape genus, rarely met with, and exaggerated by excited imaginations into a demon. Thus much is certain, that in proortion as Arab records approach an era of increased population and of freer intercourse between province and province, the "ghoul" becomes less frequent, and ultimately disappears altogether; while more spiritual conceptions, such as "Jinn," "Hatif" or Banshee, "'Ayid" or "haunting-ghost," and the like, take its place. However, even at the present day, the inhabitants of Beja' on the Nubian frontier, and the negroes of Kordofan and Darfoor, have the good fortune to retain their "ghouls" — "Kotrobs" they call them — of the genuine Arab kind, perhaps their gorillas.

But in Ta'abbet's epoch the "ghoul," whether demon, ape, or fancy, was no rarity; and a night-long duel between the great robber and one of these unamiable beings in the dreary valley of Roha-Batan, near Kalaat-Bisha', a few days' journey to the south-east of Mecca, may at least claim what authenticity Ta'abbet-Shurran's own verses can give it. The curiosity of the record, almost unique of its kind in its completeness, may serve to excuse the childishness of the subject.

"Oh! bear ye the tidings to all of my clan,
The wondrous encounter in Roha's lone dell,
The fiend-guarded land where the ghoul of the waste
In horror and blackness contested my path
I said, 'We are kinsmates; our fortunes are one,
Thou and I: why assail me? in peace get thee gone.'
It spoke not, but darted to rend me. I turned,

Upra'sed in my hand the keen falchion of Yemen;
Then, fearless, I struck; and the spectre before me
Lay shapeless and prone on the earth at my feet.
'Depart,' so it groaned; but I answered, 'Await,
Not threats can avail thee, nor guile set thee free.'
Slow wore the long night, as I grappled the foe,
Till morning should show me what darkness concealed.
Then gleamed to the dawn the green fire of its eye,
The jaws of the panther, the snake's cloven tongue;
Distorted the foot, — who the monster would know
May seek where I sought it, and find where I found."

This last-mentioned diabolical peculiarity, the distorted or cloven foot, re-appears in every Arab or negro tale of the kind, from the earliest to the latest. By what law of analogy or derivation this peculiar feature has been selected to identify the embodied power of evil in the popular myths of almost every, if not of every nation, Turanian, Aryan, Celtic, or "Semitic," is a question to which Mr. Tylor alone can perhaps supply a satisfactory answer.

So far, however, as daring and violence carried to an almost preternatural degree are concerned, Ta'abbet-Shurran himself seems to have deserved a place among the worst ghouls of his day. I pass over the long list of plundering excursions that fill page after page of Aboo-l-Faraj, his best chronicler, with lances, swords, and blood; nor need his adventures in the southern "valley of tigers," where, out of sheer bravado, he passed the night unarmed and alone, nor his cattle-drivings in Nejd, nor his vengeance on the chiefs of Bajeelah, who had, treacherously enough, attempted to poison him, be here related in detail. "What on earth do you want with the doings of Ta'abbet-Shurran?" said his own tribesmen of Fahm, some five centuries later, to the inquisitive 'Omar-esh-Sheybanee, an annalist of some note, when he paid them a visit in their remote encampments, on purpose to learn what memories the clan might still retain of their equivocal hero; "Do you, too, want to set up for a highwayman?" An answer not wholly without a moral. Nor need we wonder if, where such was the general feeling, Ta'abbet-Shurran, however distinguished for personal bravery and poetical talent, was yet, in spite of these recommendations, ordinarily so attractive, no favorite with those whose good-will should have been the best reward of his exploits, the fair ones of the land: nay, he has himself handed down to us in verse the refusal with which a Nedjee girl of high birth met his proposals of marriage; though he consoles himself with the ungallant reflection, that, after all, he was perhaps too good for her.

THE RING OF RINGS.

WHERE or when the ring was first adopted as a badge of matrimony, it is utterly impossible to say. We have a shadowy recollection of reading somewhere that Tubal Cain fashioned the first ring, and, not knowing what to do with it when he had made it, consulted Adam on the matter; and, by his advice, gave the ring to his son, that he might espouse a wife with it. It is very doubtful, however, if the ancient Hebrews used marriage-rings, although the words of the Jewish betrothal service, "Behold, thou art betrothed unto me with this ring, according to the rites of Moses and Israel," almost assert that they did. An old writer says the ancient Jews acknowledged the planet Jupiter to be a star having favorable influences; and it was customary among them for a newly-married man to give his bride a ring with the planet's name engraved upon it, so that she might be delivered of all her children under Jupiter's benign auspices. If the wedding-ring was indeed an Israelitish institution, it is strange that it is never alluded to in Holy Writ or mentioned by the Talmudists. Selden goes so far as to declare the Jews were the very last people to adopt the use of it; nevertheless, the nuns of St. Anne, at Rome, believe themselves blessed in possessing the marriage-ring of their saint, the mother of the Virgin, — a rudely-made silver ring; and, according to monkish legends, Joseph and Mary were married with a ring, onyx and amethyst. This ring was found by somebody in 996, and given by a Jerusalem jeweller to a lapidary living at Elusium, who, from lack of faith, set no value upon the relic, until a miracle opened his eyes to its genuineness. He presented it to a church, where it worked wonderful cures upon ailing believers. In 1473, some sacrilegious rascal robbed the church of its treasure; after which, as such things were wont to do, it increased and multiplied, and was exhibited at divers churches in different parts of Europe.

In his "Book on the Common Prayer," Wheatley calls the ring a visible pledge of the man's fidelity; "which, by the First Common Prayer-Book of King Edward VI., was accompanied with other tokens of spousage in gold and silver." This lets us into the meaning and design of the ring, and intimates it to be the remains of an ancient custom, whereby it was usual for the man to purchase the woman, laying down for the price of her a certain sum of money; or else performing certain articles or conditions which the father of the damsel would accept as an equivalent. Among the Romans, this was called co-emption or purchasing, and was accounted the firmest kind of marriage which they had. Pliny tells us it was customary to send an iron ring without any stone in it, by way of present, to a woman upon her betrothal; a fashion probably springing out of another Roman custom, the giving of a ring as earnest, upon the conclusion of a bargain. At her actual marriage, the Roman bride usually received a ring bearing the figure of a key upon it, in token that henceforth she would be charged with the keys of her husband's house; and sometimes the keys themselves were handed over to her at the same time.

When an Anglo-Saxon bachelor and maiden were betrothed they exchanged presents, or "weds;" and the gentleman gave his lady-love a solemn kiss as he placed a ring upon her right hand, to remain there until he himself transferred it to her left hand when the second and final ceremonial took place. In later times, wedding-rings were hallowed, before being put to their proper use, by sprinkling with holy water, and the offering of a special prayer for the benefit of the wearer. When the bridegroom spoke the words endowing his bride with all his worldly goods, he put the ring upon her thumb, saying, "In the name of the Father;" then upon her forefinger, saying, "In the name of the Son;" next upon her middle finger, "In the name of the Holy Ghost;" finally placing the ring upon the woman's fourth finger as he said, "Amen!" and there he left it. Several reasons have been advanced for the selection of the fourth finger. "An opinion there is," says Sir Thomas Browne, "which magnifies the fourth finger of the left hand; presuming therein a cordial relation, that a particular vessel, nerve, vein, or artery, is conferred thereto from the heart, and thereof that especially hath the honor to bear our rings." The fourth finger was said to be the last to succumb to the gout, was known among ancient physicians as the healing finger, and always used by them in stirring their mixtures, in the belief that nothing harmful to health could come in contact with it, without its immediately making a sort of telegraphic communication of the fact to the heart of the stirrer. Those who disbelieve in any physical connection between the fourth finger and the supposed seat of love, may take their choice of the following reasons why that particular digit should be the ring-finger. The thumb and first two fingers being reserved as symbols of the Blessed Trinity, the reservation left the fourth finger the first available for the distinction. The fourth finger is guarded on either side by its fellows, and is the only finger on the hand that cannot be extended without one or the other of them following its movements. It is the least active finger of the least-used hand, upon which the ring may be always in sight and yet subjected to the least wear. Although the most commonplace, the last seems to us to be the best solution of the question; but, if the Roman ladies were the first to don the marriage-ring, it is not unlikely that they merely imitated their lords and masters, who wore their official rings upon the fourth finger.

Although the ring was always placed upon the fourth finger in church, it was not always allowed to remain there. English ladies were wont, at one time, to transfer the golden

fetter to their thumbs; a custom perhaps originated by some high-born bride whose finger, like that of Suckling's heroine,

"Was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring —
It was too wide a peck."

At Stanford Court, Worcestershire, may be seen the portraits of five ladies of the Salway family who lived in the days of Queen Bess, all of whom carry their wedding-rings upon their thumbs. Buller bears witness to the practice in his lines: —

"Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a ring,
With which th' unsanctified bridegroom
Is married only to a thumb!"

And according to the *British Apollo*, the brides of George I.'s time used to remove the ring from its proper abiding-place to the thumb, as soon as the ceremony was over. In a translation of a French version of the story of Patient Grisel, dated 1619, that much-enduring, benighted matron, who had not the faintest notion of sexual equality, says to her hard-hearted lord, when departing from his house in the scantiest of costumes: "Your jewels are in the wardrobe, and even the ring with which you married me withal, in the chamber!" Was the leaving the ring in the chamber only an additional sacrifice on the part of the over-patient wife? or may we infer that the married ladies of the time did not always carry the mark of their matronhood about with them? We wonder much that the agitated sisterhood of our time have not yet raised their shrill protest against the sex wearing the wedding-ring at all; or, at least, rebelled at its being worn upon the left hand, seeing that betokens the inferiority and subjection of the wearer; the right hand signifying power, independence, and authority, and the left exactly the contrary.

Tertullian, despite of Pliny's testimony, was inclined to believe that the Romans used gold wedding-rings, as more symbolical of the generous, sincere, long-lasting affection that ought to subsist between man and wife; but in this matter we would rather take the pagan's word. Swinburne says it is of no moment of what metal the ring is made, the form being round and without end, importing that the love of those it unites shall circulate and flow continuously. But a thirteenth-century bishop advances excellent reasons why the ring of rings should be of gold. He tells us that one Protheus made a ring of iron, with an adamant enclosed therein, as a pledge of love; because, as iron subdueth all things, so doth love conquer all things, since nothing is more violent than its ardor; and as an adamant cannot be broken, so love cannot be overcome; for love is strong as death. In course of time, golden rings, set with gems, were substituted for the adamantine ones of baser metal, because — the worthy bishop explains — as gold excelleth all other metals, so doth love excel all other blessings; and as gold is set off by gems, so is conjugal love set off by other virtues. With such thorough appreciation of the honor due to love and matrimony, we cannot help wondering how the writer of such warm words ever reconciled himself to a celibate profession.

Many people believe that a marriage cannot be legally performed with a ring of any material save gold; and it was customary, not very long ago, in some parts of Ireland, to hire a gold ring for the occasion, and return it when the pair was safely bound. Marriages, however, have been celebrated with nothing better than a brass curtain-ring; and stories are told of the church-key being pressed into service. The editor of *Notes and Queries* relates a strange tale of a bridegroom's readiness when he discovered he had left the all-important circlet behind him. The young daughter of a certain widow, as young daughters are apt to do, bestowed her affections upon a gentleman whese merits the widow could not appreciate. Knowing, probably from experience, what head-strong creatures love-smitten young folks are, the old lady kept strict watch and ward over the misguided maiden; but, as might have been expected, one old head was no match for two young hearts.

One day the widow awoke to the fact that she wanted a new pair of shoes, and set off with her daughter to the shoemaker's. Seizing the opportunity when mamma was sitting with one shoe off and one shoe on, the damsel slipped out of the shop, and hied her to the church, where, by a wonderful coincidence, she found a clergyman, his clerk, and a young gentleman with a license in his pocket. All went well until it was necessary to produce the ring, when, to every one's dismay, it was not forthcoming. The bridegroom, however, was not daunted by such a trifle: he pulled off a glove, whipped out his penknife, cut a ring of leather, placed it upon the lady's finger, and had the supreme felicity of being hailed a married man, just as the indignant widow burst into the church, too breathless to give vent to her anger.

A Jewish bridegroom could not have resorted to such an expedient; for, according to Jewish laws, it is necessary that the ring should be of a certain value, certified by the officiating rabbi. It must also be the absolute property of the bridegroom, and not obtained either upon credit or by gift. The action of placing the ring upon the woman's finger is so binding, that if nothing more be done, neither party can contract a marriage without first obtaining a divorce. No Jewish marriage-rings are known to be in existence of an earlier date than the sixteenth century. There are two Jewish wedding-rings in the South Kensington Museum. One is a broad gold band, enriched with bosses in filigree; the other of gold enamel with an inscription running round the broad margin in raised enamel letters, and having fixed upon one side a turret with triangular angles and movable vanes. The late Lord Londesborough possessed a Hebrew ring of richly-enamelled gold, decorated with beautiful filigree-work; and attached by a hinge to the collet, in place of a setting, was a small ridged capsule, like the gabled roof of a house, and inside the ring two Hebrew words were inscribed. Most Jewish rings bear a sentiment more or less appropriate, a favorite one being, "Joy be with you."

Posies or mottoes were generally inscribed upon the flat inner side of wedding-rings in the sixteenth century. The ring with which Henry VIII. wedded Ann of Cleves bore the significantly appropriate prayer, "God send me well to keepe." Such inscriptions as, "Amor vincit omnia;" "Tout mon cœur;" "Gift and giver, your servants ever;" "No gift can show the love I owe," although met with upon marriage-rings, were surely intended rather for betrothal rings. Some sanguinely promise an eternity of connubial bliss: —

"Death never parts
Such loving hearts."

Others are of an admonitory order, such as, —

"Silence ends strife
With man and wife."

"Where hearts agree,
There God will be."

What could be more admirably adapted for a man inclined to embrace matrimony upon the principle of limited liability, and chary of undertaking to love and cherish a wife who might prove all worser and no better, than the couplet: —

"As true to thee
As thou to me"?

But, in frankness, even this is surpassed by Bishop Thomas's motto for his fourth wife's ring: —

"If I survive,
I'll make them five.'

In 1659, some one advertised the loss of "a ring, which was a wedding-ring, tyed with a black ribbon, and two black little ones, with a lock of hair in it: the posie United Hearts Death only parts." Within the last year or two,

posie wedding-rings have re-appeared; but whether the attempted revival has proved a successful one is more than we know. A more modern form of motto-ring is that wherein the words are formed by the initial letters of the stones arranged around the hoop, and for wedding "keepers" the gems are made to spell out the bridegroom's Christian name.

Another and older kind of wedding-ring was the gimmal-ring, in vogue when the ceremony of marriage was preceded by that of betrothal. The gimmal was a double or triple ring, formed of two or three links turning upon a pivot. At the betrothal, the parties concerned broke the ring asunder, each retaining a link, to serve as a reminder of the engagement until they ratified it at the altar, when the parts were re-united, and served for the marriage-ring. These rings were usually ornamented with a pair of clasped hands enclosing a heart, a device in such favor that it was transferred to the ordinary wedding-ring. The fisher population of the Claddagh still acknowledge no other pattern; and the wedding-ring is with them an heirloom, regularly transferred from the mother to the daughter who first aspires to wife-hood. The brides of the Claddagh, in finding their own rings, reverse the rule obtaining everywhere else. It is the privilege and duty of the happy man to provide the binding golden hoop. When Lord Milton took unto himself a wife, the ring with which he wedded her was in its way unique; for he had, with his own hands, fashioned it from a nugget found by him in British Columbia, while staying at the diggings there, after overcoming the dangers of the north-west passage by land.

Lost wedding-rings have sometimes been strangely recovered. A matron of East Lulworth lost her ring one day: two years afterwards she was peeling some potatoes, brought from a field half a mile distant from her cottage, and upon dividing a double one, came upon the lost matrimonial circlet. A Mrs. Montjoy of Brechin, when feeding a calf, let it suck her fingers; and, on withdrawing her hand, discovered, to her dismay, that her wedding-ring and keeper had both disappeared. Believing the calf was the innocent thief, she refused to part with it; and after keeping the animal for three years, had it slaughtered; and, sure enough, the long-absent rings were found in its intestines, as clean and bright as when their owner last saw them on her finger. A wealthy German farmer living near Nordanhamn employed himself one day, in 1871, in making flour-balls for his cattle; when he had finished his work, he found his hand minus his wedding-ring, bearing his wife's name; it being the German custom for bride and bridegroom to exchange rings. Soon afterwards, the farmer sold seven bullocks, which the purchaser shipped to England on board the *Adler* cattle-steamer on the 26th day of October. Two days afterwards, an English smack, the *Mary Ann*, of Colchester, picked up at sea the still warm carcass of a bullock, which was opened by the crew to obtain some fat wherewith to grease the rigging. Inside the animal they found a gold ring, inscribed with a woman's name and the date 1869. Capt. Tye reported the circumstance as soon as he arrived in port, and handed the ring over to an official, who sent it up to London. The authorities set to work to trace its ownership, and found that the only ship reporting the loss of a beast, that could have passed the *Mary Ann*, was the steamer *Adler;* from which a bullock, supposed to be dead, had been thrown overboard on the 28th of October. Meanwhile, the *Shipping Gazette* recording the finding of the ring had reached Nordanhamn, and one of its readers there recognized the name inscribed upon it: communications were opened with the farmer; and in due time he and his wife rejoiced over the recovery of the pledge they thought lost forever. That they should have recovered it, under the circumstances, was certainly surprising; but there was nothing so very wonderful in a ring being found in the inside of a bullock, that "comic" writers should treat the story as the pure invention of some penny-a-liner. Any slaughterer of cattle would have told them that such "finds" are by no means uncommon; and we know for a fact that the wife of a London slaughterman displays upon her hand two rings thus found by her husband.

MUMMIES.

A HORRIBLY grotesque proposal appears to have been made about the remains of Mazzini. Some of his admirers, it seems, consider that it would be a fitting tribute to his memory to convert his body into a mummy, preserved by some new scientific process. The corpse of the great patriot would be handed down to posterity, in ghastly resemblance to his former self, as a monument of the devotion with which he was regarded; or rather, it may be, of the physiological skill of some of his disciples. There is something, it need hardly be said, which grates upon one's feelings in this unique suggestion; and yet we can imagine, without much trouble, that something might be said in favor of it by ingenious advocates. We cherish the lock of hair of a departed friend; we value every insignificant object which has been sanctified to our minds by association with him. Why not preserve the body, which, to say the least, has been much more closely connected with him than any external piece of property? Would there not be something incomparably interesting, when once we had surmounted our present prejudices, in a national Valhalla, where, instead of mere statues, the actual bodies of our heroes should receive our tribute of gratitude? Suppose that in Westminster Abbey, Chatham himself, instead of his graven image, still gazed down upon us in the attitude in which he thundered his great orations; or suppose that the approach to the houses of Parliament was guarded by the actual bodily cases of Fox and Burke and Falkland and Hampden: would not the impression upon an unsophisticated intellect be far keener than at present? What is the philosophy of the disgust which relics excite in us, at least in this wholesale form, whilst the fragmentary relics of ancient saints have long excited the affectionate reverence of vast multitudes of believers?

We have no objection to admit that to us personally the proposal appears to be disgusting. Whenever Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli may pass from amongst us, there is nothing which we would less desire than to have their bodies petrified or embalmed, or subjected to any other scientific process, and put up in glass cases, like the stuffed animals in the British Museum. Beautiful as they may be in life, we suspect, without meaning any personal imputation, that even Mr. Disraeli would be rather a comic than a tragic spectacle as a mummy. But then it must be admitted that in all such matters custom goes for much, if not for every thing; and that we may really be under the influence of some degrading prejudice. Perhaps the true theory of the matter is given in the immortal grave-digging scene, which in some respects is the most powerful in Shakspeare, who, by the way, is always great amongst the tombs. It exhibits the contrast between the imaginative and the thoroughly vulgar nature, under the most impressive situation. Hamlet was, unfortunately for himself, a person of ill-regulated mind, and given to questionable jesting when his feelings were deeply moved. Horatio was, no doubt, quite justified in telling him that he considered too curiously, and that he had no business to run off into wild speculations about Alexander because he was looking at so commonplace an object as a human skull. The grave-digger looked at the matter in a much more sensible and cool-headed manner, when he endeavored to form scientific theories as to the time during which a body would last in the earth: he had became thoroughly steeled by custom to the disagreeable experiences connected with his trade. There are few, if any, representatives of Hamlet at present; whereas the grave-digger has, to all appearance, left a numerous body of descendants, inheriting the ancestral peculiarities. That Hamlet possessed the finer intellect is undeniable; but which of the two looked at the matter from the more reasonable point of view? Ought we to regard the relics of humanity with a rising of the gorge, and oscillate between horrified disgust and a certain morbid attraction for the objects which revolt us? or should we contemplate them with the indifference of a scientific observer walking through an anatomical museum, and prepared, when a great

man dies, to measure his skull, weigh his brain, and put a neatly-ticketed preparation of him in a case for the benefit of future investigators? Bentham apparently took this last view of the question. He thought that the tenderness which people felt for their bones and tissues, after they had ceased to perform the vital functions, was a piece of unreasoning sentimentalism to be discouraged as much as possible. He accordingly left his body to be dissected, and afterwards made into a mummy; and, if we are not mistaken, he was for a long time kept in the hall of a surviving friend, and is now on view for anybody who has a taste for such exhibitions, in the museum of University College. There is in this proceeding a certain heroic defiance of popular prejudice, and an adherence to logical conclusions, which challenges our respect, though we may not feel inclined to imitate the example. It had, moreover, a certain meaning as a protest against the theories which then obstructed the supply of subjects for the medical schools. But, considered by itself, the practice is certainly not likely to become popular. Botanizing on one's mother's grave is bad enough; but the most rigid of philosophers will shrink from allowing the scientific inquirer to penetrate to the interior.

And yet there is something not quite pleasant in the opposite theory, which attaches a special interest to the body. In a quiet village in the Italian valleys of the Alps, one may often come upon a scene which appears to have been arranged for the special edification of mute, inglorious Shakspeares. The remains of the rude forefathers of the hamlet, instead of reposing beneath the turf, are piled in hideous stacks, open to all spectators. Sometimes the gratuitous exhibition goes further, and a couple of complete bodies may be seen watching like ghastly sentinels on each side of the church-door. It is a rough but powerful mode of appealing to coarse natures. The old English epitaph, which tells us, with an unpleasant air of insulting triumph, "As I am now, so you must be," receives additional emphasis when the present condition of the departed is open to actual inspection. Perhaps the ordinary effect upon the population is simply to induce the grave-digger state of mind; but the intention is, of course, to encourage meditations appropriate to a certain phase of religious feeling. The hideous monitors are told off to preach the transitory nature of the world; and it may be that they do it more effectually than a good many pulpit commonplaces. Whether or not the lessons thus impressed are edifying to the people immediately concerned, is a large question; but the effect upon the British tourist is undeniably disagreeable. We are quite conscious enough that we are not going to live forever, without having these offensive symbols of our mortality thrust in our faces. We have become too delicate for these vigorous appeals to the senses; and the sort of curiosity which impels visits to the Morgue at Paris, or to the collection of decaying relics on the St. Bernard, does not precisely harmonize with modern religious sentiment.

In fact, Hamlet and the grave-diggers were both in an objectionable frame of mind. The poet may extract some elevating thoughts even from a decaying skull; but he cannot be too intimate with such images without polluting his imagination. When saturated with the associations of decay, it becomes either hardened or morbidly stimulated; and either condition is unhealthy. Our bodies are becoming terribly in our way. They are very awkward appendages at the best, and have a tendency to produce gout, toothache, indigestion, and other abominations which materially interfere with the serenity of our souls. When we have once done with them, we are inclined to think that the sooner we put them fairly out of sight, the better. Probably nobody ever attends an English funeral without forming a resolution, which, like other resolutions, is made only to be broken, that he will not do it again for the sake of his best friend. In spite of the surpassing beauty of the English service, the undertakers have got the better of us. They have taken advantage of our best feelings, and of the unfortunate difficulty that exists in satisfactorily disposing of our bodies. We cannot resist with decency, and we are obliged to submit to the disgusting formality of mutes and hearses, penetrated to the core with vulgarity and sham solemnity. It must give an instant's pleasure to a man who is in the act of being lost at sea, or ingulfed in a crevasse, that at least his friends will not have to accompany his remains to Kensal Green. Under any conceivable circumstances, the ceremony could not be precisely exhilarating; but the studied and artificial gloom with which it is surrounded jars upon our feelings more harshly than even an absence of natural observances. The worst of it is, that the cemeteries appear to have been laid out by the undertakers themselves. To visit the resting-place of a friend is to expose one's self to a revival of all the dismal associations connected with the funeral. The average taste of the monuments is the same which has determined the whole apparatus of hearses and funeral coaches; and they would appear to have been designed by a dissenting tradesman, in order to keep his mind properly in tune during the spare hours of a puritanical sabbath. In this respect the Americans have the advantage of us. In their towns the cemetery is generally laid out as a cheerful garden, and is probably the most picturesque piece of ground in the neighborhood. The sentiment which would associate flowers and sunshine with the graves of one's friends is surely healthier than that which places them beneath a ghastly collection of New Road statuary and stumpy trees, caked with London soot. The idea in one case is that the body should return as soon as possible to the earth whence it came, and that the inevitable melancholy should at any rate be associated with nothing like a feeling of disgust. In the other, the idea seems to be that the proper tribute to a friend's memory is to assume an appearance of gloomy respectability, and that thinking of him should produce upon us the same effect as a slight attack of indigestion. It is the difference between making the association as ethereal or as material as possible. The logical result of the British method would, no doubt, be attained by preserving the body in the state of mummy. In many cases the difference between life and death would then be exceedingly small. The solid Briton, arrayed in his Sunday suit of rusty black, could not look much more dismal when he was stuffed, than he generally did when his internal organs were discharging their vital functions. Set up in a clock-case, after the fashion of Bentham, he would harmonize with a set of old-fashioned furniture; though he should not be too much exposed, as there would be a danger of visitors mistaking him for a waiter. The general adoption of this plan would evade the difficulty of the burial of Dissenters. Every man would keep his own ancesters ranged around his room, and when they became too numerous, they might be disposed of to anthropological museums. But, well adapted as the plan seems to be to the tastes of a particular class, we do not yet consider it to be suited for general adoption. If any thing, we fancy that, as it is, we make too much of the material associations of death. We could find reason to doubt whether the habit of bringing back the remains of distinguished men from great distances, or even of depositing the actual bodies in Westminster Abbey, is altogether desirable. The monuments serve as well when they do not cover a coffin; and after a very short time nobody asks whether the tombs are occupied or empty. Without, however, discussing that question, we are quite clear that we are content with a national portrait-gallery, without having the originals preserved by the side of their likenesses. Shakspeare, to return to our great authority, showed his sense, as well as an almost prophetic insight, when he had himself quietly buried at Stratford, and put up the curse which will preserve his bones from grave-diggers and antiquaries. But for it, there are, no doubt, some people who would be glad to dig him up, and exhibit him for the admiration of an intelligent public. Prince Henry, as we remember, proposed to embowel Falstaff, probably regarding him, with characteristic coolness, in the light of a natural curiosity; but he did not throw out any hint about treating Hotspur in the same fashion. The precedent may be decisive of the question; and, though we have no objection to making occasional preparations of a giant or a dwarf, we cannot desire to see the admirers of great men eclipse

Madame Tussaud's Exhibition by one of a still more startling character.

FOREIGN NOTES.

GEORGE SAND has just written a new comedy in five acts.

NILSSON receives a thousand dollars per night at the Drury-Lane Theatre.

IT is considered the thing in London, for a lady to wear a smelling-bottle attached to her belt.

MATTHEW ARNOLD is said to have an article in the current number of *The Cornhill*, though his name does not appear in the magazine.

LIEUT. SYDNEY S. H. DICKENS, R.N., of H.M.S. "Topaze," fifth son of the late Charles Dickens, died on the 2d of May at sea, when on his way home from Bombay.

EDMUND YATES and the versatile George Augustus Sala have entered the lecture field, — the former in Dublin, on "Good Authors at a Discount;" the latter in London, on "Waxwork as a Fine Art."

A RUSSIAN printer has invented a type-setting machine which, the St. Petersburg papers assert, far surpasses all similar machines that have hitherto been produced. It sets in an hour thirty thousand letters; it costs five thousand rubles, and one thousand letters set thereby cost only five cents.

IN reporting Count Beust's speech at the Literary Fund dinner, a reporter represented the ex-Chancellor of Austria as saying that he could not "aspire to the eminence of the Belgian minister," instead of, "though the youngest of the diplomatic body, he could not aspire to the eminence of a Benjamin."

IT is said that "Erewhon," the allegorical romance which has attracted a good deal of notice in England, is the production of Mr. Butler, who was for some years a settler in New Zealand, and who is tolerably well known in London artistic circles. The idea and manner of the book are quite in Mr. Helps's fashion. He was supposed to be the writer.

IN a lecture by Father Hyacinthe, delivered in Rome the other day, he surprised those who heard him, by the length to which he went in denouncing several of the distinctive doctrines of the Church of Rome, such as the invocation of saints; and he attacked also the celibacy of the clergy, and spoke of the doctrine of the real Presence as paganism.

THE Dean of Chester was recently offered the proceeds of a circus performance in aid of the restoration of the cathedral, but declined the same with thanks! He said that he could not conscientiously accept the donation, when he had refused to countenance a bazaar for the purpose of augmenting the fund. We almost hope the conscientious dean will be some time in getting his cathedral repaired.

THE *Court Journal* records the following remarkable event: "A rather amusing incident occurred at the fancy dress ball in St. George's Hall, Liverpool. Amongst the company was Mr. Saker, lessee of the Alexandra Theatre, who had contrived to present a sort of embodiment of two single gentlemen rolled into one; for while his left side was that of an ordinary every-day Englishman, his right side was that of a British officer in full military uniform. Mr. Saker, while watching the prince dancing, attracted the notice of the latter. When first seen by the prince he presented the civilian side of his character, but immediately afterwards turned round and appeared as an officer. The prince appeared exceedingly amused at the extraordinary appearance presented by Mr. Saker, and pointed him out with evident glee to his partner." It is quite touching to have Royalty so easily amused.

THIS is Miss Hawthorne's preface to the English reprint of her father's posthumous romance, "Septimius Felton."

"The following story is the last written by my father. It is printed as it was found among his manuscripts. I believe it is a striking specimen of the peculiarities and charm of his style, and that it will have an added interest for brother artists, and for those who care to study the method of his composition, from the mere fact of its not having received his final revision. In any case, I feel sure that the retention of the passages within brackets (e.g., p. 37), which show how my father intended to amplify some of the descriptions, and develop more fully one or two of the character studies, will not be regretted by appreciative readers. My earnest thanks are due to Mr. Robert Browning for his kind assistance and advice in interpreting the manuscript, otherwise so difficult to me.

UNA HAWTHORNE.

THE reigning Sultan proposes to alter the existing law of Royal succession to one more consonant to the general practice of Western Europe. As matters now stand, on the death of a sovereign he is succeeded by the eldest male of the blood royal at the time of whose birth his father was actually on the throne. It seldom happens that a Sultan is succeeded by his eldest son, and Abdul Aziz, the reigning monarch, succeeded to the exclusion of the sons of his elder brother. Having profited by the rule himself, he is desirous that his eldest son should not be damaged by it, and he therefore proposes that the Crown should devolve according to the ordinary principles of hereditary right.

THE Emperor of China has imported a pair of elephants to assist at the ceremony of his marriage. His future consort is undergoing a careful training in the etiquette of Court life. For three years the looms of Nankin, Hongchau, and Canton have been engaged on the silks and satins for her bridal trousseau, and just now they are announced as completed, at a cost of nearly a million and a half of money. While the bridegroom, who has the sun for his emblem, goes forth in a car drawn by elephants, his bride, who represents the moon, is to be borne to her palace in a palanquin composed entirely of strings of pearls.

ONE might be disposed to conclude that French women of the present time are any thing but good mothers, if one were to judge from the number of children sent out to wet-nurses as returned in official reports. In Paris alone 21,958 babies are farmed out every year, and the middle and higher classes are responsible for more than one-half of the total. These figures are so much the more striking in that French families, as a rule, are not nearly so numerous as American or English ones — seldom exceeding four children, and reckoned at an average of two. Maternal insensibility and fashion are the two causes, — the latter perhaps more than the former. It is the fashion, or rather the custom, in all ranks of French society, that mothers should intrust their children to strange hands: the baby is hurried away to the country with its wet-nurse, and does not re-appear at home until it has reached its third year. After this there is nothing astonishing in the fact that the rate of mortality among children from one to three years should be so high as it now unquestionably is in France.

THE London *Morning Post*, in a preliminary notice of Prince Poniatowski's "Gelmina," lets us into the secret of the final effect on which the composer of "Don Desiderio" and "Pierre de Medicis" seems much to rely. Gelmina dies, as many operatic heroines have died before her; but, "instead of singing a long phrase, or shrieking wild melodies at the last moment, the inspiration of the author has led him to make Gelmina die to a pianissimo of the orchestra, which stops as she breathes her last." Now, it may be very unnatural for a dying person to "sing a long phrase," or to "shriek wild melodies;" but it is not more unnatural than almost every thing else which takes place in opera and in the

drama generally. It is not "natural" for the expiring Desdemona to speak in blank-verse; and even when she condescends to deliver herself in plain prose, it is not natural that a heroine, breathing her last, should speak in so loud a voice as to be heard in all parts of a large theatre. That "Gelmina" will die in a poetical manner, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, we may feel assured from the fact that the part will be played by Mme. Adelina Patti; but, in a dramatic sense, it is not more "natural" to die to an external orchestral pianissimo than to an inwardly-produced shriek. Without any wish to detract from an effect as to the value of which we have no means of judging, we may further observe that, new as it will undoubtedly be found on the operatic stage, death to an orchestral pianissimo is a very common form of demise in the melodrama.

THE *Court Journal* records the death of a very eccentric character: "An Irishman died last week in London, whose career and attainments entitle him to a niche in the annals of literature. The deceased was about fifty years of age, and was as odd a figure as one could meet in a day's ride. He was small but firmly knit, generally wore a white hat and a dress coat, and always had an old volume under his arm. He was a confirmed bookworm. Mezzofanto was hardly a more accomplished linguist. Mortimer was a graduate of the University of Dublin, and deeply versed in classic lore, but he added a polish to his erudition by his intimacy with at least a dozen modern tongues. He spoke French, German, Russian, Polish, Spanish, Italian, modern Greek, Turkish, Arabic, Irish, Welsh, and Danish with fluency. In his youth he had been cabin-boy in an American bark, and subsequently became a medical student in Paris, but had to leave it on account of his connection with the June insurrection of '48. He was a very strong man, and utilized his strength by taking an engagement as a Hercules in a circus in Australia. By turns he gave lectures on Shakspeare through Germany; was a Greek professor at Hamburg; had a troop of Spanish ballet-dancers in Holland; and was the companion of Sir William Don, the baronet-actor, in his wildest continental frolics. In his time he had been tutor to Charles Lever's children at Florence. He came to the surface one day in the employment of Tom Thumb; another in the company of Murphy, the Irish giant, who was a distant cousin. He had been in London since the Franco-Prussian war, which ruined him in fortune. His learning was of little profit to him, for he died very poor in a ward of a hospital, and is buried in the nameless grave of the pauper's corner of some overgrown cemetery."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* observes that the history of the trials of different marshals of France who have been called on to answer for their acts since the office was first instituted by Francis I., is hardly of a nature to console Marshal Bazaine. Only five marshals of France have been tried for their lives by regular tribunals, and all five were found guilty and executed. Marshal de Retz, who was the first holder of the highest military dignity in France, was brought to trial for high treason, or rather for repeated acts of rebellion against the authority of his liege lord John VI., Duke of Brittany. Found guilty not only of the crime with which he was originally charged, but of others still more heinous, the Maréchal de Retz was hanged and his body burned in 1440. The next offender was Marshal Biron, the friend and companion at arms of Henry IV. In spite of all the favors heaped on him by his royal master, Marshal Biron was found guilty of conspiracy with the King of Spain against the first of the Bourbons. Henri IV. would have pardoned him if he would have confessed his crimes; but on his refusal to admit his guilt, the king allowed sentence to be carried out, and Marshal Biron was decapitated on the Place de Grève in 1602. Marshal de Marcillac, who was executed in 1632 for conspiracy and rebellion against Cardinal Richelieu, was the third marshal of France who perished on the scaffold. Marshal de Montmorency, who was executed in the same year on a similar charge, was another of the victims of the Cardinal. The last of the marshals of France who have undergone a capital sentence was the best known and most celebrated of them all, Marshal Ney, shot on the 7th of December, 1815, for fidelity to his old and treachery to his new master. But Marshal Bazaine is the first marshal of France arraigned on a charge of bad conduct in face of the enemy.

MR. H. B. G. FRERE contributes this note to the June number of *Macmillan's Magazine:* "I do not think the following verses have ever been published; they were given to me many years ago by a son of Sir Walter Scott's valued friend, Mr. Robert Shortrede, of Jedburgh, with the following account of the circumstances under which they were written:—

"Mr. Shortrede went one day into his sitting-room, where Sir Walter was waiting for him, and found Sir Walter with a volume of Burns in his hand, reading the letter which contained the famous lines of Bruce's address to his men before Bannockburn. As he closed the volume, Sir Walter said: 'I always thought that the opening of those beautiful lines, as you read them by themselves, was too abrupt; and that if Burns had not sent them in a letter to a friend, he would have introduced them with some sort of description of the scene, or of the circumstances under which they were spoken.'

"Mr. Shortrede at first questioned the soundness of this criticism; but after some discussion, asked what kind of introduction his friend would have? Sir Walter rejoined, 'Why, something of this kind,'—and taking a pencil, wrote on the fly-leaf of the volume of Burns the following lines:—

"'By Bannockburn proud Edward lay;
The Scots they were na far away,
Just waiting for the break o' day,
To show them which were best.
The sun rose o'er the purple heath,
And lighted up the field of death;
When Bruce, wi' soul-inspiring breath,
His soldiers thus addrest:—'

"'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,'" &c.

THE fourth biennial festival of the London "Hospital for Throat Diseases," recently took place at Willis's Room, the Earl of Clarendon presiding. Miss Kate Field was called upon to respond to the toast, "The Ladies," and responded in the following handsome manner:—

"When one of England's most distinguished physicians first urged me to return thanks for the toast last given, I declined. I never had done such a thing, and thought that I never could. Then I remembered that to the skilful treatment of this same physician I owed the restoration of that 'most excellent thing in woman,' a voice,—which, if not 'low' at present, will be shortly,—and it seemed ungrateful not to make some slight return for so signal a service. The claim was none the less valid for being indirect; and, as this is the age of revolution, as humanity is stronger than caste or sex, as Royalty shakes hands with Democracy by acknowledging allegiance to the republic of letters, I asked myself why, after all, women should not be heard as well as seen at public dinners. It is true that an august body of men—of course, I can mean none other than the House of Commons—quote St. Paul as though saints were their perennial guides, philosophers, and friends, and declare that women should keep silence; conveniently forgetting that St. Paul is addressing the women of Corinth, according to the law of A.D. 59; that elsewhere he contradicts himself; and that the proper reading is, 'Let your women keep silence in the churches.' If honorable M.P.'s persist in proving their intimate acquaintance with Scripture by misquoting it when they desire to keep lovely woman in her proper sphere, they should first descry strangers in the ladies' gallery, and order their summary ejection. But now, although at this post-prandial hour we are all supposed to be incapable of reasoning, let us try to be logical. Women sing in public, act in public, read in public; why, then, should they not speak? Why should it be considered feminine for a woman to interpret Shakspeare's ideas, and unfeminine to interpret her own—provided she has any? It seems to me that if public speaking be tolerated at all,—which is doubtful, especially at dinners,—it should be from the lips of women, and for this reason: Ever since the subsidence of chaos men have been talking. For six thousand years, at least, they have, to use an Americanism, 'stumped' creation, and impressed the world with their views on all subjects; but, as there is as much sex in mind

as there is matter, we have seen every thing in profile. Now, an artist will tell you that no two sides of the same face are exactly alike. I pray you, therefore, let us have the other profile, whereby we may see the entire face, gaze into tell-tale eyes, and thus get at the soul of all things. Taking for granted all that is known and said about women, they ought to make more attractive speakers than men. I do not think they are, so far; but they ought to be, and these are my data: Women are born more graceful; they have the great gift of beauty and the great privilege of dress. Hence, they are a greater gratification to the eye, and the majority of people hear with their eyes. Women are more impulsive, more sympathetic, more persuasive; therefore are they more likely to touch the heart: and when you have made an audience feel, half the battle is won. Pray, who does the greater part of speaking in private, — Mr. or Mrs. Candle? Were I a man, I should hail public speaking as a blessing in disguise. When Vesuvius is in a state of eruption, Etna is quiet. Fluency of diction is a desideratum in speaking. If tradition be correct, women are not lacking in this requirement. Indeed, it has been seriously questioned whether women partake of celestial joys, for the reason that once upon a time there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour. Then, if precedent be required, women can trace back their rights in this respect much farther than men; for Eve was the original orator. It is to her persuasive pleading that we owe all knowledge. Miriam was among the first to prophesy; Deborah was elevated to the dignity of judge of Israel; Greek oracles proceeded from the lips of women; and the greatest orators of Hellas did not scorn to be taught their art by the sex they regarded with contempt. Socrates learned rhetoric from Aspasia; and it was to their mother Cornelia that the Gracchi owed their eloquence. And, if modern examples are asked for, I can only reply that not many evenings since, I heard six Englishwomen — the majority of them young, and two of them very pretty — speak at Hanover-square Rooms in a manner that might be imitated with advantage by the gentlemen in the House of Commons, who recently referred to them as creatures of sentiment. If it be allowed, then, that women may speak in public, it seems to me no more than just that one of my sex should return hearty thanks to the managing committee of this dinner, for treating them as though they were not too good for human nature's daily food. It is useless to talk of the equality of the sexes so long as men sit down to turtle soup in one room, and women stand up to tea and sandwiches in another, waiting with becoming humility for admission to a Barmecide feast of reason and flow of soul. I never knew a woman who did not protest against a senseless custom which deprives public dinners of half their utility as well as all their brilliancy; for, as the object of these dinners is the raising of money, their managers show little discernment in ignoring sisters of charity who, in my country, are as effective in opening the purses as they are in touching the hearts of their lay brothers. In conclusion, and in the name of the ladies, I thank you for the cordial manner in which the toast has been proposed and received, and trust that the managing committee may never regret having recognized women as creatures with appetites."

IN JUNE.

I.

Brown in the blue of the river lies
A shadowy, lazy tront:
Who could trouble himself to rise,
And get his tackle out?
Let me do nothing but live for a day,
Live and listen and look;
Let there be truce between preyer and prey,
Between the fish and the hook.
I will look on the midstream strong and even,
And the eddy's brawling rush;
I will rise with the lark to the gates of heaven,
I will love with the thrush.
I will learn the song that the river sings,
In varying time and tune,
Of this day, the sweetest of all sweet things — in June.

II.

Low I lie on a soft green bed,
Drinking the lazy air;
Green is the canopy high o'er my head,
The larch's fringe hangs fair.
In scented darkness over my eyes,
Bee-haunted brambles trail;
I know, I feel the blue of the skies,
I need not sever their veil.
Wild roses tangle the water above,
Below my nook of rest;
If they win not the river, with all their love,
They may die on his breast.
And the river, unwitting, wends his way,
With pink and white spoils strewn:
The love-born spoils of a wild-rose day — in June.

III.

Quiver, O larch! till in evening's haze
Your tassels rise and fall.
Murmur, O bee! in the bramble sprays,
Till you find your home in the wall.
Sing, O thrush! in my listening ears,
As one sang to the monk of old.
I could listen and lie for a hundred years,
And deem that their sands ran gold.
Ripple, O river! by bud and flower,
As long as my eyes may see;
Sweep, in the pride of your royal power,
Past the town to the sea;
Teach me the whole of your murmuring lay,
The night comes all too soon:
The night, ah, me! of this glorious day — in June.

BURIED SELF.

Where side by side we sat, I sit alone;
But surely hear the absent voice — as one
Who, playing, when the tune he plays is done,
Hears the spent music through the strings yet moan.
I rove through places that my soul has known,
Like the sad ghost of some departed nun,
Who comes between the moonrise and the sun
To sit beside her monumental stone.
So by my buried self I take my seat,
And talk with other ghosts of vanished days.
And watch gray shadows through the twilight fleet,
And half expect to see the buried face
Of my dead self rise in the silent place,
To look at me with mournful eyes and sweet.

Philip Bourke Marston.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

White's Specialty for Dyspepsia will effect a cure if tried faithfully.

Every one in need of a convenient work of reference on statistics ought to buy "*Schem's Universal and Statistical Table*," published by *L. Prang & Co.* — See Advertisement.

Whenever you visit the Parker House, Tremont House, Revere House, or American House in Boston, or the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Grand Central, the St. Nicholas, or St. James Hotel in New York, ask for the Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce; for all first-class hotel guests will be furnished with this most superior article.

White's Specialty for Dyspepsia *cures* the disease, while other medicines only relieve it.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1872. [No. 26.

THE YELLOW FLAG.

BY EDMUND YATES.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII. — THE VICAR OF LULLINGTON.

JOLLY George Gurwood's only child, the little boy whom his grandfather, old John Lorraine, made so much of during the latter years of his life, after having been educated at Marlborough and Oxford, was admitted into holy orders, and, at the time of our story, was Vicar of Lullington, a rural parish, about one hundred and twenty miles from London, on the Great Northern road. A pleasant place Lullington for a lazy man. A quiet, sleepy little village of half a hundred houses, scattered here and there, with a chirpy little brook singing its way through what was supposed to be the principal street, and hurrying onwards through great broad tracts of green pasturage, where, in the summer-time, the red-brown cattle drank of it and cooled their heated limbs in its refreshing tide, until it was finally swallowed up in the silver Trent.

Lullington church was not a particularly picturesque edifice, resembling a large barn, with a square, weather-beaten tower at one end of it; nor was the churchyard at all likely to be provocative of an elegy, or of any thing but rheumatism, being a damp, dreary little spot, with most of its tombstones covered with green moss, and with a public footpath, with a stile at either end, running through the middle of it. But to the artists wandering through that part of the country (they were not numerous, for Notts and Lincoln have not much to offer to the sketcher), the vicarage made up for the short-comings of the church. It was a square, old-fashioned, red-bricked house, standing in the midst of a garden full of greenery; and whereas the church looked time-worn and cold, and had, even on the brightest summer day, a teeth-chattering, gruesome appearance, the vicarage had a jolly, cheerful expression; and when the sun gleamed on its little, diamond-shaped windows, with their leaden casements, you were inexplicably reminded of a red-faced, genial old gentleman, whose eyes were twinkling in delight at some funny story which he had just heard.

It was just the home for a middle-aged man with a wife and family; for it had a large number of rooms of all kinds and shapes, square bed-chambers, triangular nooks, long passages, large attics, wherein was accommodation for half a dozen servants, and ram-shackle stables, where as many horses could be stowed away. It was just the house for a man of large means, who would not object to devoting a certain portion of his leisure to his parochial duties, but whose principal occupation would be in his garden or his greenhouses. Such a man was Martin Gurwood's predecessor, who had held the living for fifty years, and had seen some half-score boys and girls issue from the vicarage into the world, to marry and settle themselves in various ways of life. The Rev. Anthony Camden was known as a rose-grower, throughout three adjoining counties; and had even obtained special prizes at Crystal Palace and Botanical Garden shows. He was a bit of a fisherman too, and had been, in his younger days, something of a shot. Not being much of a reader, except of the "Field and the Gardener's Chronicle," he would have found the winter evenings dull, had it not been for the excitement of perpetually re-arranging his large collection of moths and butterflies, renewing their corks and pins, and putting fresh pieces of camphor into the corners of the glazed drawers which contained them. Mr. Camden knew all about crops and manure, and subsoiling and drainage: the farmers for miles round used to come to the vicarage to consult him; and he always gave them beer and advice, both of the best quality. He played long-whist, and preached short sermons; and when he died, in a green old age, it was universally voted in Lullington and its neighborhood that it would be impossible to replace him.

Certainly there could not have been a more marked contrast than between him and his successor. Martin Gurwood was a man of six and twenty, unmarried, with apparently no thought in life beyond his sacred calling and the duties appertaining to it. Only half the rooms in the vicarage were furnished; and, except on such rare occasions as his mother or some of his friends coming to stay with him, only two of them on the ground floor, one the vicar's study, the other his bed-chamber, were used. The persistent entreaties of his old housekeeper had induced him to relent from his original intention of allowing the garden to go to rack and ruin, and it was accordingly handed over to the sexton, who, in so small a community, had but little work in his own particular line, and who kept up the old-fashioned flowers and the smooth-shaved lawns in which their late owner had so much delighted. But Martin Gurwood took no interest in the garden himself, and only entered it occasionally of an evening, when he would stroll up and down the lawn, or one of the gravel walks, with his head bent forward and his hands clasped behind him, deep in meditation. He kept a horse, certainly,—a powerful, big-boned Irish hunter; but he only rode her by fits and starts, sometimes leaving her in the stable for weeks together, dependent on such exercise as she could obtain in the spare moments of her groom; at other times persistently riding her day after day, no matter what might be the weather. And on those occasions the vicar did not merely go out for a mild constitutional, to potter round the outskirts of his parish, or to trot over to the market town: he was out for hours at a stretch, and generally brought the mare home heated and foam-flecked. Indeed, more than one of his parishioners had seen their spiritual guide riding across country, solitary indeed, but straight, as though he were marking out the line for a steeple-chase, stopping neither for hedge, bank, nor brook, the Irish mare flying all in her stride, her rider sitting with his hands down on her withers, his lips compressed, and his face deadly pale. "Tekkin it out of hisself, mebbe," said Farmer Barford, when his son described to him this sight which he had seen that afternoon: "for all he's so close, and so meek and religious, there's a spice of the Devil in him, as in every other man; and Bill, my boy, that's the way he takes it out of hisself." Thus Farmer Barford; and to this effect spoke several of the parishioners in committee assembled over their pipes and beer at "The Dun Cow."

They did not hint any thing of the kind to the vicar himself, trust them for that! Martin Gurwood could not be called popular amongst the community in which his lot was cast: he was charitable to a degree, lavish with his money, thinking nothing of passing days and nights by the bedside of the sick, contributing more than half the funds necessary for the maintenance of the village schools, accessible at all times, and ready with such advice or assistance as

the occasion demanded; but yet they called him "high and standoffish." Old Mr. Camden, making a house-to-house visitation perhaps once a year, when the fit so seized him, "going his rounds," as he called it, would sit down to dinner in a farm-house kitchen, or take a mug of beer with the farmer while they talked about crops, and occasionally would preside at a harvest-home supper or a Christmas gathering. Martin Gurwood did nothing of this kind: he was always polite, invariably courteous, but he never courted any thing like fellowship or *bonhommie*. He had joined the village cricket-club on his first arrival, and showed himself an excellent and energetic player; but the familiarity engendered in the field seemed displeasing to him, and, though he continued his subscription, he gradually withdrew from active membership. Nor was his religious ardor particularly pleasing to the parishioners, who, under Mr. Camden's lax rule, had thought it sufficient if they put in an appearance at morning service, and thus cleared off the debt of attendance until the succeeding Sunday. They could not understand what the parson meant by having prayers at eight o'clock every morning. Who did he expect would go at such a time, they wondered? Not they, nor their men, who were far away in the fields before that time; not the missuses, who had the dairy and the house to attend to; not the girls, who were looking after the linen and minding the younger children; nor the boys, who, if not at school, were out at farm-work. It was all very well for the two Miss Dyneleys, the two maiden ladies living at Ivy Cottage, who had money coming in regular, paid them by the Government (the Lullington idea of consols was not particularly clear), and had naught to do from morning till night; it filled up their time like, and was a kind of amusement to them. All very well for old Mr. Willis, who had made his fortune, it was said, by being a tailor in London, who had bought the Larches where Squire Needham used to live in the good old times, who could not ride, or drive, or shoot, or fish, or do any thing but walk about his garden with a spud over his shoulders, and who was said to be dying to get back to business. These, and some two or three of the bigger girls from the Miss Gilks's seminary for young ladies, were all that attended at "mattins," as the name of the morning service stood in early English type on the index-board in the churchyard; but Martin Gurwood persevered, and went through the service with as much earnestness and devotion as though the church had been full, and the bishop of the diocese seated in the vicar's pew.

There was the usual amount of squirearchy in the neighborhood; and on Martin's first introduction into its parish, the squires' wives drove over, leaving their own and their husbands' cards, and invitations to dinner, duly arranged for a time when the moon was at its full. Mr. Gurwood responded to these invitations, and made his appearance at the various banquets. Accustomed to old Mr. Camden, with his red face, his bald head, his white whiskers, and black suit cut in the fashion of a quarter of a century ago, the county people were at first rather impressed with Martin Gurwood's thin, handsome face, and small, well-dressed figure. It was a relief, the women said, to see a gentleman amongst them; and they were all certain that Mr. Gurwood would be an acquisition to the local society; but as the guests were driving homeward from the first of these feasts, several of the male *convives* imparted to their wives their idea that the new vicar of Lullington was not merely unfit to hold a candle to his predecessor, but was likely to prove a meddlesome, disagreeable fellow. It seemed, that, after the ladies had retired, the conversation becoming, as usual, rather free, Mr. Gurwood had sat in blank, stony silence, keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon the contents of his dessert-plate, and neither by look or word giving the slightest intimation that he was aware of what was going on. But when rallied from his silence by Mr. Lidstone, a man of low tastes and small education, but enormously wealthy, Mr. Gurwood had spoken out, and declared that if by indulging in such conversation, and telling such stories, they chose to ignore the respect due to themselves, they ought at least, while he was among them, to recollect the respect due to him, and to the calling which he represented. He had no desire to assume the character of a wet blanket or a kill-joy; but they must understand, that, for the future, they must choose between his presence and the indulgence in such conversation; and as they had evidently not expected any such demonstration, in the present instance he would relieve them of his company at once, and leave them to decide whether or not he should again come amongst them as a guest. So saying, the parson had walked out of the window on to the lawn, as cool as a cucumber, and left the squirearchy gaping in astonishment.

They were Bœotian, those county people, crass, ignorant, and rusted with prejudice from want of contact with the world; but they were by no means bad-hearted, and they took the parson's remonstrance in very good part. Each one who had already sent Martin Gurwood an invitation managed to grip his hand before the evening was over, and took occasion to renew it, declaring he should have no occasion to reiterate the remarks which he had just made, and which they perfectly understood. Nor had he: he went a round of these solemn festivities, finding each one, both during the presence of the ladies and after their withdrawal, perfectly decorous, but unspeakably dull. He had not been sufficiently long in the neighborhood for the local gossip to possess the smallest interest to him; he was not sufficient of an agriculturist to discuss the different methods of farming, or the various qualities of food; he could talk about Oxford indeed, where some of his hosts or their friends had young relations whom he had known; he could and did sing well certain Italian songs in a rich tenor voice, and he discussed church architecture and decorations with the young ladies. But the old squires and the young squires cared for none of these things. They remembered how old Anthony Camden would sit by while the broadest stories were told, looking, save from the twinkle in his eye and the curling of his bulbous nether lip, as though he heard them not; with what feeling he would troll out a ballad of Dibdin's, or a bacchanalian ditty, and how the brewing of the bowl of punch, the "stirrup cup," was always intrusted to his practised hand. Martin Gurwood took a glass of cold water before leaving, and, if he were dining out any distance, always had the one hired fly of the neighborhood to convey him back to the vicarage. No wonder that the laughter-loving, roisterous squires shook their heads when they thought of old Anthony Camden, and mourned over the glories of those departed days.

Martin Gurwood was not, however, at Lullington just now. He had induced an old college friend to look after the welfare of his parishioners while he ran up, as he did once or twice in the year, to stay for a fortnight with his mother, in Great Walpole Street. John Calverley, who had a strong liking for Martin, a feeling which the vicar cordially reciprocated, was anxious that his step-son should come to them at Christmas; being an old-fashioned soul, with a belief in holly and yule logs and kindly greetings and open-hearted charities, at what he invariably spoke of as that "festive season," and having an intense desire to interpose at such a time a friendly ægis between him and the stony-faced Gorgon whom it was his lot through life to confront. But Martin Gurwood, regarding the Christmas season in a very different light, urged that at such a time it would be impossible for him to absent himself from his duties; and after his own frigid manner refused to be tempted by the convivial blandishments which John held out to him, or to be scared by the picture of the grim loneliness of the vicarage which his step-father drew for his edification. So, in the early days of November, when the Lullington farmers were getting well into their hunting, and the London fogs, scarcely long enough to embrace the entire length of Great Walpole Street, blotted out its middle and its lower end, leaving the upper part comparatively bright and airy, Martin Gurwood came to town and took up his abode in Mrs. Calverley's best spare bedroom.

The other spare bedroom in the house was occupied by Madame Pauline Du Tertre, who had for some time been installed there, and had regularly taken up her position as the friend of the family, and confidential adviser to the female head of the house. Immediately on gaining her footing within the walls, Pauline had succeeded in establishing

herself in the good graces of the self-contained, silent woman, who hitherto had never known what it was to have any one to share her confidences, to listen patiently to her never-ceasing complaints, and to be able and willing to make little suggestions which chimed in with Mrs. Calverley's thoughts and wishes. Years ago, before her first marriage, Jane Calverley had had a surfeit of toadyism and flattery from her poor relations and dependents, and from the servants who cringed to and fawned upon the young girl as though they had been Southern slaves and she their owner. But in George Gurwood's days, and since her marriage with her second husband, Mrs. Calverley had made no friends; and even those whose interest it was to stand well with her had found it impossible to break through the barriers of icy reserve with which she surrounded herself. They did not approach her in the proper manner, perhaps; they did not go to work in the right way. Commonly-bred and ill-educated people as they were, they imagined that the direct road to Jane Calverley's favor lay in pitying her, and speaking against her husband, with whom she was plainly at strife. As is usual with such people, they overacted their parts; they spoke strongly and bitterly in their denunciation of Mr. Calverley; they were coarse, and their loud-trumpeted compassion for their mistress jarred upon its recipient. Jane Calverley was a proud as well as a hard woman; and her mind revolted against the idea of being openly compassionated by her inferiors, so she kept her confidences rigidly locked in her own breast: and Pauline's was the first hand to press a spring by which the casket was opened.

Before the French woman had been in the house twenty-four hours, she had learned exactly the relations of its inmates, and as much as has been already set forth in these pages of their family history. She had probed the characters of the husband and the wife, had listened to the mother's eulogies of her saintly son, and had sighed and shaken her head in seeming condolence over the vividly-described short-comings of Mr. Calverley. Wi hout effusion, and with only the dumb sympathy conveyed by her eloquent eyes and gestures, Pauline managed to lead her new-found friend, now that she comprehended her domestic troubles, and would do her best to aid her in getting rid of them, and in many other ways she made herself useful and agreeable to the cold, friendless woman who was her hostess. She re-arranged the furniture of the dreary drawing-room, lighting it up here and there with such flowers as were procurable, and with evergreens, which she bought herself; she covered the square formal chairs and couches with muslin antimaccassars, and gave the room, what it had never hitherto had, the semblance of a woman's presence. She accomplished what everybody had imagined to be an impossibility, an alteration in the style of Mrs. Calverley's costume: she made with her own hands a little elegant cap, with soft blond falling from it, which took away from that rigid outline of the chin; and, instead of the wisp of black net round her throat, she induced Mrs. Calverley to wear a neat white muslin handkerchief crossed over her chest. The piano, seldom touched, save when Mrs. Calverley, in an extraordinary good temper, would, for her husband's edification, thump and strum away at an overture to Semiramide and other set pieces, which she had learned in her youth, was now regularly brought into use; and in the evening Pauline would seat herself at it, playing long selections from Mendelssohn and Beethoven, or singing religious songs by Mozart, the listening to which made John Calverley supremely happy, and even brought something like moisture into his wife's steely eyes. It is probable that had Mrs. Calverley had any notion that these songs were the composition of a Roman Catholic, and were many of them used in what she was accustomed to speak of as "Popish ceremonies," she would never have been induced even to listen to them; but, with unerring judgment, Pauline had at once divined this phase in her employer's character, and, while the particular sect to which she belonged was of no importance to herself, had taken care to make Mrs. Calverley understand that Luther had no more devoted adherent.

"She is a Huguenot, my dear," said Mrs. Calverley to Martin Gurwood, shortly after his arrival, and before she had presented him to the new inmate of the house: "a Huguenot of ancient family, who lost all their property a long time ago by the revocation of the edict of somebody — Nancy, I think, was the name! You will find her a most amiable person, richly endowed with good gifts, and calculated, should she not suffer from the evil effects of Mr. Calverley's companionship, to prove an inestimable blessing to me."

Martin Gurwood expressed himself well pleased to hear this account of his mother's new-found friend; but, on being presented to Pauline, he scarcely found the description realized. His natural cleverness had been sharpened by his public school and university education; and, though during the last few years of his life he had been buried in comparative obscurity, he retained sufficient knowledge of the world to perceive that a woman like Madame du Tertre, bright, clever, to a certain degree accomplished, and possessing immense energy and power of will, would not have relegated herself to such a life as she was then leading without having a strong aim to gain. And what that aim was he was determined to find out.

But, though these were Martin Gurwood's thoughts, he never permitted a trace of them to appear in his manner to Madame Du Tertre, which was scrupulously courteous, if nothing more. Perhaps it was from his mother that he inherited a certain cold propriety of bearing and frigidity of demeanor which his acquaintances generally complained of. The farmers of Lullington, comparing it with the geniality of their previous pastor, found it insufferable; and his college friends, who had come in contact with him of late years, thought he was a totally changed being from the high-spirited fellow who had been one of the noisiest athletes of his day. Certain it was, he was now pensive and reserved; nay, more, that when out of Lullington in company — that is to say, either with any of his former colleagues, or of a few persons who were visitors at the house in Great Walpole Street — he seemed desirous almost of shunning observation, and of studiously keeping in the background, when his mother's pride in him would have made him take a leading part in any conversation that might be going on. Before he had been two days in the house, Pauline's quick instinct had detected this peculiarity and she had mentally noted it among the things which, properly worked, might help her to the elucidation of the plan to which she had devoted her life. She determined on making herself agreeable to this young man, on forcing him into a certain amount of intimacy and companionship; and so skilful were her tactics, that, without absolute rudeness, Martin Gurwood found it impossible entirely to withdraw from her advances.

One night she challenged him to chess; and, during the intervals of the game, she endeavored to learn more of him than she had hitherto been able to do in mere desultory conversation in the presence of others.

Mrs. Calverley was hard at work at the Berlin-wool frame, putting the final touches to Jael and Sisera; John Calverley, with the newspaper in his lap, was fast asleep in his easy-chair; and the chess-players were at the far end of the room, with a shaded lamp between them.

They formed a strange contrast, this couple; he, with his wavy, chestnut hair, his thin, red and white, clear-cut whiskerless face, his shifting blue eyes, and his weak, irresolute mouth; she, with her olive complexion, her blue-black hair, her steady, earnest gaze, her square, firm jaw, and the deep orange trimmings of her black silk dress, showing off strangely against her companion's sable-hued clerical dress.

"You are too strong for me, monsieur," said Pauline, at the conclusion of the first game; "but I will not yield you the victory without a further struggle."

"I was going to say you played an excellent game, Madame Du Tertre; but, after your remark, it would sound as though I were complimenting myself," said Martin. "I have but few opportunities for chess-playing now, but it was a favorite game of mine at college; and I knew many a man who prided himself on his play whose head for it was certainly not so good as yours."

"You have not many persons in your — what you call your parish, who play chess?"

"No, indeed," said Martin: "cribbage I believe to be the highest flight in that line amongst the farmers."

"Madame Calverley has explained to me the style of place that it is. Is it not wearisome to you, to a degree, to pass your existence in such a *locale*, amongst such a set of people?"

"It is my duty, Madame Du Tertre," said Martin, "and I do not repine."

"Ah, monsieur!" said Pauline, with an inclination of her head and downcast eyes, "I am the last person in the world to rebel against duty, or to allow that it should not be undertaken in that spirit of Christianity which you have shown! But are you sure, Monsieur Martin, that you are acting rightly? However good your intentions may be, with your devotion to the cause you have espoused, and with your great talents, you should be taking a leading position in the great battle of religion; whereas, by burying yourself in this hole there, you lose for yourself the opportunity of fame, while the Church loses a brilliant leader!"

"I have no desire for fame, Madame Du Tertre; and, if I can only do my duty diligently, it is enough for me."

"Yes: but there is another thing. Pardon me, Monsieur Martin, I am a strange woman, and some years older than you, so that you must not think me guilty of an impertinence in speaking freely to you. Your Church — our Church — does not condemn its ministers to an ascetic or a celibate life, — that is one of the wildest errors of Romanism. Has it never struck you that in consenting to remain amongst persons with whom you have nothing in common, — where you are never likely to meet a woman calculated so to excite your admiration and affection as to induce you to make her your wife, — you are rather following the Roman than the Protestant custom!"

A faint flush, duly marked by Pauline's keen eyes, passed over Martin Gurwood's handsome features. "I have no intention of marrying," he said, in a low voice.

"Not now, perhaps," said Pauline, "because you have not yet seen any one whom you could love. A man of your taste and education is always fastidious; but, depend upon it, you will some day find some lovely girl of ancient family who" —

"It will be time enough then to speak of it, Madame Du Tertre, would it not?" said Martin Gurwood, flushing again. "Now, if you please, we will resume our game."

When Pauline went to her bedroom that night she locked the door, threw herself into an easy-chair in front of the fire, and remained buried in contemplation. Then she rose, and, as she strolled towards the dressing-table, said, half aloud, "That man is jealously guarding a secret — and it is his own!"

THACKERAY IN AMERICA.

THE June number of *Blackwood's Magazine* contains a short memorial of Thackeray, written a few years since by Mr. W. B. Reed of Philadelphia, who, in the time of Lord Elgin, was United States Minister in China. The memorial consists of recollections of Thackeray's visit to America, and of some very characteristic letters he addressed to Mr. Reed, between the years 1853 and 1859. Mr. Thackeray went to Philadelphia in January, 1853. His object was to deliver a course of lectures on the English Humorists, and to make some dollars, "not for himself, but for the little girls at home." He speedily became intimate with Mr. Reed, visiting him almost every day, talking with his children, telling them fairy tales, and sometimes taking them out with him. During this visit, there was a good deal of dining out; but those who expected much from the great satirist were often disappointed, as he was not brilliant in conversation. It was in private intercourse he was most delightful; and Mr. Reed, who accompanied him to a dinner he gave to some literary men in New York, in which he "talked for the table," was peculiarly struck by the confidence with which, on board the steamboat, he spoke of domestic sorrows and anxieties too sacred for record. He seemed so happy in his American visit, and so pleased with all he met, that Mr. Reed hoped he might be tempted to settle temporarily on that side of the water. The British consulate in Philadelphia became vacant, and Mr. Reed urged him to take it if he could get it. He replied in a characteristic letter beginning, "My dear Reed," and apologizing for withdrawing the Mr. as wasteful and ridiculous excess.

In this letter, which, like others, is given in full, he says that he could find pleasant friends and company in Philadelphia. "But home among my parents there, and some few friends I have made in the last twenty-five years, and a tolerably fair prospect of an honest livelihood on the familiar London flagstones, and the library at the Athenæum, and the ride in the Park, and the pleasant society afterwards; and a trip to Paris now and again, and to Switzerland and Italy in the summer, — these are little temptations which make me not discontented with my lot, about which I grumble only for pastime, and because it is an Englishman's privilege." He then speaks of the death of poor, kind old Peter (Mr. W. Peter, the consul, who had died suddenly), and returning to these pleasures which he proposes to himself in future years, says: "If it is death to part with these delights (and pleasures they are, and no mistake), sure the mind can conceive others afterwards; and I know one small philosopher who is quite ready to give up these pleasures; quite content (after a pang or two of separation from dear friends here) to put his hand into that of the summoning angel, and say, 'Lead on, O messenger of God our Father! to the next place whither the divine goodness calls us.' We must be blind-folded before we can pass, I know: but I have no fear about what is to come, any more than my children need fear that the love of *their* father should fail them. I thought myself a dead man once, and protest the notion gave me no disquiet about myself."

Thackeray left America in the early winter of 1853, and in the summer of that year was making that Swiss tour with his children to which he refers in the last chapter of "The Newcomes." He then wrote a letter to Mr. Reed, on paper on the other side of which he had made a pen-and-ink caricature. This caricature was the original of one of the illustrations of his fairy tale, "The Rose and the Ring," which he wrote while he was watching and nursing his children, who had fallen ill during this vacation ramble. The letter is dated Neufchatel, July 21, 1853.

In the winter of 1855 he made his second and last visit to the United States, to deliver his lectures on "the Georges." His friends thought two years had aged him more than they should have done; but the lectures were brilliantly successful. In a letter written from Baltimore in January, 1856, he thus refers to a hostile criticism: "As I was reading the George III. lecture here on Monday night, I could not help asking myself, What can the man mean by saying that I am uncharitable, unkindly, — that I sneer at virtue, and so forth? My own conscience being pretty clear can receive the *Bulletin's* displeasure with calmness, remembering how I used to lay about me in my own youthful days, and how I generally took a good tall mark to hit at." In the spring he was induced, against his judgment, to repeat his lectures on "the Humorists." A young bookseller offered him a round sum to do so; but the lectures failed, and the bookseller lost money. Thackeray said he did not mind the empty benches: what he could not bear to see was the sad, pale-faced young man as he came out, who was losing money on his account. Still the money was paid, and Mr. Reed sent it to New York; but got no acknowledgment, and was annoyed to find from the papers that Thackeray had sailed for home. The day after he had gone, Mr. Reed received a certificate from Thackeray's New-York bankers for a sum which he thought would quite cover the loss incurred. It was accompanied by an amusing letter, stating that he had formed a sudden resolution to go home in the *Baltic*, but did not think of going when he left home in the morning. He adds, "I think it is best to send back twenty-five per cent to poor ——. Will you kindly give him the enclosed." This act of just generosity closed his last visit to the United States.

DAMASCUS.

BY CAPT. RICHARD F. BURTON.

THE first sight of Damascus was once famous in travel; but then men rode on horseback, and turned, a little beyond Dummar, sharply to the left of the present line. They took what was evidently the old Roman road, and which is still, on account of its being a short cut, affected by muleteers. Now it is nothing but an ugly climb up sheet-rock and rolling stones, with bars and holes dug by the armed hoofs of many a generation. They then passed through El Záarub, the spout, — the primitive way, sunk some ten feet deep in *calcaire*, till it resembles an uncovered tunnel, and is polished like glass by the traffic and transit of ages. At its mouth you suddenly turn a corner, and see Damascus lying in panorama, a few hundred feet below you. "A pearl set in emeralds," is the citizen's description of what El Islam calls, and miscalls, the "Smile of the Prophet" (Mohammed). Like Stamboul, it is beautiful from afar, as it is foul and sore within, morally and physically. The eye at once distinguishes a long head, the northern suburb, "El Salihiyyah;" a central nucleus, crescent-shaped, and fronting the bed of the Barada; and a long tail, or southern suburb, "El Maydán." These three centres of white-washed dwelling and sky-line fretted with dome and minaret, are surrounded and backed by a mass of evergreen orchard, whose outlines are sharply defined by irrigation; whilst beyond the scatter of outlying villages, glare the sunburned yellow clay and the parched rock of the desert, whose light-blue hillocks define the eastern horizon.

The prosaic approach by the French road shows little beyond ruins and graveyards. Damascus outside is a mass of graveyards, the "Great" and "Little Camps" of Constantinople, only without their cypresses; whilst within it is all graveyards and ruins, mixed with crowded and steaming bazars. This world of graves reminds one of Job's forlorn man dwelling "in desolate cities and in houses which no man inhabiteth, which are ready to become heaps." The Barada in olden times had its stone embankment; the walls are now in ruins. On our right is a ruined bridge, once leading to a large coffee-house, both also in ruins. As we advance, we see upon the right of the old river-valley, the Barmecide Cemetery, all desolate; and beyond it rises the fine Takiyyah (not hospital) of Sultan Selim, half ruined, with its bridge quite ruined. But, though it was phrophesied that Damascus should be a "ruinous heap," her position forbids annihilation. The second of Biblical cities, dating after Hebron, she has been destroyed again and again; her houses have been levelled with the ground, and the Tartar has played hockey with the heads of her sons. Still she sits upon the eastern fold of the Anti-Libanus, over her golden-rolling river, boldly overlooking the desert in face. Damascus, not Rome, deserves, if any does, to be entitled the Eternal City.

I passed twenty-three months (Oct. 1, 1869, to Aug. 20, 1871), on and off, at this most picturesque and unpleasant of residences. It is now in the transitional state, neither of Asia nor of Europe. To one who has long lived in the outer East, a return to such an ambiguous state of things is utterly disenchanting. Hassan, digging or delving in long beard and long clothes, looks more like an overgrown baby than the romantic being which your fancies paint him. Fatima, with a colored kerchief (not a nose-bag) over her face, possibly spotted for greater hideousness, with Marseilles gloves, and French *bottines* of yellow satin trimmed with fringe and bugles, protruding from the white calico which might be her winding-sheet, is an absurdity. She reminds me of sundry "kings" on the West African shore, whose toilet consists of a bright bandana and a chimney-pot hat, of the largest dimensions, colored the liveliest sky-blue.

The first steps to be taken at Damascus were to pay and receive visits; to find a house; to hire servants; to buy horses; and, in fact, to settle ourselves. It proved no easy matter. Certain persons had amused themselves with spreading a report that my pilgrimage to Mecca had aroused Moslem fanaticism, and perhaps might cost me my life. They, as well as I, knew far better. So I was not surprised at the kind and even friendly reception given to me by Emir Abd el Kadir, of Algerian fame, and by the Dean of the great Cathedral El Amawí, the late Shaykh Abdullah el Halabi. And I remember with satisfaction, that, to the hour of my quitting Damascus, the Moslems never showed for me any but the most cordial feeling.

House-hunting was a more serious matter. The hotel gives you lumbago, or ague and fever; the lodging is a thing unknown; and the usual establishment, with its single entrance and its heavily-barred windows, placed high up and looking upon a central court, gives a tolerable idea of a jail. You may see this form, which the Arabs used for defence, still lingering in the Old Bell (Holborn Hill); and in olden Galway they are numerous, being derived through Spain and Portugal from Morocco. Rents at Damascus have been prodigiously raised during the last few years; eighty napoleons are asked for an empty and tumble-down place which in 1850 might have commanded twenty-five; moreover, the tenant pays in advance, and if he improves or is satisfied with the house, the landlord will assuredly raise his terms. After a score of failures, I found a cottage at the head of the Salihiyyah suburb: it was about a mile from the town, surrounded by gardens, flanked on one side by a mosque, on the other by a "hammám" or bath, commanding a splendid view of the city proper, and free from the multitudinous inconveniences, including the four hours' visit, of intramural residence.

To stock the house was a yet harder task than to hire it. Good men will not change civilized Beyroot for dangerous Damascus, where in five years, out of the English colony, rarely exceeding ten souls, there have been nine deaths. And if you persuade them by high salaries they turn sulky, or they fall sick. Thus, within twenty months we had three cooks; and I ended by living on bread and grapes. We had four head grooms, and left a fifth; who, being found stealing the barley, was dismissed by his employer shortly after our departure.

It is no easy thing for a stranger to buy good and sound horses at Damascus, although during the hot season it is girt by equestrian Bedawin. In the matter of driving a bargain, the "Shami" might hail from Yorkshire, and the European soon learns to imitate them. The wild men ask impossible prices from a Frankish purchaser, and even then there is a certain reluctance to sell, especially the mare. If the latter be thoroughbred she can hardly be bought under two hundred and forty pounds, a sum in these regions equal to one thousand pounds in England. Donkeys, which were never ridden at Damascus till the days of Ibrahim Pasha the Egyptian, — who, by the by, delivered the place of its own old barbarous fanaticism, — have risen in the market, till a good white animal commands thirty to forty napoleons. We won a mare in a lottery; and, as she suffered from incurable stiffness of limb, we exchanged her for a donkey, whose owner presently inquired with astonishment if it had given no one a bad fall. The mare died; and the donkey, after an all but fatal illness, was cured. Of the next two horses, Salim and Harfush, the former was sprained in the back-sinews, and the latter, made vicious by bad riding, was so handy with fore-foot, hoof, and tooth, that no one liked to approach those weapons. After this we became more wary, and bought and hired decent animals, but always at exorbitant prices.

After getting settled, my first care was to be up and moving, in order to become acquainted with the sphere of my duties. In 1869 the Euphrates Valley Railway had once more raised its head. This weakly babe, born as far back as 1842, and ever since that time half fed and rickety, will not reach man's estate before the end of the present century, unless the actual state of things be radically changed. The fact is, we have shown Turkey and Russia that we want the railway for purely English purposes: two parliamentary committees of late years have assured them of the fact, and they are acting as those usually do from whom something is wanted. Yet the most superficial ob-

server will see at a glance the necessity of an "Andrew Route,"—a subsidiary to the Lesseps Canal; a second line of more direct communication with India, and eventually a feeder of the main trunk which will run from Scutari to Karachi.

So my first tour was down-coast, in order to see what would make the best Mediterranean terminus. I was prepossessed against the Alexandretta line, which runs over waste ground to Aleppo, passes through a wilderness after leaving it, and finally strikes the Euphrates at a place where the stream is navigable only during half the year.

Reaching Tyre, which I visited a second time, I inspected the old north-eastern road, the classical line of traffic and transit, as far as the Nabatiyyah village, distant sixteen direct geographical miles. The Lebanon is here easily crossed, the heights being much lower on the south than on the north, and the surface of the country is composed of basins parted by rocky ridges. From Nabatiyyah the route falls gradually into the Buká'a, the central portion of the Cœlesyrian Valley proper; and it makes Ba'albak after twenty more miles, being a total of sixty-six. Thence one hundred and eight miles lead to Palmyra, the half-way house between Damascus and the Euphrates River; and thus one hundred and seventy-four direct geographical miles separate "Tadmor in the wilderness" from Tyre on the Mediterranean.

I afterwards heard of another good line, which had been carefully surveyed by Col. Romer, an American engineer. The seaboard terminus was Tripoli of Syria (Tarabulus el Sham). The first great station to the north-east would be Hums (ninety-one miles), and the second Palmyra, seventy-seven miles to the south-south-east. Thus the grand total from Tripoli to Palmyra would be one hundred and sixty-eight direct geographical miles.

Now, both of these lines traverse the richest lands in Syria and Palestine. As in South America, not to say in all thinly-populated countries, the waysides would soon be crowded with settlements; and thus this section may fairly be expected to pay, or at any rate to relieve, a portion of the heavy burden which the desert will impose. From Palmyra the route strikes the Euphrates at a point where it is navigable throughout the year; and finally it leads us back from the distant Cape of Good Hope, and from the devious and dangerous Red Sea, to the very first of overland routes, the earliest connection between India and Europe, established long before the days of David and Solomon.

SWORN ON THE CRUCIFIX.

FROM THE FRENCH OF H. DE BALZAC.

A LITTLE beyond the boundary of the town of Vendôme, on the banks of the Loire, stands a gloomy old house with a high, steep roof. It is quite solitary; not even those almost inseparable parasites of a little town, the unsavory tan-yard or the wretched *auberge*, are to be found near it. Between it and the river is a garden. Here the box borders, which once were closely trimmed to mark the edges of the paths, now spread where and as they will. A line of willows, the river's offspring, has shot upwards, and hides the dwelling on that side as effectually as a hedge. Noxious, rank weeds cover the sloping river-banks with their graceful vegetation. Fruit-trees, which bear fruit no longer, and which have been uncared for the last ten years, have thrust out their boughs in every direction, and have straggled into a thick brushwood. The untrimmed espaliers project like arbors. The paths were at one time neatly gravelled; but now they are choked up with purslain, so that there is scarce a sign of path left visible. A spectator, looking down from the hill, the side of which is cumbered with the ruins of the ancient château of the dukes of Vendôme,—the only point of view which commands the secluded spot,—would say that at some past time this was the favorite retreat of some country gentleman, delighting in his roses and lilies,—a lover of gardening, in fact, and before all things a lover of good fruit. He would see a summer-house, or rather the remains of one, and in its shade a table, not yet quite eaten away by time. At the sight of this wilderness, once a garden, the tranquil joys of a peaceful country-life rise up before the imagination; and, to supplement these ideas, half sad and half sweet, one of the walls presents to the eye a sundial, with an inscription breathing the spirit of a narrow and homely Christianity: "*Ultimam cogita.*" The roof of the house is dilapidated; its shutters are always closed; its balconies are covered with swallows' nests, and its doors are always shut. Tall weeds have taken root in the interstices of the stonework, and every thing that is iron is rust-eaten. The moon and the sun, summer and winter and snow, have dug their way into the woodwork, warped the beams, and fretted away the paint.

The melancholy silence which prevails in this spot is disturbed only by birds, cats, weasels, rats, and mice, who are free to move about, fight, and devour one another, as they will. An invisible hand has written on all the place, the word mystery. If, driven by curiosity, you went to look at the side of the house which faces the road, you would see a large door, round at the top, riddled with holes by the children of the neighborhood, who had doomed it to destruction ten years ago. Through the gaps in it one can see that perfect harmony exists between the deserted interior and the decay and ruin without. The same disorder reigns here also. The paving-stones in the court-yard are pushed away by tufts of weeds. The walls are furrowed with enormous cracks. The steps are thrust out of their places; the bell-cord is rotten; the spouts are broken. "Has fire fallen from heaven and passed over the place? Or has some tribunal condemned it to be sown with salt? Did its owners insult their God, or betray their country?" Such are the questions that suggest themselves; but there is no one to answer them. The empty, deserted house is an enigma, of which none can tell the meaning. It was formerly a little freehold farm, and it bears the name of La Grande Bretèche. During my stay at Vendôme, whither I had gone to attend a patient, it was one of my few pleasures to contemplate this strange abode. It was better than an historical ruin. Such a ruin is the centre of a group of memories of unimpeachable authenticity; but this habitation, still erect, though its destruction was being accomplished slowly by some avenging hand, held within it a secret—a thought unknown to the world *outside*. More than once in the evening I essayed to scale the formidable hedge which guarded the enclosure. Defying scratches, I entered this ownerless garden, this domain in which neither the State nor the individual seemed to assert any right of possession; and I remained there whole hours observing its disorder. I would not, even with the prospect of learning the history which lay, doubtless, at the bottom of this weird sight, have asked a single question of the gossiping people of Vendôme; but, wandering there, I composed delightful romances, and gave myself up to the luxury of melancholy. Had I known the possibly commonplace reason why the place had been deserted, I should have lost all the unpublished poems which then intoxicated my imagination. To me this retreat was typical of the most varied phases of human life, with the shadow of human woe upon them all; sometimes it breathed the air of a cloister, untenanted by monks; sometimes it suggested the peace of a cemetery, in which there are no dead to speak to one in their language of epitaph; to-day it was the house of a leper; to-morrow the palace of the Atridæ; but at all times it called up a picture of the country, with its limited notions and unobtrusive life, whose monotony seems always to be regulated by the hour-glass. As I was rambling about my dream-kingdom one evening, the wind caused an old rusty weathercock to turn; the cry it uttered seemed to be the groan rung from the house itself, at the moment when I finished a drama, tragic enough in its plot, by which I accounted for this monument of sorrow. I shuddered, and I returned to my *auberge*, a prey to the gloomiest thoughts. After supper, my hostess entered my chamber with an air of mystery, and said,—

"M. Regnault is here, monsieur."

"Who is M. Regnault?"

"It can't be that you don't know M. Regnault," she said, as she went away.

Presently there appeared before me a tall, lank man, dressed in black, and holding his hat in his hand; who, with his retreating forehead, his little conical head, and his pale face of the color of muddy water, entered the room like a ram ready to charge at his rival. The unknown wore a threadbare black coat; but he had a diamond in his shirt-frill and gold rings in his ears.

"With whom have I the honor of speaking, monsieur?" I asked.

He took a chair, and seated himself in front of the fire, laid his hat upon the table, began to rub his hands, and said,—

"How cold it is! I am M. Regnault, monsieur."

I bowed.

"I am," he went on, "a notary at Vendôme."

"Charmed to hear it, monsieur," I exclaimed; "but I have no idea of making my will at present, for reasons well known to myself."

"One moment," he said, raising his hand to enjoin silence. "Pardon me, monsieur, pardon me; but I am told that you sometimes go and walk about the garden at La Grande Bretèche?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"One moment," he said, repeating the gesture with his hand. "It is a legal offence. I come, monsieur, in the name and as the executor of the late Countess de Merret, to beg you to discontinue your visits. One moment. I am not a Turk, and I don't want to make out that it is a crime. Besides, it is only natural that you should be ignorant of the circumstances which compel me to allow the most eligible family residence in Vendôme to fall into ruin. At the same time, monsieur, you appear to have some education, and you ought to know that the law prohibits, under heavy penalties, the intrusion of a stranger into property which is shut up by the owner. A hedge is as good as a wall. But the present state of the house may serve as an excuse for your curiosity. There is nothing I should like better than to give you the run of the place; but, charged as I am with the execution of the will of Madame de Merret, the testatrix, I have the honor, monsieur, to beg that you will not enter the garden again. I myself, monsieur, have never, since the opening of the will, set my foot within the house, which, I have the honor to inform you, is part of the property left by Madame de Merret. We have only taken an inventory of the doors and windows in order to assess the taxes, which I pay yearly out of funds set apart for the purpose by the late Countess. Ah! my dear monsieur, her will made a great sensation in Vendôme!"

He stopped to blow his nose. I respected his loquacity, perceiving at a glance that the administration of Madame de Merret's estate was the most important event in his life, — that his reputation and his glory rested thereon.

"Monsieur," I asked, "should I be indiscreet in inquiring the reason of this strange state of things?"

He looked as pleased as a man set riding on his hobby always looks. He arranged the collar of his shirt, complacently drew his snuff-box from his pocket, opened it, and offered it to me; and when I refused he took a huge pinch. He was happy now. The man who has no hobby does not know all the value which can be got out of life.

"Monsieur," said M. Regnault, "I used to be Maître Roguin's head clerk at Paris. He had an excellent business, of which, I dare say, you have heard?—No? His name was, however, well enough known by reason of his unfortunate failure. I had not sufficient money to live at Paris, when the prices were so high in 1816, and so I came here and purchased the business of my predecessor. I had some relations at Vendôme, among them a very rich aunt, who has since given me her daughter in marriage. Monsieur," he continued, after a slight pause, "three months after I had been admitted to practice by Monseigneur the Garde des Sceaux, I was sent for one evening by the Countess de Merret to her Château of Merret. Her maid, a good girl, who is now servant at this hotel, came to my door with the Countess's carriage to fetch me. I must tell you that the Count de Merret had gone to Paris, and died there two months before my arrival here. He died in a wretched state, the victim of excesses of every kind. The day of his departure Madame de Merret had left La Grande Bretèche, and had caused it to be dismantled. Some people declare that she even burned the furniture. Have you been at Merret? No?" he said, supplying my answer. "Ah! it is a beautiful place. For the space of about three months," he continued, after a little toss of the head, "the Count and Countess had lived together there in the strangest manner; they left off receiving visitors, and madame lived on the ground floor while monsieur lived on the first floor. When the Countess was alone she was never seen, except at church. Later on, at home, in her own château, she refused to see any visitors, whether male or female. A great change passed over her at the moment when she left La Grande Bretèche to go to Merret. The dear creature — I say dear, because this diamond was her present; apart from this I only saw her once — well, the good lady was very ill; she had doubtless given up all thoughts of recovery, for she refused to call in any physician. My curiosity was singularly excited, monsieur, when I heard that Madde Merret was in need of my services: and I was not the only person who took an interest in the matter. The same evening, late as it was, the whole town knew that I had gone to Merret. The maid answered the questions I put to her on our way vaguely enough. She told me, however, that her mistress had received the last sacraments at the hands of the *curé* of Merret during the day, and it did not seem likely that she would survive the night. It was nearly eleven o'clock when I reached the château. I went up the grand staircase. After passing through some dark, lofty rooms, which were cold and damp, I came to the state chamber, in which the Countess was. I had some difficulty in finding her on the huge bed where she was lying, though there was one of those old-fashioned Argand lamps which was intended to light her enormous bedroom. What a bedroom it was! It was hung with frieze in the fashion of the *ancien régime*, and the hangings were so covered with dust that the very sight of them made me sneeze. But you have never been at Merret? Well, monsieur, the bed was one of those which were common in the times of our great-grandfathers, with a high canopy and curtains of crimson damask. There was a small table beside the bed, and upon it I saw a 'De Imitatione' — which, by the way, I bought afterwards for my wife, together with the lamp. There was also a large arm-chair for the nurse, and two other chairs. Not a bit of fire, however. This was all the furniture. It would not have occupied ten lines in an inventory. The room was like ice; nay, more than that, it was funereal," he added, raising his hand in a theatrical manner and making a pause.

"By dint of looking, as I came near the bed, I at last saw Madame de Merret, thanks to the reflection of the lamp on her pillow. Her face was as yellow as wax, bony and angular. She wore a lace cap which allowed her hair to be seen. It was beautiful, but white as flax. She was sitting propped up in her bed. Her brow was damp. Her fleshless hands were nothing more than bones with the skin stretched over them; the veins and sinews were perfectly visible. She must have been at one time extremely beautiful; but now I was seized with a feeling I can't describe at the sight of her. Never — if what those who placed her in her coffin say be true — did living creature become as thin as she did. It was, in short, a fearful sight. Although my professional duties had familiarized me with such spectacles, conducting me from time to time to the bedsides of the dying to ascertain their last wishes, I confess that the families in tears and the agonies I have witnessed elsewhere were nothing in comparison to this woman in the solitude and silence of her vast château. I did not hear the least sound; I did not see the movement which one would have expected her breathing to cause in the clothes which covered her; and I stood quite still, looking at her in a kind of stupor. At last her great eyes moved; she tried to raise her right hand, but it fell upon the bed; and these words proceeded from her mouth like a

whisper, for she could scarcely be said to have a voice: 'I have waited for you with much impatience.' The effort to speak brought a momentary flush to her cheek. 'Madame,' I began. She made a sign to me to be silent. At this moment the old nurse got up and said in my ear, 'Don't speak: madame is in such a state that she cannot bear to hear the least noise, and what you want to say would agitate her perhaps.' I sat down. A few seconds after, Madame de Merret mustered all her remaining strength to move her right arm, and put it, not without infinite difficulty, beneath her pillow. She stopped for a moment, and then she made a last effort to draw back her hand. She brought out a sealed packet; and, when she did so, drops of sweat fell from her forehead. 'I give my will into your charge,' she said. 'Ah! my God! ah!' This was all. She caught up a crucifix which was upon her bed, pressed it rapidly to her lips, and died. The fixed expression of her eyes makes me shudder still, when I think of it. She must have suffered much! There was a sense of joy in her last look, and it dwelt upon her face when she was dead. I carried the will away with me; and when it was opened I saw that she had appointed me her executor. She left all her property, with the exception of some trifling legacies, to the hospital at Vendôme. But her dispositions with regard to La Grande Bretèche were as follows: She directed me to leave the house for fifty years, to be reckoned from the date of her death, in the state in which it should be found at the moment of her decease; forbidding access to the apartments to all persons whomsoever, declaring that no repairs of any kind were to be made, and even providing a fund for the payment of a watchman, if this should be necessary, in order to insure the complete execution of her intentions. If, at the end of this term, the wishes of the testatrix had been strictly fulfilled, the house was to go to my heirs, for monsieur knows that notaries are not permitted to receive legacies; otherwise La Grande Bretèche was to revert to the right heirs of the testatrix, as the law should direct, subject, however, to a proviso that the conditions contained in a codicil annexed to the will, and which was not to be opened before the expiration of the said term, were to be by them fulfilled. The will was not disputed, and so" —

The tall, angular notary did not finish the sentence; but at the last words he looked at me with an air of triumph. I made him at once completely happy by complimenting him on his story.

"Monsieur," I said, "you have interested me deeply: I can fancy that I see her now before me, dying, paler than her winding-sheet; her brilliant eyes fill me with fear; I shall dream of her to-night. But you must have formed some conjecture regarding the dispositions of this eccentric will?"

"Monsieur," he said, with comical reserve, "I never allow myself to pass a judgment on people who have done me the honor of presenting me with a diamond."

After a little more discussion of the matter, which led to nothing more interesting than a detailed account of all the conjectures of all the good people in the town concerning the mysterious codicil, M. Regnault took his leave, in high good humor. Then I sat down, placed my feet on the two dogs in the fireplace, and was plunging into a romance of the Radcliffe type, based upon the information I had received from the legal lips of M. Regnault, when my door was opened, and my hostess — a fat, radiant, good-tempered person — entered the room.

"Well, monsieur," she said, "I suppose M. Regnault has been giving you his eternal story about La Grande Bretèche?"

"He has, Mère Lepas."

"What did he tell you?"

I repeated in a few words the grim, freezing history of Madame de Merret. At each sentence, my hostess stretched her neck forward, regarding me with the *aubergiste's* habitual perspicacity, — a quality which combines something of the instinct of the *gendarme* with the astuteness of the spy, and the cunning of the tradesman.

"My dear Dame Lepas," I added in conclusion, "you seem to know something more about the matter, eh? If not, why have you come up into my room?"

"Ah! on my faith as an honest woman, as truly as my name is Lepas" —

"No oaths, please: your eyes are big with some secret. You knew M. de Merret. What kind of a man was he?"

"M. de Merret was a fine man, and a good sort of a gentleman. He came from Picardy, and he was as hot as a pepper-box, as we say. He paid ready money for every thing; he made no difficulties with any one. He was rather wild, and the ladies found him very agreeable."

"What! because he was rather wild?" I asked my hostess.

"Very likely," she said. "You may suppose that he had something to recommend, him when he could marry Madame de Merret, who — without wishing to say any thing against the others — was the most beautiful and the wealthiest match in the country. She had near about twenty thousand livres a year. The whole town was at the wedding. The bride was a little engaging creature, quite a jewel of a woman. Ah! they made a lovely couple!"

"Were they happy in their married life?"

"H'm! H'm! Yes and no — so far, at least, as one can judge; for you don't suppose that we townsfolk lived hand and glove with them. Madame de Merret was a good little woman, very quiet, and she had a good deal to bear sometimes; but, though he was a little proud, we liked him. Bah! it was natural for him to be like that. When one's a gentleman, you see" —

"But there must have been some catastrophe, to make them separate in the violent way they did?"

"I never said there was any catastrophe. I don't know any thing at all about it."

"I am quite sure now, you know every thing."

"Well, monsieur, I'll tell you all about it. When I saw M. Regnault go up to your room, I thought he was going to speak to you about Madame de Merret and La Grande Bretèche. That gave me the idea of asking monsieur's advice; for you seem to be prudent, and incapable of betraying a poor woman like me, who has never done harm to any one, and who is, nevertheless, tormented by her conscience. Till now, I have never dared to open my lips to any of the people about, for they are never tired of wagging their tongues; and, monsieur, I have never had a traveller who staid so long as you in my *auberge*, and to whom I could tell the story of the fifteen thousand francs."

"My dear Dame Lepas," I said, stopping the flow of her words, "if your secret is of a nature to compromise me, I would not for worlds take it upon my shoulders."

"Don't be afraid," she said, interrupting me. "You shall see."

"Her eagerness led me to believe that I was not the only person to whom my good landlady had imparted the secret of which I was to be the sole depositary, and I listened.

"Monsieur," she said, "the Emperor sent some Spanish or other prisoners of war to this place; and I had to take in, at the expense of the government, a young Spaniard, who came here on parole. Notwithstanding his parole, he went every day to report himself to the *sous-préfet*. He was a grandee of Spain — excuse me a moment — his names ended in *os* and *dia:* it was something like Bagos de Férédia. I have it down in my register, and you can see it if you like. Ah! he was a handsome young man for a Spaniard: they say they are all plain-looking. He was only five feet two or three inches in height, but he was well made; he had small hands, and he took great care of them — ah! you should have seen. He had as many brushes for his hands as a woman has for her whole toilet! He had long, black hair, and his eyes were as bright as fire: his skin was slightly copper-colored, but I admired him all the same. The linen he wore was the finest I have ever seen on any one, though I have entertained princesses, and amongst others, Gen. Bertrand, the Duc and the Duchesse d'Abrantes, M. Decazes, and the King of Spain. He didn't eat much, but his manners were so polished and courteous that one couldn't complain. Indeed, I was very fond of him, though he didn't say four words a day, and it

was impossible to keep up the least conversation with him; if you spoke to him he didn't answer. It is a peculiarity they all have, they say. He read his breviary like a priest, and went to mass and all the offices regularly. And where do you think he sat? — we remembered that afterwards, — scarcely two yards from Madame de Merret's chair. He took up his position there the first time he went to church, and no one imagined there was any design in what he did. Besides, he never raised his eyes from his book, poor young man! Then, monsieur, he took to wandering about in the evening on the hill, among the ruins of the château. It was his only amusement, poor man! And then he thought about his country, where they say there is nothing but hills. After the first few days of his detention here, he began to be later out of nights. I was uneasy when I saw that he did not come home till mid night; but we got accustomed to his whim: he took the door-key with him, and we paid no more attention to him. He was lodging with us in the house we had then in the Rue des Casernes. Then one of the grooms told us that one evening, when he went to wash the horses in the river, he thought he saw our Spanish grandee swimming at a distance, just like a fish. When he returned, I told him to take care of the weeds, and he didn't seem to like the idea of having been seen in the water. Finally, monsieur, one day, or rather, one morning, we did not find him in his chamber: he had not come back at all. I searched everywhere, and found something written on a piece of paper in his table drawer, in which there were also fifty golden Spanish coins, called *portagues*, worth about five thousand francs: there were besides some diamonds, of the value of ten thousand francs, in a little sealed box. The writing was to the effect, that, in case he should not return, he left his money and diamonds for masses to thank God for his escape, and to pray for his safety. At that time my husband was still alive, and he went off to search for him; and this is the queerest part of the story. My husband brought back the Spaniard's clothes, which he had found under a big stone on the bank of the river, near the château, and almost opposite La Grande Bretèche. He had gone there so early in the morning that no one had seen him; and so, when he had read the letter, he burned the clothes, and we declared, as Count Férédia wished, that he had escaped. The *sous-préfet* put all the *gendarmes* on the alert, but they never caught him. Lepas thought that the Spaniard was drowned. But I, monsieur, am of a different opinion: I am inclined to believe that he had something to do with Madame de Merret. Rosalie has told me that the crucifix her mistress was so fond of, and which she had buried with her, was made of ebony and silver: now, when he first began to live with us, M. Férédia had a crucifix of ebony and silver, and I have never seen it since. So, monsieur, you don't think I need feel any remorse about the Spaniard's fifteen thousands francs, — and have I not a perfect right to them?"

"Undoubtedly. But have you never asked any questions of Rosalie?"

"Indeed, I have, monsieur; but it's no good; she won't answer, any more than a stone-wall. She knows something, but I can't get it out of her."

My hostess talked with me a minute or two longer, and then left me, a prey to vague and sombre thoughts. Rosalie became in my eyes the most interesting being in Vendôme. As I watched her, I discovered the traces of something locked within her breast, spite of the florid health which beamed in her plump face. She had some hidden cause for remorse or for hope: her very attitude always betrayed the fact that she had a secret. Her bearing was, however, artless and homely; and her silly, thoughtless laugh was far from suggesting any idea of criminality. You would have passed a verdict of not guilty the moment you saw the large red-and-blue checked handkerchief which covered her full bosom, and the tightly-fitting dress with white and violet stripes, which set off her figure so well.

"No," I thought, "I will not leave Vendôme till I know the whole history of La Grande Bretèche. To gain my end, I will even, if necessary, make serious love to Rosalie."

I need not dwell on this portion of my story. It took me a full month to gain Rosalie's good graces and confidence; but when I felt that I might do so safely, I broached to her the subject of my unsleeping curiosity.

"Rosalie," I said to her, one evening.

"Yes, monsieur?"

"How is it you are not married?"

"Oh! there are plenty of men who will have me, when I want to be made miserable," she said, laughing.

"Of course, a pretty girl like you can never be in want of lovers. But tell me, Rosalie: why did you become a servant at an *auberge* when you left Madame de Merret? Didn't she make any provision for you?"

"Indeed, she did, monsieur. But my place is the best in Vendôme."

"Rosalie," said I coaxingly, "tell me all you know about Madame de Merret."

"Oh! don't ask me that, Monsieur Horace," she answered, with a look of terror.

Her countenance fell, her bright and lively color faded, and her eyes lost their liquid sparkle of innocence. Still, however, I insisted.

"Well," she said, "since you wish it, I will tell; but you will keep my secret?"

"Pooh! my dear child, I will keep all your secrets with the honesty of a thief; nothing can be safer than that."

"If it is all the same to you," she said, "I would rather you kept them with your own."

In the following pages, the reader will find a cold abridgment of the awful story which the girl told me in her garrulous way.

The bedroom occupied by Madame de Merret at La Bretèche was on the ground floor. A little closet, about four feet deep, let into the wall, served for her wardrobe. For three months before the evening the events of which I am going to relate to you, she had been seriously indisposed; and her husband had, accordingly, slept in a chamber on the first floor. By one of those accidents which it is impossible to foresee, he returned, on the evening in question, two hours later than usual from the club which he frequented. His wife thought that he had come in long before and gone to bed, and that he was asleep. But the invasion of France had been the subject of an animated discussion; the game of billiards had been exciting, and he had lost forty francs, — an enormous sum at Vendôme, where everybody lays his money by, and where the habits of the people are contained within the bounds of a praiseworthy moderation, — the source, perhaps, of a real happiness undreamed of by any Parisian. For some time past, M. de Merret had contented himself with asking Rosalie if his wife had gone to bed; and after the girl's answer, which was invariably in the affirmative, he had retired at once to his chamber. But this time it occurred to him to go into Madame de Merret's room to give her an account of his ill-luck. Instead of calling Rosalie, who was at this moment in the kitchen, looking on while the cook and coachman played a difficult hand at *brisque*, M. de Merret set down his hand-lamp upon the bottom step of the staircase, and walked by its light towards his wife's room. His step was not difficult to recognize, as it echoed along the corridor. As he turned the handle, he thought he heard some one close the door of the closet: when, however, he entered, Madame de Merret was alone, standing before the fireplace. The husband, in his simplicity, thought at first that Rosalie was in the closet; but when he looked at his wife, he found in her eyes an indescribable trouble and dismay.

"You are very late," she said.

Her voice, generally so pure and sweet, seemed to him to be slightly altered in its tone. M. de Merret did not answer, for just at this moment Rosalie entered. This revelation struck him like a thunderbolt. He began to walk up and down the room between the windows at a uniform pace, his arms folded before him."

"Have you heard any thing to annoy you, or are you unwell?" his wife asked him timidly, while Rosalie undressed her.

He was still silent.

"Leave me," said Madame de Merret to her maid. "I will curl my hair myself."

The expression of her husband's face told her to prepare for some misfortune, and she wished to be alone with him. When Rosalie was gone, or supposed to be gone, for she remained some instants in the corridor, M. de Merret took a seat in front of his wife, and said coldly, —

"Madame, there is some one in your dressing-closet."

She looked at her husband calmly, and said, with an air of simplicity, —

"No, monsieur."

This "no" dumbfoundered M. de Merret. He did not believe it; and yet never had his wife appeared to him more dignified and innocent than at this moment. He rose to open the closet; but Madame de Merret took his hand, held him back, and looked at him sadly, saying to him in a tone of peculiar emotion, —

"If you find no one, remember that all will be over between us."

The incredible dignity of his wife's attitude created in him a profound sentiment of esteem for her, and inspired him with a sudden resolution.

"Then, Joséphine, I will not open that door. In either case, we should be separated forever. Listen to me! I know all the purity of your soul; I know that the life you lead is religious: you would not be guilty of a deadly sin to save your life."

At these words, Madame de Merret looked at her husband with haggard eyes.

"See, here is your crucifix," he went on. "Swear to me before God that there is no one there: I will believe you — I will never open that door."

Madame de Merret took the crucifix, and said, —

"I swear it."

"Louder," said her husband, "and repeat my words: 'I swear before God that there is no one in that closet.'"

She repeated the oath without a sign of disquietude.

"It is well," said M. de Merret coldly; and then, after a moment's silence: —

"You have a very pretty crucifix there, which I have not seen," he said, as he examined the crucifix. It was of ebony, inlaid with silver, and the work showed great artistic skill.

"I picked it up at Duvivier's: he bought it of a Spanish monk, when the prisoners passed through Vendôme last year."

"Oh!" said M. de Merret, hanging up the crucifix again upon its nail.

He rang the bell. Rosalie did not keep him waiting. He went hastily to meet her, took her into the embrasure of the window which looked out upon the garden, and said to her in a low voice, —

"I know that Gorenflot wants to marry you, and it is only poverty that prevents you from settling down: you have told him that you will not be his wife until he has made himself master mason. Well, go and find him, and tell him to come here with his trowel and the rest of his tools. Take care not to awaken anybody else in his house: his fortune shall be more than you can wish. Whatever you do, keep your tongue quiet as you go out, otherwise" —

He knit his brow: Rosalie was going off, but he called her back: —

"Stop," he said; "take my key." The count went to the door which opened on the corridor, and called loudly, "Jean."

Jean, who was his coachman and his confidential servant, left his game of *brisque*, and came to him.

"You must all of you go to bed," said his master, at the same time making a sign to him to come nearer.

And then he added in a low voice,

"When they are all asleep — *asleep*, you understand — come down stairs, and let me know."

M. de Merret, who had never lost sight of his wife while he gave his orders, returned quietly to her as she sat before the fire, and began to tell her about the game of billiards and the discussion at the club; and when Rosalie came back she found the two conversing together very amicably. M. de Merret had lately had the ceilings throughout the reception-rooms on the ground-floor repaired. Plaster is a rare commodity at Vendôme, and its price is considerably increased by the necessity of conveying it from a distance: he had accordingly got in a large stock, knowing that he would always find plenty of purchasers for what remained. This circumstance suggested the plan which he now put into execution.

"Gorenflot is here, monsieur," said Rosalie in a low voice.

"Tell him to come in," answered the count, in his natural tone.

A slight pallor came over Madame de Merret's face when she saw the mason.

"Gorenflot," said the husband, "go and fetch some bricks from the coach-house, — enough to build up the door of this closet. You can use the rest of the plaster I had in to coat over the wall."

Then drawing Rosalie and the workman aside: —

"Listen, Gorenflot," he said, in a low voice: "you will sleep here to-night. To-morrow morning you shall have a passport, with which you can go to a foreign country, to a town which I will direct you to. I will give you six thousand francs for your journey. You will stay there ten years. If you don't like the town I choose, you can change it for another, but it must be in the same country. You will pass through Paris, where you must wait for me. I will meet you there, and execute a deed, by which another six thousand will be secured to you on your return to France, supposing you have fulfilled on your part the conditions of our bargain. In return for this you must preserve profound secrecy with regard to all that you have to do to-night. As for you, Rosalie, I will give you ten thousand francs, to be paid to you on your wedding-day, provided that you marry Gorenflot; but, if you wish to marry, you must be silent, otherwise no portion."

"Rosalie," said Madame de Merret, "come and dress my hair."

Her husband walked calmly up and down, watching the door, the mason, and his wife, without however insulting her by any sign of suspicion. Gorenflot could not avoid making a noise; and Madame de Merret took advantage of the moment, when Gorenflot threw down his load of bricks, and her husband was at the other end of the room, to say to Rosalie: —

"A thousand francs a year, if you can manage to tell Gorenflot to leave a crevice at the bottom."

Then she said aloud, without betraying any emotion: —

"Go and help him."

M. and Madame de Merret remained silent during the whole time Gorenflot was walling up the doorway. This silence was intentional on the husband's part, for he did not wish to give his wife the opportunity of using phrases with a double meaning; with the wife it was the result either of caution or of pride. When the wall had risen to half its intended height, the cunning mason, waiting for a moment when his employer's back was turned, struck the tool he was using against one of the two windows which were let into the door, and broke the glass. Madame de Merret knew that Rosalie had spoken to Gorenflot. The three saw a man's face within, — dark and sad, with black hair and eyes of fire. Before her husband had turned round, the poor lady had time to signal with her lips to the man, as if to bid him hope. At four o'clock, towards daybreak, — for it was in the month of September, — the mason's task was finished. He remained in the house under the eye of Jean, while M. de Merret slept in his wife's chamber. The next morning, as he rose, he said carelessly, —

"Ah! I must go to the *mairie* for the passport."

He put on his hat, and took three steps towards the door: he then changed his intention, and took the crucifix with him. His wife trembled with delight.

"He is going to Duvivier," she thought.

As soon as her husband had gone out, Madame de Merret rang for Rosalie; and then, in a wild voice: —

"The pickaxe! the pickaxe!" she cried, "and to work!

I saw yesterday how Gorenflot set about it: we shall have time to make an outlet and block it up again."

In an instant Rosalie brought a kind of a chopper to her mistress, who, with inconceivable energy, undertook the task of pulling down the wall. She had already displaced some of the bricks, when, just as she was gathering her strength to apply a yet more vigorous blow, she saw M. de Merret behind her. She fainted.

"Place madame upon her bed," he said coldly.

Foreseeing what would probably happen during his absence, he had set a trap for his wife: he had simply written to the *mairie*, and sent a messenger for Duvivier. The jeweller arrived just after order had been restored in the room.

"Duvivier," asked M. de Merret, "you bought some crucifixes from the Spaniards who passed through Vendôme, did you not?"

"No, monsieur."

"Thank you, that will do," he said, darting a tiger-like look at his wife. "Jean," he added, turning to his confidential servant, "you will let me have my meals in Madame de Merret's room: she is not well, and I will not leave her until she has recovered."

The cruel husband remained twenty days with his wife. At first, when awful sounds came from behind the barricade, and Joséphine made as if she would implore for mercy for the stranger dying there, he would not allow her to utter a single word, but always said, —

"You have sworn upon the crucifix that there is no one there."

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.

"You don't take much interest in the licensing question," said a lady to her daughter, who sat opposite to me in a French railway-carriage, "although it has been uppermost of late. But listen to this, in yesterday's *Times*: 'It is even affirmed, that if good, wholesome beer and wine were salable everywhere at low prices and without stint, the general sobriety of the population would be increased; just as there is little or no intoxication in the countries of the vine itself.'"

"Excuse me, madam, as a stranger," I said. "Does the well-informed *Times* believe that to be the case?"

"I suppose so, sir; for here is the article. And in a land of light wines, like this," she continued, "it must be a great satisfaction to find, as the consequence, drunkenness much less common than it is in England."

"A—h! It would be, madam, a great satisfaction — if it existed. But, however defective the English laws may be, I don't think we can be told, in this respect, 'They manage these things better in France.'"

"Really, sir! Indeed! I always thought a tipsy man here was a rarity."

"Had you been at my elbow only last (Saint) Monday, last New-Year's Day, last conscription-day, last fair-day, last market-day, you would have been convinced of the contrary. Fermented drinks are too plentiful for that. Strong liquors, madam, are far too cheap and potent, and human nature — male nature — too weak. The Government — the Second Empire, followed by the so-called Republic — encourages the sale of intoxicating liquors as far as lies in its power, for the sake of increasing the revenue derived from '*contributions indirectes*,' without any apparent regard to the results. In France, some five millions of acres are occupied by the culture of the vine; and therefore, for the supply of wine, not to mention the spirit distilled from corn and beetroot, and the cider grown, and the beer brewed, which latter is annually increasing in quantity. It is hardly to be expected that such a vast amount of exhilarating fluid should be drawn out of the land and sent away, without the producers taking a pull at it, with the authorities encouraging them to do so. They *do* often take a long pull and a strong pull, and sometimes, madam, a pull altogether."

"Extraordinary! I thought Frenchmen were so very temperate in their use of fermented or intoxicating beverages."

"Many are, and many are quite the reverse. Those who are the reverse have nothing to restrain them. I had a neighbor — he is dead at last; for, you know, madam, hard work *will* tell — who never took less than a quart of cognac or gin per day. Instances occur where double that quantity is imbibed. Others merely amuse themselves at breakfast with half a pint, or perhaps a pint of gin, to wind up their spirits. It is nothing, with certain of my acquaintances, in the course of an evening, over a game of cards, to sip some thirty, forty, or even fifty 'chopes,' or half-pints of beer, without in the least putting themselves out of the way. The other day I heard, on excellent authority, of four jolly fellows who set themselves round a cask of wine containing one hundred litres, — as near as may be, one hundred and seventy-six English pints, — and who went on eating and drinking, without any adjournment, until the said cask of wine was finished."

"But those, sir, assuredly, are all low people?"

"Not very elevated, I grant, in any way; although some of them are rich for their station in life. Still, they are human beings, members of the politest nation on earth, which leads the van of civilization, and so forth."

"If what you say be true, sir, — and I do not doubt it, — somebody should introduce temperance societies. *They* attack the evil at its root."

"In the land of the apple and the grape, dear madam, temperance societies (unless they could take the form of a religious confraternity) would be squeezed flat by popular ridicule before they had time to draw their breath. Educated and well-bred people, who, as a rule, are far from intemperate, try to persuade their countrymen to adopt, not abstinence, but moderation. A few years ago there appeared an article in the *Siècle* newspaper which caused Paris to abstain from absinthe (a poison which carries off hundreds of lives annually) for a whole four and twenty hours. Scientific and medical men strive hard to enlighten the public mind as to the consequences of abusing fermented drinks. Monsieur Bouchardat has especially done so in his '*entretiens*,' or lectures, which I have read attentively with profit. But, to escape the abuse, we need not forego the use. Excuse me, madam, but are you yourself a fair personification of pure teetotalism?"

"No, indeed, sir: I don't pretend to that. My doctor, on the contrary, orders me to take wine (for we reside in a neighborhood subject to fogs), to resist the chilliness and humidity of the climate."

"He is right, madam. In marsh districts, a generous diet, assisted by a fair allowance of good red wine, exercises a protective influence which, if not infallible, is incontestible. Besides, it seems to be clearly demonstrated that alcohol, whether pure or diluted, expending itself in the human system, produces heat, and *that* soon after the alcholic drink is taken. This physiological effect explains the greater consumption of strong drinks in winter than in summer, as well as its entering more largely into popular habits in proportion as we advance towards the north. It follows, hence, that an abuse of spirituous liquors is more injurious in a mild or warm climate than in a cold one; also in summer than in winter."

"But do fermented beverages give actual strength, as is generally believed?"

"Competent authorities hold that the increase of energy is only temporary, and that meat, properly employed, is the working-man's best support. Alcohol excites the nervous system, causing visible but temporary excitement. If the excitement is not utilized at the moment, it is lost. It passes away; a collapse or fit of depression follows, and there is an actual diminution of the original stock of serviceable strength. Who has not felt the agreeable influence of alcoholic stimulants? 'Sorrow is dry,' is a well-known saying: as helps to mental labor, the benefit they give is questionable. It must be employed at the very moment when produced, or it is lost, evaporated, wasted. The same holds with other excitants of the nervous system, as coffee, tea, tobacco, opium; only, under the influences of

tea and coffee, the intellect is cleared as well as awakened; whereas under the effects of spirituous drinks, it is more or less tinged with prismatic colorings, perceives distorted images, and is sometimes obscured with a heavy cloud. It is rare that bacchic stimulation is employed in developing and improving the intellect. A man, the best fellow in the world when sober, may become a perfect monster or demon when drunk. *Vide* classical literature, general history, and police reports."

"Oh that men should put an enemy into their mouths, to steal away their brains!"

"Some people laugh, others cry, others are affectionate, others quarrelsome, when the dose has attained a certain amount, — when the beer has got well home. To incoherent and absurd ideas succeeds incoherent and unreasonable conduct. Much, however, depends on the daily life of the imbiber and the nature of his occupations. Extra fatigue requires extra restoratives. A man's appetite for, and capability of disposing of, drink as well as meat, is very different while walking over the Oberland, to what it is in a city counting-house. The unwonted supply of fermented drink is consumed and used up by the unwonted exercise. But I fear I am wearing your patience, madam."

"Pray, go on, sir."

"You were just now alluding to teetotalism. Whatever worshippers of the pump may say, good alcoholics in moderate doses assist the convalescent exhausted by illness, and also the laborer worn out with fatigue. It is the excess wherein the danger lies. A thing may be very good in itself; but too much of a good thing is good for nothing. In Sweden, where many working-men are able (by great pains-taking and patient training) to swallow as much as a pint of spirit per day, disorders of the brain are extremely common among that class of tipplers, and their term of life is considerably shortened. In Russia, the consumption of alcohol is enormous, and is seemingly encouraged by the farmers of the taxes on spirituous liquors, — as it is, apparrently, here by the authorities in France."

"We know how injurious gin is, when administered to infants by unscrupulous nurses, in order to make them sleep. I have also heard that it is one of the nostrums given to young lapdogs to check their growth, and keep them small. Wine, however, is popularly believed to be old people's milk."

"It is so, with this proviso and distinction. If a person advanced in years can say, —

> 'Though I look old, yet am strong and lusty;
> For in my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood,'

he should continue to observe a corresponding temperance. While still in the enjoyment of a green old age, he should take his after-dinner glass at dessert with great caution and moderation; but when he shifts into the lean and slippered pantaloon, or into second childishness and mere oblivion, when solid food is difficult of digestion, and the flame of life must be fed at any price, generous wine (as in the well-known case of Louis XIV.) will prove an invaluable resource."

"Your statement then, sir, would go to prove that there is a time to drink fermented beverages, as well as a time to refrain from drinking them."

"Exactly, madam. One common practice (especially on the Continent) to be emphatically warned against, is the morning dram or drop, the whet on an empty stomach, the hair from the dog's tail who bit you yesterday, the '*goutte*' of French working-men, the glass of absinthe to give an appetite, which has the contrary effect on healthy constitutions. Alcohol, taken *after* a meal of solid food, is immediately laid hold of by it, and so diluted. Whereas when applied to the unprotected coats of the stomach, its strength is exerted in its full concentration. It irritates and inflames the digestive organs, causing thirst, which is often sought to be allayed by other fermented drinks."

"They at least, if weak, can do no harm."

"I am sorry to differ from you, madam, but experience teaches the contrary. Weak fermented liquors are treacherous, in consequence of their very weakness. They seem so innocent, so harmless, so light. They insinuate themselves as mere quenchers of thirst, utterly incapable of such wicked work as the inebriation of their patrons. They are next door to water, it would appear. Indeed, they profess to be merely water, just modified enough to prevent their chilling the stomach. As if anybody could ever be intemperate with them! Such is the popular belief, I think."

"Probably. For I have heard people say, as a joke, that it is a waste of time to try to get drunk with French wines."

"Is it, indeed? May be so. But more people in France get drunk with small wines than with those of greater strength and body. From the 'petit bleue,' tippled by Parisian workmen in suburban eating and drinking-houses, to the fluid supplied in the South by hosts who give you the choice, whether you will drink by measure or at so much per hour, it is the quantity which makes up for the quality. If a man causes a streamlet to pass all day long through his stomach, however small a proportion of alcohol it may contain, in the evening there will be an accumulation of spirit in his body, to an amount he never suspected possible."

"You remind me of a case that came to my own knowledge. A small South Welsh farmer one day said to his medical visitor, 'I cannot think what has come to me, doctor: I can't sleep o' nights, and the least thing sets me all of a quiver. I wish you would give me something to take for it.' 'I wish,' answered the doctor, 'I could take away from you something you take. You have got, or are getting, delirium tremens.' 'Nonsense, doctor! the other replied, 'that's quite impossible. I have always heard that delirium tremens comes from strong drink. Now, I never take any thing stronger than our home-made cider, and only this little cupful at a time.' 'True,' said the doctor; 'but how many times in the course of the day do you go with this little cup to the cider-cask, there, close by, under the pantry-shelf? How many times a day? Tell me that!' 'How many times, doctor?' he replied, trying to consult his memory. 'I really don't know. I never counted them, doctor. I never thought of that.'"

"Thank you, madam, for the anecdote. Another important point is, that the habit of swallowing large quantities of fermented liquids is hard to change; and then, a trifling increase of the strength of the liquid may bring about serious consequences. In France, the vintages gathered on the same spot vary in strength from year to year. Some years they are twice as strong as the preceding year. Monsieur Bouchardat warned one of his tenants when this had occurred, advising him to take only half o his usual allowance of wine in consequence of its doubled strength. The old man listened, and seemed persuaded. But as soon as he was gone gave his opinion, 'He will never make me believe that one litre of wine is as good as two.' Before six months were over he was dead."

"All which does not prevent your advocating the use of wine in moderation."

"Rightly employed it is a great blessing. The complexity of the inorganic substances which enter into its composition, and which, in certain respects, resemble those of the human frame, completely explains its restorative effects when administered to patients suffering from insufficient nourishment. For the same reason, for sailors on shipboard, wine is preferable to spirit, which is often obliged to be given instead in consequence of difficulties of storage, as has been shown by a very conclusive instance. Two cruisers, one French the other English, were detained in the South Sea by adverse weather. The French sailors were served with wine, the English with spirit. The latter were attacked by scurvy; the former completely escaped the disease. The inorganic substances contained in the wine, and particularly the salts of potash, supplied what was wanted to complete a healthy alimentation."

"But, surely, other alcoholized beverages besides wine have their special merits. Cider, for instance" —

"Is one of the healthiest and pleasantest of fermented

drinks. It may, perhaps, too, be not much less ancient than wine. At the epoch of the Roman occupation, the aboriginal Gauls quaffed their cider; and we know that, in 587, perry was the customary draught of St. Radegonde, queen of France. Cider is a good drink, which pleases the palate the more we get used to it. In a hygienic point of view, from three to eight per cent of alcohol, combined with the malic acid of the apple and the carbonic acid produced by fermentation, is an excellent mixture. The properties of the alcohol are thereby tempered; nevertheless, it should not be forgotten that good ciders inebriate like wine. If cider be more refreshing than beer, it is also less nutritive; containing, in fact, fewer mixed materials which the animal economy can turn to account. Cider and water is a capital thirst-quencher for field-laborers during the great heats of summer. The most dangerous adulteration of cider is practised in years when the apples ripen badly, and acetate of lead and carbonate of soda are employed to clarify it. The cider *is* clarified; but enough lead remains to poison those who swallow it. To detect it, pour into the suspected cider a solution of iodide of potassium; the result is a yellow precipitate of iodide of lead."

"And beer, sir, if you please?"

"Good beer, madam, though not fashionable with high-born dames, is one of the most salubrious of fermented drinks. Its flavor may not please everybody at the outset; but its uninterrupted employment from the most ancient times, and its increasing consumption, are a proof of its excellent qualities. In Egypt the priests of the god Osiris poured out to him libations of beer; and it may be supposed that they did not waste it all in that way. Long before the Roman invasion the Gauls and Germans tippled their daily ale. Barley, malted, its usual foundation, is sometimes replaced by other grains. Faro is prepared with sprouted wheat; sprouted maize is the basis of 'chica,' the wine of the Cordilleras. The addition of hops to any of these infusions forms a very complex mixture, which is thereby rendered suitable for repairing the losses of the animal economy; for there is a happy relation between its principal elements and those which are necessary for the human frame. Beer assists digestion, allays thirst, and has a greater tendency to fatten than wine. But some people indulge in it to such a degree as to cause a notable distension of the stomach, whence arises sluggishness of that organ, and difficulty in performing its proper functions. Needless to say that men may get tipsy with beer, as well as acquire inconvenient corpulence. The best remedy for such an abuse is, that it should be regularly consumed, and at the family meals. Such an employment of beer (as well as of cider or wine) is a hundred times more favorable to health than intemperate doses on Sundays or Mondays, and absolute privation during the rest of the week."

HORACE WALPOLE.

The history of England, throughout a very large segment of the eighteenth century, is simply a synonyme for the works of Horace Walpole. There are, indeed, some other books upon the subject. Some good stories are scattered up and down the *Annual Register*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and Nichols's *Anecdotes*. There is a speech or two of Burke's not without merit, and a readable letter may be disinterred every now and then from beneath the piles of contemporary correspondence. When the history of the times comes to be finally written in the fashion now prevalent, in which some six portly octavos are allotted to a year, and an event takes longer to describe than to occur, the industrious will find ample mines of waste paper in which they may quarry to their heart's content. Though Hansard was not, and newspapers were in their infancy, the shelves of the British Museum and other repositories groan beneath mountains of State papers, law reports, pamphlets, and chaotic raw materials, from which some precious ore may be smelted down. But these amorphous masses are attractive chiefly to the philosophers who are too profound to care for individual character, or to those praiseworthy students who would think the labor of a year well rewarded by the discovery of a single fact tending to throw a shade of additional perplexity upon the secret of Junius. Walpole's writings belong to the good old-fashioned type of history, which aspires to be nothing more than the quintessence of contemporary gossip. If the opinion be pardonable in these days, history of that kind has not only its charm, but its serious value. If not very profound or comprehensive, it impresses upon us the fact — so often forgotten — that our grandfathers were human beings. The ordinary historian reduces them to mere mechanical mummies: in Walpole's pages they are still living flesh and blood. Turn over any of the proper decorous history books, mark every passage where, for a moment, we seem to be transported to the past, — to the thunders of Chatham, the drivellings of Newcastle, or the prosings of George Grenville, as they sounded in contemporary ears, — and it will be safe to say, that, on counting them up, a good half will turn out to be reflections from the illuminating flashes of Walpole. Excise all that comes from him, and the history sinks towards the level of the solid Archdeacon Coxe; add his keen touches, and, as in the "Castle of Otranto," the portraits of our respectable old ancestors, which have been hanging in gloomy repose upon the wall, suddenly step from their frames, and, for some brief space, assume a spectral vitality.

It is only according to rule that a writer who has been so useful should have been a good deal abused. No one is so amusing and so generally unpopular as a clever retailer of gossip. Yet it does seem rather hard that Walpole should have received such hard measure from Macaulay, through whose pages so much of his light has been transfused. The explanation, perhaps, is easy. Macaulay dearly loved the paradox that a man wrote admirably precisely because he was a fool, and applied it to the two greatest portrait-painters of the times, — Walpole and Boswell. There is something which hurts our best feelings in the success of a man whom we heartily despise. It seems to imply, which is intolerable, that our penetration has been at fault, or that merit — that is to say, our own conspicuous quality — is liable to be outstripped in this world by imposture. It is consoling if we can wrap ourselves in the belief that good work can be extracted from bad brains, and that shallowness, affectation, and levity can, by some strange chemistry, be transmuted into a substitute for genius. Do we not all, if we have reached middle age, remember some idiot (of course he was an idiot!) at school or college who had somehow managed to slip past us in the race of life, and revenge ourselves by swearing that he is an idiot still, and that idiocy is a qualification for good fortune? Swift somewhere says that a paper-cutter does its work all the better when it is blunt, and converts the fact into an allegory of human affairs, showing that decorous dulness is an over-match for genius. Macaulay was incapable, both in a good and bad sense, of Swift's trenchant misanthropy. His dislike to Walpole was founded not so much upon posthumous jealousy, — though that passion is not so rare as absurd, — but on the singular contrast between the character and intellect of the two men. The typical Englishman, with his rough, strong sense, passing at times into the narrowest insular prejudice, detested the Frenchified fine gentleman who minced his mother-tongue and piqued himself on cosmopolitan indifference to patriotic sentiment: the ambitious historian was irritated by the contempt which the dilettante dabbler in literature affected for their common art; and the thorough-going Whig was scandalized by the man who, whilst claiming that sacred name, and living face to face with Chatham and Burke and the great Revolution families in all their glory, ventured to intimate his opinion that they, like other idols, had a fair share of clay and rubbish in their composition; and who, after professing a kind of sham republicanism, was frightened by the French Revolution into a paroxysm of ultra-Toryism. "You wretched fribble!" exclaims Macaulay; "you shallow scorner of all that is noble! You are nothing but a heap of silly whims and conceited airs! Strip off one mask

of affectation from your mind, and we are still as far as ever from the real man. The very highest faculty that can be conceded to you is a keen eye for oddities, whether old curiosity-shops or in Parliament; and to that you owe whatever just reputation you have acquired." Macaulay's fervor of rebuke is amusing, though, by a righteous Nemesis, it includes a specimen of blindness as gross as any that he attributes to Walpole. The summary decision that the chief use of France is to interpret England to Europe, is a typical example of that insular arrogance for which Mr. Arnold has popularized the name of Philistinism.

Yet criticism of this one-sided kind has its value. At least it suggests a problem. What is the element left out of account? Folly is never the real secret of a literary reputation, or what noble harvests of genius we should produce! If we patiently take off all the masks, we must come at last to the animating principle beneath. Even the great clothes philosophers did not hold that a mere Chinese puzzle of mask within mask could enclose sheer vacancy; there must be some kernel within, which may be discovered by sufficient patience. And in the first place, it may be asked, why did poor Walpole wear a mask at all? The answer seems to be obvious. The men of that age may be divided by a line, which, to the philosophic eye, is of far more importance than that which separated Jacobites from loyal Whigs, or Dissenters from High-Churchmen. It separated the men who could drink two bottles of port after dinner, from the men who could not. To men of delicate digestions, the tests imposed by the jovial party in ascendency must have been severer than those due to political or ecclesiastical bigotry. They had to choose between social disabilities on the one side, and on the other indigestion for themselves, and gout for their descendants. Thackeray, in a truly pathetic passage, partly draws the veil from their sufferings. Almost all the wits of Queen Anne's reign he observes, were fat: "Swift was fat; Addison was fat; Gay and Thomson were preposterously fat; all that fuddling and punch-drinking, that club and coffee-house boozing, shortened the lives and enlarged the waistcoats of men of that age." Think of the dinner described in Swift's "Polite Conversation," and compare the following bill of fare for a party of seven with the *menu* of a modern London dinner. First course, a sirloin of beef, fish, a shoulder of veal, and a tongue; second course, almond pudding, patties, and soup; third course, a venison pasty, a hare, a rabbit, some pigeons, a goose, and a ham. All which is washed down by wine and beer, until, at length, a large tankard of October having been passed round, the gentlemen sit down to drink. Think of this, and imagine supper in the perspective; imagine a man of irritable nerves, and without the stomach of an ostrich, set down to such a meal, and regarded as a milksop if he flinches. The very report of such conviviality — before which Christopher North's performances in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" sink into insignificance — is enough to produce nightmares in the men of our degenerate times, and may help us to understand the peevishness of feeble invalids, such as Pope and Lord Harvey in the elder generation, or Walpole in that which was rising. Amongst these Garagantuan consumers, who combined in one the attributes of "gorging Jack and guzzling Jemmy," Sir Robert Walpole was celebrated for his powers, and seems to have owed to them no small share of his popularity. Horace writes piteously from the paternal mansion, to which he had returned in 1743, not long after his tour in Italy, to one of his artistic friends: "Only imagine," he exclaims, "that I here every day see men who are mountains of roast beef, and only seem just roughly hewn out into outlines of human form, like the giant rock at Pratoline! I shudder when I see them brandish their knives in act to carve, and look on them as savages that devour one another. I should not stare at all more than I do if yonder alderman at the lower end of the table were to stick his fork into his neighbor's jolly cheek, and cut a brave slice of brown and fat. Why, I'll swear I see no difference between a country gentleman and a sirloin: whenever the first laughs or the second is cut, there run out just the same streams of gravy! Indeed, the sirloin does not ask quite so many questions." What was the style of conversation at these tremendous entertainments had better be left to the imagination. Sir R. Walpole's theory on that subject is upon record; and we can dimly guess at the feelings of a delicate young gentleman who had just learned to talk about Domenichinos and Guidos, and to buy ancient bronzes, when plunged into the coarse society of these mountains of roast beef. As he grew up, manners became a trifle more refined, and the customs described so faithfully by Fielding and Smollett belonged to a lower social stratum. Yet we can fancy Walpole's occasional visit to his constituents, and imagine him forced to preside at one of those election feasts which still survive on Hogarth's canvas. Substitute him for the luckless fine gentleman in a laced coat, who represents the successful candidate in the first picture of the series. A drunken voter is dropping lighted pipe ashes upon his wig; a hideous old hag is picking his pockets; a boy is brewing oceans of punch in a mash-tub; a man is blowing bagpipes in his ear; a fat parson close by is gorging the remains of a haunch of venison; a butcher is pouring gin on his neighbor's broken head; an alderman — a very mountain of roast beef — is sinking back in a fit, whilst a barber is trying to bleed him; brickbats are flying in at the windows; the room reeks with the stale smell of heavy viands and the fresh vapors of punch and gin, whilst the very air is laden with discordant howls, and thick with oaths and ribald songs. Only think of the smart young candidate's headache next morning, in the days when soda-water was not invented! And remember, too, that the representatives were not entirely free from sympathy with the coarseness of their constituents. Just at the period of Hogarth's painting, Walpole, when speaking of the feelings excited by a Westminster election, has occasion to use this pleasing "new fashionable proverb:" "We spit in his hat on Thursday, and wiped it off on Friday." It owed its origin to a feat performed by Lord Cobham, at an assembly given at his own house. For a bet of a guinea he came behind Lord Hervey, who was talking to some ladies, and made use of his hat as a spittoon. The point of the joke was, that Lord Hervey — son of Pope's "mere white curd of asses' milk," and related, as the scandal went, rather too closely to Horace Walpole himself — was a person of effeminate appearance, and therefore considered unlikely — wrongly, as it turned out — to resent the insult. We may charitably hope that the assailants, who thus practically exemplified the proper mode of treating milksops, were drunk. The two-bottle men who lingered till our day were surviving relics of the type which then gave the tone to society. Within a few years there was a prime minister who always consoled himself under defeats and celebrated triumphs with his bottle; a chancellor who abolished evening sittings, on the ground that he was always drunk in the evening; and even an archbishop — an Irish archbishop, it is true — whose jovial habits broke down his constitution. Scratch those jovial toping aristocrats, and you everywhere find the Squire Western. A man of squeamish tastes and excessive sensibility, jostled amongst that thick-skinned, iron-nerved generation, was in a position with which any one may sympathize who knows the sufferings of a delicate lad at a public school in the old (and not so very old) brutal days. The victim of that tyranny slunk away from the rough horseplay of his companions, to muse, like Dobbin, over the "Arabian Nights" in a corner, or find some amusement which his tormentors held to be only fit for girls. So Horace Walpole retired to Strawberry Hill, and made toys of Gothic architecture, or heraldry, or dilettante antiquarianism. The great discovery had not then been made, we must remember, that excellence in field-sports deserved to be placed on a level with the Christian virtues. The fine gentlemen of the Chesterfield era speak of fox-hunting pretty much as we speak of prize-fighting and bull-bating. When all manly exercises had an inseparable taint of coarseness, delicate people naturally mistook effeminacy for refinement. When you can only join in male society on pain of drinking yourself under the table, the safest plan is to retire to tea-tables and small talk. For many years,

Walpole's greatest pleasure seems to have been drinking tea with Lady Suffolk, and carefully piecing together bits of scandal about the courts of the first two Georges. He tells us, with all the triumph of a philosopher describing a brilliant scientific induction, how he was sometimes able, by adding his bits of gossip to hers, to unravel the secret of some wretched intrigue which had puzzled two generations of quidnuncs. The social triumphs on which he most piqued himself were of a congenial order. He sits down to write elaborate letters to Sir Horace Mann, at Florence, brimming over with irrepressible triumph when he has persuaded some titled ladies to visit his pet toy, the printing-press, at Strawberry Hill; and there, of course, to their unspeakable surprise, his printer draws off a copy of verses composed in their honor in the most faded style of old-fashioned gallantry. He is intoxicated by his appointment to act as poet-laureate on the occasion of a visit of the Princess Amelia to Stowe. She is solemnly conducted to a temple of the Muses and Apollo, and there finds one of his admirable effusions, —

> "T'other day, with a beautiful frown on her brow,
> To the rest of the gods said the Venus of Stowe:"

and so on. "She was really in Elysium," he declares; and visited the arch erected in her honor three or four times a day.

It is not wonderful, we must confess, that burly ministers and jovial squires laughed horse-laughs at this mincing dandy, and tried, in their clumsy fashion, to avenge themselves for the sarcasms which, as they instinctively felt, lay hid beneath this mask of affectation. The enmity between the lap-dog and the mastiff is an old story. Nor, as we must confess again, were these tastes redeemed by very amiable qualities beneath the smooth external surface. There was plenty of feminine spite, as well as feminine delicacy. To the marked fear of ridicule natural to a sensitive man, Walpole joined a very happy knack of quarrelling. He could protrude a feline set of claws from his velvet glove. He was a touchy companion, and an intolerable superior. He set out by quarrelling with Gray, who, as it seems, could not stand his dandified airs of social impertinence, though it must be added in fairness that the bond which unites fellow-travellers is, perhaps, the most trying known to humanity. He quarrelled with Mason after twelve years of intimate correspondence; he quarrelled with Montagu after a friendship of some forty years; he always thought that his dependents, such as Bentley, were angels for six months, and made their lives a burden to them afterwards; he had a long and complex series of quarrels with all his near relations. Sir Horace Mann escaped any quarrel during forty-five years of correspondence; but Sir Horace never left Florence, and Walpole never reached it. Conway alone remained intimate and immaculate to the end, though there is a bitter remark or two in the memoirs against the perfect Conway. With ladies, indeed, Walpole succeeded better; and perhaps we may accept, with due allowance for the artist's point of view, his own portrait of himself. He pronounces himself to be a "boundless friend, a bitter but placable enemy." Making the necessary corrections, we should translate this into "a bitter enemy, a warm but irritable friend." Tread on his toes, and he would let you feel his claws, though you were his oldest friend; but, so long as you avoided his numerous tender points, he showed a genuine capacity for kindliness and even affection; and in his later years he mellowed down into an amiable, purring old gentleman, responding with eager gratitute to the caresses of the charming Miss Berrys. Such a man, skinless and bilious, was ill-qualified to join in the rough game of politics. He kept out of the arena while the hardest blows were given and taken, and confined his activity to lobbies and back-stairs, where scandal was to be gathered, and the hidden wires of intrigue to be delicately manipulated. He chuckles irrepressibly when he has confided a secret to a friend, who has let it out to a minister, who communicates it to a great personage, who explodes into inextinguishable wrath, and blows a whole elaborate plot into a thousand fragments. To expect deep and settled political principle from such a man, would be to look for grapes from thorns and figs from thistles; but, to do Walpole justice, we must add that it would be equally absurd to exact settled principle from any politician of that age. We are beginning to regard our ancestors with a strange mixture of contempt and envy. We despise them because they cared nothing for the thoughts which for the last century have been upheaving society into strange convulsions; we envy them because they enjoyed the delicious calm which was the product of that indifference. Wearied by the incessant tossing and boiling of the torrent which carries us away, we look back with fond regret to the little backwater so far above Niagara, where scarcely a ripple marks the approaching rapids. There is a charm in the great, solid, old eighteenth-century mansions, which London is so rapidly ingulfing, and even about the old red brick churches, with "sleep-compelling" pews. We take imaginary naps amongst our grandfathers, with no railways, no telegraphs, no mobs in Trafalgar Square, no discussion about ritualism or Dr. Colenso, and no reports of parliamentary debates. It is to our fancies an "island valley of Avition;" or, less magniloquently, a pleasant land of Cockaine, where we may sleep away the disturbance of battle, and even read through "Clarissa Harlow." We could put up with an occasional highwayman in Hyde Park, and perhaps do not think that our comfort would be seriously disturbed by a dozen executions in a morning at Tyburn. In such visionary glances through the centuries, we have always the advantage of selecting our own position in life; and perhaps there are few that for such purposes we should prefer to Walpole's. We should lap ourselves against eating cares in the warm folds of a sinecure of six thousand pounds a year, bestowed because our father was a prime minister. There are many immaculate persons at the present time, to whom truth would be truth, even when seen through such a medium. There are — we have their own authority for believing it — men who would be republicans, though their niece was married to a royal duke. Walpole, we must admit, was not of the number. He was an aristocrat to the backbone. He was a gossip by nature and education, and had lived from infancy in the sacred atmosphere of court intrigue: every friend he possessed in his own rank either had a place, or had lost a place, or was in want of a place, and generally combined all three characters; indifference to place was only a cunning mode of angling for a place, and politics was a series of ingeniously-contrived manœuvres, in which the moving power of the machinery was the desire of sharing the spoils. Walpole's talk about Magna Charta, and the execution of Charles I., could, it is plain, imply but a skin-deep republicanism. He could not be seriously displeased with a state of things of which his own position was the natural outgrowth. His republicanism was about as genuine as his boasted indifference to money, — a virtue which is not rare in bachelors who have more than they can spend. So long as he could buy as much bricabrac, as many knick-knacks, and odd books, and bronzes, and curious portraits, and odd gloves of celebrated characters, as he pleased; add a new tower and a set of battlements to Strawberry Hill every few years; keep a comfortable house in London, and have a sufficiency of carriages and horses; treat himself to an occasional tour, and keep his press steadily at work, he was not the man to complain of poverty. He was a republican, too, as long as that word implied that he and his father and uncles and cousins and connections by marriage and their intimate friends, were to have every thing precisely their own way; but if a vision could have shown him the reformers of a coming generation, who would inquire in o civil lists, and object to sinecures, — to say nothing of cutting off the heads of the first families, — he would have prayed to be removed before the evil day. Republicanism, in his sense, was a word exclusive of revolution. Was it, then, a mere meaningless mask intended only to conceal the real man? Before passing such a judgment, we should remember that the names by which people classify their opinions are generally little more than arbitrary badges; and even in these days, when practice treads so closely on the heels of theory, some persons

profess to know extreme radicals who could be converted very speedily by a bit of ribbon. Walpole has explained himself with unmistakable frankness, and his opinion was at least intelligible. He was not a republican after the fashion of Robespierre, or Jefferson, or M. Gambetta; but he had some meaning. When a duke in those days proposed annual parliaments and universal suffrage, we may assume that he did not realize the probable effect of those institutions upon dukes; and, when Walpole applauded the regicides, he was not anxious to send George III. to the block. He meant, however, that he considered George III. to be a narrow-minded and obstinate fool. He meant, too, that the great Revolution families ought to distribute the plunder and the power, without interference from the Elector of Hanover. He meant, again, that, as a quick and cynical observer, he found the names of Brutus and Algernon Sidney very convenient covers for attacking the Duke of Newcastle and the Earl of Bute. But, beyond all this, he meant something more, which gives the real spice to his writings. It was something not quite easy to put into formulas, but characteristic of the vague discomfort of the holders of sinecures in those halcyon days, arising from the perception that the ground was hollow under their feet. To understand him we must remember that the period of his activity marks precisely the lowest ebb of political principle. Old issues had been settled, and the new ones were only just coming to the surface. He saw the end of the Jacobites and the rise of the demagogues. His early letters describe the advance of the Pretender to Derby; they tell us how the British public was, on the whole, inclined to look on and cry, "Fight dog, fight bear;" how the Jacobites who had any thing to lose left their battle to be fought by half-starved cattle-stealers, and contented themselves with drinking to the success of the cause; and how the Whig magnates, with admirable presence of mind, raised regiments, appointed officers, and got the expenses paid by the Crown. His later letters describe the amazing series of blunders by which we lost America, in spite of the clearest warnings from almost every man of sense in the kingdom. The interval between these disgraceful epochs is filled — if we except the brief episode of Chatham — by a series of struggles between different connections — one cannot call them parties — which separate and combine, and fight and make peace, till the plot of the drama becomes too complicated for human ingenuity to unravel. Lads just crammed for a civil-service examination might possibly bear in mind all the shifting combinations which resulted from the endless intrigues of Pelhams and Grenvilles and Bedfords and Rockinghams; yet even those omniscient persons could hardly give a plausible account of the principles which each party conceived itself to be maintaining. What, for example, were the politics of a Rigby or a Bubb Dodington? The diary in which the last of these eminent persons reveals his inmost soul is perhaps the most curious specimen of unconscious self-analysis extant. His utter baseness and venality; his disgust at the "low, venal wretches" to whom he had to give bribes; his creeping and crawling before those from whom he sought to extract bribes; his utter incapacity to explain a great man, except on the hypothesis of insanity, or to understand that there is such a thing as political morality, derive double piquancy from the profound conviction that he is an ornament to society, and from the pious aspirations which he utters with the utmost simplicity. Bubb wriggled himself into a peerage, and differed from innumerable competitors only by superior frankness. He is the fitting representative of an era from which political faith has disappeared, as Walpole is its fitting satirist. All political virtue, it is said, was confined, in Walpole's opinion, to Conway and the Marquis of Hertford. Was he wrong? or, if he was wrong, was it not rather in the exception than the rule? The dialect in which his sarcasms are expressed is affected, but the substance is hard to dispute. The world, he is fond of saying, is a tragedy to those who feel, a comedy to those who think. He preferred the comedy view. "I have never yet seen or heard," he says, "any thing serious that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, Methodists, philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the encyclopædists, the Humes, the Lyttletons, the Grenvilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt, are all to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest is their object; and, after all their parade, I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanac, and believes that the stars are so many farthing candles created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honester, than any of them. Oh! I am sick of visions and systems that shove one another aside, and come again, like figures in a moving picture." Probably Walpole's belief in the ploughman lasted till he saw the next smock-frock; but the bitterness clothed in the old-fashioned cant is serious, and is justifiable enough. Here is a picture of English politics in the time of Wilkes. "No government, no police, London and Middlesex distracted, the colonies in rebellion, Ireland ready to be so, and France arrogant and on the point of being hostile! Lord Bute accused of all, and dying of a panic; George Grenville wanting to make rage desperate; Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes thinking we have no enemies but Lord Bute, and that five mutes and an epigram can set every thing to rights; the Duke of Grafton (then Prime Minister), like an apprentice, thinking the world should be postponed to a horse-race; and the Bedfords not caring what disgraces we undergo while each of them has three thousand pounds a year, and three thousand bottles of claret and champagne!" And every word of this is true — at least, so far as epigrams need be true. It is difficult to put into more graphic language the symptoms of an era just ripe for revolution. If frivolous himself, Walpole can condemn the frivolity of others. "Can one repeat common news with indifference," he asks, just after the surrender of Yorktown, "while our shame is writing for future history by the pens of all our numerous enemies? When did England see two whole armies lay down their arms, and surrender themselves prisoners? . . . These are thoughts I cannot stifle at the moment that expresses them; and, though I do not doubt that the same dissipation that has swallowed up all our principles will reign again in ten days with its wonted sovereignty, I had rather be silent than vent my indignation. Yet I cannot talk, for I cannot think, on any other subject. It was not six days ago, that, in the height of four raging wars (with America, France, Spain, and Holland), I saw in the papers an account of the opera and of the dresses of the company; and hence the town, and thence, of course, the whole nation, were informed that Mr. Fitzpatrick had very little powder in his hair." Walpole sheltered himself behind the corner of a pension to sneer at the tragi-comedy of life; but if his feelings were not profound, they were quick and genuine, and, affectation for affectation, his cynical coxcombry seems preferable to the solemn coxcombry of the men who shamelessly wrangled for plunder, whilst they talked solemn platitudes about sacred Whig principles and the thrice-blessed British Constitution.

Walpole, in fact, represents a common creed amongst comfortable but clear-headed men of his time. It was the strange mixture of scepticism and conservatism which is exemplified in such men as Hume and Gibbon. He was at heart a Voltairian, and, like his teacher, confounded all religions and political beliefs under the name of superstition. Voltaire himself did not anticipate the Revolution to which he, more than any man, had contributed. Walpole, with stronger personal reasons than Voltaire for disliking a catastrophe, was as furious as Burke when the volcano burst forth. He was a Republican so far as he disbelieved in the divine right of kings, and hated enthusiasm and loyalty generally. He wished the form to survive and the spirit to disappear. Things were rotten, and he wished them to stay rotten. The ideal to which he is constantly recurring was the pleasant reign of his father, when nobody made a fuss, or went to war, or kept principles except for sale. He foresaw, however, far better than most men, the coming crash. If political sagacity be fairly tested by a prophetic vision of the French Revolution, Walpole's name should stand

high. He visited Paris in 1765, and remarks that laughing is out of fashion. "Good folks, they have no time to laugh. There is God and the king to be pulled down first; and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition. They think me quite profane for having my belief left." Do you know, he asks presently, who are the philosophers? "In the first place, it comprehends almost everybody; and in the next it means men, who, avowing war against papacy, aim, many of them, at the destruction of regal power. The philosophers," he goes on, "are insupportable, superficial, overbearing, and fanatic. They preach incessantly, and their avowed doctrine is atheism,—you could not believe how openly. Don't wonder, therefore, if I should return a Jesuit. Voltaire himself does not satisfy them. One of their lady devotees said of him, 'Il est bigot; c'est un déiste!'" French politics, he professes a few years afterwards, must end in "despotism, a civil war, or assassination;" and he remarks that the age will not, as he had always thought, be an age of abortion, but rather "the age of seeds that are to produce strange crops hereafter." The next century, he says at a later period, "will probably exhibit a very new era, which the close of this has been and is preparing." If these sentences had been uttered by Burke, they would have been quoted as proofs of remarkable sagacity. As it is, we may surely call them stern glances for a frivolous coxcomb.

Walpole regarded these symptoms in the true epicurean spirit, and would have joined in the sentiment, *après moi le déluge*. He was, on the whole, for remedying grievances, and is put rather out of temper by cruelties which cannot be kept out of his sight. He talks with disgust of the old habit of stringing up criminals by the dozen; he denounces the slave-trade with genuine fervor; there is apparent sincerity in his platitudes against war; and he never took so active a part in politics as in the endeavor to prevent the judicial murder of Byng. His conscience generally discharged itself more easily by a few pungent epigrams; and, though he wished the reign of reason and humanity to dawn, he would rather that it should not come at all than be ushered in by a tempest. His whole theory is given forcibly and compactly in an answer which he once made to the republican Mrs. Macaulay, and was fond of repeating: "Madam, if I had been Luther, and could have known that for the *chance* of saving a million of souls I should be the cause of a million of lives, at least, being sacrificed before my doctrines could be established, it must have been a most palpable angel, and in a most heavenly livery, before he should have set me at work." We will not ask what angel would have induced him to make the minor sacrifice of six thousand a year to establish any conceivable doctrine. Whatever may be the merit of these opinions, they contain Walpole's whole theory of life. "I know," he seems to have said to himself, "that loyalty is folly, that rank is contemptible, that the old society in which I live is rotten to the core, and that explosive matter is accumulating beneath our feet. Well, I am not made of the stuff for a reformer: I am a bit of a snob; though, like other snobs, I despise both parties to the bargain. I will take the sinecures the gods provide me, amuse myself with my toys at Strawberry Hill, despise kings and ministers, without endangering my head by attacking them, and be over-polite to a royal duke when he visits me, on condition of laughing at him behind his back when he is gone." Walpole does not deserve a statue: he was not a Wilberforce or a Howard, and as little of a Burke or a Chatham. But his faults, as well as his virtues, qualified him to be the keenest of all observers of a society unconsciously approaching a period of tremendous convulsions.

To claim for him, that, even at his best, he is a profound observer of character, or that he gives any consistent account of his greatest contemporaries, would be too much. He is full of whims, and, moreover, full of spite. He cannot be decently fair to any one who deserted his father, or stood in Conway's light. He reflects at all times the irreverent gossip current behind the scenes. To know the best and the worst that can be said of any great man, the best plan is to read the leading article of his party newspaper, and then to converse in private with its writer. The eulogy and the sarcasm may both be sincere enough; only it is pleasant, after puffing one's wares to the public, to glance at their seamy side in private. Walpole has a decided taste for that last point of view. The littleness of the great, the hypocrisy of the virtuous, and the selfishness of statesmen in general, is his ruling theme, illustrated by an infinite variety of brilliant caricatures struck off at the moment with a quick eye and a sure hand. Though he elaborates no grand historical portrait, like Burke or Clarendon, he has a whole gallery of telling vignettes, which are often as significant as far more pretentious works. Nowhere, for example, can we find more graphic sketches of the great man who stands a head and shoulders above the whole generation of dealers in power and place. Most of Chatham's contemporaries repaid his contempt with intense dislike. Some of them pronounced him mad, and others thought him a knave. Walpole, who at times calls him a mountebank and an impostor, does not go further than Burke, who, in a curious comment, speaks of him as the "grand artificer of fraud," who never conversed but with "a parcel of low toad-eaters;" and asks whether all this "theatrical stuffing" and these "raised heels" could be necessary to the character of a great man. Walpole, of course, has a keen eye to the theatrical stuffing. He takes the least complimentary view of the grand problem, which still puzzles some historians, as to the genuineness of Chatham's gout. He smiles complacently when the great actor forgets that his right arm ought to be lying helpless in a sling, and flourishes it with his accustomed vigor. But Walpole, in spite of his sneers and sarcasms, can recognize the genuine power of the man. He is the describer of the striking scene when the House of Commons was giggling over some delicious story of bribery and corruption,—the House of Commons was frivolous in those benighted days: he tells how Pitt suddenly stalked down from the gallery and administered his thundering reproof; how Murray, then attorney-general, "crouched, silent and terrified," and the Chancellor of the Exchequer faltered out a humble apology for the unseemly levity. It is Walpole who best describes the great debate when Pitt, "haughty, defiant, conscious of injury and supreme abilities," burst out in that tremendous speech,—tremendous if we may believe the contemporary reports,—of which the only tolerably preserved fragment is the celebrated metaphor about the confluence of the Rhone and the Saone. Alas! Chatham's eloquence has all gone to rags and tatters; though, to say the truth, it has only gone the way of nine-tenths of our contemporary eloquence. We have indeed what are called accurate reports of spoken pamphlets, dried specimens of rhetoric, from which the life has departed as completely as it is strained out of the specimens in a botanical collection. If there is no Walpole amongst us, we shall know what our greatest living orator has said; but how he said it, and how it moved his audience, will be as obscure as if the reporters' gallery was still unknown. Walpole—when he was not affecting philosophy, or smarting from the failure of an intrigue, or worried by the gout, or disappointed of a bargain at a sale—could throw electric flashes of light on the figure he describes which reveal the true man. He errs from petulancy, but not from stupidity. He can appreciate great qualities by fits, though he cannot be steadily loyal to their possessor. And if he wrote down most of our rulers as knaves and fools, we have only to lower those epithets to selfish and blundering, to get a very fair estimate of their characters. To the picturesque historian his services are invaluable; though no single statement can be accepted without careful correction.

Walpole's social, as distinguished from his political anecdotes, do in one sense what Leech's drawings have done for this generation. But the keen old man of the world puts a far bitterer and deeper meaning into his apparently superficial scratches than the kindly modern artist, whose satire was narrowed, if purified, by the decencies of modern manners. Walpole reflects, in a thousand places, that strange combination of brutality and polish which marked the little circle of fine ladies and gentlemen who then constituted society,

and played such queer pranks in quiet unconsciousness of the revolutionary elements that were seething below. He is the best of commentators on Hogarth, and gives us Gin Lane on one side, and the *Marriage à la mode* on the other. As we turn over the well-known pages, we come at every turn upon characteristic scenes of the great tragi-comedy that was being played out. In one page a highwayman puts a bullet through his hat, and on the next we read how three thousand ladies and gentlemen visited the criminal in his cell. on the Sunday before his execution, till he fainted away twice from the heat; then we hear how Lord Lovat's buffooneries made the whole brilliant circle laugh as he was being sentenced to death; and how Balmerino pleaded "not guilty," in order that the ladies might not be deprived of their sport; how the House of Commons adjourned to see a play acted by persons of quality, and the gallery was hung round with blue ribbons; how the Gunnings had a guard to protect them in the park; what strange pranks were played by the bigamous Miss Chudleigh; what jokes — now, alas! very faded and dreary — were made by George Selwyn, and how that amiable favorite of society went to Paris in order to see the cruel tortures inflicted upon Damiens, and was introduced to the chief performer on the scaffold as a distinguished amateur in executions. One of the best of all these vignettes portrays the funeral of George II., and is worthy of Thackeray. It opens with the solemn procession to the torch-lighted abbey, whose "long-drawn aisles and fretted vault" excite the imagination of the author of the "Castle of Otranto." Then the comic element begins to intrude; the procession jostles and falls into disorder at the entrance of Henry Seventh's Chapel; the bearers stagger under the heavy coffin, and cry for help; the bishop blunders in the prayers, and the anthem, as fit, says Walpole, for a wedding as a funeral, becomes immeasurably tedious. Against this tragi-comic background are relieved two characteristic figures. The "butcher" Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, stands with the obstinate courage of his race gazing into the vault where his father is being buried, and into which he is soon to descend. His face is distorted by a recent stroke of paralysis, and he is forced to stand for two hours on a bad leg. To him enters the burlesque Duke of Newcastle, who begins by bursting into tears and throwing himself back in a stall, whilst the archbishop "hovers over him with a smelling-bottle." Then curiosity overcomes him, and he runs about the chapel with a spy-glass in one hand, to peer into the faces of the company, and mopping his eyes with the other. "Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down; and, turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble." What a perch to select! Imagine the contrast of the two men, and remember that the Duke of Newcastle was for an unprecedented time the great dispenser of patronage, and by far the most important personage in the Government. Walpole had reason for some of his sneers.

The literary power implied in these brilliant sketches is remarkable; and even if Walpole's style is more Gallicized than is evident to me, it must be confessed that with a few French idioms he has caught something of that unrivalled dexterity and neatness of touch in which the French are our undisputed masters. His literary character is, of course, marked by an affectation analogous to that which debases his politics. Walpole was always declaring, with doubtful sincerity (that is one of the matters in which a man is scarcely bound to be quite sincere) that he has no ambition for literary fame, and that he utterly repudiates the title of "learned gentleman." There is too much truth in his disavowals to allow us to write them down as mere mock-modesty; but doubtless his principal motive was a dislike to entering the arena of open criticism. He has much of the feeling which drove Pope into paroxysms of unworthy fury on every mention of Grub Street. The anxiety of men in that day to disavow the character of professional authors, must be taken with the fact that professional authors were then an unscrupulous, scurrilous, and venal race. Walpole feared collision with them, as he feared collision with the "mountains of roast beef." Though literature was emerging from the back-lanes and alleys, the two greatest potentates of the day, Johnson and Warburton, had both a decided cross of the bear in their composition. Walpole was nervously anxious to keep out of their jurisdiction, and to sit at the feet of such refined lawgivers as Mason and Gray, or the feebler critics of polite society. In such courts there naturally passes a good deal of very flimsy flattery between persons who are alternately at the bar or on the bench. We do not quite believe that Lady Di Beauclerk's drawings were unsurpassable by "Salvator Rosa and Guido," or that Lady Ailesbury's "landscape in worsteds" was a work of high art; and we doubt whether Walpole believed it; nor do we fancy that he expected Sir Horace Mann to believe, that, when sitting in his room at Strawberry Hill, he was in the habit of apostrophizing the setting sun in such terms as these: "Look at yon sinking beams! His gaudy reign is over; but the silver moon above that elm succeeds to a tranquil horizon," &c. Sweeping aside all this superficial rubbish, as mere concessions to the faded taste of the age of hoops and wigs, Walpole has something to say for himself. He has been condemned for the absurdity of his criticisms, and it is undeniable that he sometimes blunders strangely. It would, indeed, be easy to show, were it worth while, that he is by no means so silly in his contemporary verdicts as might be supposed from scattered passages in his letters. But what are we to say to a man who compares Dante to "a Methodist parson in Bedlam"? The first answer is, that, in this instance, Walpole was countenanced by greater men. Voltaire, with all his faults the most consummate literary artist of the century, says, with obvious disgust, that there are people to be found who force themselves to admire "feats of imagination as stupidly extravagant and barbarous" as those of the Divina Commedia. Walpole must be reckoned as belonging, both in his faults and his merits, to the Voltairian school of literature; and amongst other peculiarities common to the master and his disciple, may be counted an incapacity for reverence and an intense dislike to being bored. For these reasons he hates all epic poets, from Dante to Blackmore; he detests all didactic poems, including those of Thomson and Akenside; and he is utterly scandalized by the French enthusiasm for Richardson. In these last judgments, at least, nine-tenths of the existing race of mankind agree with him; though few people have the courage to express their agreement in print. We may be thankful that Walpole, which is not always the case, is as incapable of boring as of enduring bores. He is one of the few Englishmen who share the quality sometimes ascribed to the French as a nation, and certainly enjoyed by his teacher, Voltaire: namely, that though they may be frivolous, blasphemous, indecent, and faulty in every other way, they can never for a single moment be dull. His letters show that crisp, sparkling quality of style which accompanies this power, and which is so unattainable to most of his countrymen. The quality is less conspicuous in the rest of his works, and the light verses and essays in which we might expect him to succeed are disappointingly weak. Xoho's letter to his countrymen is now as dull as the work of the most imaginary travellers; and the essays in the *World* are remarkably inferior to the *Spectator*, to say nothing of the *Rambler*.* Yet Walpole's place in literature is unmistakable, if of equivocal merit. Byron called him the author of the last tragedy and the first romance in our language. The tragedy, with Byron's leave, is revolting (perhaps the reason why Byron admired it), and the romance passes the borders of the burlesque. And yet the remark hits off a singular point in Walpole's history. A thorough child of the eighteenth century, we might have expected him to share Voltaire's indiscriminating contempt for the Middle Ages. One would have supposed that in his lips, as in those of all his generation, Gothic would have been synonymous

* It is odd that in one of these papers, Walpole proposes, in jest, precisely the modern English system of postage cards, only charging a penny instead of a half penny.

with barbaric, and the admiration of an ancient abbey as redundant as admiration of Dante. So far from which, Walpole is almost the first modern Englishman who found out that our old cathedrals were really beautiful. He discovered that a most charming toy might be made of mediævalism. Strawberry Hill, with all its gimcracks, its pasteboard battlements, and stained-paper carvings, was the lineal ancestor of the new law-courts. The restorers of churches, the manufacturers of stained glass, the modern decorators and architects of all vanities — perhaps, we may venture to add, the Ritualists and the High-Church party — should think of him with kindness. It cannot be said that they should give him a place in their calendar, for he was not of the stuff of which saints are made. It was a very thin veneering of mediævalism which covered his modern creed; and the mixture is not particularly edifying. Still, he undoubtedly found out that charming plaything, which, in other hands, has been elaborated and industriously constructed till it is all but indistinguishable from the genuine article. Some persons hold it to be merely a plaything, when all has been said and done, and maintain, that, when the root has once been severed, the tree can never again be made to grow. However that may be, Walpole's trifling was the first forerunner of much that has occupied the minds of much greater artists ever since. And thus his initiative in literature has been as fruitful as his initiative in art. The "Castle of Otranto" and the "Mysterious Mother" were the progenitors of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, and probably had a strong influence upon the author of "Ivanhoe." Frowning castles and gloomy monasteries, knights in armor, and ladies in distress, and monks and nuns and hermits, all the scenery and the characters that have peopled the imagination of the romantic school, may be said to have had their origin on the night when Walpole lay down to sleep, his head crammed full of Wardour-street curiosities, and dreamed that he saw a gigantic hand in armor resting on the banister of his staircase. In three months from that time he had elaborated a story, the object of which, as defined by himself, was to combine the charms of the old romance and the modern novel; and which, to say the least, strikes us now like an exaggerated caricature of the later school. Scott criticises the "Castle of Otranto" seriously, and even Macaulay speaks of it with a certain respect. Absurd as the burlesque seems, our ancestors found it amusing; and, what is stranger, awe-inspiring. Excitable readers shuddered when a helmet of more than gigantic size fell from the clouds, in the first chapter, and crushed the young baron to atoms on the eve of his wedding, as a trap smashes a mouse. This, however, was merely a foretaste of a series of unprecedented phenomena. At one moment the portrait of Manfred's grandfather, without the least premonitory warning, utters a deep sigh, and heaves its breast, after which it descends to the floor with a grave and melancholy air. Presently the menials catch sight of a leg and foot in armor to match the helmet, and apparently belonging to a ghost which has lain down promiscuously in the picture gallery. Most appalling, however, of all, is the adventure which happened to Count Frederick in the oratory. Kneeling before the altar was a tall figure in a long cloak. As he approached, it rose; and, turning round, disclosed to him the fleshless jaws and empty eye-sockets of a skeleton. The ghost disappeared, as ghosts generally do after giving a perfectly unnecessary warning; and the catastrophe is soon reached by the final appearance of the whole suit of armor with the ghost inside it, who bursts the castle to bits, like an egg-shell, and, towering towards the sky, exclaims, "Theodore is the true heir of Alfonso!" This proceeding fortunately made a lawsuit unnecessary; and, if the castle was ruined at once, it is not quite impossible that the same result might have been attained more slowly by litigation. The whole machinery strikes us as simply babyish, and sometimes we suspect Walpole of laughing in his sleeve; as, for example, in the solemn scene in the chapel, which closes thus: "As he spake these words, three drops of blood fell from the nose of Alphonso's statue" (Alphonso is the spectre in armor). "Manfred turned pale, and the princess sank on her knees. 'Behold!' said the friar. 'Mark this miraculous indication that the blood of Alfonso will never mix with that of Manfred!'" Nor can we think that the story is rendered much more interesting by Walpole's simple expedient of introducing into the midst of these portents a set of waiting-maids and peasants, who talk in the familiar style of the smart valets in Congreve's or Sheridan's comedies.

Yet, babyish as this mass of nurrery-tales may appear to us, it is curious that the theory which Walpole advocated has been exactly carried out. He wished to relieve the prosaic realism of the school of Fielding and Smollett, by making use of the romantic associations, without altogether taking leave of the language of common life. He sought to make real men and women out of mediæval knights and ladies; or, in other words, he made a first experimental trip into the province afterwards occupied by Scott. "The Mysterious Mother" is in the same taste; and his interest in Ossian, in Chatterton, and in Percy's Relics is another proof of his anticipation of the coming change of sentiment. He was an arrant trifler, it is true: too delicately constituted for real work in literature and politics, and inclined to take a cynical view of his contemporaries generally, he turned for amusement to antiquarianism, and was the first to set modern art and literature masquerading in the antique dresses. That he was quite conscious of the necessity for more serious study, appears in his letters; in one of which, for example, he proposes a systematic history of Gothic architecture, such as has since been often enough executed. It does not, it may be said, require any great intellect, or even any exquisite taste, for a fine gentleman to strike out a new line of dilettante amusement. In truth, Walpole has no pretentions whatever to be regarded as a great original creator, or even as one of the few infallible critics. The only man of his kind who had more claim to that lost title was his friend Gray, who shared his Gothic tastes with greatly superior knowledge. But he was infinitely superior to the great mass of commonplace writers, who attain a kind of bastard infallibility by always accepting the average verdict of the time; which, on the principle of the *vox populi*, is more often right than that of any dissenter. There is an intermediate class of men who are useful as sensitive barometers to foretell coming changes of opinion. Their intellects are mobile if shallow; and perhaps their want of serious interest in contemporary intellects renders them more accessible to the earliest symptoms of superficial shiftings of taste. They are anxious to be at the head of the fashions in thought as well as in dress; and pure love of novelty serves, to some extent, in place of genuine originality. Amongst such men, Walpole deserves a high place; and it is not easy to obtain a high place, even amongst such men. The people who succeed best at trifles are those who are capable of something better. In spite of Johnson's aphorism, it is the colossus who, when he tries, can cut the best heads upon cherry-stones, as well as hew statues out of rock. Walpole was no colossus; but his peevish anxiety to affect even more frivolity than was really natural to him, has blinded his critics to the real power of a remarkably acute, versatile, and original intellect. We cannot regard him with much respect, and still less with much affection; but the more we examine his work, the more we shall admire his extreme cleverness.

BAR ONE.

It was within a few days of June. The most sanguine barbarians had finally abandoned all hope of any more skating. The east wind had been put under arrest. The Queen of the May was rapidly recovering from her inflammation of the lungs; and the blessed sun had at last torn himself away from his favorite haunts amongst the blameless Ethiopians.

Moreover, it was the last Wednesday in May; and thereby hangs a tale.

It had not yet struck eight, A.M., by Shrewsbury clock, but already there was plenty of stir on the road between Clap-

ham and Balham. The morning was lovely, and promised a lovely day; and along the dusty highway, in the direction of the pleasant village of Sutton, toiled even at this early hour quite a noticeable number of people on foot, and in vans and other vehicles drawn by lineal descendants of Rosinante. The pace, therefore, was slow and sober, if not stately, and calculated to command the approval of the Quakers and Puritans who, as some authorities affirm, form the aboriginal nucleus of the Claphamite population. Here and there, on both sides of the road, are cottages which, though they have no double coach-house, are yet cottages of gentility; and, though they are not devoid of modest ornament, suggest nothing of the pride that apes humility. They are the sort of snuggeries inhabited by those simple and yet daring folks who fly in the face of everybody but Providence, and marry with even the mystic three hundred a year looming, as a desirable object of future attainment, in the distance. The distance had been traversed, and the object had been attained by the couple who lived in the very prettiest nest amongst all the neighboring snuggeries. George Stanhope Brown had for three years been in the enjoyment of what had once been his highest ambition: for three years he had reaped all the honors and emoluments attached to his office of manager in a certain commercial establishment; that is, he had sat in a private room all by himself, had issued orders and received communications, preceded by a whistle like that of a railway-engine, in a hollow and sepulchral voice, by means of a gutta-percha tube, and had drawn the firm's extremest salary of three hundred a year. Partly from the necessity of distinguishing one Brown from other, by no means rare holders of the same honored name; partly from the obsequiousness of his subordinates; partly from a custom observed by his acquaintances, who didn't like to be thought to know one of your common Browns; partly from his own natural love of euphony; and partly, perhaps, from personal vanity, he had for some years past signed himself, and let it be understood that he expected to be spoken to and of as Stanhope Brown. Latterly he had boldly introduced a hyphen; and even on his visiting cards, his name appeared as Stanhope-Brown. Some people, amongst whom were his employers, laughed in their sleeves (and openly to one another) at this innovation; but Mrs. Stanhope-Brown liked it, and so did most of her and her husband's circle of acquaintance. A hyphen, one would think, can't do any harm; and it is a common mistake to confound *post hoc* with *propter hoc*. However, it is quite certain that what had contented the late Mr. G. S. Brown and his wife, failed to content the new-blown Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope-Brown. So much was evident from the conversation which was going on among the little party assembled round their breakfast-table, at a quarter before eight, A.M., on the lovely morning, already alluded to, of the last Wednesday in a certain month of May.

"Can't you manage it anyhow, George?" asked a jolly-looking man with the stamp of the country on every streak of his ruddy face.

"He could if he would, I'm sure," broke in a pretty, buxom woman of five and thirty.

"Everybody else goes, but George is so conscientious," added a still prettier but more delicate-looking woman, younger and more lady-like than the former speaker, but in other respects that speaker's double.

"Oh, do come; that's a dear old dad!" cried a handsome little boy, ten years old, yellow of hair, blue of eye, and pink of cheek.

"Do you want to drive me mad?" pettishly exclaimed the person addressed. "You know I'm a nigger-slave. The partners can go, and the junior clerks can go — or at least some of 'em; but the manager must be at his desk every day of every month."

"Bar one, George," said the ruddy man with a grin.

"Ah! I do get a month's holiday, I admit," rejoined the other petulantly; "and," he added more cheerfully, "thanks to you, I enjoy it."

"Bother the thanks!" said the ruddy man bluntly: "you're always welcome at the old mill. But we sha'n't see you this autumn, Bessy tells me; you're off to Jericho, or somewhere, like the fashionable folks."

"That depends," said Mr. George Stanhope-Brown with dignity.

"The old mill's not good enough for you, I suppose, George," remarked the ruddy man in a frank, hearty tone; and the buxom woman, who was his wife, laughed good-humoredly.

Mr. Stanhope-Brown and the somewhat delicate-looking woman who was his wife, and the handsome boy, who was their sole offspring, all protested together.

"Don't talk rubbish, James," said Mr. Stanhope-Brown, with a slight air of confusion.

"James, you're very unkind," exclaimed Mrs. Stanhope-Brown, bridling and looking hurt.

"Stainesford Mill's the jolliest place in the world, Uncle James," roared the youngster lustily.

The miller looked pleased, but puzzled.

"If there's nothing the matter with the old mill, then,' he bellowed, "and it's as pleasant for you to come as it is for us to have ye (and I know *we* look forrad to it as *our* treat), why, in the name of patience and the patriarch Job, should you go off to Jericho?"

"Nearly all the people we know here go abroad somewhere," insinuated Mrs. Stanhope-Brown.

"More fools they, Mary," rejoined the stout miller. "Your sister and I are older than you and your husband, and we never wanted to leave what's the best country out, with all its faults. Did we Bess?"

"*I* never did: I can't answer for *you*," replied the buxom Bessy. "Perhaps it's that very desire of getting away from home which is wearing you down so."

At this sally, the jolly miller, who weighed some two and twenty stone, winked and chuckled approvingly for full a minute, during which Mrs. Stanhope-Brown had thought of something to say.

"You see, James," she said coaxingly, addressing Mr. Tamlin, the miller, "we want to personally visit some schools in Switzerland. We think of sending our little George to school there: education is so much cheaper abroad than in England."

"And so it ought to be," said the miller, grinning: "they tell me it's a darned sight nastier. But d' ye mean to say you'll put them seas, and I don't know what else, between yourselves and an only child? Why, God bless my soul!"

Mrs. Stanhope-Brown looked furtively at her husband, who answered for her.

"Well, Mary didn't like the notion at all at first, but she listened to reason. You see, James, we have, nowadays, such quick and easy means of communication, that it really makes very little difference whether your school is in a remote part of England, or on the Continent."

"And so much more attention is paid to manners abroad," simpered Mrs. Stanhope-Brown.

"Poor lad! poor lad!" said the miller compassionately. "No cricket, nor nothing; only dominoes, they tell me. Well, well; I reckon your month's outing 'll cost a sight o' money, eh?"

"You can't travel for nothing, certainly," answered Mr. Stanhope-Brown evasively; "but all my little ventures have lately turned out pretty well — all, bar one."

"Oh! you got hit once, then," suggested the miller.

"It's not certain yet whether I have or not," rejoined Mr. Stanhope-Brown carelessly.

"You dabble a little in them funds," remarked the miller disparagingly, "and yet you never will make a bet — even on a certainty."

Mr. Stanhope-Brown smiled feebly and shook his head.

"I always put a ten-pun note on every big race," said the miller confidentially: "it gives you an interest in the thing; and, on the whole, I'm not out o' pocket. I get very good information. You'd better give me a tenner, and let me put it on for you when I get down to the course."

"No, no; thank you," answered Mr. Stanhope-Brown decisively.

"I'm sure George will not do any thing of the kind," cried

Mrs. Stanhope-Brown, with moisture in her eyes and a flush on her cheek: "he hasn't so many ten-pound notes to spare as you have, James."

Mr. Stanhope-Brown shook his head once more; and the miller laughed good-naturedly.

"Do you know what the betting is this morning, George?" asked the latter.

"I don't understand it," answered Mr. Stanhope-Brown fretfully: "here's the paper."

"Oh! three to one bar one," said the miller eagerly, after a glance at the quotations.

"Bar one!" exclaimed Mr. Stanhope-Brown, as if he were puzzled, in a loud and excited voice.

"Yes," replied the miller patronizingly; "bar *Mox*, of course. You can get three to one against any hoss you fancy except *Mox*. But, bless you, it's a certainty; he's been going up in the betting every day, and I put my tenner on him when it was ten to one against him."

"Then, if you'd put ten tenners on, you'd have stood to win a thousand pounds, besides getting back your hundred," said Mr. Stanhope-Brown with an air of interest.

"Less the commissioner's percentage, and unless you hedged," assented the miller: "but you have to go in for the regular book-making business for that sort of thing, and that wouldn't suit either you or me."

"Decidedly not," said Mr. Stanhope-Brown emphatically: "why, you could hardly keep your transactions concealed, and your character as a steady man of business would be gone."

"You speak like a book, George," rejoined the miller, laughing: "just bet once on one horse, and stick to him. If you lose one time, you'll win another. All you have to do is to write to a proper sort of commissioner, and even your own wife," he added, winking at Mrs. Tamlin, "needn't know any thing about it, unless you like."

"I had a curious dream last night," said Mrs. Tamlin: "I suppose in consequence of your talking so much about this race just before we went to bed. I saw the whole race as distinctly as if I had been there and wide awake."

"Did 'ee, now!" exclaimed the miller, with a broad grin. "Tell us what you saw; that's a good woman."

"I saw about thirty or more horses, with riders looking like harlequins and what-not, all going round and round, and jumping about at the bottom of a hill with white railings on each side of it; and all of a sudden away they went up the hill, as if they'd been shot from a catapult"—

"That was the start," interrupted the miller, rubbing his hands with glee.

"They were all in a cluster at the top of a hill," continued Mrs. Tamlin; "and then they turned to the left, and I lost sight of them for a few seconds"—

"The bushes hid 'em," broke in the miller.

"When I saw them again," proceeded Mrs. Tamlin, "they were broken up into fours, and threes, and twos, streaming along in a crooked line: then they turned sharp to the left again, and rushed down a fearful hill close by some more white railings"—

"Tattenham Corner," roared the miller.

"And, just as the leaders were turning the corner, one of the horses — the one nearest the rails — seemed to slip up and fall with a frightful crash. All the others went on like a flash of lightning; and, about a hundred yards before they reached a sort of sentry-box, in which I could see nothing but a man's hat, one horse jumped right away from the other three that had been in front, and they never caught him, so I suppose he won. At any rate, he was brought back in custody by a mounted policeman, and was taken, with his rider, into some place near the sentry-box."

"Ah! he won, safe enough," roared the miller. "But I reckon, now, you couldn't tell us what color he was, and what his rider's colors were?"

"He seemed to me," said Mrs. Tamlin quietly, "to be a very dark-colored horse; and his rider looked like a chimney-sweep with a white nightcap on."

"It was *Mox*, by gum!" observed the miller solemnly: "he's a very dark bay hoss, and his rider's colors are black and white cap. And how about that un that fell, my dear?"

"I only tell you what I dreamed, mind," answered Mrs. Tamlin, with the half-deprecatory, half-patronizing air of a person who has had an unexpected triumph; "but I have it impressed upon my mind that it was a beautiful cream-colored creature"—

"Never *was* a race-hoss that color, and never will be," sneered the miller contemptuously interrupting.

"Well, it may have been chestnut," resumed Mrs. Tamlin, with less confidence; "but I know the rider wore a red jacket and black cap, something like the Queen's outriders."

"That'll do," said the miller, reflectively: "it was *Beggarman*. And now," he added, slapping his thigh, "I attach so much importance to dreams, especially when I can account for 'em by the pickles you took and the stories I told you last night, that I'll be darned like an old stocking if I don't put an extra ten-pun note on *Beggarman* as soon as I have settled you all right at Epsom."

"And *I* attach so much importance to dreams," cried Mr. Stanhope-Brown, so violently as to make the jolly miller start and look serious, "that I think you'll be an infernal fool."

"Why? If you were going to bet," said the miller anxiously, "would you still back *Mox*?"

"I'll stake my life on him," answered Mr. Stanhope-Brown.

"The betting-men would rather have your money," remarked the miller, smiling: "I don't know that they'd object to take both, but they'd prefer the money."

"I must be off," was Mr. Stanhope-Brown's rejoinder: "we've been chattering for an hour, and I shall hardly catch my train. Make yourselves as happy as you can without me," he added with a sad smile.

"You'll be home by seven, George," his wife called after him.

"If I live," he replied.

"He always says that," remarked Mrs. Stanhope-Brown to her sister.

"He seems very low this morning," was the rejoinder: "I'm so sorry he couldn't go with us."

"Oh! he is *so* good," replied Mrs. Stanhope-Brown: "he wouldn't stay away for the world, unless he were ill; the firm speak *so* highly of him; and I do *so* hope his last little speculation may turn out well — he is so anxious to see a little of foreign life."

"He said all his little ventures had been successful 'bar one,'" remarked Mrs. Tamlin.

"Yes," said Mrs. Stanhope-Brown, "that is *the* one. I don't know what it is, as I don't understand funds and that sort of thing."

And so they conversed, whilst Mr. Tamlin and George were watching at the window, round which the pretty creeper climbed, the pedestrians and the vehicles growing every minute more numerous and noisy, and incompatible with the ordinary habits of the aboriginal denizens of Clapham.

At eleven, A.M., there drove up to Mrs. Stanhope-Brown's cottage a wagonette with a pair of good horses. Hampers were put in; blue veils were assumed by Mr. and Mrs. Tamlin, Mrs. Stanhope-Brown, and little George; and away they went in grand style to the Derby. It was the jolly miller's principal holiday: he always insisted, to use his own language, upon "standing the trap;" and the only drawback to his enjoyment of his great annual festival was, that he never could induce his dutiful brother-in-law to take part in the Epsom carnival.

Meanwhile, Mr. Stanhope-Brown was seated at his desk in his own room, doing all the work there was to do on the Derby-day; and that was, apparently, to walk about and bite his nails. He had been grievously annoyed on his railway journey, and on his walk from the station to the office; for his ears had caught nothing but a buzzing sound in which no words were clearly distinguishable but "*Mox*" and "Bar one." Until nearly two o'clock he paced the floor of his private room, and then he went out to luncheon.